

CONTENTS

	PAGE
BEN JONSON ON SHAKESPEARE	VIII
THE TERCENTENARY OF SHAKESPEARE, ESSAY <i>Thomas E. Shea, '18</i>	1
THE ART AND MORALITY OF SHAKESPEARE <i>C. Marzano, '17</i>	3
A VIEW OF JACQUES, CRITICISM <i>Leo Phillips, '18</i>	10
IS SHAKESPEARE ALIVE TO-DAY.	14
LADY MACBETH'S RELATION TO MACBETH, ESSAY <i>Edward A. Kelly, '18</i>	16
THE ATMOSPHERE OF MACBETH <i>Thomas E. Fitzpatrick, '18</i>	19
H ₂ O AND KO ₁ —STORY <i>Paul I. Carberry, '18</i>	22
EDITORIALS—Anent Old Students' Home-Coming, May 30th.—A Catholic College Club.—Three Hundred Years Ago—The Out- look for Peace.—Religion in the Secular School	25
EXCHANGES	30
BOOK REVIEWS	36
INTER ALIA	39
PERSONALS	41
ATHLETICS	42
VIATORIANA	43

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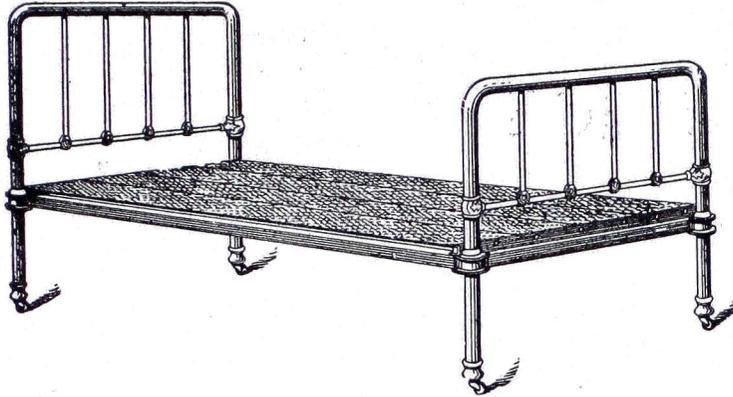
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The following indites the esteem in which Shakespeare was held by his great rival, Ben Jonson, the foremost man of letters after Shakespeare's death.

**To the Memory of My Beloved, the Author
Mr. William Shakespeare and what he hath left us.**

*Soul of age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare rise!
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I will not seek
For names: but call forth thund'ring Aeschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turned, and true filed lines:
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear.
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.*

THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

Volume 33

SHAKESPEARE NUMBER

Number 7

THE TERCENTENARY OF SHAKESPEARE

T. E. SHEA, '18

“There is something touching in the madness with which the passing age mischooses the object on which all candles shine and all eyes are turned; the care with which it registers every trifle touching Queen Elizabeth, King James, and the Essexes, Leicesters, Burleighs and Buckingham, and lets pass without a single valuable note the founder of another dynasty which alone will cause the Tudor dynasty to be remembered—the man who carries the Saxon race in him by the inspiration which feeds him, and on whose thoughts the foremost people of the world are now and for some ages to be nourished and minds to receive this and not another bias.” These words appear in Ralph Waldo Emerson’s essay on Shakespeare, but when we stop to consider the strange apathy with which the world in general today regard the Bard of the Avon we see at once how these same words are peculiarly characteristic of the present age.

It is astounding to think with what indifference the people of today, even those who profess some knowledge, regard him who has done so much for them, him to whom they are so indebted. Shakespeare’s influence on the human race is incalculable. He has dealt with all those problems that rise within every heart—on life and death, love and hate, wealth and poverty; he has treated of every point of morals, of economy, of philosophy, of religion; he has portrayed with vivid reality every office and function of man. In short “he wrote the text of modern life; the text of matters; he drew the men of England and Europe; the father of the man in America; he drew the man and described the day and what is done in it; he read the hearts of men and women; their probity, and their secret thoughts and wiles; the wiles of innocence, and the transitions by which virtues and vices retrograde or advance into their contraries; he knew the laws of repression which make the police of nature; and all the

sweets and all the terrors of humanity lay in his mind as truly but as softly as a landscape on the eye." All this he has done for mankind, and yet how indifferent some people are and how grossly ignorant others are of the greatness of their debt to him! The plays he has produced are most valuable to mankind in general, and yet why is it that fifty years ago his plays were produced more than today, although we are supposed to have made great leaps in civilization since then? Why is it that today the Shakespearian drama is produced only in colleges and universities on such occasions as this? Why is it that today there are but two great Shakespearian actors, and these confine their labors to one large city? The reason is that the theatre goer today has been carefully trained away from Shakespeare by the playwrights, producers, and players of the naturalistic school. The imagination of theatre goers is subverted and he eagerly seeks for the reality, for a picture of his own kind.

To turn this apathy and indifference of the present age towards Shakespeare, into a tender regard for his name and works is the purpose of the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of his death. To bring those who are deeply indebted to him to a fuller realization of his worth; to make them love and study him, not only for what he has done, but also for what he can do for them, is the purpose of this celebration.

If the people of today could only realize what great benefits they could derive from Shakespeare, if they could only realize the secrets of human nature that are contained in his works, such apathy towards him would not exist. Nor is there any better chance to get a knowledge of the man and his works than at the present time—his tercentenary. It is an opportunity that will not come again. At present, papers, magazines, periodicals, reviews of more serious literary value, are devoting much space to biographies and sketches of his life, criticisms of his works, and appreciations of his plays; high schools, colleges, and universities are endeavoring to bring the age of Shakespeare more vividly before the minds of the students by the production of his plays.

Since this is an opportunity we shall never receive again, it would be censurable folly for the college student, for any man who speaks the tongue Shakespeare spoke, to let the opportunity pass by without reaping some benefit where there is so much to be gained. The benefits accruing to a thorough knowledge of Shakespeare are inestimable and the man who leaves college, although excellent in everything else, but without an adequate knowledge of Shakespeare, may, without exaggeration, be termed lamentably uncultured.

THE ART AND MORALITY OF SHAKESPEARE

C. MARZANO, '17

The value of art consists in the expression of the personality, activity, and vivifying intellections of a great soul. All art is good, great, and true in so far as it bears the distinctive stamp of the work of manhood in its noblest sense. Art appeals to our aesthetic and ethical sense, and consequently, it necessarily is in conformity with truth. Being in conformity with truth, it is also moral, for art without morality is the same as art without truth. It may be called art for art's sake, but we must remember that when our aesthetic sense comes in conflict with our ethical, moral sense, the former must always give way to the latter, because there is something more momentous in life than simple, aesthetic pleasure.

Of all the forms of art, the noblest and most sublime is tragedy. In it we find the universal and the beautiful, for it proceeds from the "whole man"; consequently it appeals to the whole man. It has truth for the mind, beauty for our aesthetic sense, and pure emotions for our feelings. It proceeds from the inmost nature of the author, from his "heart's blood." His sole aim is to depict life; to inculcate the truth that "things are not what they seem," but that they have a higher, nobler significance for man.

Such is in nature the drama written by the "morning star" of English literature, Shakespeare. His paradoxical productions have stored within them the genius and wisdom of the ancients. His memorable tragedies—Lear, Julius Caesar, Macbeth, Othello, Romeo and Juliet, and Hamlet—have the hero in accordance with the Aristotelian concept—that he be a good and great man, with, however, some one failing, "mole of nature," as Hamlet calls it, "and from that particular fault shall take corruption."

This failing causes tremendous suffering to the protagonist, and to those with whom he is concerned in the main dramatic action. The tragic outcome is not *mirabile dictu* commensurate with the degree of the fault; it is out of all proportion. Thus, Hamlet, on account of his procrastination, brings ruin upon himself and the whole court; Macbeth, because of his ambition, is the author of grewsome murders; so is it with Brutus' ideality, and Othello's impetuosity.

By conforming, whether wittingly or not, to this Aristotelian precept, Shakespeare becomes true to life. He knew too well that all men, no matter how perfect, have defects; consequently, he impresses upon us very forcibly that nothing is insignificant or negligible in our lives. He makes it patent that each mental and physical act, however trivial, may have some dramatic significance during our life time. Hamlet, Othello, Lear suffer poignantly, but their tragic lives are caused by their own faults, their own weaknesses of character. They have made tragedy for themselves, because they were unable to cope with certain trying circumstances; they succumbed to conditions, when they should have been masters of them. An overwhelming feeling of moral responsibility is created by such characterization. We are forced to realize what unthought of, unmeasured consequences proceed from these common happenings which we nonchalantly call whims, or caprices. Hamlet explains it thus—

*“So, oft it chances with particular men
That for some vicious mole of nature in them*

*Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature’s livery, or fortune’s star,
Their virtue else—be they as pure as grace,*

*Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault.”*

The defect, moreover, has always its ethical implications. Moral elements, indeed, form the very warp and woof of every page of the Shakespearian dramas; elements, which show that the subject of good and evil, right and wrong, was constantly in Shakespeare’s mind. He has gone to such an extent as to embody the unmitigated struggle between good and evil, in one of his sublimest of dramas—“King Lear.” In this tragedy, every character represents some one aspect of good or of evil; and, the gigantic struggle, which ensues between the two titanic forces, fills us with wonder and astonishment.

Why, it may be asked, did Shakespeare concern himself so much with this question? Because he had in mind not only the mere outcome of the drama, but also a higher, spiritual aim; as a dramatist he realized that he was a teacher, and therefore his “brother’s keeper”; he knew that his avocation demanded that he furnish pleasure to his highly imaginative Elizabethan audi-

ence, but at the same time he was conscious of the tremendous moral responsibility resting upon his shoulders as an author. Taking up his task courageously, he furnished pleasure for the groundlings, and intellectual enjoyment for the educated; to the latter, he presented questions pertaining to the soul. Hence it is that Shakespeare is "not for a day, but for all time."

That Shakespeare was uncontaminated by the lax morality of his age, is certainly noteworthy. Francis Bacon, one of his noted contemporaries, believed and acted on the theory that the moral laws are not inexorable, that the code of morality may be avoided by dexterity. His philosophy was purely superficial and materialistic; the philosophy of the cultured gentleman as defined by Newman. Shakespeare, on the other hand, recognized the hard, fast, and insuperable line between good and evil. It is on this account that he punished Banquo immediately after his double-dealing; Banquo suspected, at least, if he was not certain, that Macbeth had murdered Duncan—"And I fear thou play'dst most foully for it";—but contrary to the dictates of his conscience, he swore eternal allegiance to Macbeth, saying complacently,

*"Lay your Highness'
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit."*

His dramas ever inculcate the valuable lesson that suffering is not the supreme evil with men; that loyalty, purity, self-sacrifice, innocence, and chaste, redeeming ardor exist, as evidenced in "King Lear," and, that all the forces of evil cannot overcome these virtues. What stands above all his admonitions is the emphasis which he places upon the verity that everything noble and beautiful is invariably accompanied by a gross earthly element. Cordelia, Lear, Duncan, Hamlet, Brutus, Edgar, and Kent, represent all that is good, virtuous, and unselfish; while Claudius, Goneril, Regan, Cassius, Macbeth, Iago, and Edmund, stand for those who feed and batten upon the coarse, gross, and vile cankers of this world.

That "virtue is its own reward" and that "the wages of sin is death" are the two concomitant principles that wave on Shakespeare's standard. He even goes so far as to portion out punishments to his characters, regardless of their goodness or their badness. Thus he does not adhere to poetic justice, for he knows that this sort of justice is not true to life; poetic justice is found in

Desdemona, likewise, though death is impending, does not turn her thoughts to religious subjects, but speaks of her innocence, and prolongation of life:

"O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not."

"Kill me tomorrow; let me live tonight."

"But half an hour."

"But while I say one prayer."

Had Shakespeare introduced religion into his plays, it would certainly have softened his strict, retributive justice by its mollifying power. The warm, gentle rays of religious influence would then tend to mitigate the tragic end of the characters. On the billows of life, nevertheless, fate not religion, appears to be uppermost.

Yet the apparently secular, worldly, untheological atmosphere of Shakespearian drama, in another light, is Catholic and non-fatalistic, in that it traces all misery and suffering of the soul of man as the inevitable consequences of sin. Almost every tragedy has its source in some previous evil. Why have we the tragedies of "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "Romeo and Juliet?" The tragedy of "Hamlet" spring from murder, covetousness, adultery; "Macbeth" arises from Macbeth's ambition and resolution to "jump the life to come"; "King Lear" grows out of rashness and filial ingratitude; and, in "Romeo and Juliet" it is the hatred between two families. Shakespeare invariably leaves us with the impression that the sorrow and suffering of the tragedy is due to the wrong-doing of some one.

Never, moreover, is our sympathy with the wicked, for Shakespeare creates an atmosphere about them that makes them mean and despicable. Iago, Claudius, Goneril, Regan, and Edmund do not elicit our pity; they excite abhorrence. Our pity is enlisted with the sufferers, with characters such as Lear, Desdemona, Cordelia, and Hamlet. The Nemesis, which pursues these characters, creates fear in us. We realize that we too may become involved in the uncertain issues of life; that some catastrophe may overtake us, and draw us into the vortex of sin; for perceiving the doom which awaits the characters, we are awe-stricken by the eventualities.

Wickedness, nevertheless, is not disguised in the garb of virtue; it is painted in its true and horrid colors; it appears ugly and despicable. Shakespeare paints Claudius—as he is—a villain, fratricide, and regicide; he depicts very clearly the hellish frame of Macbeth's mind; he makes patent the fiendish, demoniacal character of Iago; and he portrays as unnatural and de-

testable the sisters, Goneril and Regan. We abhor the fiendish natures of these characters; so much the more when placed in contrast to the good, faithful, and virtuous, such as Hamlet, Macduff, Duncan, Cassio, Lear, Cordelia, Kent, and Edgar. Good and evil, gratitude and ingratitude, virtue and baseness, self-sacrifice and ambition, loyalty and unfaithfulness are all contrasted in such a manner that the ethical effect of hating evil and loving good is deeply impressed upon our characters. Shakespeare forces the evil-doer to turn against the evil-doer; but the good and virtuous, though set at variance through the machinations of the wicked, become reconciled. The perfidy of the wicked is, then, perceived in a better light. In "King Lear," Goneril and Regan become estranged, but humbled Lear becomes reconciled to disowned Cordelia. In "Hamlet" Claudius poisons Gertrude, though unintentionally, but Hamlet clasps, in reconciliation, the hand of Laertes.

This ethical lesson is given point by the wonderful tranquilizing close of Shakespearian drama, which dilates our spirit and infuses optimistic views of man. We are borne into a pure, healthy, and moral atmosphere, in which our better feelings, our nobler emotions, our higher spiritual natures are nourished. We, then, wonder at the towering genius of the author. Through his kind, broad, sympathetic nature, he has been able to unfold the bosoms of persons from all ranks of life; a simple, lily-like maiden, an arch-plotter, an arch-villain, a poor ignorant grave-digger, a brilliant philosopher, a jester, a fool, a noble benign king. The motives, weaknesses, aims, aspirations, and inmost feelings of each and every one of these are laid bare before us.

Truly, he is a mighty teacher! Who, gently leading us by the hand, directs our attention to the many pitfalls in the vista of life for he has at heart the welfare of our immortal souls; his chief aim is to lead us toward good, and away from evil. By means of an unresistable undercurrent of morality, he covertly teaches us that—

*"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."*

Through his aid, we realize that the world is nothing but fleeting show, and that we have a higher destiny—that our souls are immortal. Thus, he makes Hamlet say

*“And for my soul, what can it do to that
Being a thing as immortal as itself?”*

Because of this lesson, the end of Shakespearian tragedies finds us ruminating over life's mysteries in the following strain—

*“Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art; to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.”*

Selected from “The Tempest,” and placed upon Shakespeare's monument in Westminster Abbey.

*“Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air
And like the baseless fabric of this vision
The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded
Leave not a rock behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.”*

A VIEW OF JACQUES, CRITICISM

L. T. PHILLIPS, '18

One of the most fascinating and erratic characters of Shakespeare is the melancholy Jacques. Not only is he peculiar, but he is also important. His importance, however, is not due to any great or heroic deed, but from the fact that he was a trial study of Shakespeare's sublimest study, the Prince Hamlet, and that he was the herald of the pessimism that was to intensify the fatalistic tragedy of Shakespeare's mightiest works. From the point of view of plot he could be very well omitted without materially damaging the play. Some critics have gone so far as to hold that by his omission "As You Like It" would be rendered more attractive. It should be remembered, however, that the main interest in Shakespeare's dramas is far from being centered in action independent of character. This explains why the morbid, inactive, and melancholy Jacques is almost a universal favorite.

Undoubtedly Jacques is at odds with his surroundings. While the exiled duke and his devoted followers are hunting the deer and are realizing "how sweet are the uses of adversity," the melancholy Jacques is lying under an oak tree moralizing and weeping over the plight of a wounded stag. When all are jubilant over the success of their love affairs, and are preparing for a triumphal return to the court, Jacques, instead of partaking in the common rejoicing, seeks out a hermitage where he can without restraint devote himself to moralizing upon mankind. Jacques, nevertheless, may be said to play a part. For without such a character as Jacques the reader could not properly appreciate and realize the life and sportive gaiety of the forest of Arden. Thus it has been aptly remarked that the characters of the banished duke, of Orlando, and of Rosalind, are described as three gradations of cheerfulness in adversity with Jacques placed over them in designed contrast.

Jacques is not a very complex character for his predominant trait, melancholy, signalizes his whole personality. Throughout the drama he is referred to as "the melancholy Jacques," and his predominant trait is emphasized. The very first lines in which Jacques is spoken of shows this.

"Indeed, my lord,

*The melancholy Jacques grieves at that:
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than your brother that hath banished you."*

"Show me the place.

*I love to cope with him in these sullen fits
For then he's full of matter."*

To determine precisely the nature of this melancholy is difficult. It is even open to question whether Jacques himself knew its staple. Certain it is that when asked by Rosalind to define it he finds it easier to tell what it is not rather than what it really is.

"I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's which is fantastical; nor the courtier's which is proud; nor the soldier's which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these."

But his is a melancholy which might better be styled a petty humor for it is almost entirely superficial. It is not that species which gnaws at the heart and undermines mentality, but a cultivated, morose, and reflective inclination sought for and enjoyed for its own sake. Even the most ordinary thing such as a for-ester's careless song suffices "to wrap him in a most humorous sadness." "He "can suck a melancholy" out of the commonplace "as a weasel sucks eggs." Strange to say the Arcadian and idyllic atmosphere of Arden fails to dispel this disposition. But on the contrary the forest life only furnishes him with new subjects for brooding and comment.

This strange melancholic disposition we learn from the banished duke was not always characteristic of Jacques. How then did he acquire it? To understand this the reader must bear in mind the glorious Elizabethan age in which this drama was written. Some men found an outlet to their ambition in sailing unknown seas, others in scaling the heights of political and literary renown. Besides these there was a class who sought their pleasure in the gratification of the passions and in living riotously. Jacques, as the reader learns from the exiled duke, formerly belonged to this class:

*"For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot has caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world."*

At length disillusionment set in. He began to see and bewail the utter folly of his riotous mode of living. He saw that there is a void in the heart of man that cannot be filled by gratified passions. In this respect he had something in common with the heralds of Puritanism. He had, like many early Puritans, gone from the excess of sensual gratification to the very limits of deadening remorse.

The sorrow of Jacques was not, however, the repentance of a truly contrite penitent, but that of a worldly disappointed libertine. He seeks to stifle the reproaches of conscience by brooding and moralizing upon the sufferings and disease prevalent in that age, the cruel injustice to the animal kingdom, and man's unarrested progress from the cradle to the tomb.

*"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages."*

Though he is an earnest commentator on the follies of life he is never aroused to any effective deeds. For hours he muses over the plight of a poor wounded deer, but moves not one inch from his couch of moss to aid it. He is saddened at the sufferings of humanity, but not one word of welcome has he to give to the starving Orlando and his faithful servant.

The ineffectiveness of Jacques is delightfully suggested by the disregard in which all in the forest hold him.

*"I am glad of your departure; adieu,
Good Monsieur Melancholy."*

Nor does his melancholy have the slightest effect upon the gay life about him. He envies no man, yet few escape his satire. The "motley fool" and Rosalind are almost the only ones upon whom his quips do not fall, yet he takes keen interest in both of them. Rosalind will have nothing to do with his melancholy and wearisome egotism. Not so with Touchstone. He delights in

mystifying Jacques and in supplying him with matter for reflection and he is the only one who can throw Jacques into a paroxysm of laughter.

*“A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool. A miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool.”*

Jacques hears his own ideas expressed by the motley fool and well might Jacques call him a “material fool,” that is, full of matter. In fact, there is a mental kinship between him and Jacques. For Touchstone has the same philosophy, the same powers of caprice and ridicule, and the same keen perception of the faults and failings of mankind. But Touchstone is active, while Jacques is inactive.

So often has Jacques been harshly criticised that his nobler and generous qualities have been overlooked. Indeed this simple and unoffending man has been called a cynic, a sneerer, and a contemner of social customs. In this Jacques is the victim of rash and inconsiderate judgment. If Jacques is satirical, he is not bitter; if his melancholy be wearisome, it is gracious for it is free from any dash of malignity; if it be sullen, it is not untempered by humor. Without at all being unnatural he is very peculiar. It should be borne in mind that Jacques is loved by his companion foresters and even by the exiled duke. His effusive pathos over the wounded deer bespeaks something more than mere sham sentimentalism. Egotistical at times though he may appear, still beneath, there is a devoted and a generous heart. Like the other lords, Jacques has loyally left what he had in the world to share the fortunes of his banished sovereign. Thus let it not be said that the honest, if melancholy, Jacques is a mere sneering cynic.

*“Such harmony is in immortal souls:
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”*

—Shakespeare.

IS SHAKESPEARE ALIVE TO-DAY?

ON THE FICKLENESS OF THE PUBLIC

*"Hang ye! Trust ye!
With every minute you do change a mind
And call him noble That was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland!"*

ON THE GOOD IN EVERYTHING

*For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
There is some soul, of goodness in things evil
Would men observingly distil it out.*

THE OPPRESSED POOR TO THE GRASPING "TRUSTS?"

*"Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity, yet your Pilate's hands,
Have here delivered me to my sour cross
And water cannot wash away your sin."*

ON A BUG-RIDDEN HOTEL

*"Thou most beauteous inn
Why should hard-favour'd Grief be lodged in thee?"*

ON PRACTICING WHAT ONE BELIEVES

*"For there was never yet Philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,
However they have writ the style of gods
And made a push at chance and sufferance."*

ON THOSE IN AUTHORITY

*"He, who the sword of Heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe."*

ON FORGIVENESS

*"Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of Heaven nor Earth—"*

*The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance, They being penitent
Not a frown further.
Pardon's the word of all."*

ON THE SAYING "EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR THE BEST"

*"Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it, let us know
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear plots do pall; that should teach us
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."*

ON "HITTING A GOOD MAN WHEN HE IS DOWN"

*"Thou shalt then see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Twin, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never reliev'd by any."*

ON REPUTATION

*"Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I
have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal
part of myself, and what remains is bestial.*

*Reputation is an idle and most false imposition:
Oft got without merit, and lost without deserving:
You have lost no reputation at all,
Unless you repute yourself such a loser."*

ON GOOD NAME

*"Good name, in man and woman
"Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands,
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."*

LADY MACBETH'S RELATIONS TO MACBETH

E. KELLY, '18

The words of the Weird Sisters in the very first scene of the play to the effect that they are to meet Macbeth is an indication that he will be tempted. Macbeth is tested and found wanting, for, instead of repulsing their prophecies as suggestive of evil longings of ambition he pleasurably meditates and welcomes them. Unrestrained appetite for sovereignty becomes, thereafter, Macbeth's predominating thought and this so corrupts the better elements in his character that Hecate soon speaks of him quite justly as,

*"A wayward son, spiteful and wrathful,
Who, as others do, loves for his own end."*

The thought of Duncan's murder unquestionably originated in the mind of Macbeth before he ever met the Weird Sisters. For instance, he is noticeably startled when the Weird Sisters hail him King, so much so that the reader is forced to infer that the Witches' prophecy is merely the expression of Macbeth's thought. Then, when he reasons why he should not murder Duncan, he seems at a loss to answer Lady Macbeth's words,

*"What beast was it then that made you break this enterprise
to me?
Nor time nor place did then adhere, and yet you would
make them both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
unmake you."*

Another proof of Macbeth's evil intention is that he hurried ahead of the king to notify Lady Macbeth of Duncan's visit. A messenger could easily have conveyed the message and permitted Macbeth to accompany the king which would have been more proper and respectful. It is evident, then, that Macbeth's regicidal intent was entirely independent of any suggestion, not only from the Weird Sisters, but from his wife.

As Macbeth lacked courage to be the same in thought as in desire it is probable that he never would, unaided, have been able to commit the murder. Thus to secure that which he desired, Macbeth needed a human whip, a person of superior will, namely

Lady Macbeth. In her first appearance Lady Macbeth in soliloquy, after reading Macbeth's letter telling of his meeting with the Witches, keenly analyzes his character and lays bare his cardinal weakness. She fears Macbeth is too full of human sympathy, yet she anxiously and hopefully awaits the opportunity to supply the strength that her husband so sorely needs. Neither in this soliloquy nor in any of her speeches, moreover, do we find any desire of personal preferment, honor or power, but rather a natural desire to advance her husband's ambition. Thus realizing that nothing short of kingship will appease her husband's longings, she shackles her moral nature and galvanizes her extraordinary will to the issue. Her action here becomes, then, nothing short of the sacrifice of her woman's nature upon the altar of her spouse's consuming selfishness.

It is, in short, her consuming love for Macbeth that leads her to concentrate, as her husband cannot, mind and body to the murder of the King. One easily feels the thrill of her mood when she shouts to the messenger who announced that the King was coming, "Thou art mad to say." With these words she steps into the action of the play dominating Macbeth in the first great crisis as if he were a helpless child. That she was fully cognizant of the unnatural brutality of murdering "so meek" a king, and of the instinctive hostility of woman's nature to such a crime, is quite evident when she calls upon the spirits of the underworld.

*"Unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, topfull
Of direst cruelty and make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse."*

Then again, when she must drown her woman's sensibility by benumbing liquors, for she says, "That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold." By shrewdly clever arguments she flatters, insinuates, taunts Macbeth, finally accusing him of being a coward. This wins Macbeth to do that, the thought of which "doth unfix his hair and so shake his single state of man that function is smothered in surmise."

She assumes charge of all the details and plans of the murder of the King. She not only has perfect control over herself, but succeeds in screwing Macbeth up to the sticking place, quiets his fear, encourages him, and rouses him to summon the physical courage "that may become a man." When the deed is done she so well understands the effect of brooding thought that even here she presages that things thought after these ways "will make us

mad." When Macbeth weakens, she scarcely hesitates a moment to complete his abandoned task, and smears the faces of the grooms with the blood of Duncan. Macbeth shows a momentary remorse, for he would that Duncan could awake, but as yet Lady Macbeth, still under strong control of herself, displays no regret.

In the confusion that follows the discovery of Duncan's murder, Macbeth, full of forced and unnatural metaphors, describes the horrible scene and attempts to explain why he killed the two grooms of the king. At this Lady Macbeth swoons, for her self-centered husband failed to give her the opportunity to prepare for this brazen act of deception and his thoughtless description of a scene that had burned itself into her mind, snapped the iron will that kept her hitherto firm. A huge gulf had come between the two and the multitude of thoughts of the future running through her mind weakens her self control. At times, under a high nervous strain, human beings can ignore the laws of nature, but with a relaxing of the tension, a collapse comes—this was the case with Lady Macbeth, the more fatal because it was mental as well as a physical collapse.

Macbeth gradually throws off her influence and becomes the directing force of the play. Only once does Lady Macbeth show a sign of her former self-control—that is when she comes to the aid of Macbeth in the banquet scene. She is able to calm him for a few minutes with the old taunt of being a man, but the effect is only momentary. To save Macbeth from confessing his guilt she is forced to dismiss the guests in abrupt manner. In the crimes succeeding the first she takes no part, but yet she must have felt the responsibility for everyone of Macbeth's murders. Pathos, hopelessness, and brooding remorse crush her. The night-walking scene is the aftermath inevitable from the issue of Macbeth's letter. Here in one of the most impressive scenes in all drama Lady Macbeth unconsciously lays bare her harrowed and remorseful soul, her useless struggle to blot the murder from her memory, her mental anguish, her realization of the awfulness of her sin; here we listen intently and assent to the Doctor's profound opinion, "More needs she the divine than the physician." At no place is our sympathy extended more than in this scene for we feel this supreme punishment to be terrible, and we behold a once noble soul engulfed by the desires of a selfish and ambitious husband, a wreck nearing the shores of death. Would that knowledge had directed her to the

*"Glorious fountain that all uncleanness doth clarify,
Wash from me the spots of vice unclean,
That on me no sin be seen."*

THE ATMOSPHERE OF MACBETH

T. E. FITZPATRICK, '18

*"Come thick night
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of Hell
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blankets of the dark
To cry hold, hold!"*

Even the casual reader of Shakespeare need not turn over very many pages of the great tragedy, "Macbeth," before becoming fully aware of its terrible atmosphere.

The curtain rises on a storm racked barren heath, where, amid rumbling thunder and lightning flashes, are discerned the Weird Sisters. Ugly and uncanny with their choppy fingers and bristling beards, these unnatural hags give us awful glimpses into the underworld of evil. To their minds "foul is fair and fair is foul." They love and delight in the gloom of moral disorder and the turmoil of nature. Hence, they exult in the black sin to which their victims so passionately succumb, and all the elements are convulsed with upheaval. Nearly all of the main actions, therefore, take place on dark or stormy days, this being the most propitious toiling time for the witches. For example: Before staining their hands with blood, Lady Macbeth and her husband welcome the night as a shroud for their evil deeds. What could be more shocking than this cry from the lips of the Lady,

*"Come thick night
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of Hell,
That my knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blankets of the dark
To cry hold, hold!"*

This is paralleled by Macbeth himself, when he exclaims,

*"Stars hide your fire
Let not light see my deep and black desires."*

On the night of the king's murder nature seems dead, witchcraft "celebrates pale Hecate's offering," the owl shrieks, the crickets cry, and strange screams of death are heard in the air.

The morning following the bloody crime, nature refuses to obey its laws for,

*“By the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Darkness does the face of earth entomb
When living light should kiss it.”*

Later, when jealous Macbeth plans to make “the most unkindest cut of all,” the murder of his bosom friend, Banquo, he selects the time “ere to black Hecate’s summons, the shard born beetle with his drowsy hum hath rung night’s yawning peal.” Then in a line of vivid imagery he begs for “seeling night to scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day.”

Among these atmospheric details that enforce the appeal to our senses, none is more shuddering than the repeated mention throughout of blood. The very appearance of the “bleeding sergeant” at the beginning of the dramatic narrative and his account of Macbeth’s bloody victory, fill our minds with a picture that leaves its scarlet impress to the very end. Blood, indeed, runs through the play like steam. Even in the hallucinatory vision of Macbeth, it is the sight of “gouts of blood” on “the blade and dudgeon” of the dagger that torture him most keenly. More unforgettable even than this, because more ghastly and shockingly incongruous, is Lady Macbeth’s pun upon the word “guild” when she is about to smear the faces of the king’s grooms with blood, thereby laying the suspicion of the murder upon them. Macbeth stands gazing at his bloody hands wondering in his moral fright, whether all great Neptune’s ocean will wash the blood clean from his hands.

Thereafter instances of this nature multiply. At the banquet scene, the murderer of Banquo appears, besmeared with his victim’s blood, a sight, to Macbeth, rather pleasing, cut short, however, by the apparition of the ghost of his erstwhile friend with “twenty trenched gashes in his head.” It is no wonder that Macbeth says,

*“I am in blood
Stepped in so far that
should I wade no more
Returning were as tedious as go o’er.”*

Now what is the impression of this insistent emphasis upon the reckless spilling of the vital fluid of life? It would be no

doubt provocative of pure physical terror in the theatre were it not mixed with atmospheric color of another sort—the mysterious workings of the supernatural. Hooting and singing their Hellish incantations around the boiling cauldron, the Weird Sisters harrow one by their frenzy and abnormal, diabolical cruelty. Their powers are amazing, as when they present the apparition of a bloody child in the murky blackness, and themselves thereafter, disappear in air. Lady Macbeth had invoked the aid of murdering ministers to unsex her and fill her from the crown to the toe top-full of direst cruelty. How appalling when one remembers that she is a woman, the weakest and tenderest of God's creatures. Most impressive scenes of horror arise in contemplating the scene of the Weird Sisters, preparing their fatal charms in the lonely cave. The mention of "tooth of wolf," "liver of blaspheming Jew," "Nose of Turk," and "finger of birth strangled babe," being stewed together in a cauldrom leave the reader with feelings of supreme disgust. Such, in part, is the atmosphere of "Macbeth." It is almost impossible to describe its gloom and horror. Though beyond description the elements are so pronounced that even the most superficial reader can easily perceive them.

TO SHAKESPEARE

*"Great poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm fatal purpose of the heart,
Can make man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame."*

H₂O AND KO₁**P. I. CARBERRY, '18**

Ten o'clock—133 pounds exactly. He had just made it. A faint "thank God!" fell from his quivering lips. A still fainter one would fall at ten that evening, when all would be history.

Kid Owen, known as KO, light weight aspirant and heretofore little known, was actually the center on which the eyes of all boxing fandom were riveted.

He was attempting what even men of champion metal shrank from as hazardous, not till now did he himself realize the gravity of the situation and see that he had undertaken the impossible.

"I'm all in, Pugsie, old boy.

Making that weight killed me."

"Kid," pleaded the old trainer, "newspaper promoters, fans, and all have gone back on you. Now if you join the allies, I fight alone."

Even the words of Pugsie O'Malley failed of their desired effect, for they seemed to ring artificially, lacking the warm breath of confidence. "Grouch silence," again fell over the camp. Owen slipped from the hands of the rubbers and trainers, and throwing his nerve wrecked form on a mat he began to think. He could almost forget he was honest—yes there was a way of escaping a disgraceful beating. He could and he would—

A stout knocking, followed by the sweeping entrance of a stranger saved an Irish mind from an evil thought.

The gentleman had professional air, was tall, pale and well groomed. His air was familiar and without hesitation he stalked directly up to Owen who was now standing and awkwardly staring.

"I am Doctor Herrig Tuowe," he began, offering an unsolicited hand. "Scientist, doctor, inventor, and, proud to relate, an ardent follower of the art of self-defense—"

"That so?" broke in K. O. sarcastically. "What you're selling we have. Don't need any. You had better—"

"But," the stranger persisted, "I am not selling anything; I am giving you the result of my life's effort. "I have a liquid," he seemed to take courage from the helplessness of Owen, and the indifference of the group about, "a liquid which upon single ap-

plication to the nerves of the body, will make them strong enough to do whatsoever the mind shall bid."

Opening a little satchel, he produced a long thin necked bottle of the pure, magic sparkling fluid.

Pictures of drowning men snatching at tooth-picks or something like that flashed vividly on Owen's feverished brain. On this occasion "*the argumentum ad ignorantiam*" scarcely needed the skill of a white gloved salesman in a mining camp to make a victim.

It was not but noon, yet those few hours saw the darkest clouds of despair scattered and Owen basking in the sun of confidence, also bathing in the running waters of the strange doctor's "nerve rejuvenator." To make it more like Paradise they were given a \$10,000 check signed by J. Tuowe and financially backed to the fullest extent. At eight o'clock, the hour of the battle, when most all good suns have long been at rest, the sun of hope in the little Owen squad refused to set.

"Gen'l'men—Gen'l'men—I have the pleasure of introducing to you Kid Owens, light weight aspirant-o-the-world. To make it-short-gen'l'men, I also introduce our present champion, 'Death' Hogan, who—" But the smoke, din and applause of the motley crowd rendered his bag-pipe tenor voice inaudible.

The gong sounded and with a last dash of "nerve rejuvenator," Owen jumped into the ring. Never for a moment could he fix his mind on actual fighting, but such extraneous thoughts as "O nerves, serve me— The dope must be good; he's backed it with \$10,000 bucks! I feel fine. If—" Bang! Then the saving sound of the gong. The kid staggered and fell into Pugsie's and the doctor's arms.

"Where's de fire, Pugs? I heard de bells."

"There's no fire," whispered Pugsie between the snaps of the 'second's' beating towel, "that was de gong—More nerve juice, Doc!" And they proceeded to drown the half defeated youngster with their "nerve fluid." The next four rounds saw K. O. giving a more creditable account of himself. "Nerve rejuvenator" stocks with those "in" on the company, were gradually rising again. He had stood up and tasted the most vicious "left" in the light weight division and was still fighting bravely.

At sight of this, "Champ" Hogan lost courage. He had spent his best supply of tricks, skill and strength, yet they now fought on even terms, with the balance of "nerve" on Owen's side.

The gong sounded for the tenth round. The "nerve rejuvenator" supply was exhausted. He must make this round count. A

spark of intelligence now lit up the Kid's eye. Pugsie's features likewise reflected the light.

"Clinch—liberate, then land," was the three point order. With these burning words thrilling his brain, he stepped into the ring. The fighters stood off, exchanged rapidly, and squared. From out of a clinch Owens, with a half hearted "left," sent the "Champ" sprawling for a moment on the floor. The "Kid" reasoned that if, with a half hearted "left" he could achieve so much, he could with a "fullarm" make it deadly. At that instant K. O. was voluntarily tangled in another vicious clinch. They struggled and broke as before. The supreme moment was there. The "Champ's" guard was torn open. The "Kid" tightened and lurching more than stepping, he landed his left hook so cleanly that not even the tap of the glove was heard, nothing save that cold thud, which invokes the embrace of Morpheus.

On—two—three—four—five—

They could have counted until the horn of Gabriel sounded but it would have had little effect on the seemingly contented repose of the champion.

The crowd failed to realize what had taken place, until the coatless perspiring referee jumped to a chair, waving his hands frantically and wildly shouting.

"Gen'l'men—Gen'l'men—" But the house refused to listen. Their attention was turned not on the ring, but on a group of uniformed men, who were struggling down the center aisle.

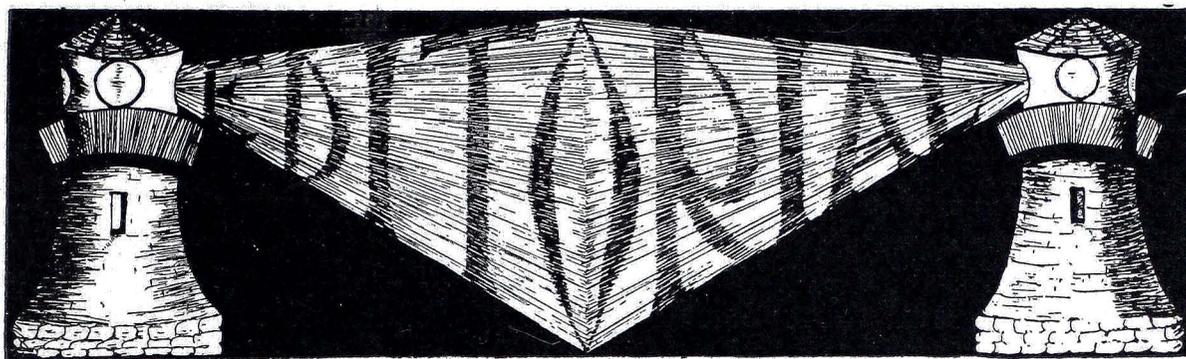
Dr. Herrig had, a few moments before, quietly slipped away to "make" more "nerve rejuvenator." He now appeared in advance of the dashing officers and mounting the ring platform, he fell on Owen's shoulders, crying excitedly, "They're after me—here take it quick!" At the same time he thrust a brand new, overflowing bottle of the nerve fluid into a trembling hand. The officers now took possession of the ring.

"We followed this bug from the pump outside. We've been looking for him for a week. That nerve rejuvenator is nothing but pure water."

"Pure wa—" gasped Owens!

The ever ready referee was up again in the chair shouting wilder than before. His eyes were dancing with the prospect of a joke. "Gen'l'men—Gen'l'men. I find—that-the-light-weight-title-has-changed-hands tonight," and picking up the long-necked bottle of "nerve water" pointed it at the departing "doctor" and shouted triumphantly as the water splashed to the ground,

H₂OKO₁"



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Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.

—Terence.

As previously announced Tuesday, May 30, 1916, marks the date of the first annual Old Students' Homecoming at St. Viator's.

Anent Old Students' Home-Coming May 30

From present forecasts the event gives every indication of being a red letter day in the history of our Alma Mater. Like every enterprise, much depends on the success of the initial adventure and of all things a large attendance at this first reunion is most important. The impetus the celebration is given this year will be the force which starts the ball a rolling. If it's well begun, it's half done. You students of other days can do no greater part for the success of the home-coming than by ac-

cepting the invitation which the Board of Trustees have so generously extended to you, and coming here on Decoration Day, to lend your enthusiasm to the day's proceedings. To few people or institutions do you owe a greater debt of gratitude and veneration than to this institution which has been your intellectual mother. During the critical formative period of your life, she has instilled in you, not alone intellectual lore, but that which is far greater and more priceless—the principles of true Catholic manhood which have been the guiding forces to your better self. When you were true to these you were true to your God, your country, and your Alma Mater, and it is only when you had the misfortune to deviate from rules of conduct laid down by that cherished mother that you went astray. It might have been that some secular institution, with the greater affluence at its command, could have given you a somewhat superior academic training, but St. Viator's, ever zealous for the interests of your eternal soul, has chosen the better part by keeping before you the image of Him who died that you might live. The faith within you, which she has strengthened, is a gift besides which all others fade into insignificance. Hence your gratitude for St. Viator's must be correspondingly greater than the gratitude a student of a secular school can possibly feel toward the institution which mothered his learning.

Come, then, at the call of Old St. Viator's, you students of by-gone times, and be one of us for a day, to renew old acquaintances, to revive past associations, and recount the joys of times that live now only in memory's halls. 'Twill be for auld lang syne.

It has often been charged that the graduates of Catholic Colleges do not impress public opinion to the extent they should, and that Catholics in general in this country, do not have the part in moulding public thought which they are entitled to by their numbers. If this is to be remedied, if Catholic ideals are to become a part of the social and civil fabric, then strong, united leaders must arise to point the way to this desired end. And where shall the Catholics of the United States more rightly turn for leadership than to the Catholic College graduates. Trained as they are, in scholastic philosophy, in literature, science, and the fundamentals of the Catholic religion, they form a splendidly equipped body of captains for the hosts of Catholic citizens. Only one prime essential is lacking—union, organization. The

A Catholic College Club

great need is a national federation of the alumni of all the Catholic universities and colleges into one great body. A similar uniting bond has already long existed among the graduates of our secular universities in the well-known University Club. We all believe that the great achievements of the world's history have been accomplished by co-operation. That there is strength in union is an obvious truism. Why then do not our Catholic graduates practice it? It may be said that Catholic men and women are sufficiently united in their social organizations. This is true to a certain extent, but in this day when philosophic heresy is so universally rampant the Church could possess no greater weapon against such error than a strongly united federation of the thousands of young men and women whom she sends forth each year in increasing numbers from her institutions of higher learning into the various walks of life. To a certain extent her teachers are united in the Catholic Education Association. She needs the additional support and assistance of a union of her educated men and women not engaged in the teaching profession. Such a federation should center around the Catholic University at Washington. From this institution should come the leadership which is necessary to start such a worthy movement. We should like to hear the opinion of other Catholic college journals on the feasibility of this proposal.

Three hundred years ago the master skylark winged his last flight to sing at heaven's gate. Three hundred years have passed and the lustre of his name, far from growing dim, has become a more brilliant living flame to lighten up his immortality. Today a willing world pays homage to him whose songs have sounded every note to which the human heart has given utterance. "Yes, truly, it is a great thing," says Carlyle, "for a nation that it get an articulate voice; that it produce a man who will speak forth melodiously what the heart of it means." This has been Shakespeare's service to the English speaking nations of the world. No other language has found a voice which expresses the most delicate shade of meaning, the subtlest thought such as ours has found in the voice of the Immortal Bard. He has given us a prestige which is of inestimable value not only in a literary way, but extends our influence in every walk of life. "A poet of the first rank," says a recent panegyrist of Shakespeare, "is worth a fleet of battleships and several parks of artillery in increasing the *morale* of our men, and impressing the imagin-

Three Hundred Years Ago

ation of our foes." That this is something more than a mere idle euphemism is evident when we remember that it was the house of Pindar, the poet, which the semi-barbarous Macedonian conqueror was so careful to spare from the general devastation he was wreaking upon the cities of Greece. Truly, a great poet serves many purposes and Shakespeare is our most precious heritage in this field.

To the man on the street then, to the proverbially tired, prosaic, business man, to the active and retired money-grabbers, to the rich and the poor, those in high places, and in lowly station, this ter-centenary should rightly make universal appeal. America's part in this celebration, through the exigencies of European disaster, must be greater than otherwise. To her it remains to do the lion's share. A reverence nation-wide in scope is nothing more than fitting the occasion. We feel certain that our college in its coming celebration, will do its part with an enthusiasm and a love that is rightly demanded of it.

At no time during the two years of war has the prospect for peace been brighter. The communication which Pope Benedict has transmitted to President Wilson, in view of present developments, is highly significant and hopeful. Through the united efforts of these two greatest neutral powers, something of consequence should be brought about. The dark cloud of the possibility of severance of diplomatic relations and probable war between United States and Germany, would be the greatest calamity which could possibly happen at this particular time, for it must mean the dragging out of an exhausting struggle to a length no one can foresee. But why should such a catastrophe come about. Apparently the people of Germany and of United States are almost unanimous on one point at least. That point is that there shall be no break of friendly relations, no war. If the vote for Henry Ford in some of our western states indicates anything more than "only a joke" (as the automobile manufacturer himself has looked upon it) it voices an almost insane fear of even the possibilities of war. We say insane because Ford as president must be elected by a class bereft of their reasoning processes. Apparently, then, the cause for war, as far as America is concerned, must be nothing much short of downright invasion. We can hardly use the submarine warfare carried on by Germany as a logical, consistent, pretext unless we would do battle with England as well. As to which of these have violated our sacred rights

The Outlook For Peace

as neutrals most outrageously, would be a difficult matter even for diplomatic minds to decide; as far as principle is concerned, it is of no great consequence. In view of our peculiar foreign policy, therefore, war with Germany would be utterly foolish unless we argued that our chance for victory would be greater by giving the preference to the Teutons, a hazardous chance at the best.

But the greater calamity would be that which the whole world would suffer by losing the good offices of the United States as mediator in event of the possibility of an understanding between the warring nations. As the only great nation left to offer such a service, it would seem that chaos must result if it also were plunged into the awful cataclysm. Let us hope that the union of the forces which the head of this great nation represents with those over which our Holy Father has spiritual control may be an omen of better days ahead.

It is worthy of record that at the recent meeting of college presidents of Illinois, called by President Edmund J. James of the University of Illinois, one of the topics of discussion was the necessity of religion as a factor in student life. Our Catholic institutions have long ago supplied the need perfectly. But it is still the pressing problem of the secular colleges and universities, and one that must interest every thinking man and woman regardless of his religion or the place of his educational training. The godlessness of our secular university is one of its most characteristic notes. The "Who's Who" gives to the college trained part of our population 7700 of the 10,000 leaders of American life; hence a practically pagan institution provides us with the great majority of the people who do much to mould public opinion. In this aspect the problem becomes indeed a grave one and must find some solution if we would not follow in the footsteps of the great republic of Europe, which has officially at least, tried to "turn out the light in heaven." There is but one destiny open to the nation of the godless school. The relation of such a school to the growing viciousness has been observed by thinkers who are in no sense what the world would call religious. With sixty millions of our people openly acknowledging no religion at all, with our public schools quite thoroughly pagan, it is small wonder that our secular university presidents should begin to question themselves about other phases of educational life aside from the grossly material and purely intellectual.

Religion in the Secular School



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

—*Goldsmith.*

Somewhere in a labyrinth of past incidents printed indelibly upon his mind, the Exman has stored away in the "warder of the brain" a most precious bit of advice given him by a certain learned gentleman. It is in substance about as follows: "Never let a single day pass without learning something new." Simple as this little phrase is, it succeeded in making a lasting impression upon us. Quite mechanically we find ourselves frequently checking up, holding an inventory so to speak, of our meagre stock of knowledge, and reviewing the new items of interest we have gleaned from the vast acres of sense experience. Almost every night we point an accusing finger at ourselves and say: "Have you learned anything new today?" Now five or six nights ago we were going through the above operation, when all of a sudden, *mirabile dictu*, a thought came to us. After all we had learned something on that particular day; a bit of knowledge which was not only important and interesting, but actually astounding. For know you that it was on this very same day that we had received a magazine from one of our worthy contemporaries and know you further that it was in this identical journal that we unearthed our item of knowledge for that day.

Casually we opened our visitor and *per morem* turned to the Exchange Department. We read the article referring to us through very carefully, allowed it to percolate, and then put it aside for future reference.

Just as we were about to depart for the Land of Nod, the thought occurred to us that it was from this article we had learned something on that day. Yes, brother critic of the *Rostrum*, we feel it our duty to express our gratitude and appreciation for the knowledge which you, out of the goodness and magnanimity of your generous heart, have imparted to us. Would that we were endowed with the genius of a Cicero that we might clothe our sentiments of thankfulness in proper and adequate verbiage, but as usual, our concept is beyond realization and consequently you must be content with the humble thanks of a despised Exman. You have taught us, brother critic of the *Rostrum*, how totally ignorant you are, not only of true criticism, but of the ordinary dictates of courtesy, by indulging in personalities. Will you pardon us for mentioning the very obvious fact that the particular form of the *argumentum ad hominem* which you use, never was and never will be considered a legitimate and logical method of procedure; that it is used only by those exceedingly deficient in good taste and sound judgment; and that at best it is a mean and contemptible line of attack? We never knew, brother critic, that there were even high school students, not mentioning of course exchange editors, who were unfamiliar with this fundamental principle of criticism. You have taught us differently, by exposing to our horrified eyes your positive ignorance. It is for this added increment to our fund of knowledge that we are grateful.

Niagara Index

We pause a moment for breath and look around us. We must select some magazine from the heterogeneous collection which confronts us, but we are wholly undecided which to choose. Closing our eyes we reach out blindly and draw one from under the debris: 'Tis our old friend, *The Index*, and we are not at all displeased with our haphazard choice. We enjoyed the flowery language contained in the article, "The Time has Come," but while reading it the thought occurred to us that it was perhaps a little stereotyped, too much on the order of some cut-and-dried sermon. This, and the fact that at times the diction becomes altogether too bombastic, and that the conclusion is not brought out as happily and forcibly as one would expect—serve to detract from an otherwise meritorious piece of work. The Exman thought he was reviewing his chemistry note-book when he was reading "Osmosis." The treatment of the various

experiments testing and proving osmotic pressure is no doubt scientific, but we think that this article is a little too dry and technical to be published in a magazine for college students. Here and there perhaps, you will find a student who revels in a discussion of just such a subject as this, but for the average college-man this article has little or no interest. Science seems to reign supreme in this issue of *The Index* for a brief resume of the more important experiments and discoveries of Louis Pasteur next appears. Some of its sentences are faulty, due to a rather over emphasized heavy latinistic style. Moreover the theme seems to be rather loosely connected, especially the conclusion. The author starts out with a reference to statements made by a few enemies of the church concerning the time-worn argument that Rome opposes the advancing march of Science. He then goes on to show that Pasteur did more for the advancement of Science than any other man during his time. But his conclusion is woefully short and inadequate relative to the body of his theme. You have made a good point in your article, but your conclusion lacks the "punch."

Here is a good, staunch, Catholic layman, who unearthed the dormant powers of Science by his marvelous discoveries and experiments and yet not one word of discouragement nor of admonition was spoken by the chair of Peter. If you had driven this home by contrasting the facts you have stated with the extravagant statements of the church's enemies, your theme would have been greatly improved. The short article entitled "Self-Sufficiency," although rather disjointed in construction, is quite *ad rem* in view of present day conditions. It is commendable especially when one considers that it is from the pen of a neophyte. The editorials are serious-minded, wholesome, discussion of good topics. The one written on "Thought," appealed to us more than the others. It is only too true that the present generation is content with a superficial outlook of life, and its great problems—simply because we have fallen into the rut of cramming our mental storehouses with a lot of ornate rubbish, forgetting entirely to even attempt to digest ideas and thoughts of a deeper and more sublime character. It is also true that most of us enjoy books of a lighter nature, forgetting the inevitable conclusion that light literature makes light-headed people. We note with pleasure that *The Index* is tempered here and there by little bits of fairly good verse, something quite unusual.

We are surprised, however, to find that not one short story graces your pages. Most assuredly Nature's environment ought

to work wonders with some romantic young O. Henry at the helm. Stir them up, and give them a chance; their work will undoubtedly lend a great deal of color to your magazine. On a whole the Exman was well pleased with *The Index*. Its contents clearly show that it has not lost its far-famed reputation as one of the leading magazines in Exdom and we sincerely hope it will continue its regular visits until Niagara Falls.

"The Gonzaga."

From far off Spokane, in the land of golden promise, *The Gonzaga* next claims our distracted attention. The first article, a panegyric on Louis Bourdaloue, the French Jesuit, is written in a rather inflated manner, and the ideas in certain places are very poorly connected. Comparisons are brought in too abruptly and without the slightest effort on the author's part to introduce them in a proper manner; they are simply dragged in by the hair, so to speak, and are unceremoniously compelled to occupy places to which they are not suited. Such a method of procedure reminds us of the proverbial bad boy, all tattered and dirty, dragged into the parlor and presented to the company by his father, despite his protestations. The above said small boy is about as much out of place in the parlor as some of the comparisons are in this theme; both need grooming badly. The plot of "The Wanderer," contains some great possibilities, but sad to relate, the author has not even touched upon them. Why not bring in another complicating incident after the departure of the wanderer, for example the arrival of a new suitor for Virginia's hand; her indecision and then the final reappearance of her true love? Again why not give us more of the atmosphere of Branigan's household where this love affair is progressing instead of boring us with a very commonplace description of a country yard and home. The former would interest most students a great deal more than the latter and besides the description of the narrator's premises is slightly irrelevant.

You could have greatly improved your story by showing us how Doctor Dan Cupid was curing the stranger of "Hoboitis." From a romantic love tale, we turn to the impersonal matter-of-fact arguments advanced by one of Gonzaga's debaters. The case for Compulsory Voting is well drawn up, but rather questionable in places because the speaker makes several gratuitous and sometimes contradictory statements. For example he tells us that interest in political affairs would be increased should we

compel every eligible voter in the country to cast his ballot on election day. This may be true, but why not at least make some attempt to prove it? In a nut-shell this is precisely what you have based one of your arguments for the desirability and the utility of compulsory voting on, and yet there is practically no substantial proof offered. While the Exman would not dare contradict the word of one who has undoubtedly given this question a great deal of study and thought, it appears to him that should a measure of compulsory voting be enacted it would result in a decrease in the interest taken in politics simply because American people are naturally desirous of following their own choice in matters of this kind, and any attempt to change the nature and disposition of the American voter would unquestionably be more or less disastrous, largely because we are a free people and will not stand for any such high-handed, arbitrary method of procedure. In another place the following statement is made: "to remove these evils (i. e. of our political system) would be an almost insurmountable task." If the task of removing them is almost insurmountable why attempt it by offering a remedy which is at best highly problematic. The reference to the existence of a compulsory voting law or its equivalent in Illinois was a revelation to us.

We have been residing in this fair state for some time and never once did we hear of such a law, and even though it is on our statute books, its existence there, instead of being an affirmative argument, is a most potent reason why compulsory voting should not be enacted into law. Already our statute books are loaded to their capacity with laws that have never been enforced and evidently, if it exists, this is one of them, for the Exman knows numerous eligible voters who did not exercise their right of franchise and yet no penalty was attached to them. Why, then should legislators of this country pass a measure which *de facto*, has been found to be impractical and which would do nothing but serve to further burden our overweighted statute-books. The speaker says that he is anxious to do away with political complications, and yet he offers a new method of tying us up in a legal and political knot. Furthermore he has evidently forgotten Lincoln's famous words: "The majority does not consist of voters, but of those voters who choose to vote." The negative case is a trifle less logical, both in point of argument and presentation. Some of the "insurmountable difficulties" offered by this speaker are absurd. It is positively ridiculous to assume that a great nation like the United States with all its ma-

jesty of power, could not enforce a law which its legislators saw fit to enact. The distinction between a prohibitive and a compulsory law at least displays a marvelous power of acute differentiation. Every law is prohibitive and at the same time compulsory, for example the law which requires vehicles to keep to the right prohibits them from using the left side of the drive. Quite simple *n'est pas?* "The Turning Point" is appropriately named, well written, and quite interesting. The idea of an adventurer entering a house and palming himself off on a girl of ten years, is rather far-fetched; children of that age are not so easily duped. Notwithstanding this little fault the story is as good as any we have read in a college journal for "months and months and months." Of the verse in this issue the Exman considered "He is Risen," and "Retrospection" the best. The others resemble the old familiar jingle, that ever present bore which insistently bobs up and causes one to waste precious time, and to say harsh words. The editorials are very good, and no small amount of credit is due to the editor for the work he is doing. We thought that perhaps he flayed the Free Food for School Children Movement a little too bitterly in view of the fact that so many really deserving cases would be bettered by this plan. According to this editor's line of reasoning, we ought to abolish all our houses and institutions for the care of the poor, since they are paternalistic. We admit cheerfully that the plan has its disadvantages, but to condemn it one must have recourse to better arguments—than merely voicing the old cry of "State Paternalism." The other objection which the editor cites is of no consequence whatever. Is it not true that the Catholic tax-payer has to contribute to the support of our public schools, whether or not he sends his children to them. If he sends them to the parochial schools he is contributing to the "support of those whom he is not bound to support in conscience." According to this editor's argument this tax should be abolished. Why not write to the Treasurer in Washington and expound this enlightening new reform to him? You are always welcome,
Gonzaga.

<p style="text-align:center">BOOK REVIEWS PASTORAL LETTERS, ETC.</p>
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BISHOP McFAUL

When the first edition of a Catholic work quickly spends itself and popular demand invites a new supply, we are safe in saying that the book has merit; but when we are ascertained that the author is the gifted Bishop of Trenton, our assurances are doubly well founded. Bishop McFaul is known to us all by repute, if not more intimately, principally as a pulpit orator; as it is perhaps in this field that he is at his best. Native eloquence coupled with undaunted vigor in the championship of truth are attributes worthy of respect and these Bishop McFaul may claim to no mean degree. We know him for his eloquence, we have received many assurances of unflinching attitude in the defense of Catholic Doctrine. No tampering with the true is too remote to escape the vigilancy of his eye. His zest, vigor and eloquence are at once interesting and compelling. Therefore we tender a hearty welcome to the second edition of his Pastoral Letters, Addresses and other writings so kindly edited by Father Powers, Pastor at Lakewood, N. J., and Chancellor of the Diocese of Trenton. The thirty some Letters, Sermons and Addresses embodied in the four hundred pages of this volume, touch upon a myriad of topics; each practical; and in every instance cogently and persuasively presented. The diversity of subjects treated form an index to the Bishop's keen insight into the needs of the day, to the broadness of his sympathies, and to his unyielding attitude in the championship of Catholic doctrine. The very subjects chosen for the treatment in his pastoral letters as well as the deft and intimate way in which they are handled clearly demonstrate the practical bent of his mind. Among these we may find: The Christian Home; Faith and the Fatherland; The Christian School; Some Modern Problems, as—Healthy Newspapers, Parish Libraries; Religious Training, the Church and the Bible, Modernism and Socialism; and the Christian Church. The last of his letters is to my mind ample proof of his solicitude for his flock, for therein Bishop McFaul discusses Tuberculosis, its Prevention and Relief. These moral treatises are highly beneficial and afford much food for practical reading and consideration. There is none but would be better and the wiser for the perusal of them.

Among the Sermons and Addresses we find the Athlete of Christ, an appeal made to a division of our Soldiers about to leave for the Spanish-American War, burning with eloquence and pregnant with patriotic sentiment; several addresses to the A. O. H., as also one to Representatives of the American Federation of Catholic Charities met in Convention; an organization in which Bishop McFaul has always taken a vital interest. The famous address delivered at the Commencement Exercises of the Jesuit College of St. Francis Xavier in New York, is also found in this volume, a speech that at the time caused considerable furor throughout the country. In his talk Bishop McFaul laid bare and unscathingly flayed the infidelity of our great universities; the host of accredited facts he marshalled left no quarter for his opponents for denial. Perhaps the best of these addresses are: The Blessings of the Bells; The Dead President (McKinley); An Appreciation of Dr. L. A. Lambert, famed as the successful antagonist, Col. Bob Ingersoll; and the Catholic Church and the Labor Question.

The volume is brimful of interest. The success and power of these Addresses and Letters lay not so much in their excellence in lines of rhetoric, for their beauty of language and form, but rather in the fact that the Bishop always has something important. BENZIGER BROS. PRICE, \$1.50.

“ON THE OLD CAMPING GROUND”

MARY E. MANNIX

A charming story for young people is Mary E. Mannix' latest juvenile, "On the Old Camping Ground." The scene is among the Indians of Southern California. This book comprises four interesting tales. The most interesting of which is the story of Rosa, a discontented little Indian girl. Dissatisfied with her lot at the Mission school she is prevailed upon by a narrow minded Protestant lady missionary to run away and accompany her to Chicago. Here she meets with trials, hardships, and disillusionment which are described with great vividness, interest and pathos. Hardly less interesting are the stories of Pancho and the Flower of the Mission. This book is recommended to all who desire for the young such literature that entertains and inculcates virtue at the same time.

Benziger Bros., Price \$0.85.

"A LITTLE LIFE OF WASHINGTON"

WILLIAM H. MACE

This is a delightful story of the life of the great George Washington. Too often has it been the complaint that, since most biographies of our heroes are written for mature minds only, they have little interest or meaning to the developing mind of the young student. This little book is such a simple and interesting life that it will surely appeal to every American school boy. In this little book the young student will realize that Washington was a boy like themselves with all life's difficulties to overcome, and thus he will be stimulated to imitate the nobility of character which so distinguished our greatest hero.

Rand McNally, Chicago, price \$0.35.

"THE STORY OF OLD EUROPE AND YOUNG AMERICA"

MACE AND TANNER

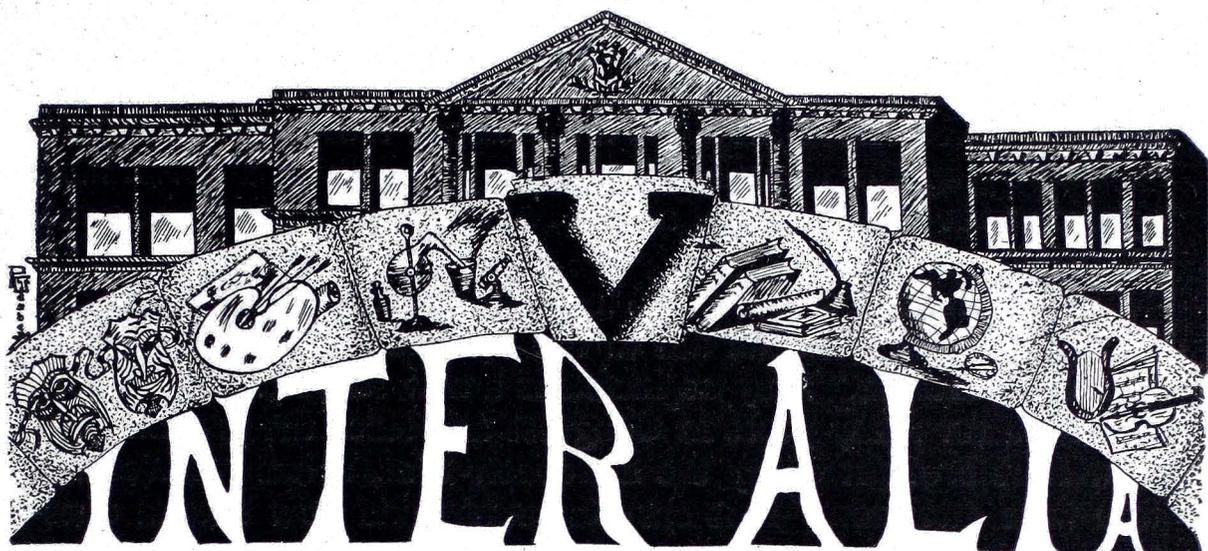
In the teaching of American history in the elementary grades it has often been deplored that there is no opportunity offered for the study of the development of Europe and the circumstances leading to the colonization of America. America's history cannot be properly understood and explained without considering the events immediate to and long before its discovery and colonization.

"The story of Old Europe and Young America" is admirably adapted to this end. It includes the story of the ancient and mediaeval world, the rise of modern nations, the discovery and early development of America. Its simple, interesting, and narrative style and copious illustrations cannot fail to appeal to the young student.

Rand McNally & Co., price \$0.65.

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

—Goldsmith.



The annual meeting of the Federation of Illinois Colleges was held April 24 and 25 at Loyola University, Chicago, Ill. St.

**Federation of
Illinois Colleges**

Viator's was represented at the meeting by Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., and Rev. J. V. Rheams, C. S. V. The purpose of this convention is to discuss educational problems that arise during the scholastic year, one of the most important topics this year being the dearth of teachers. Francis G. Blair, Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Illinois, revealed the fact that a large percentage of the public grammar and high school teachers are not fully prepared to take up the work of educating the young. The reason for this as was brought out by many representatives of non-sectarian colleges is, that capable teachers are not available. Men and women who are capable of teaching can receive more attractive remuneration in the commercial world and consequently turn their efforts to that field. For instance, a good chemist is eagerly sought in the commercial world; the mathematician generally turns his knowledge to engineering and so on in every branch, and as a result the teacher's field of labor is deprived of many competent men. Mr. Blair urged, as a means of overcoming this obstacle, that high schools and colleges endeavor to turn the minds of the young students to the great work of education.

Another grave question that received much attention was the promotion of the religious life of the student. At no other time has the urgent necessity of religion among students been more forcibly emphasized than at the present time. The question occasioned much discussion but was treated in a superficial manner and no action was taken.

The students were deprived of the usual celebration which accompanies the winning of the annual dual debate between Notre Dame University and St. Viator, held Tuesday, April 25. Both the St. Viator teams, although not receiving the decision of the judges, proved a formidable opponent for Notre Dame, as the Notre Dame men, themselves, admit.

The question for debate, "Resolved that the Federal Government shall give financial aid to the upbuilding of an American Merchant Marine," is by no means a new subject. It has been discussed for many years in Congress and since the present state of affairs brought on by the European War, it has received nation-wide attention. It is easy to understand how such a question is admirably fitted for a college debate.

Messrs. Timothy D. Sullivan, Robert J. Hilliard and Thomas E. Shea, defending the proposition, met Messrs. Bernard Voll, John Lemner and Michael Mulcair in the College Auditorium, whilst Messrs. Fulton J. Sheen, Charles A. Hart, and Lawrence A. Dondandville, met Messrs. Timothy Galvin, Francis Hurley and DeWald McDonald of Notre Dame at Notre Dame University.

Through the kindness of Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., and Rev. J. W. Maguire, C. S. V., the St. Viator and Notre Dame teams met in Chicago Wednesday, April 26, and banqueted at the LaSalle Hotel.

During a cyclone which recently swept over that part of the country, St. Mary's church at Beaverville, Ill., of which Rev. J. E. Belair, C. S. V., is pastor, was seriously damaged. St. Mary's is one of the most beautiful churches in the state and was erected a few years ago at an enormous cost. Since its erection the church has been damaged by windstorms on several occasions, but never so seriously as it has at present. The loss has been estimated at over \$3,000.

Elmer Hermes of the Academy department, who has been confined to the Barrett Hospital, Kankakee, with rheumatism during the past month, has recovered sufficiently to leave the hospital. Elmer was in a serious condition for a while, but through careful attention has greatly improved. At present he is at his home in Aurora, and is convalescing rapidly. It is unlikely that

he will be able to continue his studies this year, but we hope to have him in our midst at the opening of the next term in September.

The annual play of the Lajoie Society was given Easter Sunday evening, April 24, before a crowded house. The play was a French comedy and was produced with great success by the members of the society. The success of the play is greatly due to Father Barrette, who labored unceasingly in training the players. Since Father Barrette has been made Moderator of the society, a lively interest has been taken in it by the members. Under his direction the society which had begun to decline, has received new life, and is now one of the foremost organizations at the College.

PERSONALS

Joseph Hughes of the Collegiate Department, recently received the third degree in the Knights of Columbus. The initiation took place in Champaign.

John Dougherty, '14, spent a few hours of his spring vacation amongst his fellow students. John is now a Junior Law student at the University of Michigan.

Michael Cleary of the Academic Department recently had an acute attack of appendicitis, and was taken to Chicago for treatment. We trust that Michael will soon be in our midst again.

The three inseparables—Thomas Hackett, '14, Emmett Kisanane, '14, and Maurice Dillion, '14, gave the "boys" a pleasant surprise a few weeks ago by appearing in our midst and stopping some time with us.

The faculty recently had the pleasure of entertaining Rev. J. Welsh of Chicago Heights, Ill.

The Easter assignments were as follows: Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., Utica, Ill.; Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., Champaign, Ill.; Rev. F. E. Munsch, C. S. V., Chatsworth, Ill.; Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., St. Francis De Sales, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. W. J. Stephenson, C. S. V., St. John the Baptist, Chicago,

Ill.; Rev. W. J. Supernant, C. S. V., Manteno, Ill.; Rev. J. P. Munday, D.D., St. Ambrose, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, C. S. V., Odell, Ill.; Rev. R. M. Nolan, Ivesdale, Ill.; Rev. J. Barrett, Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, Ill.; and Rev. J. V. Rheams, C. S. V., St. Attracta's, Chicago., Ill.

CARD OF THANKS

The editors of the Viatorian desire to express their thanks to Arthur McGrath, '15, of the McGrath Bros. Engraving Co., of Chicago, for the presentation of the beautiful cut that heads our exchange column.

OBITUARY

"Blessed are they who die in the Lord."

Joseph Szczepanik, student at the college, has the sincere regret of the faculty and students in the death of his brother, Rev. Stanislaus Szczepanik.

The prayerful sympathy of all at the college goes out to John Nailon of the Academic Department who mourns the loss of a loving father.

We bespeak prayers for the repose of the soul of Rev. Bro. Othrian, C. S. S. P., brother of Mr. Patrick Casey of the Seminary Department.

Mr. Charles Doherty of the Seminary Department has the sympathy of the entire college in the loss of his brother, Cornelius Doherty.

Requiescant in Pace.



The Varsity, so the fans say, is light but fast. Coach MacDonald did not have many candidates from which to pick, but this scantiness of material has not prevented him from presenting one of the fastest teams St. Viator has ever had. "Capt." Garland has been called in from the garden and elected to protect the initial sack. In two games to his credit, he has looked like a "comer." Curly Flynn, the tiny shortstop, is covering all territory that Hilliard and Kowalski cannot reach. Daly, a new man in uniform, together with Conway, is watching the high ones in left and center while Finnigan plays right field when Pemberton is in the box. Conroy, the newest addition to Viator's exceptional pitching staff, has smoke to waste. With this line-up and an auxiliary of no mean ability, Viator expects to give a good account of herself against Niagara University and Notre Dame in the near future.

LANE COLLEGE, 7

S. V. C., 12

The "Varsity" opened their 1916 season on April 15 with Lane College of Chicago, by a 12-7 victory. Conroy was on the hill for five innings, and chalked up six strike-outs with an allowance of but four hits to the fast aggregation from the city. "Scoop" Pemberton finished the game in the box and poled out three long hits which brought in four of Viator's runs. Flynn made a timely bingle which added two more counts for Viator. Kawolski and Daly, two new members of the Club, made good showings with the stick. Brown, Simmer and Deker of the visitors, played the stellar game for their club.

LANE COLLEGE

	ab.	r	h	po.	e
Deker, ss.	5	0	0	0	1
Brown, 3b	5	1	1	2	3
Rollman, c	3	0	0	5	2
Suyferlick, rf	5	2	2	0	0
Simmer, 2b	5	3	3	4	1
Boyle, 1b	4	1	2	11	1
Wyatt, lf	2	0	0	0	0
Krause, lf	3	0	0	0	0
Dore, cf	4	0	0	1	1
Hollison, p ...	4	0	0	1	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	40	7	8	24	9

ST. VIATOR

	ab.	r	h	po.	e
Flynn, ss	4	1	1	1	1
Hilliard, 2b	5	2	0	1	0
Kowalski, 3b	5	3	3	0	1
Pemberton, rf-p	4	2	3	2	0
Daly, lf	5	1	2	1	0
Sullivan, c	5	0	2	12	0
Hughes, 1b	5	0	0	7	2
Conroy, p	4	2	0	0	0
Conway, cf	4	1	0	1	0
Finnigan, rf	1	0	0	2	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	42	12	11	27	4

Three-base hits, Brown, Pemberton (2); two-base hits, Simmer; stolen bases, Flynn, Conroy, Daly, Pemberton, Rollman; strikeouts, Hollison, 3; Conroy, 6; Pemberton, 5; bases on balls, Hollison, 1.

NORTHWESTERN COLLEGE, 0

S. V C. 2.

On April 28th, the fans were treated to a no-hit no-run game by Viator's crack pitching team, Conroy and Pemberton. Conroy worked for five innings and was then replaced by "Scoop." The heavy hitting team from Naperville could do no effective work against the speed of our pitchers, and in fact conceded ten strikeouts to the local twirlers. Kluckholm worked for the visitors,

but had to grant five hits to Viator before he finished. The game was exceptionally fast and was staged with but two errors. Flynn, Pemberton and Gartland proved the stars of the day at the bat, while Hilliard, the rapid little second-sacker, distinguished himself by his fast fielding and accurate "pegs."

NORTHWESTERN 0

	ab.	r	h	po.	e
Faust, 2b	2	0	0	2	0
Fehr, c	2	0	0	12	0
O. Stenger, 3b	3	0	0	0	0
Erffmeyr, lf	2	0	0	0	0
Kluckholm, p	3	0	0	0	0
Kellerman, ss	3	0	0	2	0
G. Stenger, cf	3	0	0	0	1
Oberhelmen, 1b	3	0	0	7	0
Siewert, rf	3	0	0	1	0
	—	—	—	—	—
	24	0	0	24	1

ST. VIATOR COLLEGE 2

	ab.	r	h	po.	e
Flynn, ss	4	0	2	1	1
Gartland, lb	2	0	1	16	0
Kowalski, 3b	3	1	1	1	0
Pemberton, rf-p	3	1	1	2	0
Daly, lf	3	0	0	2	0
Sullivan, c	3	0	0	8	0
Conway, cf	3	0	0	2	0
Hilliard, 2b	3	0	0	5	0
Conroy, p	3	0	0	1	0
	—	—	—	—	—
	27	2	5	27	1

Stolen bases, Kowalski, Pemberton; strike outs, Conroy, 5; Pemberton, 4; Kluckholm, 12; hit by pitched ball, Conroy. Umpire, McEvoy.

On May 5th, St. Viator crossed bats with Northwestern in a return game on the latter's field and were defeated 7 to 1. For three innings the light varsity was traveling at a fast clip, but in the fourth round Dave Conroy split his finger and donated a couple of costly walks. This just took the "pep" out of

MacDonald's squad and accordingly they made several bobbles which gave the Naperville crowd their seven tallies. "Capt." Gartland led his team with the stick and cracked a three-bagger against the smoke of Kluckholm. Jackie MacCarthy was given his first chance at Varsity ball and pleased the coach by drawing a walk and pocketing two high ones.

NORTHWESTERN 7

	ab.	r	h	po.	e
Faust, 2b	3	0	0	2	1
Fehr, c	2	2	0	6	0
O. Stenger, 3b	4	0	2	2	2
Erffmeyer, lf	5	1	2	4	0
Kluckholm, p	4	0	0	0	1
Oberhelman, 1b	4	1	1	10	1
Hill, ss	4	0	0	1	0
Beanway, cf	4	2	0	1	1
Siewert, rf	4	1	0	1	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	34	7	5	27	6

ST. VIATOR COLLEGE 1

	ab.	r	h	po.	e
Flynn, ss	4	0	0	2	0
Gartland, 1b	4	1	2	3	1
Kawalski, 3b	4	0	0	1	0
Pemberton, rf-p	4	0	1	1	0
Daly, lf	4	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, c	4	0	1	15	0
Conway, cf	4	0	0	0	1
Hilliard, 2b	4	0	0	0	1
Conroy, p	2	0	0	0	1
McCarthy, rf	2	0	0	2	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	34	1	4	24	4

Three-base hits, Gartland, O. Stenger; two-base hits, G. Stenger; strike-outs, Conroy, 6; Pemberton, 8; Kluckholm, 6.

HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL

The coach has lined up future varsity men in the high-school club, which has already given favorable exhibitions of the national pastime. About thirty candidates from the Academy reported for try-outs and out of this wealth of material a fast nine has been chosen. A high school team is a new item in the athletic programme at St. Viator and it promises to be a great success. The younger stars opened their season on April 23 by trouncing Manteno High 14-3. The future greats proved too speedy for their neighbors and piled the score up very easily. Freehill tossed for Viator and granted only four hits to the visitors. Smith was on the mound for M. H. S., but had to concede twelve bingles to MacDonald's lightweights. Shields and Berry put up a fast game, while young "Capt" McCarthy brought back memories of his brother with his neat fielding and timely raps.

On May 3d, the return game was played on the Manteno field. This contest did not prove as one-sided, however, for Viator had to be content with a score of 3-2. McCabe endured for six innings, and then was relieved by Freehill. The Viator High School pitching team allowed but four hits, and Freebury, Shields and Spaulding have a hit apiece to their credit. Smith of Manteno worked a second time against the locals and secured a dozen strike-outs.

Game at Bourbonnais:

Manteno—3		Viator—14
Grant.....	1b.....	Berry
Ankomas.....	2b.....	Shields
Jones.....	3b.....	Freebury
Debouch.....	ss.....	McCarthy
Webber.....	c.....	Francis
Eaton.....	cf.....	Corbett
Payne.....	lf.....	Spaulding
Blatt.....	rf.....	Connors
Smith.....	p.....	Freehill

	R	H	E
Manteno.....	4	3	8
Viator H. S.	12	14	4

Umpire—Pemberton.

Game at Manteno:

Manteno—2		Viator High School—3
Grant	1b.....	Berry
Ankomas	2b.....	Shields
Jones	3b.....	Freebury
Debouch	ss.....	McCarthy
Webber.....	c.....	Francis
Eaton	rf.....	Connors
Payne	cf.....	Spaulding
Blatt	lf.....	McCabe-Freehill
Smith	p.....	J. McCarthy

	H.	R.	E
Manteno	4	2	2
V. H. S.	3	3	2

Umpire—Schultz.

HYDE PARK H.S.—8; V. H. S.—4

For five innings the Viator High School ball club had a comfortable shade in the Hyde Park game. The locals put four runs on ice and thus the score remained until the eighth inning when the enemy came up strong and built the count to eight. The heavy hitting of Hyde Park in the final innings accounts for their surprising victory over Viator, while three costly errors committed by the home team helped to bring defeat upon Capt. McCarthy's nine.

LINE-UP

Hyde Park High School—8		V. H. S.—4
Jacobson	1b.....	Berry
Keu	2b.....	Shields
Murphy	3b.....	Freebury
Herderman	ss.....	McCarthy
Blocke	c.....	Francis
Coleman	rf.....	Connors
Ludwick	cf.....	Spaulding
Carr	lf.....	McCarty
Warner-Schultz.....	p.....	Freehill-McCabe

	H.	R.	E
Hyde Park	8	8	2
Viator H. S.	4	4	3

Umpire, Gartland.

VIATORIANA

Good mornink!
 Big Homecomink, May 30th.
 We've been drinkink black ink.
 It's nothink serious.

 OUR FIVE HILLS

Free-	}	hill.
Ca-		
Steep-		
Up-		
Down-		

 LIFE'S LITTLE BERRIES

Car-	}	berry.
Free-		
Bo-		
Ripe-		
Mul-		

Horse McCarthy's latest success: "Watch Your Soup!" by Jean Crones. Cousin John, Joseph R., and others in the all-star cast.

If Koke should fall from the second floor, where would Gartland?

Who said there was a wreck on the I. C.?

 MIRABILI DICTU!

With eyes and suit of formal cut,
 Full of new steps and modern ball-room stuff,
 The Freshman Prexy danced.

He who trots not, sits it out.

Kasperonian Postulate: "I stand for anything!"

Did you enjoy the campaign cigars? Neither did we.

Couldn't we call it a barber poll-tax?

Vincent's Pre-Easter ballad:

"I'm a Lonesome Mellady."

He Otterbein overjoyed to think that he was going home.

I saw Joe Reading.

Reading what?

Father—"My boy, what have you accomplished?"

Art Student—"Well, dad, I can paint the town red."

Clerk—"Madam, what size hat does your husband wear?"

Customer—"Well, really I don't know, but he wears a 15 collar and his head is much larger than his neck."

Does money talk?

When it says "Good-bye."

IN FRENCH CLASS

Carbery (conjugating)—"I'm no prophet, but I can tell you all about the future."

FAR BE IT FROM SUCH!

"I hope you men won't get the spring fever."

GEOGRAPHY

"Willie, which is the hottest zone?"

"The war zone."

When shall we three meet again—
 Report card, teacher, and the prof?
 In June, when the tumult's done,
 And our credit's lost or won.

(*Exeunt Omnes*)

T. P. K.—“Will he read from that book every night?”

Mac—“What're you going to do this summer, Joe?”
 Different Hues—“The simple life for me.”
 Mac—“Oh, you mean the life of a simp.”

He—“You need a change of life.”
 She—“Then why do you continue your visits?”

IT'S ALL KELLY'S

Eighty-two
 On the bell
 Gets Adele
 Don't it, Mel?

WHAT'S THE SEVENTH POINT?

Big vacation;
 She's a dancer;
 Lots of letters—
 What's the answer?

PITY THE BARD

Sambo—“What play does you all like bestest?”
 Tambo—“Ah likes that play ‘Shakespeare’ jes little better
 than I does ‘Bringing Home d' Bacon’ by a Chicago jedger.”

Salesman (to proprietor of a saloon)—“My purpose in being
 here is to sell you ‘Shakespeare,’ which, as you know—”

Prop.—“Couldn't think of it. My customers demand Mil-
 waukee brands, and they wouldn't stand for a change.”

Labor Leader—"You must discharge this non-union help. The sign in your window says 'Shakespeare Works all this week for \$1.50' and we refuse to tolerate the low wage scale."

Who wrote all this Shakespeare we hear so much about?

Judge—"Do you know what an oath is?"

Prisoner—"Yes, your honor, we just completed our house-cleaning."

Did you get a letter?

What is a mosser?

Look at the new spring co-ats.

Decline "Oshkosh!"

SHAKESPEARE JOKES

Mother—"Why, Johnny, what terrible language!"

Johnny—"Shakespeare says what I just said."

Mother—"Well, don't you ever play with him again!"

Weary Willie—"What works of Shakespeare do you like?"

Dusty Roads—"Aw, I don't like his works, I like his plays."

BILL KNEW THE GAME

"Now you strike like a blind man."—*Much Ado About Nothing*.

"Thou can'st not hit, hit it, hit it."—*Love's Labor Lost*.

"O, hateful error."—*Julius Caesar*.

"What an arm he has!"—*Coriolanus*.

"He will steal, sir."—*All's Well that Ends Well*.

"A hit, a hit, a very palpable hit."—*Hamlet*.