

# THE VIATORIAN

*Fac et Spera*

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## YULETIDE

Joy singeth everywhere,  
These gladsome days,  
Softly breathes on the air,  
Blithe Christmas lay.

Lightens hearts at Yuletide,  
Carols gay doth sing  
To Mankind far and wide,  
"Hail, thou, our King!"

Lo! Christmas Star on high  
Brighter than all  
Points now its radiance, nigh  
Unto the stall.


Softly on a mother's breast  
Here a tiny child  
Holy and pure and did rest  
Sweetly and mild.

In days of yore the star,  
Guiding the way,  
Brought wise men from afar  
Gifts there to lay.

Come, let us gather now,  
Round our dear King;  
On bended knees we'll bow  
His praise to sing.

Hail! Hail! new-born babe,  
Bearing peace to earth,  
Coming to love, to save,  
Joys in thy birth!

G. A. HART, '17.

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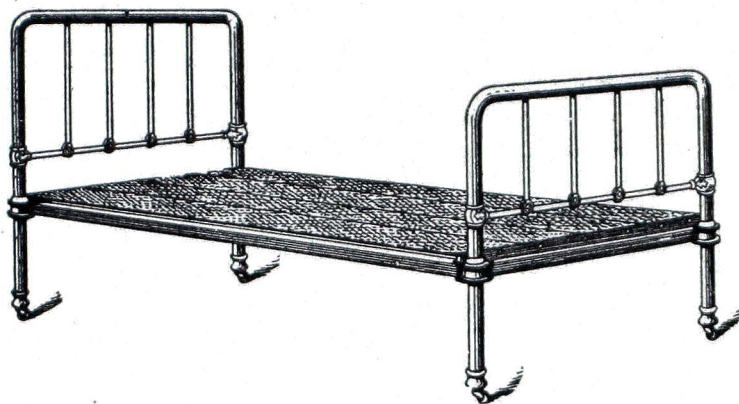
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# ROBERT BURNS

CHARLES DOHERTY '14

The poet is a most sensitive being. He can look on a fading flower, and be impressed with, "feelings that do lie too deep for tears." He not only feels the pangs of human sympathy strongly sway his whole being, but becomes often deeply moved when he sees an untimely dissolution of the brute, and even the plant creation. Many descendants of Adam, however, would criticise this as a weakness of the poet, but do we not find the same sentiment displayed by the stern warrior, "hardened in the war's severe school?" The celebrated European king who was famed in the field of battle, had yet, it was said, a heart that could feel compassion for a little bird in distress. Once when he had pitched his camp, for battle, a swallow thought it convenient to build its nest on one of the poles with which his tent was erected. Many a flight backward and forward had the industrious little creature made in order to construct its ingenious nest. The construction was finished, and the swallow was fully bent on enjoying the fruits of its labor. The king had no more need, however, to tarry longer in that vicinity, and his camp was to be removed, but upon observing the carefully built nest, he ordered the tent to be left intact for the sake of the little bird.

This feeling for dumb animals is very finely exemplified in poetry by Robert Burns, when he addresses the unfortunate little mouse whose winter habitation he had unwittingly wrecked, by his plowshare. The very heart of Burns seems to go out to the frightened little mouse.

*"Wee sleekit cowerin, timerous beastie,  
Thou need na' start awa' sae hasty,  
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,  
Wi murdering pattle."*

He is much depressed to think that things are so designed that the works of man cannot go on without involving the overthrow of the schemes of the lower animals:



*"I'm truly sorry man's dominion,  
Has broken Nature's social union,  
An' justifies that ill opinion  
Which makes thee startle,  
At me thy poor earth-born companion,  
And fellow mortal."*

No less compassionate are the words which he utters, in bewailing the ruthless destruction of the little rodent's nest:

*"Thy wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble  
Has cost thee many a weary nibble!"*

In the conceived distress of the little mouse, the author saw a reflection of his own disappointments. After this train of sympathetic thought he gives his musings another turn, offering the little animal this empty consolation:

*"But mousie, thou art no' thy lane,  
For proving foresight may be vain;  
The best laid scheme o' mice and men  
Gang aft agley,  
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,  
For promised joy."*

His sympathy with the dumb animal is rivaled by the admiration he has for the flower. "To a Mountain Daisy" is exquisitely expressive of this. In every land where the daisy shows its head above the snow in early spring poets are inclined to wax romantic in its praise. Few, however, excelled Burns in expressing regret at seeing it severed from its roots and buried in the mouldering earth:

*"Wee, modest crimson tipped flower,  
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,  
For I maun crush amang thy stoure,  
Thy slender stem.  
To spare thee now is past my power,  
Thy bonny gem."*

In this poem as well as in "To a Mouse" the poet points out a certain likeness between their misfortune and his own. From a reflection on this fact he draws a consoling thought, that the fates are against not only man but even the fairest things in creation. It is pathetic to think that the beautiful daisy is to be buried in the earth but:



*"Such is the fate of simple bard,  
On life's tough ocean luckless starred,  
Unskillful he to note the card,  
Of purest lore."*

In like manner :

*"Such is the fate of artless maid,  
Sweet floweret of the rural shade,  
By love's simplicity betrayed,  
And guileless trust."*

In conclusion the poet takes a lesson from the daisy, and reconciles himself to his inevitable death with all the more contentment, because he is like this little jewel in this, that they are both alike in being subject to dissolution :

*"E'en thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine no distant date."*

A lovely illustration of Burn's ideal of a moral life is found in, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." He had so exalted an opinion of the industrious peasant that he drew from a rural home his ideal type of a really honest man. In this he was of the same opinion as Cicero: "*Vita rustica honestissima et suavissima est.*" This virtue of which he speaks so highly is, he says, overlooked in his native land, and his object in writing this poem is not for any mercenary end, but to bring before the eyes of the world the conditions in which the industrious but obscure peasantry live. The poor father of the family has toiled the whole week at manual labour, and when Saturday comes, he returns eagerly to his cottage. Here he finds his one joy on earth. It is questionable whether the king lolling in his chair of ease ever enjoys such a refreshing relaxation as the weary cotter enjoys after his "weekly toil,"

*"For man is never half so blest,  
As when the busy day is spent,  
So as to make his evening's rest,  
A holiday of glad content."*

And in this glad content his cares and worries fly away.

*"His clean hearth-stane his thrifty wife's smile,  
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,  
Doth a' his weary carking care beguile.  
And make him quite forget his labour and his toil."*



The frugal and struggling conditions under which the simple family group are labouring, are set forth in the narration of the different occupations to which the little ones are put. Each child is at service "among the farmers round," all have to work in order to eke out an existence.

The fuller account that is given of the elder member of the family, namely, Jenny, with her youthful admirer, brings forward additional light as to the virtuous side of this family. He is jealous that such virtue should be preserved, and in strong language denounces the villain who would betray his daughter.

*"Curse on his perjured arts dissembling smooth,  
Are honor conscience virtue all exiled?"*

Some may accuse him of idolizing, "happy love" of which he speaks, but even the most fault-finding must here approve of his morals. The picture of the father of the family is one that will win the heart of anyone who reads the poem. He is heartily anxious not only for his own spiritual welfare, but for that of his little ones, and tries to impress on them the importance of living a virtuous life; and for his homilies the poet has a warm appreciation. He is anxious to bring up his children in the fear of God:

*"And O, be sure to fear the Lord always,  
And mind your duty duly day and night,  
Lest in temptation's path you gang astray,  
Implore his counsel and assisting light."*

They were never sought in vain who sought the Lord aright." The spirit of religion pervades the whole home, and on it their chief consolation rests:

*"The saint, the father and the husband prays,  
That thus they all shall meet in future days,  
There evermore to bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh nor shed the bitter tear;  
Together hymning their Creator's praise  
In such society yet still more dear."*

While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

Concluding the poem with a prayer for Scotland's working men, he utters a sentiment which since his day, has gained acceptance in the minds of multitudes of men of the middle and lower classes the world over. In fact, Burns is one of the foremost among those British poets who introduced the democratic spirit into English literature.

*"And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent,  
From Luxury's contagion weak and vile,  
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle."*

Not less characteristic of the democratic tendencies of Burns is "A Man's a Man for a' That." What he conceived to be wrong with the legislation of his time was that those to whose charge the ruling of the people was entrusted were not the most capable persons for the position. He was convinced that the people were deluded by the common conviction that the man in whom the most gaudy show of outward refinement was conspicuous, was the man worthy of ruling. The poet, however, would teach those misguided minds otherwise:

*"What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin gray and a' that;  
Gie fools their silk and knaves their wine;  
A man's a man for a' that.  
Their tinsel show and a' that;  
The honest man though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that."*

To point out the superior dignity of honesty, as compared with any dignity conferred by an earthly monarch, he remarks:

*"A prince can make a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke and a' that;  
But an honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith he maun a fa' that."*

The words with which he concludes his poem are even, prophetic, when we consider to how great an extent they have been realized since his day. In them he expresses the hope that those most fit for legislation may get into their rightful place:

*"Then let us pray that come it may—  
As come it will for a' that  
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree for a' that,  
For a' that, and a' that,  
It's coming yet for a' that  
That man to man the world o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that."*



Fully as expressive of the poet's intimate knowledge of things that concern the man of the middle or lower classes in Scotland, is "Tam O'Shanter." From beginning to end it contains sentiments which were familiar to many men of Tam's class. It is not a romantic poem, but still much of that romance which was deep-rooted in the imagination of the Scottish peasantry is depicted in it. Burns excelled in the art of describing the reveries that occupy the reeling brain of an intoxicated peasant, and it is with a masterly stroke that he portrays the old peasant, Tam, riding along a lonely road on a dark night. The humor with which he describes the victory that the old farmer wins, in overcoming all his "carking care" is note-worthy:

*"Care mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en drowened himself amang the nappy  
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure  
The minutes winged their way we' pleasure;  
Kings may be blest, but Tam war glorious,  
O'er a' the ill o' life victorious!"*

But as the poem proceeds, he gives us to understand that he does not recommend this method of overcoming care; for after the effects of intoxication disappear a man will, be in as sorry a state of dejection as ever:

*"But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!"  
Or like the snow-fall in the river,  
A moment white—then melts forever."*

Such weird sights of the infernal regions as "Tam" encountered on that night, bid fair to rival the scenes depicted in "Dante's Inferno."

*"And wow! Tam saw an unco sight!  
There sat Auld Nick in shape o' beast;  
A towsie tyke, black grim, and large,  
To gie them music was his charge;  
He served his pipes and gart them skirl,  
T'll roof and rafter a' did dirl."*

Such horrible scenes passed before his eyes as:

*"Where drunken Charlie' brak's neek-bane," and  
"Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel."*

Many different types of criminals appeared.

*"A thief new cutted frae the rope,"*



Murderers, patricides and witches.

This poem has many points of resemblance to the old fairy tales, in its extravagance of fancy. The poem ends up with an attempt at a moral, but the way in which the theme is treated is too mirthful and occasionally licentious to allow a moral tag-end to be impressive. Of the hero, unlike the heroes of most other romantic poems, nothing heroic can be said.

Repulsive themes of this kind would never have won for Burns his wide popularity, if the major part of his work did not concern itself with the feelings and ideas that are common to all men. His poetry is filled with sentiments that will always "touch the heart of men," for no English poet ever came closer to their daily lives. It is true of many poets that they were storm-tossed on the surging billows of life, and Burns comes among these. he encountered reverse of fortune more than once, and when we consider how these tribulations were likely to weigh on such a passionate nature as his we may find an opportunity to be merciful with his faults. The passion of love which is conspicuous in some of his most ardent poems presents him to us at times as a man who thinks love the only ray of brightness that came across his path on earth. Again, when this ray is withdrawn from him by cruel death he sings in the passionate strain:

*"Oh, Mary, thou departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?"*

Some of his songs of this type have much melancholy sweetness, and because they come near to the heart of men they will survive. Others, however, who have crossed the boundary in the excess of passion deserve, of course, our condemnation. A man who suffered the trials of Burns and who possessed his weakness, deserves, at least, our pity, and gives rise in the hearts of many a lover of his poetry to keen regrets, for,

*"Deep in the general hearts of men,  
His power survives."*





**OUT OF THE DEPTHS****CHAS. A. HART '17 and FULTON J. SHEEN '17**

Raymond McDale had been a hard worker and a brilliant student at the St. X—— seminary during the past two years, and now, at the close of his philosophy course, he was considering the study of theology. Nevertheless, during the last year a doubt had been growing in his mind. Perhaps he did not have a vocation. He would take a year's rest, which he felt he deserved, after his days of arduous study; so, after a heart-to-heart talk with his father it was decided that a trip abroad would be the best thing for him. Here, the young fellow told himself, that he would see the world, and then would be better able to determine whether or not he had a call to the altar. A year more or less could work no harm in him. Arrangements were quickly made and Ray was soon busily engaged in preparations for departure.

**II.**

Two months later he found himself in the heart of "Gai-Paree." He was visiting a number of American students in the Latin-Quarter, with several of whom he was well acquainted. It was into a very gay circle that Ray was introduced, as not an evening passed that did not find them in the liveliest of Parisian cafes, or at the fashionable Opera-Comique.

All this frivolity was not without its effect upon the young student. Little by little, as the months passed he dropped off in his customary religious practices, so faithfully attended to a short year before. It was so easy to move along with the crowd, and, oh, so very hard to do violence to his will and drop the cup of pleasure from his lips. The young man noticed it, and it troubled his conscience. He thought often of his dear old mother at home, who had entertained fond hopes of seeing her only boy become God's minister. Nor did he forget the sweet and gentle face of his own sister, a black-robed Sister of Mercy in the far-off convent at Cincinnati, whom he had not seen for some six or seven years. Perhaps, even at this moment she was offering prayer to heaven for him. But these visions became dim before



his eyes as his thoughts returned from his reveries and he found himself again in the midst of his friends in their usual midnight revelries. The world and its wiles were fast tightening their grip upon him. Little by little he found himself drawn into the whirlpool of worldliness, and the voice that called to his soul before was all but silent.

Tonight was the last night of the old year and all Paris was *engaiete*. The streets and boulevards teemed with crowds of pleasure-seekers, who, richly attired, had come forth to welcome the New Year. Music and laughter from the cafes and dance halls sounded forth upon the frosty air and bade welcome to the passers-by. It was the typical New Year's eve in the gayest and wickedest city in the world—Paris in its lightest mood. Among the crowd that thronged the Place-de-l'Opera came Ray and his companions to take part in the merriment. Lights from numerous cafes beckoned to them with an enticing twinkle. Earlier in the evening Ray had been paying greater tribute to Bacchus than was his wont, so naught but the liveliest cafe, *le-Martinique* would suit his fancy, despite the urgent entreaties of his friends that he "*go a little slow*," for they saw that his actions might easily lead to altercations on such a night as this, but he would not be gainsaid. Once inside the glittering, richly-furnished cafe, crowded with the elite of Parisian society, trouble seemed to be in the very atmosphere. It was becoming hard to restrain the young American. The numerous rounds of champagne and *creme-de-menthe* were doing their work effectively to bring forth his unbridled temper in all its crudeness. Finally the saturnalia reached its climax when the *garcon* refused to bring another order of wine without receiving his pay.

"*Chien*," cried the infuriated Ray in a thick, drunken tone, as he seized an empty wine bottle and hurled it with all his brute force at the head of the waiter. Immediately great excitement filled the cafe and cries of "*Allezvous en! a la porte!*" were heard on all sides when the crowd learned that the offender was an American. Three or four *gendarmes* were in the room in a moment and had seized the offender and his friends to hurry them off to the '*cachot*'!

Here the former aspirant to the priesthood lay upon the dirty straw cot of the cell in a stupor until the late morning light of the New Year reflected its rays upon the snow-covered casement, and even made its way through the bars of the narrow prison window, to call the reveller to his more sober senses.



## III.

It was late in the afternoon of that New Year's day when two pompous gendarmes, at the express command of the agent de' police, escorted the last night's offender, already separated from his friends, to the railroad station. Here they stood nearby to watch him purchase a ticket that would take him out of the city. Ray was in a quandary as to where he should go after such a summary invitation by the law. Happening to glance across the waiting room his eyes fell upon a placard fastened to the wall, bearing the words, "Pelerinage Special à Lourdes, le premier janvier." Lourdes! Lourdes! The very word and its close associations with the Virgin Mary aroused dim memories of his past life in the seminary with its fond hopes and bright aspects. Oh! how they jarred upon his present thoughts, so black, so gloomy, and so crowded with the dismal sense of failure. "Lourdes would be as good as any other place to go," he said to himself, and accordingly the ticket was purchased. With the gendarmes following his every step he went to the baggage room to satisfy himself that his trunk, which had been so hurriedly packed by his friends, was properly checked. Only a small black hand-bag, which contained a few articles incidental to traveling, he reserved to take with him into the railroad carriage. It was quite a large crowd that was making its way to this famous shrine on that particular afternoon, for the next day was to see the close of the novena to Our Lady of Lourdes. Ray entered an empty compartment and seated himself on the soft plush cushions. Feeling very keenly the disgrace and ignominy which he had heaped upon himself, he was glad to be alone.

Soon he was on his way, alone with the torturing thoughts that rose before him like so many lashes to scourge him. He still felt the after-effects of his midnight dissipation, for his head throbbed with a dull ache. What a fine start for the New Year, to be ordered by the officers of the city to make such a disgraceful exit. Perhaps in his hand-bag he could find something to ease that pain he felt in his head. Opening the satchel he began to search through the articles his friends had hurriedly thrown in, for some eau d' cologne. Suddenly his hand felt an article that startled him. Quickly he brought it forth and in the dim January light of the coach he held it up before his view—it was his Roman collar with the rabbi attached! the same collar he wore at the seminary in America. In the hurry of packing it was put in the bag instead of the trunk. For some time he



centered his gaze upon the collar—that remembrance of better days. Did he ever think then that this would now be his fate—a dismal failure? Mechanically unfastening his cravat and collar he slipped them off and cast them into the bag, and put on in their places that distinctive mark of the priest and the seminarian. How familiar it felt and how comfortable! Leaning back in his seat he was soon lost in reverie.

#### IV.

“No,” I don’t think you can travel by this train, for I believe that every compartment has been reserved,” were the words spoken in a quick French accent, which Ray heard outside his carriage door, as the train stood on the track at Tours, the next station outside of Paris, on the way to Lourdes. “But we must go or we will be separated from our party that is to meet us at Lourdes,” was the rejoinder in a feminine tone. “Is there no compartment that is not filled whose occupant might in kindness share his coupé with us?” His curiosity being aroused, Ray opened the door and found that the disappointed party consisted of three nuns. Resolving to do at least one good act on the birthday of the year he called to the guard. “There are three seats here.” The sisters gladly accepted to invitation and in a few moments they were comfortably seated in the compartment with him. “This is very kind of you, indeed Father; we had engaged our compartments, but through some mistake they were given to others,” said one of the sisters in very poor French, and with a decided English accent.

“Father?” he said, almost inaudibly, as he put his hand to his throat and discovered, to his great embarrassment, that he was still wearing the Roman collar. The words were on his lips to correct the mistake and to reveal his identity, but he could not summon the courage. In another moment it was too late, the opportunity had passed and he found himself engaged in conversation. “We are making a pilgrimage to Lourdes, Father, where we shall complete our novena tomorrow. We have come a very long way, almost four thousand miles, but we do not feel that we are doing too much for our Virgin Mother.” I suppose you are making a pilgrimage also, Father?” inquired one of the nuns. “I?” he said, in a confused tone, “Oh, I,”—— he faltered, “not exactly, you see it is this way,” he stammered, trying to frame an excuse, but something within him, would not let another lie escape his lips. In the light of the compartment, which



was now becoming very dull, he glanced across at the veiled faces of those pure women who had devoted their lives to God and his heart sank within him—he could not answer them. Suddenly ashamed of his hypocrisy, he tore the collar from his throat and exclaimed: “No, no, I am not a priest, but a former seminarian, masquerading as a servant of God. Oh, Sister, I have a confession to make. My heart is so burdened that I must speak to someone;” and spontaneously he was telling the history of his past life at home and in the seminary and then he was listening to the words of consolation that fell from the lips of the good sister, who was now speaking to him in English.

“But your life is not a failure,” she was telling him. “Has not the Master said, ‘Come to me, all ye who labor and are burdened and I will refresh you,’ and who knows but perhaps He may call you to Him again. Come with us to the Shrine tomorrow and pray to Our Lady of Lourdes that she may effect your reconciliation with Her Son.” Upon his dismal outlook these words of hope came as a rent in the cloud, revealing the silver lining to the darkness that had enshrouded his soul. “I have a sweet sister in far-off America, who, like you, is working in the vineyard of the Lord for souls. But it has been years since I have seen her. Oh, for one word from her during these dark hours!”

“In America?” questioned the nun, “Where is she stationed?”

“When I last heard from her she was in Cincinnati. She is a Sister of Mercy, and her name in religion is Sister M. Alexine Camilla.” “And your name?” was the immediate rejoinder of the nun.

“Raymond McDale.” For answer the sister lifted her veil, revealing her angelic countenance. He peered but one anxious moment into her face, which seemed so strangely familiar—“My sister! my own sister!” he sobbed, as he sank upon his knees at her side.

“Raymond! Raymond!” was all she could say.

\* \* \* \*

The next day found the little party kneeling devoutly before the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. Needless to say, through her intercession, the prayers there offered were effective in bringing about the return of Raymond McDale to the seminary of St. X——, where reports speak goldenly of him!



**"L'ALLEGRO" and "IL PENNEROSO"**

CHAS. A. HART '17

Undoubtedly the most beautiful companion poems in the English language are John Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." Written during hours of leisure at his father's home at Horton, they show his great love for the simple country life in which he found himself. They are universal favorites among all classes, for to read them is to enjoy them. If they have not the poetic depth or the grandeur in imagery found in "Paradise Lost" or "Samson Agonistes" they will appeal to the average reader even more than these greater works of Milton, because of their simplicity. These two works form an excellent stepping-stone to the study and appreciation of a poet who is surpassed by none in the English language, save Shakespeare.

It has been aptly said of Milton that he strives hard "to say the finest things in the world, and he does say them." He has so nobly conceived and expressed them that his conceptions and expressions have had a profound influence upon our literature and language. Though L'Allegro and Il Penseroso are, in this regard, slight productions as compared with Milton's grand epic they charmed influentially many a later poet, notably Keats, and have awakened in many a student a love for mythology and pastoral scenes. L'Allegro expresses the joyful spirit of a cultured man, Il Penroso," his melancholy spirit.

"L'Allegro" opens in a classical manner with an intense apostrophe to Melancholy, bidding her to flee to,

".....Stygian cave forlorn  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sighs, unholy!  
Find out some uncouth cell  
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night-raven sings;  
There under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell."

But with the ushering in of the spirit of Joy sombreness sharply brightens into playful gayety as the poet cries,



*"Come and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe,"*

We are fairly carried along in the ecstasy of joy.

The scenery described in the poems is not a transcript of any particular landscape. Milton has rather gathered many beautiful spots together and blended them into a harmonious whole. It is to be noticed that he seeks out the scenes that please his mood, not asking Nature to conform with the particular feeling that happens to be most prominent in his mind. In this way, it may be held, he avoids Ruskin's "Pathetic fallacy."

It is altogether fitting that the joyful day with L'Allegro should open at early morn, that he may,

*".....Hear the lark begin his flight  
And singing, startle the dull night  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth arise;"*

or listen on the side of "some hoar hill" for the baying of the hounds or the loud call of the hunter's horn. Very soon the spirit joy is filling all awakening nature,

*"Sometime walking not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great Sun begins his state."*

The light, airy pastoral atmosphere becomes more and more vivid with each succeeding magical phrase and we get a lively sense of the charm of "meadows trim with daisies pied," "russet lawns, and fallows grey, where the nibbling flocks do stray." The effect is produced, not so much by what is said as by the ideas suggested, as Macaulay says these poems "are not so much poems, as collections of hints, from each of which the reader is to make out a poem for himself. Every epithet is a text for a stanza."

If the day is not one of simple labor, made light by the spirit of L'Allegro, perhaps it is some holiday,

*"And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holy-day,  
Till the live-long daylight fail:  
Then to spicy nut-brown ale."*

The happy day is drawing to a close. The peasants gather together in little groups to tell weird tales of ghosts and goblins.



Here, too, is found the spirit of joy. Then at last the story-tellers creep to bed to dream of knights and barons, and great deeds of old.

To towered cities, then, the student turns to enjoy the play, "if Jonson's learned sock be on," or

*"Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild,"*

to listen to soft Lydian airs:

*"In notes with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long-drawn out."*

How different is our roaming when in the melancholy spirit! In the opening the poet commands "vain, deluding Joys to give way to "divinest Melancholy." Sombre hues and shades now predominate where before all was light and cheerful. If the spirit were embodied Milton would robe it in becoming black and call,

*"Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, steadfast and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain  
Flowing with majestic train."*

This spirit comes at evening, accompanied by "calm Peace and Quiet," and "spare Fast," with the "cherub Contemplation," and "mute silence," or sad philomel to sing her saddest song. Under the pale moon-light and surrounded by shadows it fills the soul of man with the spirit of sadness, the mood in which he rises to his greatest heights.

If the night be unfit Il Penroso moves the student to seek some high, lonely tower and there, with the soft rays of the midnight lamp over the pages of his tome he devotes himself to sober study ,

*"The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
What worlds or what vast regions hold  
The immortal mind, that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook."*

Thus, through the long hours of the night, imbued with Melancholy's spirit, the thoughtful youth sits meditating in his chamber while the dying embers glow on the hearth. Nor does he tire until "civil-suited Morn" appears, not gay, but sombre and cloudy to interrupt his solemn and weird fantasies. He then goes forth to some secret haunt beside a brook, where he



steals a few hours of blessed slumber. Arising refreshed, the youth repairs to a church to attend divine worship before renewing associations with men.

Filled with the spirit of sadness Milton himself is moved to express the desire, that as life draws to a close he may dwell alone in some peaceful hermitage, where, undisturbed he may pursue those studies which please him most,

*"Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain."*

How different was his destiny! Standing and waiting this "star that ever dwelt apart" spent his declining years in lofty loneliness with even the light of day gone from his sightless eyes.

It is worthy of note that this great Puritan lays his homage, perhaps unconsciously, at the feet of Mother Church. He does not go to a bare Puritan meeting-house for his inspiration, but asks,

*"Let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale."*

With *"Storied windows richly dight  
Casting a dim, religious light;"*  
.....*"In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes."*

Thus it has often been with the English poets. Be the writer Protestant or Catholic, it is from the Catholic church that he draws his most inspiring scenes, for he knows that the barren Protestant worship can enkindle within him no "fine frenzy."

Reason, imagination, and sense of fact, heightened by intensity are well balanced in these twin poems. The strength of a wonderful imagination has been able to blend in a most beautiful whole, details seemingly mutually exclusive and at the same time the sense of reality is never lost sight of. His descriptions are refined upon until their connotation is splendidly rich, or, as Hazlitt says, he "loads sweets on sweets, till the sense aches at them." The ideas that he brings to us are as musically expressed as they are beautiful. Every phrase seems inevitable.

The studied antithesis of the two pieces, if kept in mind, will reveal to us the two opposite sides of Milton's nature. In one his poet's mind shows the most delicate sensitiveness to the beau-

ties of the quiet woods at Horton, to the harmony and sweetness of Nature in her happiest and gayest mood. In the other, delight is sought in the higher and holier realm of thought and meditation. This latter seems to have been the more permanent temper of Milton's mind and the lover of his sonnets, lyrics, and epics will often think of those fine lines of a later poet who had no little in common with his master,

*"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart;  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic free."*





# THE VIATORIAN

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All psychologists from Aristotle to the present day have been taken up with the all-important questions: What is life? What are we? These questions are, and have been, fertile fields for inexhaustible argumentation. We will go a step further and ask: "What are we here for?" We have been placed in a Catholic institution, receiving the advantages of a higher education, surely for some purpose. What is this purpose? Does it mean that we come to school here, complete our course, then go into the world and elbow with those who have not had our advantages, in order to gain a sustenance?

### Choose a Vocation

In emphatic terms, it is not the purpose. Most of us come here at an expense that entails great sacrifices to our parents and they mean for us to be better equipped than the average man. In a word, they want us to choose a vocation. They want us to go forth in our battle for life with instruments which they lacked. They want us to choose a profession and in this way help to remove some of the obstacles of life's battle. We should give this our earnest attention, we owe it to our parents and to ourselves. It is now high time for us to consider this great question; there



are none of us too young and it is an all-absorbing question. "What are we here for?"

"Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men." Nineteen hundred and fourteen years ago this salutation was given to the world by an angel. Should this **Christmas of Good Will** angel appear in this, our enlightened twentieth century, what would her salutation be? Peace, absolute, is nowhere to be found. All Europe is warring, and Asia is preparing for war and these, our United States, are in a turbulent state owing to the unceasing carnage going on in Mexico. Will the true Christmas spirit bring all the world to its senses and restore that which Christmas seeks, Peace? The warring nations of Europe claim and assert that peace will come when one or the other conquers, but this is impossible. War never gave the world peace and will never be able to do so; war is for destruction, peace for construction, and nothing was ever constructed by destructive forces.

Peace is to be sought after eagerly. We should all unite in our efforts and prayers that man shall once more come into his right. God became man and His coming heralded peace; he redeemed the world and gave all men peace, and this is the result of His mercy. But we should not let the unrest of the world cast too great a blight upon our Christmas joy. We should imbue ourselves with the true Christmas spirit,—peace with God and our fellow-men and make this a Merry Christmas for all.

## HANKISMS

If God had not given every man brains there would be some excuse for gross ignorance.

Divorce—The most regrettable tendency of American people to-day.

If you still have a "ghost of a chance" to succeed, don't think you are "seeing things." Go after the "ghost."

To avoid having your heart stolen, "steel" it.

Constancy is the twin brother of success.

A great many "honest men" seem to have queer conceptions of honesty.



There are several classes of fools, some people belong to all.

With the European conflict under full sway, Huerta must feel like a "piker."

In the sea of matrimony some men take the fatal plunge, while others simply put their foot into it.

Stop to think, but don't think too long.

"But he's a jolly good fellow" covereth a multitude of sins.

Ever notice the close relationship between the "straight and narrow path" and a tight rope?

A "dreamer" is all right in his place—so is dynamite.

There are over a billion people on this old earth and only one or two of them have ever wronged you. What are you kickin' about?

"Sowing wild oats"—The period in a young man's life, during which he has the sanction of society to commit any crime conceivable.

If knowledge had to be purchased with dollars and cents, some men are so miserly that there would have to be a law enacted to make them learn the alphabet.

## EXCHANGES

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

We pause for a moment before entering into the arena of criticism to wish you all, for this blessed Christmas season, all the joy and happiness one friend could wish another. May the New Year bring to your publication better essays, better stories, better poems, and editorials than it has ever known before. Hitch the wagon in which your magazine is riding, to a star. May you, like the wise men of old, find priceless treasures as the result of that journey. In your aerial ride it is our wish that you come upon many stars, whose radiance will shed glorious and wondrous light far into the vista of your college history.

*College Spokesman.*—The first quarterly number of the *College Spokesman* from Dubuque College has just looked in at our



sanctum and "great is the joy thereof. Every page bespeaks a 'live bunch' of students, headed by a staff that is 'on the job,' if you will pardon the colloquialisms in conveying the idea." The first article to attract our attention was a story of some twenty pages, "At the Foot of the Stairs," by the author of "The Miracle," etc. The plot is splendidly worked out and shows an experienced hand. The story centers about the efforts of a young Catholic congressman from Ohio to obtain the nomination to the United States senate amidst the violent opposition of a number of radical bigots. His subsequent success in the field love, as well as politics, gives opportunity for an excellent climax. The *Spokesman* should feel fortunate in the possession of a short story writer who is a real professional. Nor is there any dearth in the field of verse. "Peter Rugg," a long New England folk story in blank verse, is by far the best. From the way in which the author signs his name we cannot tell whether it is the work of a student of the college or not. We prefer to limit our remarks to student efforts as a rule. While there are some irregular lines the work has much merit. Indeed, we have not seen a better poem in any of the exchanges, taking length into consideration. We should like to comment on the other articles, but the editor-in-chief limits our space. Here's hoping that we shall receive number two of the *Spokesman* before three more months pass by.

*L'Ami des Sourds-Muets*.—From L' Institution des Sourds-Muets, under the charge of the Viatorians at Montreal, comes this cheerful, pleasing little paper. We note the death of Rev. J. B. Manseau, C.S.V., and wish to offer our heartfelt sympathy to the afflicted students of this institution, who have lost such a sincere and loving friend. The paper contains many interesting little accounts on events of the day.

An article on "Is Universal Peace a Dream?" is very timely and is made attractive by some good bits of quotation. The following from Longfellow's "Arsenal at Springfield" is well chosen:

"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise."

*Pacific Star*.—Over there on that far corner of our desk we found that the November "*Pacific Star*" from far-off Mount



Angel College, St. Benedict, Ore., was shedding some of its light upon our page. Being imbued with the Christmas spirit we decided to follow the "*Star*" wherever it might lead us. If we may step outside of our domain for a moment we would say that "*The Pacific Star*" has the most unique and most attractive cover among the Ex's. Inside we found a criticism of Macauley's Essay on Milton. We were getting ready for a feast, but felt, after reading, like a hungry man who sat down to the table to satisfy his appetite, but soon found the well-seasoned dish to be very small in quantity, only a delicate morsel, in fact. "The more we ate the more we wanted." "Pete's Last Ride" is a bandit story with a terrible climax. It seems rather inconsistent with real life. The story, "Appearances Often Deceive," is greatly weakened by the presence of too many trite, hackneyed phrases and rhetorical questions. In applying Maupassant's rules for short stories the weaknesses of this story become apparent. According to that critic the use of sudden and striking contrasts to secure dramatic strength are imperative in the short story. We could not find a very definite climax in this article, nor does there appear to be any moral, expressed or unexpressed. We will pass over "A Lion's Revenge"—an adaptation from a photo play. All the articles save one are contributed by the staff. Get busy, ye students, who are not on the staff.

*Abbey Student.*—What impressed us most in reading over the November *Abbey Student*, St. Benedict College, Atchison, Kan., was the amount of practical service it could render to any student body. While we do not entirely agree that the unction laid upon the head of Dickens by the author of "The Delicacy of Dickens" should be placed there, the article acts as an incentive to a deeper study of this master novelist. The writings on "Purgatory" and on "Advent" are pleasing and useful. Most prolific, indeed, are the editors in their department in giving us so many pointed paragraphs. The topics discussed show the widest variety: War, Panama, Pacific Exposition, Mgr. Benson, foreign missions, politics and others are treated in turn. Keep it up, editors! "Autumn Reverie" and "Beati Mortui", in verse set off the goodly collection of prose.

For the balance of the year we shall publish at the end of our column, for the benefit of our students, what we consider to be the best poem or stanza which we have come upon among all of our exchanges. We believe this poem entitled "Requiem," writ-

ten by Michael J. Miller of Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y., to be the best thus far,—bordering on the classic:

*"The earth blood-soaked from the death-chilled heart,  
Grows black with the dying sun,  
The gasping breath of the pain-freed soul  
Is fled where the day has run,  
And the red-lipped scars,  
Gape to the stars,  
And whisper life is done.*

*"The dank dew falls on th chalk-white brow,  
And creeps in the sightless eyes,  
The soft sea breeze o'er the land has come,  
And plays where the lone form lies,  
In harvest glow  
The moon hangs low,  
While the waste heaves forth its sigh."*

## ALUMNI NOTES

On the 19th of the present month Mr. V. U. LeClair, an alumnus of St. Viator, will be ordained to the Holy Priesthood.

The ceremony of ordination will be performed by the Rt. Rev. J. D. Carroll, Bishop of Helena, Mont., diocese. After taking the sacerdotal vows, Father LeClair will celebrate his first Solemn Mass at Oconto, Wis., on December 21st.

Father LeClair was a member of the graduating class of 1909 and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He is, no doubt, remembered by many of the former students of St. Viator's, as well as many who are attending the college at present.

Although it is impossible for all of us to attend his first Holy Mass, we will at least be present at heart and unite with him in thanking God for his success in attaining his long-desired wish, when, for the first time he pronounces those most sacred words utterable to man, "Hoc est enim Corpus Meum."



Mr. Michael Kinneally, '10-'14, is at present pursuing his seminary course at St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minn. We are in receipt of news from "Mike" that he likes the place very much, but that a spark of love will forever burn in his heart for "Old Viator."

*"Although far across the deep blue sea,  
Fond thoughts of 'Viator' are e'er with me."*

We think the above lines voice the sentiments of another loyal and faithful son of St. Viator, in the person of Mr. T. J. Rowan, A.B., '13. "Tim" is attending North American College at Rome, completing his seminary course, and while he is perfectly satisfied, memories of happy days spent at St. Viator never absent themselves from him. We earnestly wish him the best of health and continued success in his studies.

Mr. Jas. Kane, H. S. '14, is at present engaged as a "Knight of the Plow." "Jimmie," according to news which we have received, is making great strides in "Scientific Farming," at Rantoul, Ill.

*As long as man is on this earth,  
I'll play around his comf'y hearth,  
My tricky little dart,  
Shall pierce his heart,  
And bind him, "Until death do us part."*

So speaketh the unconquered "War Lord of Affection." Another victory is awarded to his strategy in the surrender of Mr. Joseph Hogan, '02-'04.

On November 25th, "Joe" was united in the bonds of holy matrimony to Miss Zeta Murphy of Rutland, Ill. Mr. and Mrs. Hogan will spend their honeymoon in California, and on returning will be "at home" January 1st, at Seneca, Ill.

THE VIATORIAN extends to them best wishes for long life and an abundance of God's choicest blessings.

Joseph Hughes, H. S., '14, had a very painful experience during the past month, when his shoulder was dislocated while playing foot-ball with Kalamazoo College, where he is a student. However, he is improving rapidly and has our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

William Sullivan, '13-'14, is engaged in the real estate business with his father at Champaign, Ill. "Good luck and success, Bill."



It is with much welcome we received the news that "The Master" has chosen another from our midst to serve in the "Vineyard." Mr. Leo Dougherty, A.B., '13, is now enrolled as a member of Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, Mo. We extend to him our heartiest congratulations in the choice of his vocation.

Mr. E. J. Donnelly, H. S., '12, is attending school at Wesleyan University, pursuing a course in law. We hope to some day hail him as one of the great barristers of the age.

## INTER ALIA

The Thanksgiving vacation, extending from November 25th to 29th, was the first break in the present scholastic year, and came as a welcome relief after the hard week's preparation for the first quarterly examinations.

### **Vacations**

The students resumed their classes on November 30th and now all eyes are turned toward the 23rd of December, when Christmas vacation begins. By the time this issue is on the press the students will have returned to their homes.

The balance of the gymnasium apparatus has been installed and the gymnasium is now fully equipped for the physical culture work. The students have been divided into

### **Physical Culture**

groups, and classes are held each day under the supervision of Physical Director McGovern. The first day's class brought forth many promising parallel bar and tumbling experts and also many unique effects in somersaults and hand-stands. The full attendance at each class indicates that the course is making a strong appeal to all.

Recently the Very Reverend President journeyed to Clinton, Iowa, and assisted at the silver jubilee of Rev. Father Murray, pastor of St. Patrick's Church of that city.

### **Assists at Silver Jubilee**

Among the clergy in attendance Father O'Mahoney met many friends and former students of St. Viator. While in Iowa Father O'Mahoney visited Dubuque College, (formerly St. Joseph College) and states that he was very much impressed with the new buildings and the splendid college spirit prevailing.



Rev. Father Ryan, C.S.V., pastor of St. Viator Church, Chicago, Ill., has recently made another improvement to the church property with the addition of a new **Improvements** iron fence around the grounds. The fence is one of attractive design and greatly enhances the beauty of the property.

Announcement comes of the ordination to the Holy Priesthood of Rev. Brother J. W. Maguire, C.S.V. Brother Maguire will receive Holy Orders on Friday, December 18th, 1914, at the Cathedral in Washington, **Ordination of** D. C., and will sing his first Mass in St. Viator **Rev. J.W. Ma-** College chapel on Sunday morning, December **guire, C. S.V.** 20th, 1914. Many relatives and friends are expected to attend and at the present time preparations are being made for the worthy brother's reception.

The Catholic Order of Foresters, Kankakee Court, are preparing to stage Father F. A. Sheridan's latest play, "The Inheritance." The cast has been chosen from the **"The** best talent in Kankakee, and rehearsals are well **Inheritance"** under way. The production is under the direction of Father Sheridan, assisted by Mr. T. D. Sullivan of the college, and indications are that "The Inheritance" will even surpass Father Sheridan's last year's success, "The Call," which was so favorably received.

Through the VIATORIAN the Reverend President, Father O'Mahoney, wishes to thank the many friends of the college, who announced the Winter Course in Agriculture. As a result of their kindness the course **"Thanks"** is well advertised and the officers of the college feel assured that the present number of students will soon be increased.



## SOCIETIES

### ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

This society, always one of the most active at St. Viator's, was recently reorganized and its affairs placed in the hands of the following officers: Mr. Vernon Lynch, president; Mr. Joseph Sinnott, vice-president; Mr. Raymond Fallon, secretary and treasurer. The purpose of the society is to develop ability in public speaking and the art of debating. The program of each weekly meeting consists of several short speeches and one debate on questions of the day. The debating teams are appointed and coached by Professor T. W. Reilly, the society's moderator, who reports that he has several promising candidates for the representative debating team. The officers of St. Patrick's are at present preparing an interesting program to be given soon after the holidays.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS.

On December 3, 1914, the class of '17 held its first meeting and elected the following officers for the present scholastic year: Mr. T. D. Sullivan, president; Mr. J. F. Cox, vice-president; Mr. Charles A. Hart, secretary, and Mr. Fulton Sheen, treasurer. A reading of the class annals recalled to the members many interesting events and meetings of this class in its freshman year, and resolutions were adopted that its sophomore record shall be even more successful. Let us see, sophomores, that these resolutions are kept.

### FRESHMAN CLASS.

This class, the largest at St. Viator in the past three years, held its first meeting on December 4, 1914. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mr. Thomas Shea; vice-president, Mr. John Warren; secretary, Mr. C. E. Fisher; treasurer, Mr. Paul Carbery. There are many "live" members among the "Freshies" and with such a capable set of officers, much is expected of them as a class organization. Success, Freshmen.



**BOOK REVIEWS**

THE EX-SEMINARIAN, or, PLAIN TALES FOR PLAIN PEOPLE—  
By WILL W. WHALEN, Mission Press, S.V.D., Techny, Ill.

This latest collection of twenty-eight short stories by Father Whalen could be described in no better way than by borrowing from the words of the preface itself in which the author says, "This volume is like a vaudeville bill. It has something for all tastes—love, tragedy, comedy, all under the management and direction of religion, are on the bill." The author is already quite well known to us in his "Twilight Talk to Tired Hearts." The stories in the book under discussion are for the most part rather too short to show the author's power of character sketching. The chief story deals with a young seminarian, who, finding he has no vocation, returns to his home, there to be greatly reproached by his parents and friends. He starts upon a teaching career, in the course of which he meets a young lady whom he subsequently marries. To this couple a son was born, who, in later life, became a priest. This is by far the best tale in the collection.

WOMAN'S MISERY AND WOMAN'S AID IN THE FOREIGN MISSION—By REV. F. SCHWAGER, (translated by Elizabeth Ruf.)

In this little book Father Schwager has given a most interesting account of the hopeless condition of women of the lower classes in China, India, Japan, Syria and other Asiatic countries, and shows the absolute necessity of the co-operation and direct assistance of our Catholic women, if this great mass of humanity is to be brought into the true fold. It is clearly pointed out that one of the great causes for the misery of women in the Mohammedan world and other countries of Asia is the erroneous religion views which are prevalent in these countries. The little work should prove interesting, especially to Catholic womanhood.

—C. A. H.



**P E R S O N A L S**

Many of the old students entertained their genial friend, Otto Merz, '12, during his visit here last month.

The college was recently favored by a visit from Rev. J. Shannon, editor of the "New World," who inspected the college buildings and their equipment. He expressed admiration for them and complimented the faculty for the splendid work they were doing.

The Provincial Council of St. Viator held a meeting last month in the Rev. President's office. After the community business was dispatched the Rev. President entertained the following as guests at dinner: Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, D.D., C.S.V., Provincial of the Viatorian Order; Rev. M. J. Marsile, C.S.V., Oak Park, Ill.; Rev. J. F. Ryan, C.S.V., St. Viator Church, Chicago; Very Rev. J. A. Charlebois, C.S.V., Bourbonnais, Ill.; Rev. J. J. Cregan, C.S.V., St. Edward's Church, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. J. Goulette, C.S.V., St. Viator Church, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. E. Belair, C.S.V., Beaverville, Ill.

Two loyal sons of St. Viator, Ray Kearney and George B. Julian, '06, visited their Alma Mater last month to renew acquaintances with many of their former teachers and friends. Mr. Kearney is now representing The Heppes Company of Chicago.

THE VIATORIAN is glad to announce the marriage of Mr. Wm. H. Roy, '13, to Miss Helen Cahill, of Peoria, Ill. The ceremony was solemnized at St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, Ill. After dining under the paternal roof Will and his young bride called at the college for a few hours. Felicitations, Bill!

Among the clerical visitors who spent a few pleasant hours at the college during the past month were Rev. Z. P. Berard, St. Anne, Ill.; Rev. A. I. Girard, St. Louis Church, Chicago, Ill., and Rev. Stephen McMahon, Our Lady of Lourdes, Chicago, and Rev. W. J. Drummy, Rantoul, Ill.



Fond memories of the Viator championship basket ball team were re-awakened with the advent of Clarence Fischer, A.B., '12, who registered as a welcome guest at the college recently. The handshakes given Clarence prove that he is still, and always will be, remembered by the students of St. Viator. Mr. Fischer is now engaged in the wholesale dry goods business with his father.

The many friends of Rev. A. G. Quille of St. Mary's Church, Evanston, Ill., had the pleasure of entertaining him for an afternoon recently. He was accompanied by his brother Edward, whom we were likewise pleased to see again after a long absence.

## OBITUARIES

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

THE VIATORIAN, in behalf of the theologians, the students and the faculty, wish to extend to Mr. James Fitzgerald, A.B., '10, their sincere sympathy in his bereavement over the loss of a loving aunt, Mrs. Mary McCarthy, who was buried from St. Patrick's Church, Peoria, Ill., on Wednesday, December 9, 1914.

It is with mingled feelings of sympathy and regret that we chronicle the death of Mrs. Schuetz, mother of Rev. E. Schuetz, '05, chancellor of the Peoria Diocese. The faculty and students join in prayers that God may have mercy on her soul. The funeral and interment took place at Reddick, Ill., at which the Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V., and Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V., were present.

The faculty and the students wish to extend their sentiments of condolence to Master John Fleming of the Academic Department, mourning the loss of his beloved uncle, Mr. James Fleming, who died in Chicago recently.

## ATHLETICS

### BASKETBALL.

Coach MacDonald has resumed the responsibilities of training the basketball squad. His past work has proven his worth. The confidence and certitude which he instills in his men is remarkable. This, coupled with speed and natural ability, assure us a successful season.

The schedule is:

- Dec. 12—Palmer Park Monitors at Kankakee.
- " 17—Arkansas Aggies at Kankakee.
- Jan. 14—Eastern Illinois Normal at Charleston.
- " 16—Wheaton College at Kankakee.
- " 23—Butler College at Kankakee.
- " 28—Lombard College at Kankakee.
- Feb. 6—Eastern Illinois Normal at Kankakee.
- " 12—Eureka College at Eureka.
- " 13—Lombard College at Galesburg.
- " 20—Culver Military Academy at Culver, Ind.
- " 27—Eureka College at Kankakee.

### WHEATON—ST. VIATOR.

On December 5th the varsity basketball team opened the schedule by defeating the strong Wheaton five 15-9. Capt. Lawlor led his men to victory by his old pugnacious spirit and confidence. We were glad to see the return of "Red" McGee, the former Varsity star, to his old position. His coming back won the game for St. Viator. "Red" made the four baskets that clinched the game. Dondonville, the big center, looks promising. "Donny" made two baskets. Flynn and Clancy were in the old-time form.

### WHEATON.

### C. S. V.

Ferris-Brooks	R. F.	Flynn
W. Cork	L. F.	McGee
Evans	C.	C. Dondonville
Turgy	R. G.	Lawlor (capt.)
Fischer	L. G.	Clancy



Baskets—Evans, 2; Cork, 1; Ferris, 1; McGee, 4; Flynn, 1; Dondanville, 2. Baskets from foul—Cork, 1; Flynn, 1. Referee, Thomas, Chicago U.

## HARRISON VS. S. V. C. ACADEMY.

7-34.

The Academic foot-ball squad clinched, a rightful claim to the state championship for high school light weights by defeating Harrison Tech., champions of Chicago light weight division, by the score of 34-7. Our boys, though badly crippled, displayed their gameness by working the tricks they had reserved, especially for the windy-city champs. With unexcelled team work, clever formations and accurate passes they amazed the Harrisonites. Freebury, although making his debut in the back-field for the locals, demonstrated his ability by carrying the ball for several long gains. Flynn, the speedy little end, played his usual stellar game, tackling and handling the forward passes in veteran style. McGrath succeeded in plunging through the line for substantial gains.

## HARRISON TECH.

## S. V. A.

Drye	R. E.	Flynn
Vokral	R. T.	Corbett
Lindner-Rose	R. G.	O'Connor-Teal
Soustek	C.	Boland
Rys-Luczak	L. G.	De Trana
Mudra	L. T.	Cavanaugh
Canty	L. E.	E. Dillon
Kral	Q.	Hilliard
Hollis	L. H.	McGrath
Gedman	R. H.	Berry
Pompell-Cuchno	F. B.	Freebury

## KANKAKEE HIGH SCHOOL VS. S. V. C. ACADEMY.

The "Acs" continued their winning streak by defeating Kankakee High, 6-0. The game proved to be an exciting one, with the ball moving up and down the field until the last quarter, when the "Acs," with their old fight, managed to carry the ball near the visitor's goal. Hilliard, the heady little quarter for the lo-

cals, intercepted a forward pass and navigated to the ten-yard line. A line-plunge by Sheen brought the oval to the five-yard. Again Hilliard dove over the line for the only touch-down.

Lineup:

K. H. S.		S. V. A.	
Marsh	R. E.	Flynn	
Berkman	R. T.	Quinn	
Rittman	R. G.	Freebury	
Carter	C.	Boland	
Duval	L. G.	Cavanaugh-Teil	
McGee	L. T.	De Trano	
Walters	L. E.	Berry	
Souer	Q. B.	Hilliard	
Leigh	R. H.	<u>Sheen</u>	
Powell	F. B.	<u>Powers</u>	
Sublett	L. H.	McGrath	

#### ACADEMY BASKET-BALL.

An ambitious squad of "Acs" answered the call of Coach Monayhan and at present prospects are most encouraging for a successful season. Those who seem to loom above their comrades for positions are Vicory, Kirkley and Berry, forwards; Corbett, Sheen and Gearons, while "Sue" Hilliard and Schulesser are expected to take care of the center position.

The squad is very fortunate in having such an experienced coach. Mr. Moynahan was the star of St. Bede's College in '11, and also played a stellar game for Viator Varsity in '13-'14. The student body is interested in his work and wish him and the team all success.







ST. VIATOR ACADEMIC FOOT-BALL TEAM 1914-15



VIATORIANA
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## SANTA CLAUS NUMBER.

Oh! that *Soup*.

We understand, that Physical Culture is improving the *wind*.

"Nobody home but the gold-fish and they're going round the  
Globe.

"Many are called, but few get up."

## YULETIDE.

*We have now left less days than ten,  
Till the Christmas "rec" will start,  
We then our homeward way will wend  
And there will play our part.*

*At the festive board we'll gather round,  
And be the central figure;  
Just home from College is our boy,  
We think he's getting bigger.*

*The sisters and brothers will give us room,  
And Mother is filled with joy,  
When Dad, with a stately air,  
Says, "He's our college boy."*



"A new club has been started on the second corridor, and the club room is 221. *Beware of their Initiation.*

F. C. H. is beginning to buy furniture already. (Anything serious Hank?)

A "Smokers' Bell" has been put in the Gymnasium; keep your pipes under "cover."

J. C. has reported for Physical Culture.

A new book has been dedicated to "Our Lay Professors" entitled "The Sanguinary Adventures of *Prof. A*" by—(Jim-Floor.)

Student (in English class)—What time is it?

Professor: Put that "turnip" away! This is no Agricultural class.

Ed. Leonard arises to say that it doesn't take a fit of anger to make a fellow *boil* with rage, nor *carbuncle* either.

Prefects should not be too strict these days, as some of the students might be anticipating too much sauce for Xmas.

Professor: Name two countries in S. America.

Student: (Perplexed) Ecuador—and—and——Cuspidor.

"Conges" are not classed as Christmas presents.

A little contribution from—Votes-for W.-I.-Men.



## THE FAMOUS SAUCE.

*I am not a sort of glutton, I would have you understand;  
I can eat a share of mutton or whate'er you have on hand,  
But taking all your courses with your dishes a-la-mode,  
You'd have to hold your horses, if you come to my abode.*

*We don't have such dinners as the swell folk brag about;  
And we don't eat like sinners, when we have spare ribs and kraut,  
But for all your fancy cookin'—Wife Mirandy stands the loss  
For we'd rather have plum-pudding with its highly seasoned  
sauce.*

*For there's no better than Mirandy's, and on each great holiday,  
She up and says, "Now Dudy, dear, what will we have today?  
Will we have some apple-dumplin', with rasins spread across?"  
"Now," says I, "Just make plum-pudding, and don't forget the  
sauce."*

*The secret of the pudding that puts us all on edge,  
Is the sauce, and it's a good one—'sides—it never breaks the  
pledge,  
So you see I just 'sists on it and Mirandy knows my taste;  
It's mighty strong, dog-gone it, but I wouldn't let it waste.*

*We beg this word to say,  
In ending this right here,  
A merry, merry Xmas day  
And a great big, good New Year.*

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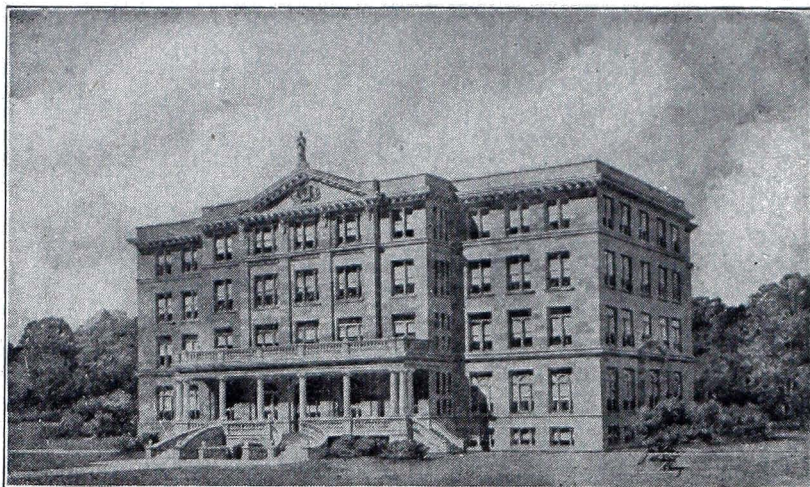
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