

## Freshman Number

March 1916

### CONTENTS

	PAGE
F. M. CRAWFORD AND THE NOVEL IN THEORY AND PRACTICE <i>Francis E. Brya, '19</i>	1
THE SENTIMENT AND SENTIMENTALITY OF DICKENS <i>M. J. Hoare, '19</i>	5
THOUGHTS ON GEORGE ELIOT'S "ADAM BEDE" <i>Charles E. Fisher, '19</i>	7
THE BOY SPY—A FRENCH STORY RETOLD <i>R. M. Fitzsimmons, Second Year Academic</i>	10
EDITORIAL—Old Student's Home-Coming—Success Waits at Labor's Gate	14
A ROOMER'S RUMINATION	17
EXCHANGES	18
INTER ALIA	21
PERSONALS	24
NECROLOGY	25
ATHLETICS	27
FRESHY CHESTNUTS	31

¶ We earnestly request our  
readers to consider our List  
of Advertisements

JOHN J. WHEELER, President

WILLIAM M. BYRNE, Secretary

# *The Standard Roofing Co.*

Established 1866

## *ROOFERS*

1615-1617-1619-1621-1623 W. Lake St.

Telephone West 5884

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

### **Henry E. Volkmann & Son**

*Diamonds, Watches  
and Jewelry*

Watch Repairing and Engraving  
KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

### **GELINO BROS.**

### **The Big Store**

Corner Schuyler Ave. and Court

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

### **ERZINGER BROS.**

**FANCY GROCERS**

Fresh Fruits, Confectionery and Bakery Goods of All Kinds  
a Specialty

226-232 Court Street, KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS



**D. J. O'LOUGHLIN, M. D.**

PRACTICE LIMITED TO

***EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT***

Independent Phone 704

191 Court Street, Kankakee, Illinois

---

**DR. Z. J. PAYAN*****DENTIST***

Crown and Bridge Work

Popular Prices

Excellent Work

Gold Filling a Specialty

Prompt Execution

175 Court Street, KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

---

**ENDER COAL AND COKE CO.**

SHIPPERS OF HIGH GRADE

**Illinois and Indiana Coal****Preparation and Quality Our Specialty**

FISHER BUILDING

CHICAGO

---

**W. S. QUINBY COFFEE CO.**

Importers

-

Roasters

-

Jobbers

**High Grade Coffees and Teas**

BOSTON

-

CHICAGO

Samples sent free on request.

Correspondence respectfully solicited

42 East Kinzie St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Independent Telephone 472  
*We do Repairing*  
**F. A. LOTTINVILLE**  
*Shoe Dealer*  
 All New Ideas in Fashionable Footwear  
 188 Court Street  
 KANKAKEE

**CHAS. WERTZ CO.**

*Coal-Lumber*

B R A D L E Y

**DISTILLED WATER**  
**ICE**

The Family Ice

F. D. RADEKE BRG. CO.

Absolutely Pure

Both Phones 132

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

**KANKAKEE PURE MILK AND COLD  
 STORAGE CO.**

Ice Cream and All Kinds of Dairy Products

OUR DIAMOND BRAND EVAPORATED MILK SOLD BY  
 ALL OF OUR DRIVERS AND GROCERY STORES

184-309 Schuyler Avenue KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS Both Phones No. 15

**Proegler & Speicher Bros.**  
**JEWELERS**

Expert Watch Repairing

Expert Time Inspectors C. I. & S. I. C. and Big-4  
 Railroads and C. & S. T. Co.

127-132 Schuyler Avenue  
 KANKAKEE, ILL

**Alcide L'Ecuyer Company**

MERCANTILE JOBBERS

Confectionery and Cigars  
 a Specialty

Eastern Illinois Trust and Savings Bank Building  
 Both Phones 60

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

**LEBOEUF & GRANGER**

*Pharmacy*

183 Court Street

KANKAKEE, ILL.

**LAMARRE BROS.**

*Confectionery  
 and Cigars*

BOURBONNAIS, ILL.



# THE VIATORIAN

*Fac et Spera*

Volume 33

FRESHMAN NUMBER

Number 6

## F. M. CRAWFORD AND THE NOVEL IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

FRANCIS E. BRYA, '19

Among the fiction writers of recent years F. Marion Crawford may be considered one of the greatest. He earns this renown because of his ability to tell a story in such a gripping way that the fascination of his narrative becomes irresistible. He is delightful for the charm of his characters, and his easy style; and notable for his disinclination to discuss that disagreeable question: the sex problem.

Inasmuch as his life throws some light on his work it might be well to sketch his career briefly before discussing his accomplishments. He was born in Bagna di Lucca, August 2, 1854, of American parents. His youth was spent mostly at Rome, though he received his education in various schools in England, Germany, and the United States. While still a young man he was converted to the Catholic faith and though he was throughout his life professedly a Catholic, he can hardly be called a strictly Catholic novelist, for his treatment of certain subjects betokens ultra-modernism and an inability to sympathize with some of the doctrines and regimen of the Church. He follows protestant views by unjustly representing Catholic monarchs, especially Philip II, as brutal bullies, cruel, sensual, and base.

Crawford won fame as early as his twenty-eighth year by publishing his, perhaps, most characteristic novel, "Mr. Isaacs." In 1883 a still more successful novel, "Dr. Claudius," was published, to be followed in 1884 by "A Roman Singer," a novel which opened to him the true field of his labors: the description of Italian life and character with its cosmopolitan affiliations. Before the close of his life in 1909 he had written some forty novels, whose popularity may be judged from the fact that their sale was so enormous as to excell that of any other fiction writer of the times either in



England or the United States. In the field of literary criticism Crawford is especially noted for one essay, "The Novel: What It Is," giving his views upon the art of which he was a master.

Sometimes he wrote a thesis novel and indeed in all he shows a dilettante interest in ideas. In "Marzio's Crucifix" he tells us that genius in order to produce beautiful and great works of art must be religious. He says that the beautiful silver carvings in the churches of the Old World could not be reproduced by a goldsmith who makes jewelry merely for a living. This is well illustrated by a quotation from "Marzio's Crucifix;" "Marzio Pondolfi knew that true art was religious, and he could no more have separated himself from his passion of making chalices and crucifixes than he could have changed the height of his stature or the color of his eyes. But at the same time he hated the church, the priests, and everyone who was to use the beautiful things over which he spent so much time and labor. . . . He fancied he could feel and see the silver limbs of the dead Christ suffering upon the cross under the diabolical skill of his long fingers. The monstrous horror of the thought made him work marvels and the fancied realization of an idea that they would startle even a hardened unbeliever lent a feverish impulse to this strange man's 'genius.'"

In one work his "A Tale of a Lonely Parish," however this standard of nobility is lacking. It is a poor work; a story hardly worth telling, a mere commonplace affair, enlivened only by the fact that he seems to take an interest in Mrs. Goddard, a selfish hard-hearted woman; and this interest seems brutal. For Mrs. Goddard, the wife of a convict wishes to divorce him and marry a wealthy squire, while Crawford seems to be hoping that she will win.

The worldly spirit of this novel is offset by the soundness of many others of the type of "Paul Patoff." In such a work we see his boundless industry and versatility, his mastery of narration, the lucidness and elegance of his style, we see also his inability to present vital and self-consistent characters; though the balance drawn between the two brothers Alexander and Paul is well done; the character of Madame Patoff is impossible. That a mother should favor an unworthy son so much as to attempt at two different times to murder his brother is incredible.

We may hang upon Crawford's belt still another trophy in which the great Dickens scarcely excelled him; that of being dramatic, exemplified admirably in "Saracinesca." In this novel, probably his masterpiece, are found illustrations showing his artistic nature and knowledge of human life. He declares through Saracinesca that



all the people of Italy should be educated, "the educated few should not be governed by an ignorant mass." He also worked against the radical reformers of the continent and pointed out the value of the traditions and influence of the aristocracy.

This sympathy with the higher orders of society inclined him, as it did his ideal Scott, to romance. He disliked realism for he idealized all his characters by softening their harshness and making them more presentable. He idealizes Italian urban life, gives beautiful and powerful descriptions of the mountains and forests; and portrays with a loving hand the serenity and beauty of Italian home life. Being an innate romancer he was a lover of lovers, filling his novels with the passionate loves, impetuous heroisms of latter day Romeos and Juliets. His heroines consequently resemble Shakespeare's Juliet rather than Dickens' Rose Maylie.

He defines the novel as "a marketable commodity of the kind termed intellectual artistic luxuries." Consequently a novel is to entertain, and because novels of purpose, in his assumption, fail to do this he holds that they are a mistake. It is foolish to preach to people who hate lectures and prefer the teachings of their own church and think, perhaps, that they know enough already. Crawford errs here. That novels of purpose do not entertain is doubtful. Such purpose novels as "Oliver Twist" or "David Copperfield" are as highly interesting as any that we have. Besides all great art does more than merely entertain and is invariably a moral stimulus and a document or instrument of implicit teaching. In saying, however, that people want to see characters whom they would like to resemble, acting in scenes in which they themselves would like to act, is very admirable criticism and quite true.

His characterization is usually fatally defective and seldom in accordance with his theory that romantic characters should act according to the laws of their inner nature, for he tampers with his men and women causing them to act as he wishes and allowing coincidents and accidents to play a large part in the drama of their lives. These defects, though severe, do not tarnish the pure gold of his fame, which rests upon his beautiful and pure thoughts, exquisite descriptions and splendid narrative.

It is in his characterization that Crawford shows his genius to least advantage. His plots and setting are his redeeming qualities for his ability to tell a story is nearly equal to Thackeray's perfection of that art; his settings rival those of Dickens. This is plainly shown in what may be valued a trilogy, consisting of three novels: "Saracinesca," "Don Orsino" and "Sant' Ilario," which form a great epic dealing with three generations of an Italian family.



His power to keep the atmosphere in solution is easily demonstrated in this trilogy. His skill in the manipulation of plot is shown in his handling of his "A Cigarette Maker's Romance," a novel including innumerable episodes all transpiring in the short space of thirty-six hours.

He was a master of the technique of his art, and because of of this, it was predicted that he would rise to first rank as a novelist, but this prophecy was never realized because he lacked the personality of genius and because he had no profound philosophy of life. His outlook was rather superficial and his theories ephemeral.

For his generally wholesome work his picture of the rare blue skies of Italy, his love of the Eternal City and his service in leading his readers to love it and for his variously absorbing fables, every lover of fiction is deeply grateful.

---

Friends my soul with joy remember,  
How like quivering flames they start  
When I fan the living embers  
On the hearthstone of my heart!

—Longfellow.



## THE SENTIMENT AND SENTIMENTALITY OF DICKENS

M. J. HOARE, '19

Before Dickens's time in England, Romance was free from the passional element; it had dealt rather with adventure and excitement, and avoided the sounding of emotional deeps. Its sentiment was idealistic, not hedonistic.

If we ignore the scribblers who divorced their romances wholly from verisimilitude, Dickens pushed the emotional appeal farther than any previous English writer since Richardson, owing fundamentally to his passionate love of humanity, added to his intense insight and almost hysterical sympathy. His great scenes and his climaxes are always emotional; so much so that a critic has remarked that Dickens must have considerably raised the price of pocket handkerchiefs in Britain. This art of touching the reader's heart is one of the secrets of the novelist's great power. In fact, it was this art that constituted his chief hold on his enormous public.

His sentiment "rang true," at least, to untrained ears. Whether it was really so, there has been much dispute, but it is probable that no single tragedy in actual life ever caused such widespread weeping as did the death of "Little Nell," over which the most stolid of Edinburg reviewers, Lord Jeffrey, was found "sobbing terribly."

Dickens sensed pityingly the underlying divinity in all common and humble lives, and in his feelings for the downtrodden lay his chief claims for fame. He himself tells us that he could not sleep for nights thinking of "Little Nell." To a friend he wrote, "I am breaking my heart over this story and I cannot bear to finish it." We must discriminate, of course, between the depiction of emotion as swaying a character, and the arousal of emotion in a reader by means of pathetic scenes. But the two are seldom far apart, and in Dickens especially the characters are filled with emotion just because he himself was so filled, and the characters and the author unite to play upon the reader's heartstrings. If ever English speaking peoples were in danger of being carried away by sentiment, it was when they yielded themselves to the magic craft of Dickens.

Fortunately Dickens's sentiment, or sentimentality, as you will, was always making for noble moral feelings. His sentiment, in short, was always on the side of morality. He never makes you sentimental, as do contemporary writers, over a woman who finds



the duties of motherhood irksome and leaves her home to realize what in the cant of the day is called her individual personality. The sentiment of Dickens has no kinship with the egotism of self-pitying worldlings, but springs naturally from the pictures of those who suffer often through the inhumanity of society and in whose forbearance we find the edification inherent in actions of Christian self-denial.

Over against these powerful effects of Dickens's sentiment stand the effects of his overwrought imagination, which lead one to discount many of his attempts. In his humorous scenes, for instance, his sentiment leads him to be too broadly comic, and in his efforts to be pathetic his imagination has no bounds. At times his sentiment seems laboring, as when he describes the death of "Little Nell." It is a prevailing tendency to that sentimentality which is constantly shedding tears of joy and which loves to linger over deathbed scenes. This weakness, however, affects only particular scenes, and to say the least, Dickens, indulgent sentimentalist though he be, has contributed much to enlarge the office of sympathy and strengthen the ties of human love the world over. Of him it might be said as it was of Garrick, he played a large role in maintaining the gaiety of nations.

---

O God of Mercy, with tears we invoke Thee to end this fearful scourge; O King of Peace, we humbly implore the peace for which we long.—*Benedict XV.*



**THOUGHTS ON GEORGE ELIOT'S "ADAM BEDE"****CHARLES E. FISHER, '19**

George Eliot, in the novel, "Adam Bede," manifests her desire to benefit humanity by convincing it that nature's laws are inexorable, and that an infraction of the moral law will be punished as surely as disobedience to the physical laws. She endeavors to excite people to an understanding of hereditary influences and exhibits how every deed brings its own results, and works, directly or indirectly towards the salvation or ruin of the actor. This doctrine of the act and its train of good and ill, is applied very consistently in the fall of Hetty Sorrel and Arthur Donnithorne.

She also brings her whole strength to bear on an attempt to prove that joy and happiness are to be found only in strict attendance upon duty and in self-renunciation. In order to carry home this lesson of life she has contrasted with the pen of a genius, Hetty Sorrel and Dinah Morris. Hetty Sorrel breaks the moral laws and is justly punished; Dinah Morris lives up to the laws and is rightly rewarded.

The plot in "Adam Bede" is complex. It is composed of various situations in which characters have moral conflicts. From the inner struggles the characters emerge in a changed state of mind. After the struggle they are either better or worse, stronger or weaker. This is exemplified by the two great situations in the book: Adam Bede's discovery of the clandestine meeting in the woods between Hetty Sorrel and Arthur Donnithorne; and Hetty Sorrel's struggle while confined in the jail just before the trial.

In spite of its complexity the plot of "Adam Bede" is finely unified. It is made up of a number of component parts which are woven into an organic whole. Every incident, however slight and detailed, however seemingly insignificant, contributes to the intensification of the main thesis. The impression in its totality is that of all high art. The fine satisfaction given by the artistic unity of the book is heightened by the convincing truth of every page. If we should judge the likeliness of the story by its actual foundation in the material from which George Eliot claims she obtained it, we should be forced to say it was an imaginative conception of a fertile mind. But, on the other hand, if we ask ourselves whether we have not some time during our life observed characters similar to those who work out this plot, we are sure to answer in the affirmative.



If our answer is positive the plot is true to life, because the plot is the sum of the actions of the characters and subject to them. With, therefore, the same material this plot could be realized in life.

Every story having the realities mentioned will have interest. But granting that interest follows from a cause, the question arises, how is interest obtained? There are various ways of creating it, the most essential modes being method, movement, and suspense. In no other English novel perhaps are they so adroitly manipulated as in "Adam Bede." The art and technique of this novel, indeed, reveals George Eliot at the highwater mark of her genius. The method she used to create interest can well be compared to the means Shakespeare used. They both depended to a very great degree upon dramatic moments.

In movement her novels are like the novels of Dickens, very slow. She learned from that great humanitarian the value of giving minute details, thus retarding the progress of the plot; but this hindrance to the movement does not cause interest to flag in the reader, it rather has a tendency to heighten it. In the use of suspense she can well be compared with Jane Austen. In both the novels "Adam Bede" and "Pride and Prejudice" suspense is caused by the perfectly inevitable yet never certain actions of the characters. The character of Adam Bede, simple as it is, holds our interest in suspense, because of the rich possibilities of his noble nature, and his human weakness in caring for a feather brained girl wholly unworthy of him. In "Pride and Prejudice" the complexity of Elizabeth Bennett becomes like a fascinating puzzle as we watch her retreats and advances under the palpable influences of Darcy's cavalier courtship. In all this there is growth of character, though many of the minor figures of Jane Austen are almost wholly static.

George Eliot differs, consequently, more from her contemporary Charles Dickens than from old-fashioned Jane Austen in her attitude towards character in evolution. It is characteristic of Dickens to choose a hero, as for instance, Oliver Twist, who remains a constant quantity throughout, instinctively good, and subject to no struggle except for self-preservation. The characters of "Adam Bede" go through more moral struggle than do the many characters in "Oliver Twist." In the former the hero, Adam Bede, and the villain, Arthur Donnithorne, are continually undergoing a moral struggle. From the conflict the hero emerges victorious, the villain is overcome by the opposing invincible nemesis, and falls into sin and disgrace. Now, in the latter, the hero, Oliver Twist, is a figure used to work out the plot of the novel in order to paint



the thesis with which Dickens began. Whereas in "Adam Bede" the plot is subject to the characters; in "Oliver Twist" the characters are often subject to the plot. The struggles undergone by the characters in "Adam Bede" are such as have a universal interest.

The characters are men and women who love, hate and forgive, just like people in life. Their sweet humanity has such an insinuating appeal that we take them to our hearts. There are here no entirely bad characters without redeeming traits, or without the saving grace of repenting for the wrongs committed, nor are there any characters entirely perfect having no faults at all. George Eliot knew life too well to give us characters resembling angels and devils. She painted them just as human beings acting as we should expect under the same circumstances and in the given environment.

Carried away as we are with admiration for the immortal figures of "Adam Bede" we take scarcely less interest in the stage upon which they act. George Eliot has pictured it so wonderfully like nature and so harmonious with the dominant moods of the characters that the setting is not the least delightful part of the book and moreover is inseparable from the tragedy of Adam and Hetty.

---

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in their worth and choice.—*Johnson*.



**THE BOY SPY. A FRENCH STORY RETOLD****RICHARD M. FITZSIMMONS—SECOND YEAR ACADEMIC**

The boy's name was Stenne—tiny Stenne. Stenne was a child of Paris, thin and wan. His age might be ten or perhaps fifteen. His mother was dead and his father, an aged soldier, conducted the square in the Temple district. Everyone, who came to seek refuge from the traffic, knew and loved Father Stenne. They knew that beneath his ragged mustache was concealed a kindly almost fatherly smile. To induce this smile one merely had to say to the good man, "How is your little boy?"

Father Stenne loved his boy very much. He always was filled with joy when after school the little fellow came to accompany him home as they walked along they stopped many times to greet the oldtimers.

With the siege, unfortunately, all was changed. Father Stenne's square was used to store up gasoline and the old man, forced to keep a steadfast guard, spent his days within the abandoned walls, alone and only seeing his boy late at night and at home. You should have noticed his mustache then when he spoke of the Prussians.

Little Stenne did not mind this new life. A siege! It was very amusing to him, no more class, no more arithmetic. Free all the time and the wide street to play in. He followed the battalions, choosing those which had the best music. On this point Stenne was well versed. Sometimes he watched the militia drilling; at other times there was the bread line. Basket in arm, he would join the long ranks, which formed in the early wintry morning in front of the bakers or the butchers. There he formed many valuable acquaintances, as the son of M. Steene commanded no little respect. But the most fascinating of all was the game of corks, that famous game galoche—"shooting" bits of cork—which the Britons had introduced during the siege. When little Stenne was not at the ramparts or the bakers he was always to be seen at a game of galoche in front of Château d'Eau.

Stenne did not play—it took too much money. He was contented in observing the players with all his eyes. One in particular, a large boy in a blue jacket, excited his admiration—he put in nothing but five franc pieces. When that boy arose to depart Stenne would hear the money jingling in his pocket.



One day, as he was stooping to pick up a coin which had rolled near Stenne's feet, he whispered to him, "That makes your eyes pop, doesn't it? Well, if you wish, I can tell you how to get some." The game finished, he offered to take little Stenne with him when he sold papers to the Prussians. He said that Stenne could make thirty francs a trip. Stenne at first refused very angrily, and after that remained away from the game for three days. Three dreadful days! Sleep or eat—he could not. At night he noticed along the side of his bed piles of galoches and glittering five franc pieces. The temptation was too powerful. The fourth day he went back to the Château d'Eau, met the big boy and permitted himself to be induced.

One snowy day with cotton sacks on their backs and papers concealed beneath their jackets they set out. It was hardly daylight when they reached the gate of Flandre. Taking Stenne by the hand the big boy went up to the guard—a kind old man with a ruddy nose and a pleasant smile. In the pleading voice of a beggar Stenne's companion entreated: "Allow us to pass, dear kind monsieur. Our mother is ill, our father has died. We want to try, my little brother and I, to find some potatoes in the fields over there." He wept; Stenne very ashamed hung his head. The guard, after eyeing them, glanced down the abandoned roadway and said: "Hurry along then." Soon they were on the road to Aubervilles. The older boy laughed.

Confusedly, as if in a dream, Stenne followed the big boy, who knew how to avoid the sentinels. Nevertheless in spite of their efforts, they came upon the main guard of the franc-tireurs. Until a kind old sergeant came, it did the larger boy no good to tell his pathetic story. "Don't cry, my lads," he said to the two boys. "They'll let you pass to get your potatoes. But first come in and warm up a bit."

In the cabin several soldiers were squatting around a flickering fire, warming biscuits on the ends of their bayonets. As they were giving the children some coffee to drink, an officer came in and said something to the sergeant. "My lads," announced the sergeant, "We know the password of the Prussians. I think this time we are going to take it from them, the blessed Bourget!"

Taking advantage of the outbursts of bravos that followed, the children disappeared. Beyond the trenches there was only a level field and at the end of it the long white trenches of the Prussians. Pretending to be picking up potatoes they made their way to the trenches.

All the time little Stenne kept saying, "Don't go in there. Let's go back."



The older boy whistled. An answering whistle came back over the snow. Above the wall appeared a yellow mustache beneath a Tan 'Shanter cap. The larger boy lifted Stenne into the trench and then jumped in himself.

What a contrast between this camp and the camp of the franc-tireurs! The soldiers were playing cards. From another room came the sounds of a piano and the steady pop of corks which were being pulled out of the champagne bottles. The boys were greeted with a shout of joy.

They sold their papers and drank the wine offered them. The big boy entertained the soldiers with his impudence. They laughed, and he repeated his filthy Parisian slang.

Opposite Stenne was an old Prussian, who was gazing intently at him. There was both tenderness and contempt in the look. The old Prussian seemed to say, "I would much rather be dead than see my son a spy."

From this time on little Stenne felt as if a hand were clutching at his heart. To relieve himself of this feeling he asked for a drink. He became dizzy, everything whirled about him. He heard faintly, through loud laughter, his companion making fun of the home guards. Soon after the officers became excited, their faces became serious. The wretch had cautioned them of the intended attack of the franc-tireurs.

Stenne protested, but the big boy laughed. One of the officers thrust the children toward the door. "Leave the camp," he said to them. The big boy proudly departed, jingling his coins. Stenne with bowed head followed him. When he passed by the Prussian, who had been watching him, he heard him say sorrowfully: "That was an awful thing to do, my boy." Tears came to Stenne's eyes.

Reaching the field the boys ran and entered the gate quickly. Their sacks were filled with potatoes which the Prussians had given them, so they passed the guards without being questioned. In the trenches they were preparing for the night assault. The old sergeant, radiant with joy, was there arranging his men. He recognized the children as they passed and smiled at them. O, how that smile hurt little Stenne! He was about to warn them that they had been betrayed but the larger boy interfered.

At Courneuve they entered an abandoned house to share the money. The division was honestly made, and the sound of fine silver coins jingling under his waist and the thought of the many games of galoche he could now play put Stenne in better humor.

When the big boy departed from him at the gates his pockets began to feel heavy and the hand which seemed to tighten over his



heart was there clutching more than ever. Paris appeared different to him. That word spy—he had heard it in the rumbling of the wheels on the pavement, in the striking of the drums, up and down the canal. When he reached home his father had not yet arrived. He went up to his room to hide the heavy pieces of silver under his pillow.

Father Stenne had never been so happy as when he came home that night. Good reports from the districts that the army was improving had lately arrived. As he was eating the old soldier glanced up at his gun which dangled from the wall and said to the boy, with a joyful laugh, "Well, sonny, you'd fight the Prussians if you were big, wouldn't you?"

About eight o'clock there was the sound of cannon. "It's Aubervilles. They are fighting at Bourget," said Father Stenne, who knew the sounds of all the forts.

Little Stenne feigned weariness and went to bed—but not to sleep. He pictured the franc-tireurs going to surprise the Prussians and falling into a trap themselves. He imagined the old sergeant and his men lying out there in the snow. The cost of all that blood was concealed there beneath his pillow, and it was he, the son of M. Stenne, a soldier! The child wept bitterly, a loud sob escaping him. "What is the matter?" asked Father Stenne, coming in.

Little Stenne could keep back his secret no longer. He leaped out of bed and cast himself at his father's feet. With his hasty movement the silver coins fell on the floor.

"What are those? Have you been stealing?" demanded the old man trembling.

Then in a moment Stenne told all he had done. As he spoke he felt better because he was accusing himself. His father listened with a dreadful look on his face. When the story was completed tears were streaming down his cheeks.

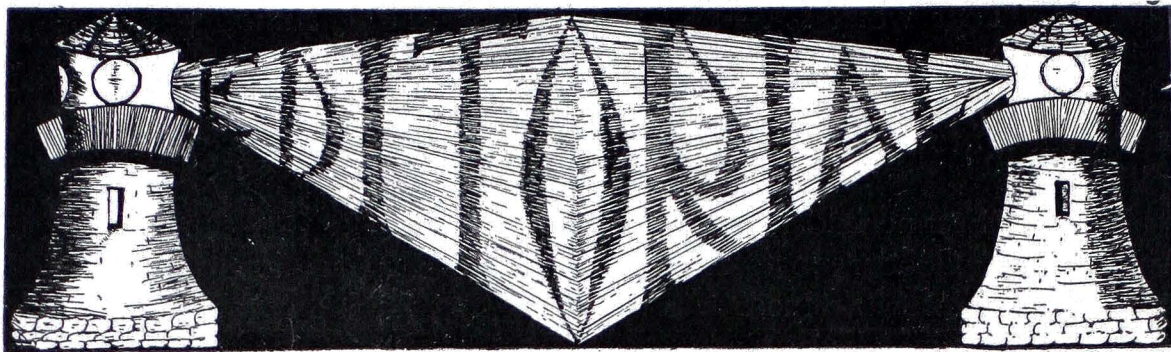
"Father! Father!" little Stenne tried to plead.

The old man thrust him away without answering and gathered up the money.

"Is this all?" he demanded.

Little Stenne nodded that it was. The old soldier reached for his gun and cartridge box. "I'm going to give it back to them," he said. Without another word, without even a farewell to the weeping boy, the old man went down to join the militiamen who were hurrying out into the night. And no one has ever laid eyes upon him since.





# THE VIATORIAN

Published Monthly by St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois

Publication Office, 219 West Jefferson St., Bloomington, Illinois

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—CHARLES A. HART '17

Exchanges—ROBERT J. HILLIARD '18	Inter Alia—THOMAS E. SHEA '18
Alumni—FRANCIS C. HANGSTERFER '18	Athletics—DANIEL T. SULLIVAN '17
Personals—FULTON J. SHEEN '17	Viatoriana—EDMUND F. CONWAY '18
Book Reviews—L. T. PHILIPS '18	Societies—JOHN F. COX '17
Staff Artist—PAUL I. CARBERY '18	

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

*Subscription price One Dollar per year, payable in advance. Single copies, Fifteen Cents.*

*All business communications should be addressed to "Business Manager, The Viatorian, Bloomington, Illinois."*

## Freshman Editors.

Charles Fisher, President  
 Gregory Galvin, Vice-President  
 Francis Hangsterfer, Secretary  
 Edward O'Connor, Treasurer  
 J. Robert Elmslie  
 Daniel Duchene  
 Arthur Landroche  
 Vincent Mellady  
 Francis Brya  
 David Conroy

Thomas Finnegan  
 Wm. Marum  
 Arthur Picard  
 Donald Kirley  
 Thomas Kelly  
 M. J. Hoare  
 Paul Somers  
 George Cromien  
 Wm. Moran  
 Joseph Hughes  
 Emil Derr



*Old Student's Home-Coming.*

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees it was decided to make Decoration Day "Home-Coming Day" for the old students. To this end arrangements for the First Reunion, Tuesday, May 30th, 1916, are almost perfected. Readers of the VIATORIAN could help this good cause along by sending the names of all the old students which may be known to them, together with their addresses. From the list received, invitations will be sent out and the Board of Trustees hopes that no old student will be overlooked because of incorrect address. We ask each single Alumnus to make this a personal duty and unite with the College Faculty in making this initial "Home-Coming" a huge success. Fuller details will be given in the next issue of the VIATORIAN.

---

*"Success Waits at Labor's Gate."*

How often these words, "Success Waits at Labor's Gate," are spoken to us as we are about to yield to despair. Again they come as a soothing balm, strengthening the weary heart depressed by sorrow, and crushed by the relentless forces of opposition and defeat. The remembrance of the inevitability and reward of labor has not unfrequently roused man to a renewed activity when a long cherished plan has been dashed to pieces by some seeming trick of unreasoning fate.

Though this beautiful earth was created for man's use and enjoyment, we were not placed thereon to play, nor drift, nor dream. Each has a particular duty to perform, and we should not be cowards in the struggle but face it boldly.

To many of the world's greatest heroes these words have been an inspiration, cheering them, urging them upwards and onward as they climb the rocky heights to Fame.

Failure in life seldom results from a lack of ability, but rather from a lack of perseverance, or of a determination to rise superior to the occasion. Every man, we are optimistic enough to believe, is endowed potentially to attain a useful and successful career. This potentiality, however, is too often dissipated by scattered aims and capricious efforts. The man who succeeds is the man who is always alive to opportunities, fixes his course, keeping the goal always in sight, and making for it persistently, hopefully, and courageously.



*"Every hour that fleets so slowly,  
Has its task to do or bear;  
Luminous the crown, the holy,  
When each gem is set with care."*

A generous enthusiasm permeating our life work, aids materially in smoothing over the rough places, for there are no carefully constructed roads to Parnassus. The patient toiler reaches the mountain height, while his faint-hearted companion slumbers in the valley. As the sweetest flowers are guarded by the sharpest thorns, so our great achievements may be surrounded by most trying difficulties.

In the Springtime of life's existence, who does not delight in castle-building? These fanciful creations containing all things pleasant, but vanishing, alas! as the sterner duties of life present themselves, teach us that our structure to be enduring must be erected on a solid foundation. Few may be called to occupy a niche in the Temple of Fame, but each may signalize himself in the minor duties of every-day life, constructing the invisible framework of character, which is held together by pure motives and a noble purpose.

In the Tennysonian "Idylls" when Gareth sets out on his quest to rescue the imprisoned Lady Lyonars, his progress is opposed, first by the "Knight of the Morning-Star" who dwelling in gay pavilion with his "maidens in rosy raiments," guards the first passage of the river. This Knight symbolizes Youth, his abode that of Pleasure. Gareth, strong in his purpose, vanquishes the enemy, and this first victory of the spiritual over the sensual man, renders him better able to cope with the "Knight of the Noon-Day Sun," who typifies the formidable temptations of middle-age.

The "Knight of the Evening-Star," clothed in hardened skins, "that fit him like his own," symbolizes vices of a life-time. He in turn, is conquered, and with this conquest Gareth is freed from the despotism of sense. Thereafter, the fourth Knight, "Death," is stripped of all his terrors, proving that the spiritual man who overcomes his evil powers, establishes a new kingdom within himself, and benefits his fellow man.

Deep down in the human heart there is an inclination for self-sacrifice, which is loftier than the love of glory and reveals the beauties of the immortal soul. Wars and sieges pass away, and great intellectual efforts cease to stir one's pulse, but the name of the man who sacrifices himself for his fellow-man lives forever. Let us then,



*"Think that day lost whose low descending sun  
Views from our hand no noble action done."*

This is not preaching, empty philosophy, poetry or myth. It is a truth as everlasting as the seas—a truth as glorious as the limitless universe. This is the time of the year when our Freshmen should be wide awake to all opportunities and be ready to grasp them, even when it requires a sacrifice of some pleasure to accomplish this. The student who is not strongly imbued with the spirit of self-sacrifice and with a love of the glorious work of education, is only half alive. Every lesson should be a problem worthy of our deepest thought and concentrated energy. Let us resolve in this Spring season of the school year to be in spirit with the season when all nature seems animated with the vigor of being. Even in this quarter we may retrieve the sluggishness of which we may have been guilty during the last three quarters.—*J. Robert Elmslie.*

## A ROOMER'S RUMINATION

### THE GOLDEN AGE.

J. Robert Elmslie, '19.

What a wonderful age we live in!

It is sometimes to be wondered whether we are quite worthy of the blessings that are showered upon us. Surely the "Golden Age" has begun when a noiseless choir comes into existence. Did not Keats, the poet, remark, "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter?" The ideal of the unheard melody has been realized in a small town in Connecticut, where a deaf and dumb choir fingers out delicious anthems and the congregation indulges in melodious gesturings. O, that this glorious system of dumb singing may spread! May ragtime singers and vaudevillians adopt it! May those objectionable persons who sicken us with such music regain their popularity by performing only in this humane fashion:

*"The Village Blacksmith doth rejoice,  
When now to church he comes;  
He does not hear his daughter's voice,  
He sees her busy thumbs  
And fingers taking topmost notes  
Among the deafs and dumbs."*



## E X C H A N G E S

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

—Goldsmith.

*THE HELIANTHOS*:—Oh! I say Reginald, speaking of flowers and candy, here is *The Helianthos* from Mt. Carmel Academy! Yes, indeed, Reggie, my boy, it's a girl school and the girls edit the paper too—isn't that just lovely? What's that you say? "You would like to be Exchange Editor while this fair flower is being admired?" Why Reggie! How perfectly silly of you; the very idea. What put that notion in your head, my "deah" fellow? I beg pardon! Oh! "You imagine it must be a pleasant task to act as reviewer and critic in such a case as this!" (Ye Gods! What imaginations some people have!) How very amusing, old top; just continue to "imagine" it.

But it is certainly more than high time that we "let our just censures attend the true event," and that is a review of the magazine we started out to peruse. On opening its pages we are greeted very becomingly by a dainty little piece of verse entitled, "Creation's Music," containing some striking imagery. The lines, however, are too mechanical; there is no intensity of feeling or sentiment expressed in them, and verse without this qualification, Shelley says, is not poetry, and should be thrown out of court. The author of "Trifles of Infinite Moment," has made a serious blunder, namely, the confounding of "cause" with "occasion." To maintain that these antecedent circumstances referred to by the author are causes is absolutely ridiculous. For example, if the cackling of the sacred geese was the *cause* of Rome's being saved from destruction at the hands of the Gauls, then the cackling of the geese repulsed the advancing Gauls. Again, the fact that Newton noticed the fall of an apple from a tree is not the *cause* of the discovery of the law of gravitation; it is merely an *occasion*. For this reason, the entire article is absurd and, aside from the small amount of historical knowledge it imparts, is worthless. What absurdity in plot structure are we going to encounter next in short stories? Can any reasonable being imagine an old lady going down stairs in the middle of the night, with a pistol in her hand, to ascertain



the cause of a noise which she had heard? If the author of the story, "A Question of Orthodoxy," had only stopped to think what she herself would have done under the same circumstances, and then considered that the character in question was presumably almost three times her age and, consequently, more timid, she would not have made such a foolish mistake as this. Psychological analysis of the incident shows that the old lady would arouse the other members of the household. "Poets of Winter," is a rather dry catalogue of the celebrated warblers, who have chosen to treat of the effects wrought by the "Hoary Giant." In many instances the interpretation of lines rendered by the author is good and her comments are quite frequently apropos. The writer, however, pays little regard to the principles of coherence and emphasis. The lines in "The Earthshine" disclose latent poetic power on the part of the writer; her efforts are indicative of a surprising elasticity of imagination. Another "grandmother" story greets us in the shape of "Grandmother's Memory Bag." It contains an account of a goodly number of memoirs, keepsakes and little knick-knacks, and is perhaps interesting to an elderly lady or to a little girl, but not to the average student. "At the Temple Gate," is an interesting little narrative concerning the Feast of the Purification. There is not much plot to it, but what there is, the author utilizes very nicely. This, and the religious strain in which the story is told help to make it effective. The dialogue is a noteworthy feature; being, perhaps, a fairly accurate presentation of the mode of speech in the days of Our Lord. Two jingles fill up some valuable space immediately following. Passing on to the editorial column, the Exman is disappointed. Most assuredly there is plenty of room for improvement in this department. One editor would do away with the comic valentine on the ground that it is a "reproach to our civilization." Without attempting to defend the practice of sending comic valentines, which, when done in moderation, is a perfectly harmless source of amusement, the Exman ventures to remark that it is quite painfully evident that there are many more infinitely worse "reproaches to our civilization" extant today than this time-honored custom of our forefathers. Let this blasé critic of contemporary life and manners seek to remedy these evils instead of wasting time and ink on such insignificant trifles. The Exman notes with pleasure the many and varied contributions under the caption, "Chronicle." Such a method as this must necessarily be productive of good results, because it gives all students an incentive to write. Call again, Miss Helianthos; we always admire flowers and relish candy.



Just as we were about to close our (mahogany?) desk and betake our august self out to enjoy the beauties (of Nature?) around us, an authoritative knock is heard at the door. Having had the fortune of looking once into a French Grammar and wishing to appear "edicated," we cry out loudly, "*Entrez*," whereupon the inexorable editor strides in, tosses another ex. on our desk, and is about to depart as silently as he came, when we venture to remark, timidly (the good will and favor of the editor is something of no small value to us—especially when we want an extension of time—hence, the "timidly"):

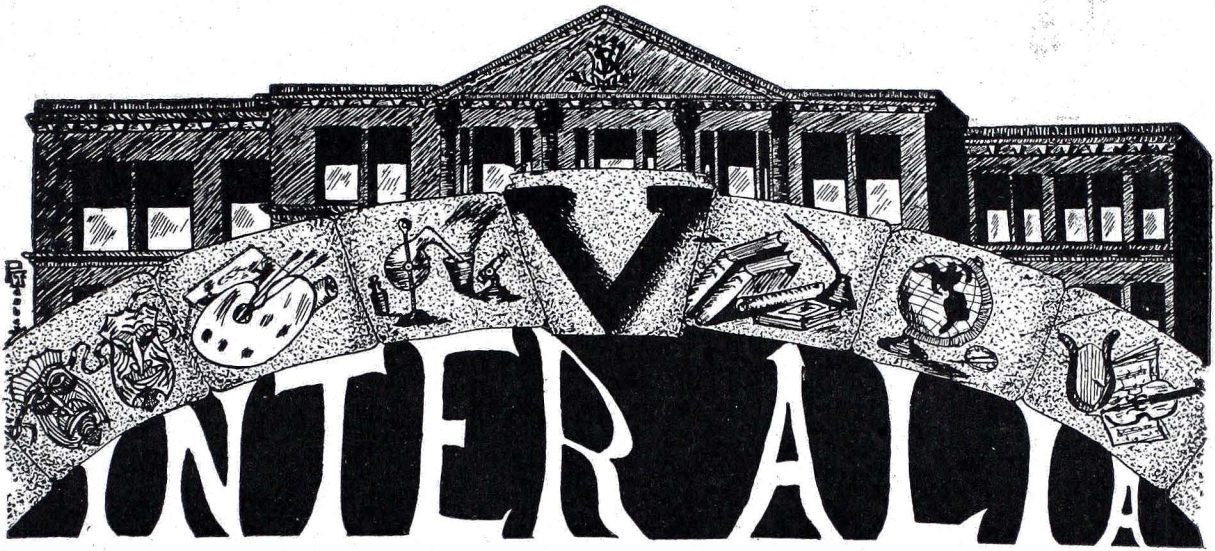
"What's its name?"

We had to apply hot water bags to the editor's jaw before many moments. Never, in all our "young remembrance" did we see such facial contortions nor hear such a hideous conglomeration of inarticulate sounds. We could not imagine what was the cause of all this upheaval of sound and sinew. We knew the editor was not accustomed to practice gymnastics at this hour and we also knew that he was not a member of the Glee Club, and that therefore he was not singing. We ransacked the thing that is on top of our shoulders, but we could arrive at no solution of the enigma. All this time the fallen editor lay prostrate in our (Morris?) chair, gasping for breath. When he was sufficiently recovered to realize where he was and what he was doing, we asked him what the matter might be. He shook his head despairingly and pointed to the magazine, which he had just brought in, lying face downward on the desk. Curiously we picked it up and first glanced, then looked, then stared at the name on its cover. It was as follows: "*The Petriculanian*."\* A great light dawned upon us and, glancing sympathetically at our unfortunate brother scribe, we proceeded to apply more hot water bags to his jaw.

\*To be pronounced in sections.

N. B.—We thought, perhaps, our readers would be interested in this incident so we jotted it down as it actually happened. It is not meant as a "knock" at the magazine. On the contrary, "*The Petriculanian*" looks like a real live wire, and the Exman was well pleased with it. We seize this opportunity to express our delight in greeting this newcomer to the field of college journalism. May your career be long and brilliant.





The feast of Ireland's patron saint was commemorated with the customary elaborate festivities. At nine o'clock Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Msgr. G. M. **St. Patrick's Day** Legris, assisted by Rev. M. F. O'Connell as arch-priest; Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., deacon; Mr. Patrick Casey, sub-deacon; Mr. John Molyneaux, master of ceremonies.

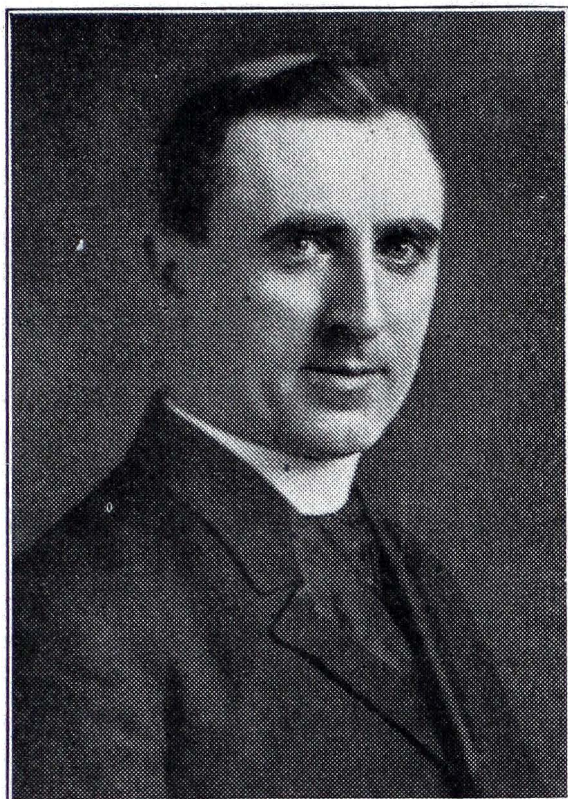
The rendition of Gounod's famous "Messe Solonnelle" by the college choir was beautiful, and to Rev. W. J. Suprenant, C. S. V., who directed the choir, much credit is due.

Rev. Martin F. O'Connell, of Knoxville, Iowa, delivered a very eloquent panegyric on the Irish race. In a pleasing oratorical style the young Edmund Burke showed that the Irish is truly a great race, for no other people endured such prolonged persecution, preserving through it all such unbounded faith, unquenchable hope and unlimited charity.

At eleven o'clock the college band, the first St. Viator has had for five years, gave a concert in the auditorium, after which a banquet was served in the college dining hall.

In the afternoon, "All the Comforts of Home," a farce comedy in four acts, was staged by the Dramatic Club. It proved such a success that it was also played at the Gaiety Theatre in Kankakee. The thespians and Father Suprenant, under whose direction the play was produced, are to be highly complimented for their work. The entire cast was so resplendent that to single out the star is not easy. Each actor, whether playing a minor role or acting a more important part, played exceptionally well and received high praise from the audience.





Rev. J. F. Ryan formerly of St. Mel's of  
Chicago; new pastor of St. Patrick's,  
Kankakee



[Courtesy of "New World"] Rev. J. T. Bennett, formerly pastor of St. Patrick's,  
Kankakee, appointed pastor of St. Basil's, Chicago



During the past month many appointments of great importance have been made by Archbishop Mundelein, among which is the transference of Rev. John T. Bennett from St. Patrick's Church, Kankakee, to St. Basil's Church, Chicago. Father Bennett takes the place of his lamented friend, Father Cox, with whom he had been associated as a co-laborer for over a year at St. Jarlath's Church.

**Father Bennett  
Transferred to  
St. Basil's  
Church, Chicago**

Father Bennett was born in Auburn, N. Y., where he made his early education. His later studies were made at Manhattan College, New York City; Three Rivers, Canada; and a final year of his philosophical course at St. Viator. He entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., to study theology and was ordained to the priesthood in 1883.

Father Bennett's labor as curate and pastor has been such that brought him into diverse fields. His first appointment was as curate at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, which appointment brought with it the chaplaincy of the House of Correction and the John Worthy School, where his assistance in dealing with delinquents was most effective.

After more than eight years at Blessed Sacrament Church, Father Bennett was transferred to St. Jarlath's Church. Here, too, his work was not confined to parish work alone. He remained as curate at St. Jarlath's until appointed by the late Archbishop Quigley to the pastorate of St. Patrick's Church, Kankakee, where, with indefatigable zeal he repaired the dilapidated property, paid off the heavy debt and finally erected a beautiful, well-equipped school, which will serve as a monument to keep his memory alive among the citizens of Kankakee, catholic and non-catholic, with whom he has been so intimately connected.

Although Father Bennett's departure from Kankakee is keenly felt by the parishioners of St. Patrick's, they are glad to welcome so worthy a successor as Rev. John F. Ryan. He is a native of Tipperary, Ireland, where all his studies were made. Like his predecessor he is a man of energetic spirit. His labors as a priest have been confined to St. Mel's parish, Chicago, but in this limited field he has proven himself capable of assuming the duties of a pastor.

To Father Bennett and his successor, Father Ryan, St. Viator wishes unbounded success.



April 23d will be the three hundredth anniversary of the death of William Shakespeare, a man whose influence, not only upon the literature but upon the subsequent life and history of the world, is inestimable. Throughout English speaking countries preparations are being made to commemorate this day. The college and high school departments of St. Viator are preparing to do their share in sounding the praises of him who has done so much for the happiness and spiritual growth of us all. Early in May several of Shakespeare's plays will be acted by the members of these departments; folk songs and Morris dances of the Elizabethan age, will be presented—in short, an effort will be made to bring the age of Shakespeare as vividly as possible to the realization of the students of the College.

The annual meeting of the Presidents of the Illinois Colleges was held February 17th at the University of Illinois, Edmund J. James, president of the University, presiding. St. Viator was represented at the conference by Very Rev. President J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V. Many important questions regarding mutual benefits to universities and colleges were discussed, one of the foremost being, "What can be done to promote the religious life of the university student?" All secular institutions have come to realize the vital importance of this question and in seeking the answer to it have turned appealingly to the Catholic College. In answer to this appeal Father O'Mahoney delivered an address in which he told how Catholicity aims at what is necessary—a regeneration of the depths of the heart—rather than what is desired—secular lore; how the Catholic College places the care of the soul first and an understanding of the profane sciences second. Father O'Mahoney's address was favorably regarded by President James, but no further action was taken by the council.

Other questions of minor importance were discussed and the meeting was terminated.

The students were afforded a rare treat, when on Tuesday, February 15th, they were given the pleasure of hearing John E. Kellard lecture on Shakespeare. Owing to a long sustained scholarly devotion to the subject, Mr. Kellard's lecture was intensely interesting, because of its educational value. During the course of his lecture he recited various passages from Shakespearean dramas, notably the "Seven Stages of Man," with such



illuminating insight that the lines assumed for his hearers a vivid significance. In the evening the student body witnessed "Hamlet," at the Gaiety Theatre, in Kankakee, Ill. In the role of Hamlet Mr. Kellard presents an interpretation peculiarly his own, differing sharply at points with the Hamlets that have held the stage in our own time. Though an actor of the old school, Mr. Kellard plays with nice restraint and never stoops to theatrical robustiousness. His inditement of lines is an intellectual delight in these days of crude elocution and slovenly enunciation.

The memory of Mr. Kellard's visit will long be a source of pleasure to the students, particularly to those who, at present, are studying the Shakespearian drama.

The College Library has received another valuable addition, consisting of about eight hundred volumes. Through the kindness of

#### Library Additions

Rev. D. J. Crimmins, present pastor of St. Leo's Church, Chicago, Ill., the entire library of Father Egan, late pastor of that church, has been donated. The library is also indebted to the late Rev. J. J. Beucler, of New Baltimore, Ohio, for his donation of a collection of rare coins and of about five hundred volumes of theological works. Father Bennett also has remembered the library during the past month by a substantial donation of valuable books.

## PERSONALS

Michael Crowley, of Peoria, formerly holder of the chair of "Office Manager," was a recent caller at the College. Call again, Mike.

Rev. P. Parker, of Chebanse, Ill., and Rev. J. F. Kelly, of Moline, Ill., were guests of the faculty during the past month.

Joseph Sinnott, H. S., '15, spent St. Patrick's Day at his Alma Mater.

Leo Dougherty, A. B., '13, since moving to Kankakee, is a frequent caller at the College.

Joseph Vetter, Joseph Wesley and Raymond Ryan, former students of the High School Department, called at the College recently.

The St. Patrick's Day Celebration brought many of our old friends to St. Viator, among whom were Wm. Sammon, A. B., '12. and Thos. Harrison, A. B., '13. Why not come more often?



Dr. and Mrs. V. Marzano and Miss M. McEvoy, of Chicago, Ill., spent St. Patrick's Day at the College, the guests of Bro. C. Marzano, C. S. V.

Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., went to Jacksonville, Ill., on March 10th, to preach the funeral sermon of the late Very Rev. Dean J. W. Crowe.

Rev. J. E. Bourget, of Irwin, Ill., aided in making the musical program on St. Patrick's Day a wonderful success.

Rev. F. E. Munsch, C. S. V., is giving a Sunday night Lenten Course at Longwood, Ill., and Rev. J. W. Maguire, C. S. V., is preaching at Odell, Ill., on Sunday nights, and at St. Mel's, Chicago, Ill., on Wednesday evenings, during the Lenten season.

The St. Patrick's Day appointments of the college priests were as follows: Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., St. Patrick's Church, Chicago; Rev. J. W. Maguire, C. S. V., St. Patrick's Church, Urbana, Ill.; Rev. W. J. Stephenson, C. S. V., Penfield, Ill.; Rev. R. M. Nolan, Merna, Ill. Bro. L. Phillips, C. S. V., accompanied Father Nolan to Merna and officiated as sub-deacon at the Solemn High Mass.

## N E C R O L O G Y

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me."

In the death of Rev. James Sullivan, for the past eight years assistant at St. Ambrose Church, Chicago, Ill., St. Viator has lost a worthy Alumnus and a sincere friend. Father Sullivan had been ailing for some weeks prior to his death and was advised to go to Sacred Heart Sanitarium, Milwaukee, Wis., where he died on Friday, February 25th. Rev. Wm. Foley, pastor of St. Ambrose Church, was at his bedside when death occurred.

**Rev. James  
Sullivan**

The funeral took place on Tuesday morning, February 29th, from St. Ambrose Church. Solemn Requiem Mass was sung at ten o'clock. His Grace, Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, was present in the sanctuary. The officers of the Mass were: Celebrant, Rev. Wm. Foley; Deacon, Rev. D. J. Tuohy;



Sub-deacon, Rev. Wm. Cahill; Master of Ceremonies, Rev. F. M. O'Brien; Acolytes, Rev. Edward Gahagen and Rev. James O'Brien.

The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., of St. Viator College. Archbishop Mundelein gave the last absolution.

Father Sullivan was born in Riverside, Ill., October, 1881. He received his collegiate education at St. Viator and made his theological studies at Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, Mo. He was ordained priest by the late Archbishop Quigley, nine years ago. Father Sullivan said his first Mass at St. Mary's Church, Riverside. He was appointed shortly afterwards to St. Ambrose, the curacy of which he filled until the time of his death.

While at St. Viator Father Sullivan made many friends among both the faculty and the student body by reason of his genial disposition and his sterling qualities as a student and a friend. It is with feeling of genuine regret that THE VIATORIAN on behalf of the College, extend sincere sympathy to his bereaved family. Though he has been called in his vigorous young manhood, almost at the outset of his priestly career, yet he has lived many years in the energy of his office to his Divine Master. May the God to Whom he had offered up his life in a special manner in the priesthood, reward him richly in his heavenly home.

THE VIATORIAN also has the sad duty to record the death of Rev. J. F. Power, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Dwight, Ill., who died on Wednesday, March 15th, at Mercy Hospital, **Rev. J. F. Power** Chicago, Ill. The Solemn Requiem Mass was sung at Dwight on Saturday, March 18th, after which the body was taken to Spring Valley, Ill., where Father Power's parents lie at rest.

Father Power's career as a priest has been attended with much zealous labor and success. He was ever a loyal friend of this institution in many ways. Some few years ago he contributed a large portion of his valuable library to the College Library. May his soul rest in peace.





The faculty and students of St. Viator owe to Coach St. Aubin and the president of the Athletic Department, Mr. D. T. Sullivan, a hearty gratitude for the efforts they displayed in trying to secure for St. Viator a place among the "Little Eighteen." Their trials in their great undertaking were many, but now that their work is over, they can look back upon its results with pride and honor, for they have succeeded in placing St. Viator on the highroad to athletic success.

It is now the duty of the students of St. Viator to show their loyalty by proving to Coach St. Aubin and Mr. Sullivan that their efforts have not been in vain. At the opening of the next scholastic year we expect to see many new enthusiastic faces on the football field ready to render their assistance in showing the members of the "Little Eighteen" that they have brought into their midst a worthy competitor for the honors of the conference.

EASTERN ILLINOIS NORMAL, 48; VIATOR, 20.

SPARKS BUSINESS COLLEGE, 34; VIATOR, 12.

On February 18th St. Viator Quintette prepared to march into the camp of the enemy and carry away the banners of victory, but for some unknown reason the team was off-color and as a result they were compelled to accept two defeats, one at the hands of Eastern Illinois Normal and the other from Sparks Business College.

#### *Lineup.*

E. Ill. Normal, 48.	Viator, 20.
Turner .....	R. F..... Flynn
Anderson .....	L. F..... Gartland
Schmealye .....	C..... Dondanville
Endsly .....	R. G..... Roach
Scherer .....	L. G..... Pemberton

Field goals—Viator, 9; E. I. S. N., 23. Free throws—Viator, 2; E. I. S. N., 2.



Sparks Bus. College	St. Viator
Core .....	R. F..... Flynn
Wordsworth .....	L. F..... Gartland
Dawit .....	C..... Dondanville
Ernest .....	R. G..... Roach
Klauser .....	L. G..... Conroy

Field goals—Viator, 5; S. B. C., 16. Free throws—Viator, 2; S. B. C. 2.

St. Joseph College of Rensseler, Indiana, succeeded in justifying their defeat of January 14, by sending St. Viator's squad home with a defeat of 30 to 22. The cause of this cannot be well explained, unless we attribute it to the fact that our boys were not themselves on the night of the game. We warn our opponents, however, not to become too confident, because there are other days coming.

*Lineup.*

St. Joseph College, 30.	S. V. C., 22.
Louse .....	R. F..... Flynn
Griger .....	L. F..... Gartland
Deery .....	C..... Finnigan
Trunel .....	R. G..... Conroy
Erkmen .....	L. G..... Pemberton

Field goals—Viator, 9; St. Joe's, 11. Free throws—Viator, 4; St. Joe's, 8.

Although a cloud of defeat seemed to hover over the efforts of our varsity five in their last four games, they nevertheless closed the season with one of the most spectacular games ever played on the local floor. William Vashti, the speedy quintette from Aledo, Ill., found in the Viator boys a team not easily mastered. Both squads fought bitterly throughout the entire contest, and although we were forced to accept the small end of the score, we are proud of the manner in which our representatives conducted themselves. If our warriors had only broken their spell of ill-luck a little sooner the few teams that are at present crowing over their successes would have had a different story to tell.

*Lineup.*

W. & V., 25.	S. V. C., 22.
Mallory .....	R. F..... Flynn
Fender .....	L. F..... Gartland
Burns .....	C..... Dondaville
Westfall .....	R. G..... Roach
Mee .....	L. G..... Pemberton

Field goals—Viator, 6; W. and V., 11. Free throws—Viator, 10; W. and V., 3.



*Academic Games.*

In a dual contest between St. Cyril's quintette and Acks, our little squad in the home contest succeeded in holding aloft the flag of victory, but in the foreign battle suffered the bitter pangs of defeat. The first half of the game played on the local floor was in favor of the St. Cyril's five, but on the opening of the second period Shiels succeeded in landing three baskets, and Berry returned to old-style form and rimmed one field goal and two fouls. Corbett contributed two points, adding the necessary deficiency to make the final count of fourteen. McCarthy and Gilmore were the only two of the invaders who made an impression upon the score board by field goals. Dawalczyk and Gallagher assisted the crippled cause by landing three free throws but all their efforts were of no avail for the local crowd had the fire-of-victory in their eyes.

The second contest did not meet with quite as much success. Our lads left home to go into the enemy's territory and take them by storm, but they met a bigger and better prepared enemy than they expected, and after a hard fought battle they fell victims of defeat. Rantowski and Tickling starred for the home squad and Shiels and Corbett shining with exceptional ability for the Viator five. Berry failed on field goals, but he made up his loss by landing seven free throws.

St. V. A.		S. Cyril's College.	
Berry	.....	R. F.....	Kowalzyk
Shiels	.....	L. F.....	M. Grace
Corbett	.....	C.....	Tickling
Sheen	.....	R. G.....	McCarthy
Smith	.....	L. G.....	Gilmore

Field goals—Viator Academy, 6; St. Cyril's, 2. Free throws—Viator Academy, 2; St. Cyril's, 5.

It seems as though our "Acks" carry misfortune whenever they go into foreign lands. Our little quintette made the Herscher H. S. five bow to the score of 50 to 6, on the home floor, but when the teams met on the opposition's court, the Acks were compelled to accept a defeat of 26 to 25. Shiels and Corbett easily deserve the laurels of the home game and McCable can be highly complimented on his spectacular work. Berry and Shiels proved the most successful cagers during the second game. Walleigh, the speedy little center of the opponents, managed to put away seven field goals during the course of the game, thereby taking first honors.



Herscher, 6.	V. Academy, 50.
Herscher, 26.	V. Academy, 25.
Leiseroqitz .....	R. F..... Berry
Parker .....	L. F..... Shiels
Walleigh .....	C..... Corbett
Wruck .....	R. G..... Sheen
Norgard .....	L. G..... McCabe

- 1.—Field goals—Viator, 19; Herscher, 2.
- 2.—Field goals—Viator, 10; Herscher, 11.
- 1.—Free throws—Viator, 12; Herscher, 2.
- 2.—Free throws—Viator, 5; Herscher, 4.

St. Phillips quintette left Viator floor a sorely defeated squad. They battled bravely, but our little athletes were by far too much for them. It would be a difficult problem to say who were the star performers of the day, but considering the baskets we can give Corbett the shade of superiority. Kiely, of St. Phillips, seemed to be the only basket winner of the visiting five.

St. Phillips	V. Academy
Kiely .....	R. F..... Berry
Costello .....	L. F..... Shiels
McElheny .....	C..... Corbett
Caughlan .....	R. G..... Sheen
Adams .....	L. G..... Smith

Field goals—Viator, 18; St. Phillips, 3. Free throws—Viator, 1; St. Phillips, 3.

The Academic quintette of St. Viator, in closing the basket-ball season of 1916, wish to extend to their enthusiastic supporters a heartfelt thanks for the interest which was displayed in their behalf. The members of the team gave their best efforts and worked hard and faithfully towards a successful season, and we may truthfully say that their labors have been adorned with the crown of success. They met a few defeats during the course of the season, but not one of them is anything of which to be ashamed. It is never a disgrace to meet defeat after a hard fought battle, especially where the scores differ only by a few points. The Academics can look upon their past basket-ball season with honor and pride.

#### *V. B. Club.*

It has been reported that Captain and his worthy followers are beginning to worry about their positions on the Varsity five next year. They have come to realize that a band of young and promising athletes are being developed in the U. B. Club. A brief glance at the U. B. score book shows us that they are the undefeated champions of the local teams at St. Viators, and it is a serious question whether or not Captain Gartland and his brave warriors could succeed in sending them to defeat. We expect great things from the U. B. aggregation in the near future.



## FRESHIE CHESTNUTS

Say, Kelly, you act like a dray horse.

Prof. T.—“What was the Marseillaise?”

Ted—“The French Army.”

Why doesn't Brother Galvin take physical culture?  
He doesn't need to. He rooms on the fourth floor.

There are several things about “A Little Bit of Heaven,” which suggest Beethoven.

Think so? What are they?

The pauses, the notes, and the flats.

Bro. D.—“What? To tune my clarinet? I didn't——”

Tuner—“I know it, Sir. The roomers on the second floor sent me over.”

Prof.—“What ended the ‘War of the Roses?’ ”

Student—“The last battle.”

*Sequel to “The Jitney” of the Last Issue.*

Mellady (in McBroom's)—“Do you charge for bread and butter here?”

Waiter—“No, Sir.”

Stew—“Then gimme some.”

You don't have to B $\sharp$  to hit B $\flat$ ; just B $\sharp$ !!!!!!!

*“The Butcher Shop.”*

Class Room No. 1—Hours, 10:45 to 11:45. Come on, Hank, cut it out!

Bro. S.—“Are you going to put anything about me in THE VIATORIAN?”

J. E.—“Why sure.”

Bro. S.—“If you do, I'll never speak to you again.”

“The Golden Age” of this issue should give inspirations to certain peoples living on the second corridor. No need, of course, to mention any names. But we do hope “Horse” (227) reads it.



Father S.—“Does Mike take down his chemistry notes in short-hand?”

Prof.—“I don't know, but I'll say that he answers them in short——.”

---

Prof. R.—“What attracts a student's attention to phosphorous?”

Student—“It shines in the night.”

Roseman (ten minutes later in the same class)—“Is that what is on a lightning bug?”

Prof. R.—“Catch one and see.”

---

Ac.—“Why is a horse with its head hanging down like next Monday?”

Senior—“You've got me.”

Ac.—“Because its neck's weak.”

---

Mac—“Did you see that young lady smile at me?”

Jack—“No, did she?”

Mac—“You bet.”

Jack—“That's nothing, when I first saw you, I laughed out loud.”

A Mystery!!!???

Green Grass,

White Milk,

Yellow Butter???

I gets half.

---

*“Heads.”*

That the earth was too hard for Alice Lee to “trot” on.

That there is such a thing as a “chronic” kicker.

That a tear dropped on a cheek will produce a smile.

That we may do penance in a social line.

That “the boys” had a special car after the masque.

That the Very Rev. President is always present.

That a certain light-haired youth thinks Dickens “to be humorous only at times,” and that his Professor advises him to see a doctor at once.

Prof. Anderson (after giving out subjects for special study to his “Aggie” class)—Now, what have you?

Freehill—Worms!

Quis equum necavit? (Ask Ed. Raleigh.)

Is Boston a civilized town? (Ask Mike, he knows.)

Personification of Blissful Dreams! Brya.



# AMEDEE T. BETOURNE DRUGGIST

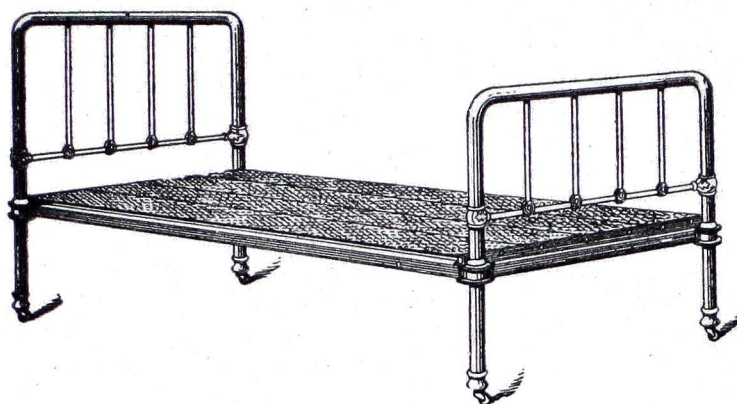
PRESCRIPTIONS FILLED CORRECTLY

Stationery, Perfumes, Pipes, Tobacco

Eastman Kodak Agency

Both Phones 88

119 E Court Street, KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS



Joseph Turk  
Mfg. Company

BRADLEY, ILL.

Makers of

*Columbia Iron and  
Brass Bedsteads*

Special attention to Furnishing  
Institution BEDS

Prices and Illustrations  
on Application

# JOHN J. DRURY Plumbing

Steam and Hot Water Heating, Hot Air Furnaces, Gas Stoves  
and Ranges, Coal Ranges, Hard and  
Soft Coal Heaters

Both Phones 72 276 Schuyler Avenue, KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

Vanderwater  
Clothing Co.  
154 East Court St.

FIRST WITH THE CLOTHES  
FIRST WITH THE STYLE  
FIRST IN THE MINDS OF WELL  
DRESSED MEN

Mrs. D. H. Kammann

H. Handorf

MRS. D. H. KAMMANN & CO.

Manufacturers of

MINERAL WATER, CHAMPAGNE  
CIDER, BELFAST GINGER ALE

KANKAKEE,

ILLINOIS

Gas, Electricity and  
Accessories

STUDENT LAMPS OUR SPECIALTY

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY



Telephones: Bell 237-R; Independent 4

## C. RÜHLE

Manufacturer of Lime

Wholesale and retail Cement, Brick,  
Sewer Pipe, Sand, Etc.

Office and Warehouse  
12-16 West Avenue KANKAKEE, ILL.

## W. J. Coghlan Bedding & Upholstering Comp'y

Manufacturers of

*Mattresses and Couches*

Also Specialties in Feather Renovating. Special  
Prices to Institutions.

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

## Kankakee Book Store

176 COURT ST.

Fine Stationery

Popular Copyright Alger and Henty Books  
Post Cards and Albums

Pennants and Pillow Covers, Sporting Goods

THE GIFT STORE

## The Chicago Store

SELLS IT

FOR LESS

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

## The Schuyler

McBROOM BROS.,  
PROPRIETORS

154 Schuyler Ave. Kankakee, Ill.

First-Class Restaurant and Cafe

## American State and Savings Bank

184 Court Street

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

## *Boston Shoe Repairing Co.*

*Shoes Repaired while you Wait*

*Best Work Neatly Done*

Men's Half Soles . . . 45c

Boys' and Ladies' Half Soles . . . 40c

*All Work Guaranteed*

JOE SHAPIRO, Proprietor

Phones: Bell 1386-2

225 Schuyler Ave., KANKAKEE, ILL

## George Arseneau BAKERY

BOURBONNAIS, ILLINOIS

Specialties: Pies and Cakes

## NORRIS & FRITH

DEALERS IN

Stoves, Ranges, Hardware and  
Paints. Galvanized and  
Tin Work

Phone Main 30

199 Court St., Kankakee



---

## Powell's Studio

*Call Here for Everything Up-to-  
Date in the line of*

## Photography

KANKAKEE,

ILLINOIS

CALL

"Where Purity is Paramount"

ICE CREAMS AND  
CONFECTIONERY

M. W. Barron

Kankakee

---

## KANKAKEE ICE CREAM CO

*Purity and Flavor  
Our Specialty*

139 North West Ave.

Kankakee, Ill.

---

## M. H. WILTZIUS & CO.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Church and Religious Goods, Vestments, Statues  
Chalices

Complete line of Prayer Books, Rosaries, Prayer Books

*We call special attention to our large line of  
books. We furnish any book at publishers' price.*

76 W. Lake Street

CHICAGO, ILL.

---

## G. OSCAR H. BYRON

Groceries, Ice Cream, Cigars  
and Confectionery  
LUNCH ROOM

Bourbonnais

Illinois

Ask for Our

Diploma Catalogue  
Pantagraph Ptg. & Sta. Co.

Bloomington, Illinois