

# The Viatorian

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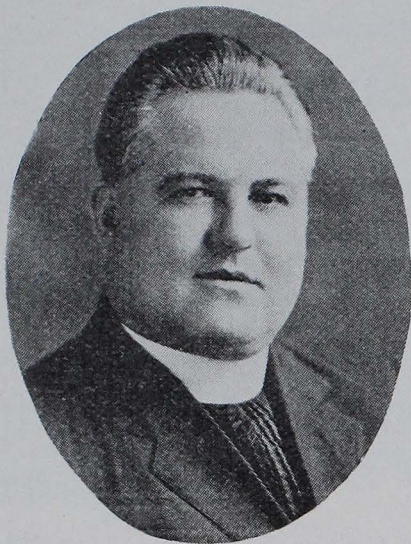
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## To Father Williams, Our Beloved Moderator

By John T. Ellis, '27.



St. Viator College loses a great friend and worker in the recalling of Father Williams to parish work at Milbank, South Dakota in the diocese of Sioux Falls.

Father Williams first came to us in 1905 and was engaged in teaching at the village school until 1907. The following year he entered the college department, receiving his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1910 and his Master's degree two years later. While in college Father Williams was a formidable candidate for the guard berth on the Varsity football team and won the coveted V in reward for his excellent playing. It was in 1911 that he first took over the helm of the Viatorian direction, holding the position of Faculty Director from 1911 to 1915, when he was called to Holy Orders by his Bishop at Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

After entering upon the ways of God's ministry he again banded with the Viatorian Fathers as a teacher in their college at Chamberlain, South Dakota until the summer of 1916. Then his Bishop being in need of men, recalled him to parish work in Lennox, South Dakota where he served as pastor for four years.

In the Fall of 1920 he returned to St. Viator to act as professor of History and English. It was at this time that Father Williams resumed the management of the Viatorian. It was due to his untiring efforts and his insistence upon quality as well as quantity in the paper that it attained the height of perfection which it has reached in the last two years. Last year was a banner year for the Viatorian as was clearly manifested by the excellent compliments paid our publication through the exchanges.

Not only was Father Williams Director of the Viatorian but for the past two years he has guided the activities of the Senior Academy Classes in the capacity of their Moderator. It is mainly through his efforts that St. Viator College has to-



day upon her campus twelve beautiful boulevard lights, left as memorials by the classes of 1923 and 1924.

And so we might go on enumerating the qualities of this big man. Space prevents us from saying more. But we wish to conclude by stating that St. Viator is not yet conscious of the loss she has suffered by the recalling of Father Williams and the Viatorian Staff will always feel his kindly, intelligent advise hovering over their endeavors throughout this year and the years to come for Father Williams has won for himself a name that will not soon be forgotten in the halls of Viator.

### TO FATHER WILLIAMS

From us he wandered, yet lingers here  
For him a place within our hearts.  
Amidst our cares it dwells, this thought, and like  
A ray of sunlight it dispels  
Our doubts and sorrows. Few there are  
Can pose as rival to his genius. As Man  
His very nature defines goodness. Large of heart  
As is his stature, to know him is to love and pay him  
Tribute to his mighty manhood. Deep, sincere,  
He knows not fear  
Of any issue. Nor will his smile  
Give way to sadness, cloaking thoughts that  
sometime trouble  
When his brethren's hearts are sin-stained  
And the nations are in turmoil.  
With soul of music he created  
Verses that have known no equal.  
Wrote he of the Fields of Flanders  
And his fame swept like a torrent  
Over plain from highest mountain.  
His life an epic, he sits crowned  
In the realm of rhyme and rythm.  
He knows well the tedious pathways  
Up the mountainside of Learning;  
Patience, Kindness, simple candor,  
Made him loved by all the fellows.  
Then as priest, his words of comfort  
Made our minds both free and happy,  
Inspired new deeds of fruitful virtue.  
In other fields he now is sowing  
Seeds of wisdom, light, and learning;  
Seeds that soon will yield a harvest  
And repay the sower's labor.  
Later when the reck'ning's taken,  
And his mission is fulfilled,  
"Come, thou good and faithful servant",  
Shall he hear as his reward.  
Although regret at his departure  
Leaves us sad and heavy-hearted,  
We hope that he will come and visit  
With the friends that he has made here.  
Always shall there be a welcome  
For this kindly man of learning.



## American Hero-Worship

Vincent Pfeffer, '26

When our American representatives to the Council of Versailles returned with only their baggage, while the diplomats for the other allied nations returned loaded with the spoils of victory, the mass of our common citizenry felt obliged to bow their heads with a shameful blush for the artlessness of their chosen delegates. As the thinking person is fully aware, the American representatives were not only thrown into conference with the most sagacious and the craftiest diplomats of the world, but as Americans they remembered the principles advanced by the United States upon entering the war which was not the aggrandizement of territory, but to make the world safe for democracy. But as is often true of human nature, those who are only too ready to condemn an apparent fault in others, especially superiors, soon prove themselves the abject slaves of the identical failing within themselves.

Hence it is not altogether singular that the same group of our citizens who ridiculed their own statesmen for guilelessness at the Versailles Conference, should, upon the visit of a foreign prince, adapt the role of aping simpletons and conduct themselves in a manner that is fantastically silly.

The recent visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States gives rise to the serious question, whether or not we are intelligent enough to maintain a democracy. Despite the fact that this is campaign year, with three candidates for the highest office in the United States, and each aspirant to that important station supporting a code of political principles different from the others, we do not find politics the all-important topic of the daily press, for political discussions are reserved until the populace is enlightened as to the pastime of the Prince, his choice of clothes, hour of retirement, and sundry other details regarding his personal habits. The presidential election this year bids fair to create an epoch in our national history but, to too many citizens such an event is only of minor consequence in comparison to the shade of the Prince's tie.

After studying the phenomena created by the royal visitation, the explanation of the existence of the Doctrine of Divine Right of Kings involves no difficulty. If the Prince strolls down the avenue, his progress is retarded by a crushing mob of full-grown men and women who are thrown into



a state of child-like stupefaction when the discovery is made that the Prince possesses many characteristics not unlike those of a human being. He is especially aped in his dress. Because he appeared upon one occasion with the brim of his hat slightly turned down on one side, thousands of hats from coast to coast suffered a similar deformity. Luckily the Prince was not so absent-minded as to forget his hat entirely as an epidemic of influenza might have followed but no brain fever need have been feared.

As Americans welcoming a royal personage to our country, we were bound by principle of national diplomacy to show every mark of respect and courtesy. But possessing the form and stature of men, we should leave the art of mimicry to the inhabitants of the jungle, and as citizens of a democracy we should show sufficient character and enlightenment to govern ourselves.

The Prince has ended his visit with us, and though he extended many kindly compliments upon us at his departure, I am sure he has reserved some opinions to himself because they could not be calculated to please a people who boast of intelligence.

\* \* \*

## The New National Chaplain

James Toolan, '27

Another of Viator's sons has received a signal honor. Father Joe Lonergan, pastor of the church of Durand, Illinois, recently acquired national fame. The following clipping, taken from a Rockford paper, describes well the celebration that followed Father Lonergan's election as National Chaplain of the American Legion:

The occasion, officially, was a recognition by all Illinois of the honors bestowed upon the Rev. Father Joseph Lonergan, who was elected national chaplain of the American legion at the St. Paul convention. A lieutenant governor was on hand in official capacity; four gold stripes of a line captain of the navy lent official recognition by the country's military forces of the occasion; a state commander of the legion which had elevated Father Lonergan to the high position was here; there were bands and bunting and men in uniform everywhere.

But to the townspeople of Durand, who filled every inch of the little opera house, the occasion was an opportunity to say "well done" to one of their own. The honors, the huzza, all were a matter of course to the people who love him. They needed none of it to tell them his worth.



Lieut. Gov. Fred E. Sterling, Howard P. Savage, state commander of the legion, Judge Fred E. Carpenter of Rockford, Charles W. (Daddy) Schick, former state commander, Captain Edward A. Evers, U. S. Navy, T. H. Young, commander of Durand legion post and Father Lonergan spoke. Bailey's orchestra of Rockford played for dancing after the reception.

#### Tells of School days

Guests at the banquet, besides the speakers, included members of Durand legion and auxiliary, and officers of Rockford and Pecatonica posts.

Mr. Savage, in his speech at the public reception told of Joseph Lonergan's school days at St. Viator's. The speaker played against young Joe in football, he said, and more than once his own team had gone down to defeat before the future national chaplain's hard playing. He reviewed Father's Lonergan's record as state chaplain of the legion. It was because of this splendid record, he said, that Father Lonergan had been elected unanimously by representatives of the legion from 48 states and the island possessions of the United States. He complimented Durand upon its legion post and pointed to the work it was doing with boy scouts.

#### Honor To Small Town

Judge Carpenter described the occasion as unique. It was the first time, he said, that he had ever witnessed a celebration for a man in a small town who had been given national recognition. It should serve as proof, he declared, that really big men need not go to the larger cities to obtain honors. Judge Carpenter expressed, he said, the appreciation of all Winnebago county, for the honor Father Lonergan had brought to it.

Lieutenant Governor Sterling said that in his work as state chaplain of the legion, Father Lonergan had preached the gospel of friendship to the people of all creeds and nationalities within the borders of the state.

Father Lonergan, replying to all the praise, declared that he felt it was for the cause, not for him. The legion's cause, Americanization, service of all as one people, one in heart, one in love of country, was worthy of all praise. Selection of a chaplain from a small town was wise, he said, for it is to the small towns that the cause must be carried. They must be led to think as one people. Only so long as the small communities are a part of the whole country, will America be united.

"You men who belong only to lodges and societies," he said, "Cannot know the comradeship that we of the legion know, for ours is the comradeship of hardship, of sacrifice and of danger, a real comradeship."

Every Alumnus who achieves an honor of such great importance bestows fresh glory on his Alma Mater. We feel justly proud that another of Viator's sons has been deemed worthy of holding a position of national importance.

We take this opportunity to congratulate Father Lonergan and to extend to him sincerest wishes for great success in his new office.



## Even as this One

By Andrew O'Laughlin, '25.

It was a beautiful October Eve. The atmosphere was heavy with that soft, sweet spirit we call the Fall. Even the adamant of the city seemed to be invaded with that dreamy spirit; and under its mysterious influence those gray-black walls representing so much life and so much misery were for a space changed and softened. It was as if the mantle of nature falling upon them had made them forget what manner of things they were, what manner of people they held and what manner of life they signified. From inanimate things, stern and cold, they seemed to become something endowed with a soft radiance we call life; and the people that lived in them, at all other times a grim faced lot, to whom a smile indicative of sincere joy was a rarity, now forgot what manner of people they were, and what sort of life they led, and appeared filled with joy. Like the autumn leaves they danced and played until passing, they were no more; they decked themselves in their finery and for a moment were happy; then, in a short time, all was over and the old drudgery returned.

On this particular beautiful eve, when more than ever this dreamy spirit seemed to obsess and urge to pleasure, as beautiful and disappointing as that last dance of the leaves, there happened an incident common enough, but which as common incidents often do, caused a tremendous result.

A taxicab drew up before the brilliantly lighted Arcade Theatre and a young couple alighted therefrom. The young lady appeared to be close to twenty-five, and while not singularly beautiful, was pleasing to the eye. Nor was the man, possibly a year or two older than the woman, though not of herculean proportions, or possessing what might be termed handsome features, offensive to the eye. Taking the external features of appearance and mannerism, to be indicative of the internal nature, one might easily believe that the woman was prone to be kindly and the man to be generous, though with an inclination to be easily angered. Such at least was Shif'less Joe's inference, as embodied in one of his many soliloquies: "So that's her fiance. Not so bad, not so bad; seems to have some kale; might pass in a crowd for looks. But just a bit excitable, I'd say."

While Shif'less Joe, standing in a hallway next to the theatre, was experiencing these thoughts, the couple passed in the lobby and were lost in the crowd.



Apparently he was satisfied, for pulling his slouch hat a little deeper over his left eye and shrugging his shoulders, he turned to go. He tried, as he tramped the hard cement, to recall from the maze of faces he knew, the name that should have been associated with the familiar countenance of the man he had just seen.

"I seen him somewhere before. But where? Musta been at the Crown City Cafe, about 18. He don't look like that kind though, and that guys name wasn't John Walters. If he's got the jack and is square she's better off with him than she woulda been with me."

He sauntered on, passed down a dark narrow street and then cut across an empty lot and finally reached the tracks. A few minutes later he was sitting on the swaying edge of an "empty," of a "drag" that was rattling and wheezing over the road—over the road to home for Shif'less Joe.

Truth to tell, Joe isn't much of a hero; had the choice been mine he would never have entered this tale. But God is the Maker of heroes and that is what He made Joe. Physically Joe was a short slim fellow, his face rather the darker for too much sun, a shock of dark unkempt hair surmounting his smallish head, eyes deep set. His nose gave evidence of many a hard knock; his mouth was invariably twisted into either a grin or a leer. His lean jaw had by long practice been capable of showing a well developed muscle when an impressive "hard look" was necessary.

A stock taking of his mental characteristics would not add materially to his qualifications as a hero. Aside from experience, he had very little schooling. And experience, usually a bitter teacher, in Joe's case had been needlessly cruel. His mother and father had died while he was very young and had left him to the mercy of a hard world; and the only things that the world had given him were a keen power of observation, a sharpened sense of shrewdness, and an absolute trust and confidence in himself.

No, he wasn't much of a hero; even a fond father or mother would not have called him that; certainly, we who have witnessed his life after their departure wouldn't call him that, for he was as shiftless, as lazy, as unstable as any being ever trod the earth. Even love failed to redeem him. When earlier in this story he had remarked "than she would have been with me," Joe had been thinking of that girl and himself.

Joe loved that girl, Eileen Macomb; everyone knew that. She was the only one who had cared for him during his friendless youth; and no wonder he loved her passionately! But that love was never spoken, it was a silent yearning thing within him; whether it eventually sent him to his grave I do



not profess to know; but it did bring him back to see her every year, no matter where his aimless footsteps led him. Some said he never revealed his love because "he did not want to take the trouble to raise a family." That may or may not be true. Others there are who said that some innate generosity, inspired by the knowledge that he would never be anything but a "ne'er-do-well," was the cause of his silence.

But here, while we are discussing his nature, Joe and his private car are swaying over the rails homeward. Sandow is not far from Metzka, so not more than half an hour elapsed from the time he left the former town until he was walking beside his best friend down the pike of the latter place.

He and Neale Howe had met in a rather peculiar manner. While Joe was not much given to carousing, occasionally, when his better nature prompted him to relinquish his nomadic career or when the trials of life were getting too heavy, he indulged in vinous liquors. It was on one of these rare occasions, after he had comfortably settled in a roadside ditch and made it his home, that Neale Howe, the village favorite, had come to his assistance. Joe was so stunned by this kind act that he suffered the young man to take him to his home. From that time forward a rope friendship grew up between the two.

At first the village sages were doubtful about it. The village opinion was aptly expressed by old Tom Adams when he said: "I kain't see no reason why Neale should take up with that Shif'less Joe. It won't come to good, I kin tell ye." Nor did any of us, who had learned to like Neale in the short eight months that he had been among us, see why he should have taken to Shif'less Joe. However, the pair did not pay any attention to what others were saying; they adhered to one another and it was not long before we began to notice a change in Shif'less Joe. He began to take a little pride in his personal appearance and after surprising everyone by remaining at home for five consecutive months, he finally asked for a job and actually started to work.

It is at this stage we meet Joe in the opening of our story. Both men were of a quiet nature and their silence as they walked along this evening was not unusual. But when they came to the cottage, instead of entering, Howe stopped and waited for a few minutes, as if he were meditating upon something he wished to say.

"Joe," he said, "I'm leaving."

Joe made no answer, but merely waited for Neale to continue; he had been expecting this disclosure, for Neale had evidently been troubled the last month or two.

"I'm going to-night!" Neale continued.

"What's wrong?" Joe broke in, as he laid his hand on



his friend's shoulder. "What are you leaving for,—and why to-night? 'Tisn't Betty and you, is it?"

"You just about hit it, Joe. It's Betty."

"What's wrong there? I thought she liked you."

"That's just it. She does; and, well, things are such that it's impossible for me to marry her."

"How come? You never told me anything like this before. Did you ask her to marry you?" Joe asked.

"No, I didn't because—because I couldn't marry her if she'd have me!"

"Let's have the story, Neale. I think you're making a mountain out of molehill. Let's hear the story and maybe we can patch it up."

Neale reflected for a while; and then:

"Look her, Joe; what I tell you now you gotta keep to yourself, understand?"

"Partner, have I ever slipped on you yet?" was Joe's quiet rejoinder.

"Let's go inside, Joe and I'll give you the story. I don't care to talk out here."

They went inside and Neale Howe began his tale.

"To begin at the beginning, I was born and lived all my life in Cavern City. There were four in our family: Dad, Mother, Sis and myself. Sis, being the youngest, was the most favored. Up till the time she went to an eastern academy to complete her schooling, we had been close pals and always were together. While she was away, of course, I did not get to see her, only once or twice; but we always wrote to one another. I finished a couple of years ahead of her and had been working with Dad. We were planning to make her society debut a big thing, with me playing the "guiding star" part. But that spring when she was to come home, Dad died and I had to take his job. The business was in good shape and there was a bunch of good men to help me, but it wasn't an easy task for me to learn all there was to that business. After making many mistakes, I did learn something, though it took nearly all my time and interest to do it. In the meantime Sis had come home and begun her social career. It was impossible for me to watch over her much, as much of my time was spent in different places, doing things connected with the business. I was with her on one occasion when she met Sydney Durand. He was outwardly everything that you'd want a man to be, but I never liked him; he looked tricky to me. And I don't think Agnes liked him; at least she didn't seem to think much of him that night. I didn't like him at first and my dislike grew to hate as the months passed by. I found out that he was a gambler—and I suspected that he gambled on the stock market as much as he did on the wheel



and cards; and I supposed, though I had never been able to confirm my suspicions, that he cheated there as well as with the cards. It must have been something like a year after the time Agnes met him, that he was again mentioned at home.

"Then one night I came home from the office, dead tired and about in the last pit of discouragement. The major share of the directors were aching to put over a deal that would put the company at the top of the list, but somewhere somebody was systematically blocking it. Just why none of us could figure out. Durand owned some shares in the company but not enough, I thought, to block our move. Yet, after sounding them all, he seemed to be the one who was holding us up. Why I couldn't figure out then, but I found out that night.

"After dinner Agnes came and sat down beside me, as she used to do when we were young. She was nervously twisting her glass beads, which she wore around her neck.

"More money, I suppose; always money," I teased. She didn't answer for a time.

"Well, Sis, what's the trouble? Anything I can do for you."

"Neale," she finally asked, "I, I——, do you remember Sydney Durand?"

"Do I remember him? Yes. Why?"

"Well, he and I—He asked me last night to marry him—and I promised to."

"Marry him," I blankly echoed. "But do you love him?"

"Yes," she responded, but there was no vibration, no life, no warmth in her assertion. I felt that she lied; why then was she marrying him? But there was no reason to contradict her then after all I might be mistaken so I had best wait until I was sure before I spoke.

"Then," I said as I drew her to me, "I hope you'll be happy. Congratulations."

"Don't tell mother yet," she pleaded. "She doesn't like him very well and she wants me to marry Jimmie Murray." She trembled as she mentioned the name, and my suspicions that she didn't love Durand were partly confirmed. "And she might make trouble. Promise me, please."

"All right, little Sis. Shall I see Durand?"

"Yes, but not right away, please."

"Just why she wanted this delay, I never found out but it certainly gave me cause to be suspicious of the whole affair. She was being forced into the marriage but by what means I didn't know. I was anxious to see Durand and untangle the thing. It occurred to me that perhaps the something between Sis and him might also be something connected with my business. I waited a week or two before I went to see him, and then ostensibly on business purposes.



"I do not know why I took my gun. It had lain untouched in my desk for years, but on that evening, as I was looking through the desk, I happened upon it and absent-mindedly put it in my pocket.

"I was at his residence about eight. After the usual greetings we sat down to discuss business matters.

"'Durand,' I began, 'I'd like to have your views on this Crawford deal. Do you think it will pay?'

"We both must have been aware that this matter was only a blind for something else, for our discussion was desultory and listless. At last I came to the point.

"'My sister has informed me that you and she are engaged.'

"'Yes. She has promised to be my wife. I hope,' his looks betrayed his words—'that we have your consent.'

"I hesitated before replying.

"'But she does not love you; though she——'

"'What!' he grated. 'Not love me? You lie!'

"For a moment I doubted myself; his acting was perfect.

"'No, she doesn't love you; though she says she does. You have some sort of hold on her, and you're forcing her to marry you!'

"'That's a lie, Howe! Be careful. I won't be insulted, nor will I stand here and listen to you speak of my future wife—and;' he added, with a slight leer,—'your sister?'

"His last words aroused all the fury in me. But I had a game to play and I controlled myself.

"'Look the facts in the face, Durand. We're both in the same business. You hold enough in that business to block my venture. Now, our latest plan you, as a business man, know is a good chance. It's being blocked. By whom? There is only one man possible. Also my sister didn't like you from the beginning. Now she says she is in love with you; and wants to marry you within three weeks. Why?'

"He made no answer.

"'Shall I tell you? It is because, in three weeks this deal will or will not go over; after that the chance is gone. Now, you must have promised to see us through if my sister would consent to marry you. That's about it, isn't it?'

"'Howe,' he was deliberately cold, and his tone was insulting to the last degree. 'Are you saying that I'm using a business gag to force your sister to marry me?'

"'I'm saying nothing; merely putting the facts before you. What have you to say of them?'

"'Just this. You're no one to upbraid me with such a trick! Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones. Looks to me like you'll suggest that I agree to back your "lat-



est ventures," before you'll consent to your sister marrying me.'

"The implication that I was refusing to let Agnes marry him because he was blocking our financial progress stung me to the quick.

" 'Say that again and I'll kill you!' I grated through my teeth.

"He merely laughed; a low mocking laugh, that somehow irritated me beyond all reason. It broke my strained nerves and threw me into a frenzy. I had turned away from him. I whirled around, gun in hand; he was in the act of rising; there was a flash, a report; the smell of burnt powder filled the air. He pitched forward on the table, his lips still wreathed in that sardonic smile. I fled from the room—a murderer! I passed through the outer door, rushed into the arms of my pal, Jimmie Murray,—the guy that looks like you."

"I told him what had happened, as we hurried down the street. He gave me some money and told me to go to Mexico, and from there to South America and then come back to the U. S. He promised that he'd take care of Sis and Mother; you know he loved Sis. I followed his directions and here I am."

The two men sat in the darkness thinking it over; the one trying to find words of comfort and encouragement; the other wishing that time might be turned back and his life might yet be lived over. After a long while they arose and shook hands.

"Promise me," Joe demanded, "you'll not go?"

"All right," came the reply, and Joe knew he could depend on that promise.

No further mention was made of the subject, and the two went on as before, just as if the dread secret was not a reality. Neale continued his quiet way; but Joe was beginning to feel restless. The old urge to wander was beginning to assert itself; the desire of the freedom of hill and plain was growing stronger, and made the life of captivity more and more irksome. He noticed, too, that Neale, despite his outward cheerfulness, was not the same as before; life was becoming dull and tiresome to him. To live within reach of love and happiness and yet to be barred from it by a youthful mistake, was becoming too much for the young man; and he wanted to go away or to do something to make him forget. Joe perceived this, and something urged him to go and find out if possible what was true of Neale's past.

It was going to be a long journey this time, Joe felt; but he entered upon it with the enthusiasm of an adventurer. A nascent plan in his mind was directing the not unfruitful labor of his wanderings, he hoped. It was with a thrill



akin to that which an animal feels when it has eluded its pursuers that he boarded the freight that bore him southward. Then he made a few short trips westward, next he doubled back a bit and went northward to Chicago, from whence he crossed to the Rockies and over to the coast. All this took time; that was why Joe did it. He might have crossed straight over and saved time. The delay offered this one advantage; it enabled him to complete the plan he had in mind by the time he reached his destination.

He had even prepared the words he addressed to the first lady of whom he asked something to eat,—Neale's mother.

"Good morning, Missus. Could yuh please give me some-thin' to eat? I ain't tasted a bite for three days (that was the truth, too). I'll work for it. I ain't been able to get anything to do for months."

The kind old lady, whose gray hairs seemed premature, regarded him closely for a few moments. Joe would have sworn that she started as she gazed at him; but he did not "bat an eyelash." His plan had started propitiously. The next thing to do was to secure work and a place to board. It was largely through Mrs. Howe that he did find something to do; and she, evidently taking to him from the beginning, permitted him to board at her home. After he had been there two or three months he learned from her lips what he had come west to find out. For instance, one evening as they were sitting on the porch, she in answer to his query, "Why did you take so to me?" told him.

"Because you so much resembled my son-in-law. Perhaps you wonder why the house is so still and I look so aged. Five years ago all this was different. My husband was alive; my boy and girl were just at the age when they meant most to parents. But my husband died and my boy stepped in to fill his place. There was a mixup and somehow or other, I never could make out just how, my Agnes became engaged to a fellow named Durand.

"He was a worthless, no-account man; and it was only because he had some kind of a hold on her that she would have married him. One night my son went to see him. They must have quarreled; and Neale shot him; at least they said he did; they found his gun there; but I never believed he did. Jimmie Murray, that's my son-in-law, met him that night and helped him to get away. He married Agnes sometime after that, but she was always delicate and the shock of her brother's act and his loss were hard on her, and she—died. After her death he wanted me to go some place and forget all that had happened. I wanted to go, but supposing Neale came



home and there was nobody here? So I have waited for my two boys, Eddie and Jimmie."

Joe was glad that the darkness hid his emotion and that he had the strength to resist the temptation to tell this mother what he knew of her son. Such bits of information proved valuable to his plan, for every little piece of information enabled him to see a little further into the mystery. A less observant man would have passed certain little things he saw; thus no one had thought it worth while to consider the time it would take a person to walk from the latticed window to the room where the crime had been committed to the front of the house. Joe had.

In six weeks he had gathered some information, though of a scanty nature. Briefly, he summed it up thus: Durand was facing north. Neale was standing opposite him. Behind Neale and a little to the left was the only window in the room. But that was much higher than a man's head would have come. The only possibility of reaching that would have been to climb on the trellis work outside; and nobody knows whether that was injured or not, so you can't find out whether somebody was there or not. Besides, what motive would there be? And the only other fellow near the scene had been Murray. I wonder if——? Even if he was jealous that would be a long shot. And why on this particular night, if he did choose that method? I'm afraid it looks bad for Neale. He should not have left his gun. That practically gave him away. And running away made the murder certain. Only thing I know to do is look up this Murray and find out what he knows. That's going to be a real job."

It was a far harder job than he had anticipated. After leaving, Murray had made several jumps; and, as his mother-in-law had not heard from him in more than six months, there was no way of finding him through her. Besides, if Joe had become inquisitive concerning him, Mrs. Howe might want to know why. So Joe let that part go, and with what meagre knowledge he had been able to gleam of the man's whereabouts he set out searching for him, trusting that fortune would aid him. And a lucky accident did help him.

When he discovered whom the man was, he was thrown into an agony of hell. His first impulse was to kill him, for that man was Eileen Macomb's fiance,—the man he knew as John Walters. But conquering this, he fled, and many a night he spent beneath the open sky, far from home, till his rage had died. Then he returned, determined to face Walters, or to use his right name, Murray, and have the matter out. They met one night on a street corner and Joe, in his bluff manner, introduced himself.

"Partner, my name's Joe Carleton. You're John Walters,



aren't you? I have something important I'd like to talk about,—with you. Where can we go where we won't be bothered?"

Walters, evidently impressed by Joe's manner, considered for a moment, and then said, "All right, come up to my rooms."

Once in the house and their cigarets lighted, Joe came right to the point of the matter.

"Murray, I came here to find out just what you know about the Durand murder."

Murray started violently.

"Durand—murder? Man, you're all wrong. You don't want me. I don't even know what you're talking about. You're crazy!"

"Murray!" Joe hoped that the repetition of his true name would so upset him that he would "make a break," "Nobody accused you of killing him. I just want to know what you know about it. You were near at hand."

"What are you talking about? 'Near at hand.' Near to what?"

"To the scene of the murder! That bluff is no good. I know who you are, and I know that you shot Durand. So come across with the facts. It'll be better for you. Don't reach for that gun; mine's right on you!"

Murray was weakening, but he was making a fight for freedom.

"You seem to know all about it already. Tell it yourself."

"I know something and I suspect a lot more, but I haven't proof yet. For instance, you met Neale Howe at the gate of Durand's home. How come you were there 'just going home,' as the papers said? Yeh, but mightn't you have come from that window after shooting Durand? You know when those birds investigated, they never thought anything about windows or the angle of elevation a shot would have made. That would have been hard to figure out. Just what happened to your gun? It was the same calibre as Howe's!"

"Well, what are you going to do? You haven't anything but suspicions. You can't prove anything. What are you going to do?"

"I can't do anything. I simply wanted to know whether you're guilty or not."

"What for? You have a reason. Why?"

"Listen to me. About a year ago I met Neale Howe,—rather he dragged me out of a gutter and took me home. In a couple of months we became pretty good pals. Then he ups and falls in love with a little gal named Betty and he comes along one night and tells me some story about him being a



murderer and couldn't marry the girl and so forth. But he's a square guy, even if he did bump off this Durand. I went west to see if I could find out anything about the killing. I ran across your trail. Now, what I want to find out is a way to clear Neale of this crime."

A heavy silence ensued. Both stared blankly at the table. At length Joe arose to go. Murray put forth a detaining hand.

"Wait. Let's figure this out. I know Neale,—he's my brother-in-law. And, well I want to help him. I never stopped to think before. I'm—I'm—well, I killed Durand. He was going to marry Agnes and I loved her. He was worthless. I went there that night to kill him, but Howe was there first. I climbed up on the trellis work and shot over Neale's shoulder. I suppose there's only one thing to do,—go back."

"But what of Eileen Macomb? You and she are engaged, aren't you? What of her?" They sat and thought. Then Murray said:

"It's going to be a blow; but the only thing to do is go back and face trial."

"Wait a minute. I have a proposition. I don't care whether you go to trial or not, in fact, I don't want you to. This guy ought to have been killed. Maybe we can patch it up so's neither you nor Neale has to go back."

"I don't see how."

"Take a good look at me. Look something alike, don't we? Well, I used to love your sweetheart, Eileen Macomb. And I know she likes you pretty well. Now here's poor Neale and Betty can't get married because he thinks he's guilty of murder. Supposing I go back and say I'm you? I can get away with it."

"Nothing doing. Why should you, who are not guilty, suffer?"

"Forget the martyr stuff, old man. I ain't that kind. I got a good defense and I'll get away with it."

"But it's not on the square."

"Who cares? Remember, if you go what'll people say about Eileen? You got obligations. I ain't. If you went out and didn't come clear, everything would be off. But if I go and square up, I can go some place and start over. Another bad name doesn't mean a thing to me. I've just about the limit as it is. And you and Eileen and Betty and Neale can get hooked up, this guy will be gone, and I'll leave for the Orient."

"Sure you can get away with it?"



"Sure as I'm living! Only one promise from you: Neale Howe lives near here. I want you and Eileen to leave for four or five years,—and I'll fix the matter with Howe."

"Certainly."

They shook hands and departed.

A month later Neale Howe's mother brought him the news that her son-in-law had committed the crime and had returned to confess it. He and Betty became engaged that night. Jimmie Murray, a few miles away, got a very short letter,—just one line:

"Dear Jimmie:

"Goin' west in the morning. My regards to Eileen.

"JOE."

He smiled, because he didn't know the meaning of those words, "goin' west." You see Joe's defense wasn't,—well, it just *wasn't*.

### ATTENTION, ALUMNI!

Don't forget that our big annual Home Coming  
is on

**November 15th**

Lots of Entertainment

Student's Parade

St. Viator-Eureka Football Game

Home Coming Dance

at the new Knights of Columbus Ball Room.

Everybody welcome

Bring your own smile

We furnish the rest





## Dedication of K. C. War Memorial

The dedication of the new Knights of Columbus War Memorial building, erected by St. Viateur's Council No. 745, Kankakee, Ill., as a living monument to the memory of those who sacrificed their lives for the country's cause in the World's War and of those who otherwise participated in the nation's defense, took place Sunday, Oct. 12. The new community was formally dedicated at 1:30 Sunday after a Pontifical High Mass had been celebrated by Right Rev. Msgr. Legris,



D. D., '74, at 10:30 o'clock Sunday morning. A beautiful sermon was rendered by Rev. John P. O'Mahony, c. s. v., Treasurer of St. Viator College. The building was blessed by Right Rev. Msgr. Legris, D. D., assisted by Rev. P. Dufault, A. B. '03, and Rev. G. Picard and local priests.

After the ceremony the Rev. G. Picard delivered an appropriate address. The Triangle Trio of Chicago sang several popular songs during the afternoon. Visiting members from surrounding towns and their friends numbering several thousands inspected the building in the afternoon and evening. Councils from Danville, Champaign, E. St. Louis, Chicago Heights, Joliet, Gilman, Chatsworth, and Janesville, Wisconsin had sent delegates to Kankakee to attend the exercises and banquet.

At six o'clock a sumptuous banquet was served to over six hundred guests, who filled the large auditorium. The Catholic Daughters of America served a well prepared menu under the direction of Mrs. J. T. Langan. Mr. Jack Hickey, Grand Knight of the Council, ably presided as toastmaster. Attorney Thos. F. Donovan, of Joliet, first Grand Knight and founder and organizer of the Council, delivered a masterful oration on the progress of the Knights of Columbus in Kankakee.

Rev. J. W. Maguire, c. s. v. '11, Chaplain of the Council, gave a forceful address on the accomplishments of the Knights of Columbus in Kankakee, with particular reference to the construction of the new Community building. The Rev. W. J. Bergin, c. s. v., in his address, dwelt especially on the untiring labor of the prominent members of the Council, emphasizing particularly the noble work of the Grand Knight, Mr. John Hickey, and the zealous labors of Mr. Lawrence Babst, and Mr. Fred Kamp, Financial Secretary of St. Viator's Council. Brilliant speeches were made by Edward Houlihan, state deputy of Chicago; Rev. H. A. Darche, '09, of Bradley, and Rev. P. Dufault, Pastor of St. Rose Church, Kankakee.

The evening's program was brought to a close by an encore of the Columbian Sextet, followed by the singing of "America".

H. K. '25.



## A Crying Need

Murel Vogel, '26

When Viator's sons arrived back home this year, they found a number of surprises in the way of improvement awaiting them. New light fixtures and steel lockers had been installed in the rooms, which had been repainted. The Gym had been remodeled so that a new, attractive club room and a fit stage for dramatics were provided. Iron steps had supplanted the wooden ones which, although they provided a good place for carving one's initials, yet were neither very durable nor sightly. Nor was this all. The refectory had been walled with white-enameled brick, and a cafeteria, which unites perfect sanitation, with complete satisfaction in serving meals, had been installed. A new kitchen had been built and so completely equipped that the greatest variety of foods could be cooked with the least amount of trouble possible. In short, Viator had taken every step possible to make the college a home and not a mere boarding house for the sons who had enrolled to live under her roof for the coming ten months.

Now, it is time for the students to do something for themselves. For years, St. Viator has needed a grand stand around College Field. Year after year it turns out athletic teams that are far above the average for a school of its size. Past records show that it has held its own and even beaten teams representing schools where enrollment is three, four, even ten, times its own, in football, basketball, and baseball. This year, and in future years, it does not expect merely to equal its past history, it expects to surpass it. People of this vicinity are interested in Viator. They can't help but be interested in a school of its size, which has made such athletic progress as its teams have made and are still making. Many of these people attend our games. Countless more of them would come if they just had a suitable place to sit after they arrive. They give the excuse that they do not feel like standing up during the entire progress of a game. With a grandstand the field, there is no reason why St. Viator could not have crowds attending its games somewhat in proportion to the calibre of the teams it produces. The receipts would thereby defray at least part of the large expenses that any athletic team necessarily incurs because it would allow the athletic committee to schedule more and better games at home, and at the same time it would give "The Fighting Irish" some of the moral backing they so greatly deserve.



The College Club has functioned for four or five years now, and each year it has enlarged its activities over the year preceding. At first it merely provided a few "Smokers" for the fellows. Then it succeeded in giving a school dance. The next year it gave several dances, and last year it gave dances, held a carnival, and backed the athletic teams in every way possible. All the funds went to our teams. But it has yet to accomplish something big. It has outgrown its infancy and has advanced to a stage where it should try a man's-size project. Nothing could be a more appropriate starter than this proposed grandstand. Our school needs it, the teams deserve it, and our pride calls for it more than for any other single improvement. The school year has just begun, thus giving plenty of time to give dances, carnivals, negro-minstrels, plays, or any thing else that will swell the fund for a much needed grandstand. The school is doing its part in improving the conditions and making life here more pleasant. It is clearly the students' duty to help also, and surely there could be no more loyal response than to build a grandstand around College Field.

### THE MOCK-TRIAL

Last year saw the advent of the mock-trial as well as the inauguration of the green-cap tradition at Viator. The famous trial of the Frosh President will go down in the history of the school as one of the greatest things ever featured by the student body of St. Viator College.

This year we are continuing the mock-trial and each trial becomes more and more laughable. The clever impromptu speeches and never ceasing flow of wit make them really remarkable events. Everyone enjoys these mock-trials, except, of course, the defendant. And he enjoys himself all the more when some other unsuspecting Freshman is summoned to court. The ceremony is carried out in regular manner, with a permanent judge, States-Attorney, clerks, bailiffs, deputies 'neverything. And the penalties?—'nuff said!



## Henryk Sienkiewicz

Henryk Sienkiewicz was born in Poland in 1864, received his education at the University of Warsaw, and made his literary debut in that city in 1872 with a sketch of Kiev student life entitled "*In Vain*" and a humorous story: "*Nobody is a Prophet in His own Country*". He came to America in 1876 and wrote a series of letters describing his experiences in California, sending them to the *Polish Gazette of Warsaw* under the pen name of Litivos, where they received considerable comment for their attractive style. This paved the way for a flood of stories of every description from his versatile pen, which, in 1905 caused him to be awarded the Nobel prize for literature.

Sienkiewicz may be pronounced the greatest creative genius in the field of fiction at the close of the nineteenth century. As a historian, he is not strictly infallible, but in his imaginative appeal and power of description he rivals Scott. With his splendid trilogy of Historical Novels, he sat self-crowned upon the throne of Polish Literature, left vacant some thirty years before by the death of Mickiewicz. He made his first appearance before the English speaking world with a translation of these novels, and his power of creating new human characters and endowing them with inexhaustible freshness and vitality ranked him securely among their greatest artists. These works: "*With Fire and Sword*", "*The Deluge*", and "*Pan Michael*," are considered the best prose works in the literature of Poland, and are equal to any historical romances ever published. His marvelous versatility with the pen is well shown by the fact that he wrote a profoundly psychological novel, "*Without Dogma*",—quite a feat for a fiction writer. The gypsy instinct oftentimes seized him and he traveled all over the world. However, he was not idle in his travels, for wherever he went he observed men and nature with the careful eye of the artist, later giving them to the world with the unerring precision of a realist.

Sienkiewicz is at his best when treating of Polish scenes and people, for he had an intimate knowledge of their life and thoughts and drew them faithfully and exactly. His American impressions, such as "*Lillian Morris*" and "*The Comedy of Errors*" seem to be missing the intimate touch of the great novelist. He had already occupied the supreme place among the short-story writers of Poland for some time when his historical trilogy gave him a like place among the greatest



novelists of all countries. His shorter tales are varied in theme and are often predated by a light touch of rippling humor and sentimentality. He analyzes the loftiest human emotions with cold indifference, but never descends to the plane of the cynic. There is a breath of poetry and the air of spring about his lesser novels, which is also found at times in his more important works. He displays an astounding range of invention and variety of treatment, and his careful delineations of character stamp themselves indelibly upon the memory.

The wars of the Seventeenth century, full of savage beauty and horror; the stubborn resistance of Poland, then the bulwark of Christianity in the East against the Tartar and Mongolian hordes, form the theme of his famous trilogy. The bewildering rush and swirl of events, the tumult of individual destinies, the sacrifice of life and love in the strife for national glory, all thrill to the core under Sienkiewicz's masterly genius. From his magic art there is no escape; we are lured on by his power, his force, his charm, and his originality. Plots were never scarce for his skilled pen and he had a host of words at his command with which to garb his thoughts.

Toward the close of the nineteenth century he materialized the dramatic possibilities of the eventful epoch of the reign of Nero in a work that was to prove of greater popularity than any of his previous efforts, "*Quo Vadis*". In this work Paganism and Christianity are contrasted, and Sienkiewicz's sympathy as an artist is naturally drawn to the ancient pagan who devoted his life to the worship of beauty and who faced death with the calm *sans souci* of the Stoic. The setting is the old yet ever new dawning of the Christian era while the lights of the old paganistic regime were still blazing brightly in the streets of Rome. Petronius Arbiter is undoubtedly the masterpiece of the story, and his majestic demeanor and nobleness of purpose, in spite of his mockery of the God of the Christians, brings us to sympathize with this favorite of Nero's. Lygia appeals to us because she represents virtue unconquered and is the quintessence of faith and sincerity. These two are but a pair of the galaxy of creations that enthralls us, among which is Vinicius, a young Roman tribune and the cousin of Petronius.

This character has a most peculiar combination of traits in his make-up. Lygia, given to him to despoil, becomes the object of his love and devotion, and she, at first afraid of her own love for him, seeks the counsel of the Apostle Peter. Reassured, she responds to his unswerving love, and the two have a strange romance amid the dungeons and "Putrid Pits" of the torturers, she finally becoming his wife. It is strange



that he, who has the most beautiful women of Rome fawning at his feet, should seek such a frail spirituelle little thing with what was at first unholy love. Still stranger is it that the words of Peter should transmute this base affection into that of the purest worth, and that Vinicius should come to a realization of virtue so quickly. Sienkiewicz uses him as the chief agent for picturing the moral he implanted in this strange but beautiful tale of the age of Christian Martyrdom.

Nero, the destroyer of Rome, inspires loathing and disgust with his vicious and whimsical tyranny, and falls victim to his own folly. Chilo Chilondes is a symbol of the blessing of ignorance by the light of Christianity, and turns from his fawning, godless ways to the glorious death of a martyr. Ursus, the servant-protector of the fair Lygia, has the body of Colossus with the heart of a child. The outcome of his combat with the mightiest of Roman wrestlers has a tinge of horror in its otherwise agreeable ending, but the marvelous display of his super-human strength against the huge German *aurocks*, on whose back was tied the fair Lygia at the circus game, brought forth even the reluctant admiration of Nero, and Ursus became a demi-god in the eyes of these pagan worshippers of strength.

Such touching scenes as the ruthless slaughter of the Christian martyrs and the extreme cruelty of the Roman populace at the Coliseum are somewhat relieved by such magnificent spectacles as the Burning of Rome or the splendid description of the feasts and Bacchanalian debauchery of the Romans. The self destruction of Eunice, the beautiful mistress of Petronius, as she takes her life rather than serve another calls back the lines of Tennyson's Lancelot and Elaine: "Honor rooted in dishonor stood, and faith unfaithful kept her falsely true." The master-touch of a versatile penman is revealed in every line and terrific beauty haunts every descriptive phrase. Intrigue and danger, life and love, passion and courage, duty and selfishness,—all are portrayed with such a poetic novelty that they are raised out of the realm of the ordinary into the sublime heights of heroic self-sacrifice.

Love of his country, pride in her glorious history, and an undying devotion to the attainment of ideals crown Henryk Sienkiewicz's works with beautiful and inspiring force.

H. K. '25.






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Date of Issue, November 1, 1924.

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EDITOR

Homer Knoblauch, '25.

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Bus. Mgr ....	Joseph Harrington, '27	Acad., '25	

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While The Another year has begun in the annals of scholas-  
 Tempus tic history; a year that promises to be just as  
 Fugits. full of happiness and success and good feeling as  
 the yars that trail in the dust of the past, yet  
 linger fondly in memory. It was with a sigh of relief  
 that we laid away our books, the scholar's impedimenta,  
 at the close of the school year last June, and departed for  
 our various homes for the summer season. It was good  
 to be free of our intellectual shackles, and to have  
 a whole summer of pleasure before us. We forgot all  
 about classes and studies and wrote letters to friends  
 all over the country bragging of coats of tan, of trips  
 and excursions and camping. Picture postcards and snap-  
 shots were mute testimony of the pleasurable moments we  
 were having, and we out-did one another in claims of an in-  
 creasing good time at resorts and at home—the best place of  
 all.

Nevertheless, even though the cup of pleasure was filled  
 to overflowing where we were, there was not one of us but



that was glad to get back to the old school, to greet old friends and to make new ones. The first few days back were a whirl of question and answer; information flowed in torrents and floods. We were actually glad that vacation was over and that school was to open again. We looked forward to meeting the old gang again, that same old crowd of loyal fellows that make college life worth while. Boys, the old school is just as glad to see us as we are to see her. We've conveniences now that were unknown to students of by-gone years; there's a team on the field that doesn't know the meaning of defeat; our Profs are better than ever prepared to lead us up the Mountain of Knowledge. We are confident that new conquests, both athletic and scholastic, will be made. New fields of endeavor remain to be exploited and new heights of achievement await attainment. Fresh reserves of students have strengthened our ranks as we march onward upholding the traditions and spirit of Viator. We are all set for a year that promises to be greater, happier, and more successful than ever before. *Let's go!*

H. K. '25.

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Recently it has been proven that when morals are Education not taught along with "Ologies", education is but Without of little avail. Pedagogical systems incorporating Morals. the principle that science will not admit the injection of moral training are grossly defective. While we do not assume that either of the Chicago youths whose shocking "intellectual adventure" dominated the feature columns a month or so ago are, in any sense, representative of a social or intellectual class, or that they symbolize any intellectual institution, it is clear that when stress is laid upon the development of the intellectual faculties to the exclusion and detriment of the moral faculties, serious evils are most liable to result.

It is sad to see pliant youth being whirled along in the current of science, the training of his moral instincts blindly left to the culture of careless associates struggling along equally helpless, without a landmark to warn them of their approach toward the impending cataract, Disaster. The combining of morals with instruction is the placing of beacons along the edges of the channel to guide the student through the bewildering subtleties of materialistic sciences.

To-day, two youths, robbed of all identity, hair cropped close and clad in denim, labor painfully and hopelessly behind the cold grey walls of the penitentiary. A few months ago they were loudly acclaimed as "prodigies" and "super-



intellectuals". Their morals neglected, Atheism, the philosophy of despair, insiduously made its way into and poisoned their otherwise acutely developed minds. Intellectually, they had every conceivable advantage. Had they been bridled by the check-rein of Conscience, none might prescribe the heights they might have scaled. We cannot substitute the intellect for the natural instincts of mankind any more than we think an absolutely original thought or create one particule of living protoplasm. H. K. '25.

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Chalk this date up as one of the biggest days in September Viator's march of progress. As one visiting alumnus expressed himself: "It is the biggest thing since the fire!" Those of us who have been "growling" about the dining hall service have capitulated. Father O'Mahoney completely unarmed us. His surprise attack was a complete, up-to-the-last-minute cafeteria, steam tables, tiled floor and walls, white frocked waiters, and best of all, "a choice of meat, vegetables, and dessert" with an option of milk, tea, or coffee (and it's real Java, too, made by our dear friend Bro. Kirby) and "seconds" on everything.

Too much credit cannot be given our tireless, never-say-die, Treasurer. When he undertook the problem of feeding four hundred students, whose appetites and tastes varied with the range of their ages, the "Brig" realized he had a big job on his hands. Last year he was desperate; the best food was bought, and in variety; more help was engaged for service, and countless hours were spent in attempting to solve the problem that became more puzzling as the school year advanced. At last that indescribable something, that lights up the way when the clouds are darkest, broke in upon him. Quietly and secretly, Jo Bolger and himself discussed the possibilities of the new system. Experts were consulted, and while the students were absent from the college the magic wand was solemnly waved. When we returned to our home in Bourbonnais, Behold! The story has been told above, and elsewhere in this issue. Congratulations, Father O'Mahoney, and our best thanks to you, Brother Kirby. J. H. '27.



# THE PERISCOPE

The name of Walter Johnson has been inscribed in the halls of undying fame... The "Old Man of Baseball" "came back," overthrew the predictions of the dopesters, and flashed his name in letters of fire in the last game of the recent World's Series. He summoned everything he had in a great final effort and achieved the goal he had set for himself seventeen years ago,—the winning of a World's series. His splendid strength of purpose, his magnificent speed, endurance and skill, and his conquering of overwhelming odds brought forth the respect and admiration of the entire world... To him belongs the honor of being the greatest pitcher of all time, Mathewson, Ruelbach and McGinny notwithstanding.

\* \* \*

What are we coming to and whither our course? Strange things have happened within the span of years since mother first permitted us to read the newspaper. But strangest of all happened just recently. A Chicago lawyer, famous as counsel for defense, spoke three days on "Nothing" and was so eloquent and realistic in his delineations that two of the most depraved criminals within the realm of our experience cheated the gallows. As a moral to this item one should paraphrase Daniel O'Connell's famous lines: "Let me write a nation's ballads and I care not who makes its laws." W. L., '27.

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*The Viatorian, like every other college publication, is supposed to be representative of the ability of the entire student body. It is a Monthly 'of the students and by the students' as well as for the students. Please don't entertain the idea that the members of the staff are going to monopolize these pages. We welcome contributions from everybody. EVERY student is eligible: a potential contributor. If you are inspired to write a poem or a story or an interesting article, SEND IT IN! Don't wait to be asked. Help make YOUR magazine a success by active cooperation. Don't leave it to the untiring efforts of a few. GET BUSY!*

\* \* \*

In New York the columnists, especially "The Conning Tower", and Broun in "It Seems To Me" are reaping an



abundant harvest of quips on the much discussed production of "What Price Glory". Had a comma been placed after "Price" we naturally would account for the discussion as one that usually follows a stage portrayal of the sex problem. But, forsooth, it isn't such a play, and the threads of sensuality, lust and depravity are replaced with lines spoken by the military man when alternating a "hitch" in the mud of France and a surprise attack by a regiment of cooties. To be historically exact, the play has American solidier characters expressing the vernacular so peculiarly their own. "What Price Glory" was given suggestive publicity in the headlines of all the newspapers. The method used in all these publicity campaigns consists in requesting the Police Department or the Mayor to take action, then a copy of the same letter goes to the newspapers. Gullible fools lap up these advertisements literally, and play like "What Price Glory" clear up all debts in two weeks, buy a "Sold Out" sign, and have the New York public making reservations two weeks in advance. Perhaps P. T. Barnum was a prophet as well as master showman. W. L. '27.

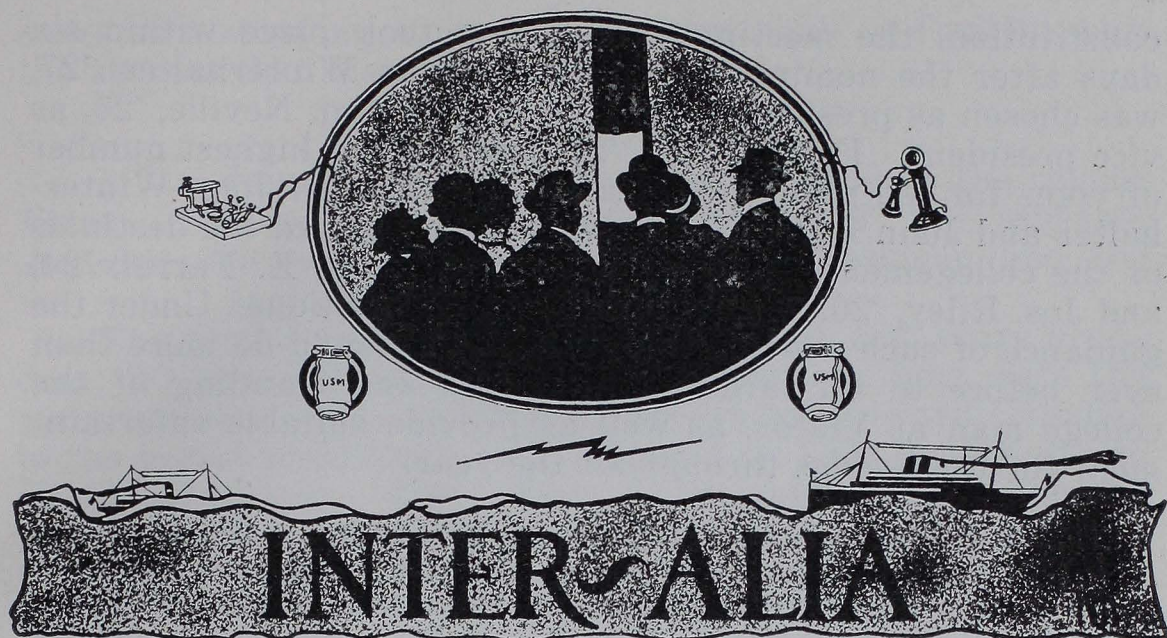
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The merits of the Expressionist and Modernist School of Art will be a long time in finding recognition among the majority of the people. To most of us Oswald Herzog's "Despair" and "Grief" and Sasha Stone's "The Dancing Girl," are as yet an unintelligible mixture of confusing lines and curves. Even "The Kiss" by Chana Orloff fails to come up to our conception of how two persons should appear when they are practicing the gentle art of osculation. Perhaps a course in Higher Mathematics would enable us to express a little more appreciation for this innovation in the field of Art.

\* \* \*

The Co-eds of Beloit College have gone on a strike against the withdrawal of social privileges for breach of scholastic regulation. At this writing we are rather doubtful whether the Beloit Faculty will accede to their demands or not. But we do believe that a man who has reached his Senior year at college should have enough sense to apply himself to his studies without the denial-of-privilege bogey standing over him, and we intend to submit the matter before the College Council before very long. Whether or not the under-classmen are allowed self-government or not is another issue, but we are highly in favor of giving it to the men who will soon have their sheepskin. Self-government for Seniors would give them a remarkable lesson in the training they must soon acquire in facing the world alone and unafraid. It will make them more self reliant and will be a great step toward acquiring that much discussed possession, Self-Control.





September 8 marked the return of the Academy students to the college walls. It was gratifying to see so many of the old faces back again, as well as such a great number of new ones. The Academy boys and the football candidates kept things humming until the ushering in of the collegiate year on Sept. 15. Many of last years Academy grads graced our campus again. The Sophomores and the upper classmen number slightly more than last year. While the ranks of the freshman have reached a new high standard.

All the students have settled into the routine of study and play and are ready for the biggest ever at Viator. The old students seem not to have forgotten any of the lofty principles learned at Alma Mater and the new ones promise to raise the standards of studiousness and goodfellowship to an even higher plain.

\* \* \*

The first meeting of the college club was called College Club to order by acting chairman Charles Donnelly, Wednesday night Oct. 1. Father Maguire was presented to the assembly. He then spoke of the plans under way for the game in the Grant Park Stadium on Nov. 11, and asked for the co-operation of the organization and the student body at large in the project.

He then read and explained the constitution of the club as drawn up by him. The regulations were adopted by the assembly, which then agreed to withdraw the election which had taken place a few nights previous. A motion for another meeting to be held later was made, and adopted by those present. At the second, the nominating meeting, the club placed their candidates for election. According to the rules of the



constitution, the meeting for election took place within six days after the nominating meeting. John Winterhalter, '27, was chosen as president of the club, with Wm. Neville, '26, as vice president. Francis Bell, '27, received the highest number of votes for the position of secretary treasurer. John Winterhalter and John Ryan, '26, were elected to guard the destinies of the collegemen on the college council, with E. Farrel, '24, and Jos. Riley, '26, as alternatives to the positions. Under the guidance of such worthy leaders the club should do more than ever before to forward the privileges and standing of the college man at Viator, as well as provide suitable entertainment for themselves throughout the year.

\* \* \*

Community and Faculty Changes      Eight novices, after spending their novitiate year at Chamberlain, S. D., took their vows in Maternity church, Bourbonnais, on August 15. Francis Corcoran, Roger Drolet, Paul Hutton, Gerard La Marre, Thos. Nolan, Emmet Walsh, J. Wenthe and Emmanuel Laughran became Clerics of St. Viator; Brother John Ryan and Walter Surprenant pronounced their perpetual vows.

The arrival of the eight new members necessitated the purchase of the Harvey Legris home on college avenue. The large home provides a wonderful living quarters for the members who have been stationed there. The eight new brothers, also Brothers Kirby and Harbauer have moved into their new quarters. Father Munsch has charge of the scholasticate. The community is indeed fortunate in securing such a wonderful abode for the men who have espoused its cause.

A new professor has been added to the Faculty, Professor Henri C. Dooling, instructor in Physics and Mathematics. Mr. Dooling graduated from Pride Institute in 1919. After three years experience in Industrial Engineering in Toledo, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago, he went to the University of Notre Dame to act as instructor and to get his E. E. Degree, which degree was awarded to him in 1924. Our new Professor, whose home is in Naugatuck, Conn., comes to us strongly recommended and promises to be a favorite with the students both on account of his learning and his happy ability to 'mix'. We hope that he will like his present position and that he will remain with us for many years to come.

Mr. Joseph Harrington, '27, has accepted a position on the Academy teaching staff and is now an instructor in Commercial Arithmetic. "Jo," as he is familiarly known, has proven himself more than capable and promises to be a great favorite with the students. We hope that his present position will



serve as a stepping stone to a life that shall be fruitful with the success that his talents merit.

\* \* \*

**Class** Immediately after the first meeting of the college club, the call for organization of the separate  
**Activities** classes was answered by the freshmen and the sophomores.

The Soph's gathered at the call of their last years president, William McGuirk. Nomination and elections were the main business of the meeting. They elected Edward Gallahue to the presidential chair, to be assisted by Lyle Boultinghouse as vice-president. The office of treasurer was taken by Francis Bell, and the secretaryship by Arthur Provancher.

The Soph's promise us even greater deeds than they achieved last year.

The Freshmen were called together by Charles Donnelly, '26. Upon calling the meeting to order, he explained the purpose of the meeting, viz., the election of officers. The class chose James Gallahue for their leader president, and Eugene Sammon, vice-president of the Academy class of '24, for their vice-president. "Jake" Walsko was elected to the office of secretary-treasurer.

The "Frosh" numbering a few more than last year, promise to give an even more favorable account of themselves than the class which immediately preceded them.

\* \* \*

Viator's beautiful campus is being improved by the work of James Brennan, expert horticulturist, who is trimming the bushes and trees about the grounds. With the few changes that he proposes making in the flower groups and the additions in the way of annuals, the campus should become even more attractive than at present.

\* \* \*

## CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF COLLEGE CLUB ST. VIATOR COLLEGE

We, the Students of St. Viator College do hereby form an association, to be known as the College Club, for the purpose of fostering student activities, of improving the intellectual, moral, and social life of the student body, of securing a remarkable measure of student government, of rendering organized assistance to the Faculty in the development of our Alma Mater, do hereby ordain and adopt the following Constitution and By-Laws:



### Article I.

Section 1. This Association shall be known as the College Club.

Section 2. The membership of the College Club shall consist of all students regularly matriculated at St. Viator College. Special students, taking at least twelve hours a week in regular college courses are also eligible for membership.

### Article II.

Section 1. The officers of the College Club shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Members of the Advisory Board, and two delegates to the College Council.

Section 2. All officers shall hold office only for the term of the current scholastic year in which they shall have been elected.

Section 3. All officers with the exception of the Members of the Advisory Board shall be elected as follows: As soon as possible after the opening of the scholastic year a meeting of all students regularly enrolled in St. Viator College shall be called. The students thus assembled shall choose a temporary Chairman and Temporary Secretary, and shall then proceed to the nomination of the permanent officers. All nominations shall be made in regular form from the floor and each nomination must receive a second. The Temporary Secretary shall keep a record of all names receiving a nomination and second for each office. When nominations have been received for all the offices, the meeting shall adjourn for a period of not less than three days, and not more than six days, shall then reconvene, and proceed by secret ballot to the election of officers from these, whose names have previously been placed in nomination. Three tellers shall be appointed by the Temporary Chairman, to count the votes. The candidates receiving the highest number of votes for each office shall be declared elected to that office.

Section 4. No student shall be eligible for office who has not fulfilled the scholastic requirements of his year in College. Special Students are not eligible to hold office.

### Article III.

Section 1. The duties of the President shall be to call regular and special meetings of the College Club, to preside at such meetings, to initiate and foster student activities, to represent the College Club on all public occasions, and generally to fulfill the functions of the presiding officer of similar organizations.

Section 2. The duties of the Vice-President shall be to act in the place of the President, when the latter is absent or for any reason unable to perform his functions.



Section 3. The duties of the Secretary shall be to keep the minutes of the meetings, to prepare and maintain an accurate list of all the members of the College Club, to call the roll when a viva voce vote is required, to answer all written communications after consultation with the President, and to read all communications received to the first regular meeting of the College Club, and generally to perform the duties of a secretary of a deliberative assembly.

Section 4. The duties of the Treasurer shall be to collect and keep all dues and other moneys, to render an accurate account of them to each regular meeting of the College Club, to pay all properly incurred debts upon order of the President and Secretary.

Section 5. The Offices of Secretary and Treasurer may be held by the same member, if the College Club shall so determine by a majority vote of all the members present at the nominating meeting.

#### Article IV

Section 1. The Members of the Advisory Board shall be the President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer of the College Club, and two members elected from each of the Freshmen, Sophomore, Junior and Senior Classes. Each class shall meet separately to elect its representatives on the Advisory Board, and shall do so in accordance with its own constitution and By-Laws, provided that no one ineligible under this constitution shall be elected by any of the classes as members of the Advisory Board.

Section 2. The duties of the Advisory Board shall be to consider and report to the College Club all matters within the purpose of the College Club, and generally to fulfill the functions of an executive committee. The Advisory Board shall be the final interpreters of the Constitution and By-Laws in the event of disputes.

#### Article V

Section 1. The Delegates to the College Council shall be the President ex-officio and one member elected in accordance with the provisions of Article II, Section 3 of this Constitution.

Section 2. Two alternates, one an alternate to the President, and an alternate to the regular delegate, shall also be elected in accordance with the provisions of Article 11, Section 3, of this constitution, who shall act only in the event that the regular delegates are prevented from performing their duties.

Section 3. The duties of the Delegates to the College Council shall be to attend all meetings of the College Council called to consider matters directly affecting the welfare of the student body with the exception of the determination of



scholastic standards and requirements. They shall vote as members of the College Council on proposed changes in the rules of discipline, on the punishment of students brought before the Council for serious offenses, and shall generally represent the student body before the supreme governing authority of St. Viator College.

#### Article VI

Section 1. The amount of the annual dues shall be determined each year by a majority vote of the membership of the College Club at a regular meeting.

Section 2. No member shall have the right to vote on any question brought before the College Club, who has not paid his dues, to date.

#### Article VII

Section 1. The regular meetings of the College Club shall take place twice a month during the scholastic year on days to be determined each year by majority vote of the meeting at which the permanent officers shall be elected.

Section 2. Special meetings of the College Club may be called at any time by the President. He shall always call a special meeting when requested by another officer, by a member of the Advisory Board, by any other two members of the College Club, or by a member of the Faculty.

#### Article VIII

Section 1. A quorum for the purpose of any meeting shall consist of at least one third of the total membership of the College Club.

#### Article IX

Section 1. A member of the Faculty shall be invited by the Advisory Board to act each year as Faculty Advisor to the College Club.

#### Article X

Section 1. This Constitution may be amended as follows: The proposed amendment shall be read before a regular meeting of the College Club, and shall then be referred to the Members of the Advisory Board, who shall, after serious deliberation, vote to accept or reject it. If the vote of the Advisory Board is favorable to the proposed amendment, it shall be submitted to the Faculty Advisor for his approval, and if this is secured, the amendment shall be reported back favorably to the College Club. A vote shall then be taken, and if the amendment secures a majority of the votes of all the members of the College Club, it shall be considered adopted, and of the same force as the other provisions of this Constitution.





THE QUARTERLY (College of New Rochelle)—The Quarterly we believe presents the proper balance for a college publication; literary atmosphere, a bit of fiction, a taste of poetry, and a line of interesting matter. The poetry is good; however, the poem "*Masterpiece*" possesses a something that made us turn back to read it over again. The Scrap Book is interesting; especially "*The Mail Box*", probably because we have a green mail box, and have often wondered "what it thought about." The new staff has started off in the right fashion; we wish them continued successes.

\* \* \*

THE ROSARY COLLEGE EAGLE—The July issue of the Rosary magazine is rather easy and interesting reading. A bit more of original poetry would have added to its interest and attractiveness; however, we realize that July with its after graduation and its vacation feeling is not conducive to poetry. The fictionalists are in glory. The optimistic and cheerful air in which the three short stories are written is refreshing to minds usually filled with vague philosophic thoughts. More power to writers who can produce such stories for college papers.

\* \* \*

THE CUB (University of Detroit High School)—The Cub is worthwhile. Its efforts toward interesting captions for articles are not without reward. School activities are written up in an interesting manner. The editorial on "*Crime and Education*" is well written. Its most notable point is that it draws a conclusion; and that conclusion a good many of our educators might well note. All students should read that editorial on "*Application*". It closes with an interesting exhortation.



"THE MESSENGER" of St. Mary's College and Academy, Monroe, Mich.—The summer number of the Messenger has come to our desk, characterized as are the summer editions of most college magazines by a copious array of Commencement news. Yet while meeting the demands resulting from graduation, this issue attracts our attention by its cultural refinement blended with an unaffected sincerity. After reading the number through we are left with the impression that, to the graduate of St. Mary's College, Commencement Day, while outwardly a gala holiday, is in reality a pause for rest and reflection before assuming the duties and trials that are the lot of true womanhood.

\* \* \*

"COLLEGE DAYS", of St. Benedict's College is another welcome visitor this month. This issue distinguishes itself by an abundance of short stories, our favorites being, "*A Turn in the Road*" by S. Hoffarth, and M. Watters' contribution entitled "*Just Around the Corner*." A pleasing assortment of short poems improves the makeup of the magazine and bespeaks the versatility of St. Benedict's talented student body.

\* \* \*

Herbert Spencer, who was fond of billiards, finding only a young stranger in his club, invited him to take a cue. The first game his opponent played indifferently well—the second he won without giving the philosopher a shot, who taking his hat, said not without disgust: "Young man, in games of this kind a moderate degree of skill is commendable, but such as yours is proof of a misspent youth."





# ALUMNI



Rev. Frederick Connor, Chancellor of the Rockford diocese paid us a short visit to see his many friends here. Fr. Connor, realizing that the most fitting expression of his love of Alma Mater is to her students, has guided many youths towards her portals. This year we have fifteen students from Fr. Connor's parish. Our desire is that other loyal sons will follow his lead in this method of showing affection for Alma Mater.

\* \* \*

Fr. Christopher Marzano c. s. v. who is taking a post-graduate course at the Catholic U. at Washington, spent a few days with us before resuming his studies at the University. Fr. Marzano is seeking a doctor's degree in Chemistry.

\* \* \*

The laying of the cornerstone of the chapel and new addition to St. Patrick's Academy at Momence, Ill., was an occasion of great moment to the locality. Rt. Rev. Msgr. B. J. Shiel, '06, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Chicago, officiated at the ceremony. Rev. John W. R. Maguire c. s. v., gave an eloquent and enlightening address on Education and Citizenship. Among those present were: Very Rev. W. J. Supernaut c. s. v., Provincial of the Viatorians, Rev. T. J. Rice, c. s. v., President of the College, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney c. s. v., Rev. W. J. Bergin c. s. v., and Rev. Fr. Horsburgh of Chicago. After the ceremony, Msgr. Shiel and his party came to the College for a short visit.

\* \* \*

Francis Pfeffer, '23-'24, suffered a prolonged sickness during the summer months and was unable to return to St. Viator this fall. He is reported to be improving now and we hope that he will soon enjoy the best of health.

\* \* \*

Ralph Barroso, H. S. '24, is now at home in southern Mexico. He intends to study the sugar industry, at Louisiana University.



We rejoice to announce that Fr. Leo. F. Phillips, c. s. v., who has been a patient at St. Joseph's Hospital, Chicago, is now almost completely well. He intends to join the faculty at St. Viator's in the near future.

\* \* \*

Dr. Lawrence Dondanville is practicing medicine in Moline, Ill. He has with him, his old friend at St. Viators, Fr. "Emmy" Flynn. Dr. Dondanville is said to be one of the most successful physicians in Moline. We hope to see both him and Fr. Flynn soon.

Dan Leary, '23, and Howard Hoettels '23 are working in Bloomington, Ill.

\* \* \*

Vincent McCarthy '22 is playing half-back with the Rock Island Independents at Rock Island, Ill. "Vinc" was one of the most elusive half-back men ever developed at St. Viator and was also a star in Basketball and Baseball.

\* \* \*

Thomas Kelly, Academy '22-'23 is studying for the priesthood at Area, Illinois.

\* \* \*

We received a most welcome visit from Harold Blayne, '23-'24 who is now studying dentistry at Illionis Dental College at Chicago, after having completed his pre-dental course at St. Viator. He reports that he likes Chicago fine.

\* \* \*

Kenrick Seminary at St. Louis, Mo., includes in this year roster many old St. Viator graduates, among them being: Patrick Farrell '23, Edmund Sweeney '23, Thomas Brunnick '22, Paul Kurzynski '22, and Francis Casey '23.

\* \* \*

Ray Warner '22 and Harry Hurst '24 are pursuing their theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary Baltimore, Maryland. We hope to hear from them in the near future.

\* \* \*

Several old students paid us a visit on the day of the Notre Dame game. Among those present were John Madden '17, Jimmy McGarrahy '18-'19, Glen Powers '22 of Chciago, Ill., T. Kelliher '14 of Irwin, Ill., Joseph and Francis Meis of Farmer City, Ill., Edward Cody of Peoria, Ill., Joseph Haley '24 and Leland Finski. Why not make every game a small homecoming?

\* \* \*

Wm. Doyle '22 and Wm. Callahan '21 are attending Illinois U. at Urbana.



Thos. Montroy, H. S. '14 motored down from his home in Alpena, Mich., to renew old friendships at St. Viator. He received a warm welcome from his many friends at the College.

\* \* \*

Fr. Necasek, '17-'18 of Moline, Ill., paid us a visit recently to freshen the memories of his school days here as a Seminarian. Come again Fr. Necasek.

\* \* \*

Wm. Barry, H. S. '23, is attending St. Edward's College at Austin, Texas. He writes that he likes the "Little Notre Dame of the South" in every way.

\* \* \*

Our Loyal friends, Fr. Thomas Shea '18 of Blomington, Ill., and Andrew Bracken '20 of Chicago, Ill., honored us with a visit recently. We promise them both a hearty welcome whenever they come back to Alma Mater.

\* \* \*

Rev. Wm. Keefe, who has been pastor of Sacred Heart Church of Clinton, Indiana, for several years has been transferred to Holy Cross parish in Indianapolis, Ind., Father Keefe was a student of St. Viator for eight years after which he completed his studies for the priesthood in Rome, Italy. His appointment to Holy Cross Parish, which is considered the best in the diocese next to the Cathedral, comes as a merited reward for his splendid work in Clinton. We extend our sincere congratulations to Father Keefe, and express the hope that he will find time in the near future to visit us.

\* \* \*

Rev. Herman Kasper A. B. '12, who has been stationed at Clinton, Ind., since his ordination to the priesthood, has been transferred to St. Boniface Parish at Evansville, Ind. We hope to see Father Kasper, who is remembered as a football star during his college days here, before many days pass.

\* \* \*

Melvin H. McCarthy '17 has ventured in the plumbing business in Chicago.

\* \* \*

Joe Cross '17, another of St. Viator's star football players is now employed by the Amalgamated Steel Co., of Whiting, Ind. Here's wishing you success Joe with a sincerity as strong as steel.

\* \* \*

We have recently been honored by the visits of some of our former Seminary students who are now zealously performing their priestly duties in various parishes. They are Rev. Joe Anderson, Father McGavan, and Rev. John McCauley.



It was a treat to have with us for a few days the Rev. Father Nolan from Fort Worth, Texas. Father Nolan was Professor of History at St. Viator from 1917 to 1919 and during that time acquired many gray hairs endeavoring to convince the youths under his care that it is necessary in history to learn the lineage of kings. We wish the distance from Fort Worth were not so great so that Father Nolan could pay his respects more often.

\* \* \*

Rev. J. F. Moisant c. s. v., recently conducted a forty-hours devotion at Harvard, Illinois for the Rev. Dan Freley, who was a former student at St. Viator.

\* \* \*

Rev. J. W. R. Maguire c. s. v., also gave a forty-hours retreat at Caberry in the early part of September for the Rev. John Kleinsorg who received his early training under the supervision of the Viatorians.

\* \* \*

Raymond Healy '18 is now pursuing the daily grind as an Optometrist at Valley Junction, Iowa. Besides following his profession, Mr. Healey finds time to demonstrate for the people of Valley Junction a few tricks of football which he learned while playing the famous end on the Viator eleven. Keep up the good work, Ray, and let us hear from you often.

\* \* \*

Another former student of the Seminary Department of '13 and '14, Father Crowley, found time to cross the continent and visit his Alma Mater. We are happy to know that no matter how far the distance, Father Crowley ever remains faithful to the old home.

\* \* \*

Joe Bolger '23, left this summer to commence his noviceship at the Novitiate of the Clerics of St. Viator at Chamberlin, South Dakota. We are sorry to inform our friends that Mr. Bolger has recently been confined to the hospital at Mitchell, South Dakota with a serious illness. We have lately received word that Joe is improving at his home in Homewood, Ill., and sincerely hope that this improvement will rapidly continue so that he may have the happiness of resuming his novitiate without much further delay.

\* \* \*

Bro. J. P. Lynch c. s. v., and Bro. Wm. Cracknell c. s. v., are now following their theological studies at the Sulpician Seminary in Washington, D. C.

\* \* \*

Raymond Lynch '12 is the proud father of an eight pound boy, born September, 27th, 1924. He has been named Francis



to perpetuate the memory of his uncle who lost his life while in service during the great war.

\* \* \*

Due to the generosity of Rev. John Bennet of St. Basil's Church, Chicago, we are the beneficiary of a new Missal Stand. We feel great pride in placing it on the Main Altar of the College Chapel and its daily presence there will constantly remind us of the donor's kindness. We extend our heartfelt thanks to you, Father Bennet and hope you may receive many blessings for your gracious deeds.

\* \* \*

Word has been received that our famous athletic star of the early '19's, Rev. Armand Martin, has been changed from his parish in Glenwood to a new appointment at Chicago Heights, Illinois. During Father Martin's scholasticate at St. Viator, he was very active on the gridiron and besides holding the distinctive honor as captain of the baseball team could throw a wicked ball over the home plate.

\* \* \*

Among the recent visitors at the College was an old friend, Lawrence Ward, '15, of Otterbein, Ind. May we hope to see your smiling face more often, Lawrence.

\* \* \*

Dr. John Warren, formerly a student at St. Viator is now practicing medicine in Oak Park. Sincere wishes for a brilliant success, Doc.

\* \* \*

The faculty of the College has been augmented this year by two young priests of the Clerics of St. Viator, who have recently received their masters' degree from the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. Rev. E. V. Cardinal c. s. v., A. M., is teaching History and English in the college department and Rev. Daniel O'Connor c. s. v., A. M., has been appointed as instructor in the College of Commerce.

\* \* \*

Edmund "Spike" O'Connor A. B., '24, dropped in on his old pals for the Notre Dame game. Spike, who was a prominent factor in student and athletic activities at St. Viator's for many years, is now successfully engaged in the real estate and building business with his brother., John R. O'Connor. Spike and his brother are the leading promoters of a new subdivision on Chicago's great South Side. With Spike's push behind it, any business must be a success.

\* \* \*

Emmett Murphy A. B. '24, former baseball and football star of St. Viator, and last years Captain of Football, has taken up his theological studies at St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minn.



Emmy was adopted by the diocese of Rockford. While we truly miss his congenial smile among us, we are unanimous in wishing him the choicest of God's blessing in his divine mission.

\* \* \*

Another graduate of last year's class has joined the already large number of Viator's sons at St. Paul Seminary, preparatory to studying for the priesthood. He is Tommy Jordan, last years baseball captain. Tom, a three-sport man, was one of the principal reasons why St. Viator's teams were always considered especially dangerous. With his winning qualities, we feel sure that he will fulfill the high calling to which he has been summoned, in a way that will be creditable to himself, his faith, and his beloved Alma Mater.

\* \* \*

We were not surprised when John Barrett A. B. '24, announced his intention to prepare for the priesthood at St. Paul Seminary. During his seven years at St. Viator, he displayed such high qualities of character both among the students and faculty and on the athletic field, that we felt instinctively that he was called to a higher state than the ordinary man. Johnny, may God's blessing be with you.

\* \* \*

Albert Donohue A. B. '24, has entirely recovered from an operation for a tumor on his right shoulder, and is now in the coal business with his father at Aberdeen, South Dakota. We hope that a visit from Al will not be far distant.

\* \* \*

Neal McGinnis A. B. '24, whose toe decided so many games in favor of St. Viator, is now "toeing the mark" at St. Paul Seminary. Nig spent a few days among his old friends and teammates at St. Viator before leaving for the seminary. Our fondest hope for him is that he will continue to follow those high principles which his life manifested while among us. We will miss him greatly, but he has found a noble cause and we wish him the highest success.

\* \* \*

Eugene "Red" McLain '23, former three sport man and student leader at St. Viator is also at St. Paul with the other Viator men. Red spent a year in the West after leaving us, but he soon found that he was called to the priestly office, and he sacrificed a promising career to follow the divine calling. We wish him the fullest measure of success.

\* \* \*

Other Viator men at St. Paul are: Stanley Creagan A. B. '23; Michael Mroz A. B. '23; Victor Wasezko B. S. '22; Ronald French A. B. '21; Martin Daugherty A. B. '20; and Francis



Lawler A. B. '22. While we are proud of all our sons, such as these are our especial pride. We extend to them all our greatest good wishes in thier higher sudies.

\* \* \*

Paul Clifford B. S. '24, won the Knights of Columbus Scholarship to the Catholic University at Washington and is now studying for a master's degree at that institution. Bro. J. Lynch writes us that he saw Paul at a football game in Washington and that the capitol city seems to agree with him in every possible way. Don't forget to write us often Paul, for we are always proud to hear of your success.

\* \* \*

Those who are interested in the Academy graduates of last year will be glad to receive the following news concerning them: Bernard Zunkel is studying medicine at Loyola U.; Joseph Enright and Ralph Garza are at Notre Dame; Frank Kanizer is studying medicine at St. Louis U.; Tom Sawyer, Frank Steinbach, Paul Aylward, Clayton Dooley, and John Bowe are at Illinois U.; Frank Haggarty is studying law at Wisconsin U.; John Sisk is at Fordham U.; Joseph Steiner is attending Chicago U.; William Fitzgerald is in Georgetown U. at Washington, D. C.; and John Smith is now a Manteno Aggie; Joe Haley is working in Gary, Ind.; and all the rest of the class are now wearing green caps at St. Viator.

\* \* \*

John Lyons '16-'24, former basketball and baseball star at St. Viator is now working for the Wimp Packing Co., in Chicago. Johnny was one of the best-liked fellows here from the time he came, which was as a mere youngster, until he left us, as a full grown man. He was a loyal supporter of everything that helped the College, and he contributed not a little to its athletic prowess during his college years here. We are sorry that "Coot's" College days are completed, and we sincerely hope that he will find time to pay us a visit and keep warm old friendships.

\* \* \*

Walter Fitzgerald A. B. '24 has opened an up-to-date haberdashery shop on the elite West Side in Chicago. If personality means anything in business, Wally should be a huge success. We are waiting expectantly for your cheery presence among us, Wallie, so don't delay your visit too long.

\* \* \*

William Barrett '24, who was a brilliant player in football, basketball and baseball during his four years at St. Viator, is now coaching the St. Viator Academy football team. His presence among us is appreciated by the entire student body and we hope that he will be as successful as coach as he was a player. His genial nature and winning smile makes Bill one of the best liked men on the campus.



Edward Manski A. B. '24, has decided to enter Mt. St. Mary's Seminary to study for the priesthood. Ed was one of the most earnest workers on the Viatorian during his year here, and his loyal cooperation is greatly missed. We know that he will be a success in his vocation, and we give him our best wishes for a great future.

\* \* \*

Word has reached us that Wm. McGavick '18-'21, and David Creagan '24, are now attending Marquett U. at Milwaukee, Wis. David paid us a visit before settling down to his study of law, and he seemed loath to part with the friends he had made last year. Let us hear from both of you soon.

\* \* \*

Ray Gallivan '22, formerly of St. Viator is now starring on Zupski's mystery team at Illinois. Ray gave sufficient evidence of his athletic ability for us to predict that he will be a success.

\* \* \*

Clement Costigan '23, is now working in Bloomington, Ill., and also serving as assistant coach to Father Shea at St. Mary's High School. We hope to be his host in the near future.

\* \* \*

We were recently favored by a visit from Father Pratt of Kokomo, Ind., and Father Van Ler of North Judson, Ind. It is exactly forty years since Father Pratt received his education at St. Viator, and played on its famous gridiron team of that year. Both priests were heartily welcomed, and it is hoped that they will pay us frequent visits in the future.

\* \* \*

The Golden Jubilee of Our Lady of Sorrows Parish in Chicago, conducted by the Servite Fathers, was attended by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Legris, D. D. and Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney c. s. v., of the College. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Edward F. Hoban D. D., V. G., and an eloquent sermon commending the noble work of the Servites in that parish was delivered by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Wm. D. O'Brien L. L. D., vice-president of the Catholic Church Extension Society. Among those present was the Rev. Michael James Gallagher, Bishop of Detroit.

\* \* \*

Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney A. B. '11, spent a few days with us at the opening of the school year, renewing old friendships, and making new ones. Rev. Fr. O'Mahoney is the director of the Seminary Department of the Church Extension Society, with headquarters in New York. We are always glad to have his cherry presence among us for a few days.



The School Sisters of Notre Dame celebrated the golden jubilee of the Academy of Our Lady at Longwood Illinois with a Pontifical High Mass sung by the Rt. Rev. Edward F. Hoban D. D., auxiliary bishop of Chicago. Among the many church dignitaries present on this occasion was his Eminence George Cardinal Mundeline, Archbishop of Chicago. We wish to congratulate the Sisters of Notre Dame for their valiant work of the last half century.

\* \* \*

John "Dizz" "Bud" Clancy, who signed with the White Sox after playing sensational ball for four years at St. Viator, is going to Europe with the Sox to play several exhibition games against the pennant winning New York Giants. They will play in Canada, England, Ireland, France and Germany, later touring southern Europe. Bud broke a record last year when he was with the Muskegon team in the Mint League, by hitting safely in forty-two consecutive games. Although we will miss his frequent visits to see us, we rejoice that St. Viator is to be represented by such an able and likeable son.

#### OBITUARIES

We extend our deepest sympathy to Rev. W. F. Keefe for the recent loss of his mother. Her death came as an unexpected shock, although her health has been failing for some time. She was buried in Calvary Cemetery in Indianapolis.

We offer our condolence to Bro. John Koelzer c. s. v., for the loss of his father who died in Chicago recently. Funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's Church, where solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. John McCarthy, former student of St. Viator's. Very Rev. T. J. Rice, c. s. v., served as deacon, and Rev. F. E. Munsch c. s. v. acted as master of ceremonies at the funeral services.

Our deepest sympathies are extended to the parents of John Derry, former Student at St. Viator. His sudden death came as a severe shock to his parents and to the student body as well. The funeral, which was held in Chicago, was attended by Rev. E. F. Fitzpatrick c. s. v.

#### REQUIESCANT IN PACE





**MISSY**, by Inez Speckling. Published by Benziger Bros., N. Y.

The story of Missy is an interesting portrayal of the character and life of a young American school girl whose environment is that which only the best Catholic home can afford. The background is an authentic depiction of home life in a small village.

The author's style is simple, but in its simplicity there is beauty and force. The ideas are so clearly brought forth that the most uninitiated readers can fully grasp the viewpoint the author wishes to present. The main character of the story is an ideal American Girl, and that beauty of virtue which everyone loves to see is very well treated in this novel. We cannot say that Missy is distinctively true to life, for the character is somewhat overdrawn and the author has Missy acting as few average girls would. Nevertheless, the character of Missy is an ideal model of the girlhood of today.

We might class the author of this book as a moralist. There is but little plot, and like the old Victorian writers he has a tendency toward preaching. The reader is supposed to draw a moral from the story. The writer may have been influenced by George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss*, for there is a resemblance to the treatment of Maggie Tulliver in *Missy*. They both take refuge in the attic to bear their crosses of grief, and they both have the unhappy faculty of doing things that they are afterwards sorry for. The style is easy flowing and manifests a remarkable ability with the pen.

T. J. D., '27.

\* \* \*

**THY KINGDOM COME**, by Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S. J. Published by Benziger Bros., N. Y.

In looking over recent Catholic literature, we find a little volume that holds us to the final page. Father Moffatt, S. J., wrote this literary gem with the hope, he says, "that these few pages may with God's grace help some souls to find in the Divine Prisoner of the Tabernacle a loving Companion in their exile here below."



It comes to us as a reminder of the divine Saviour at a time when the world is steeped in vice and seized in the fateful clutch of material interests. The author takes us into the restful atmosphere of the chapel and whispers in a low musical voice the yearnings of his soul. We hear the voice of one chosen to write in the liquid beauty of his phraseology. His words do not clamor loudly for recognition as do those of the ordinary author of today—but rather sink deeply into the inner being of the reader, carrying him along on the tide of its simple eloquence. It is a language which lifts our souls to the realm of the Divine and dims the glare of things mundane; a language which is at once as sweet and gentle as the lisping of a lullaby, yet containing a depth of thought difficult to rival.

The author draws his material from the familiar experiences of average men and women. Consequently the truth of his every statement strikes home to the reader with the impetus of an irresistible force. The little volume should serve as a guide in the life of every practical Catholic, and to all as an exemplification of literary perfection. W. L., '27.





A virtual monopoly of the sport spotlight will be secured by St. Viator and Columbia College Armistice Day for arrangements have been completed, mainly through the instrumentality of Viator authorities, whereby the "Irish" and the Hawk-eyes will stage their annual grid battles on that day in Grant Park Stadium.

\* \* \*

Situated as it is on Chicago's lake front, just a few minutes drive from the loop, this vast ampitheatre whose seating capacity nears the hundred thousand mark, is easily the best location possible for the presentation of the grid brawl between the locals and Columbia College. Since both teams are showing remarkable evidence of strength the game should prove a great drawing card and a monster turnout is expected. Columbia's 7 to 3 win over Coe denotes exceptional power as Coe subsequently battled the University of Wisconsin to a 7 to 7 tie.

\* \* \*

Every possible means of advertising the game is being utilized. Advertisements are appearing in mid-west Catholic papers; news stories are announcing the approach of the contest; plans are settled whereby Chicago radio stations will send out on the ether a play by play story of the tilt and news reels companies will have camera men present at the game. All the metropolitan dailies are running accounts of the contest. All in all the Armistice Day attraction looms as the biggest Catholic sporting event of the fall season. Alumni you can do your part by talking up this game and by making arrangements to attend it! Students you can write to your friends and relatives inviting them to the game. With a bit of co-operation we can stage this affair on a big scale and boost our school and Catholic sport.



**NOTRE DAME RESERVES, 21; ST. VIATOR, 0.**

Early season faults indicative of brief training and inexperience proved fatal to the Glazemen in their first appearance of the season. Opposed to the Viatorians was a veteran combination of N. D. footballers, at least four of whom had earned varsity monograms in previous years. Their skill and expert tactics nullified the valiant efforts of Captain Best and his cohorts to stem the onrush of blue jerseyed Hoosier backfield aces.

In O'Boyle and Livergood the Rockne pupils presented distinctive ball carriers who plunged, passed and ran the end with deadly effect. O'Boyle was also an excellent kicker. These two men did the greatest amount of damage to the Viatorian defense though they were aided and abetted considerably by the skilled play of Hanosek, Rigali and Harmon.

Viator offensive and defense weaknesses were glaringly apparent in the initial tilt of the season. The tackling of the locals was particularly ineffective and the blocking and interference work of the whole team was unsatisfactory. At times though the defense functioned with precision. On these occasions the Hoosier efforts to gain by plunging were rebuffed for losses. From a Viator standpoint the feature of the game was the brilliant, long-distance punting of Murphy, whose spiral averaged sixty yards.

\* \* \*

**LINCOLN COLLEGE—ST. VIATOR**

October 4th.

De Paul University, scheduled to play at Bourbonnais the 4th of October, encountered difficulty in arranging their schedule and at the last minute were unable to fill their engagement with the Viatorians. To supplant the De Paul tussle Lincoln College was billed for an informal practice game. No score of the match was kept, though the locals displayed marked superiority; both coaches were permitted to follow their teams on the field and indicate corrections. In other respects the battle resembled the ordinary football contest.

Many of the faults apparent against N. D. were still in evidence as the "Irish" went into action against the Lincoln machine but the more outstanding defects have been eradicated. The tackling was still a bit off color as was the interference of the backfield men. The game served as the occasion for Bill Neville to blossom for them as a star of the first magnitude. Two ninety five yard runs were ripped off by Neville during the time he was seen in action and he evaded opposing tackles for several gains of less amazing length. A veteran of two years service, Neville has always been counted the deadliest tackler on the local outfit but remained doubtful



until the Lincoln College combat whether he was capable of being relied upon as a ball advancer. His scintillating work in that game though proved his worth beyond doubt.

\* \* \*

#### WESTERN STATE NORMAL, 6; ST. VIATOR, 0

Considered hopelessly outclassed and doomed by the "dope" to an overwhelming defeat, Coach Glaze's "Fighting Irish" gave an exhibition of fierce determined battling at Kalamazoo that was a revelation to even the most enthusiastic supporters of the purple and gold gridders. For the entire first period the Viatorians battled the Kazoo host to a standstill beneath a broiling October sun that was reminiscent of July; continued that valiant play the major portion of the third period only to be smothered by a passing attack that gained the Normalites six points and victory.

Even after the pupils of Earl Martineau, the Minnesota All American, had gained the counters that eventually spelt victory, Captain Best and his courageous men never relaxed their efforts to snatch victory from impending defeat. Furiously the Viatorians struggled but their efforts, partially nullified by constant penalties, proved insufficient to shove over the needed tally.

The positively brilliant play of the Viator line from end to end deserved a victory to recompense them for their great efforts but a fatal weakness against forward passes negated the work of the forwards. Riley, Kelly and Best were uncontrollable as they smashed through the opponents defense and checked backs for losses; Pfeffer was immovable, and the ends, particularly John Winterhalter sifted through the Kazoo interference almost at will.

The Viator offense, headed by Bill Neville, flashed at intervals and Sherry's driving power resulted in respectable gains. Murphy continued his remarkable punting and consistently outkicked the Kazoo booter.

Though the best efforts of the Viatorians failed to achieve a win the game showed emphatically that a powerful machine is in the making. It demonstrated a healthy, fervent Viator spirit of fight and indicated a succession of victories for the 1924 Viatorian grid band.



## CAPTAIN JERRY BEST



At this writing but a forecast can be made of the future achievements of Coach Glaze's determined band of chalk line warriors. They have played but a few games and they have yet to meet powerful foes. But one can risk a prediction, when the prediction's fulfillment rests on the broad and capable shoulders of this year's St. Viator College football captain, Jerry Best. Robust Jerry has two years of varsity experience and in this, his third, he is playing such ball as will mark him for an all state berth. Along with his remarkable performance, he is developing into a leader of men, witness the inspiring force of his presence in the Kalamazoo game. A smashing, driving type of lineman, Jerry has played on even terms with the best linemen in the middle west, and this year we predict he will prove the flash that will carry Viator to a notable record and will place Jerry on the All-State eleven.

\* \* \*

## THE TEAM'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

- I     Thou shalt not quit.
- II    Thou shalt not boast over winning.
- III   Thou shall not alibi.
- IV    Thou shalt not take an unfair advantage.
- V     Thou shalt not be a poor loser.
- VI    Thou shalt not demand odds thou art unwilling to give.
- VII   Thou shalt always be willing to give thin opponents a square deal.
- VIII  Thou shalt not underestimate an opponent nor have overconfidence in thyself.
- IX    Remember the game is the thing, and that he who thinketh otherwise is no true sportsman.
- X     Honor the game thou playest, For he who playeth the game straight and hard, wins even when he loses.

EX.



# VIATORIANA



## ITS ALL IN THE GAME.

They got a rotten deal; they gave their diamonds to their queens but the queens gave their hearts to somebody else.

\* \* \*

We will now be favored by a little duet: "Somebody stole my gal," by Donnelly and Bueter.

\* \* \*

Harrington: Would you please inform me which is the most important, Deductive or Inductive Logic?

Prof: Mr. Harrington, would you please inform me which is the most important handle of the wheelbarrow?

\* \* \*

Prof: What did Carlyle say of the humor of Burns?

Bueter: Some of it is humorous and some of it isn't.

\* \* \*

## DON'T USE BY-WORDS

I don't want any concoctions of ingenious platitudes that you might derive from the realms of your own nonsense.

\* \* \*

Mac: Edison declares that four hours sleep a night is enough for anyone.

Wimp: By gosh, that's exactly what my roommate thinks.

\* \* \*

Keller (after working three hours on his second hand ford): Say you, do you know anything about a Ford?

De Sutter: Nothing but stories.

\* \* \*

Prof: Define the word "aspect" or use it in a sentence.

Bill: Bill does not know what aspect means.



Juliano: Do you like Spagetti?

Murph: No, I don't like Spagetti, and I'm glad I don't like it because if I liked it I'd eat it and I hate the damn stuff.

\* \* \*

Franks: Say kid, what makes you so small?

Moran: I was fed on condensed milk.

\* \* \*

Prof: (after asking several students a question and receiving no answer) The only difference between you and Rip is, Rip woke up.

\* \* \*

A student that is always out of humor—generally is broke.

\* \* \*

Students with long faces generally have short minds.

\* \* \*

A joke editor out of humor is generally out of a job (and we're almost in the first condition).

\* \* \*

May: Quit "spittin" on the floor.

Best: I'm not "spittin" on the floor, I'm "spittin" on your shoes.

\* \* \*

Did You Ever Hear Them Before:

Let's wait until The Cafeteria starts.

When I was having lunch with John D. R.— — —

Of course they didn't know who I was.

A place for everything and everything in its place.

Oh you "Gork"!

Did you hear the new one Father Rice pulled.

Button up Freshies.

No 'seconds' on milk.

Sh, Have you got a cigarette?

Let's go snipe hunting.

Loan me a nickel, I've got a date with the four hundred tonight.

\* \* \*

#### PLEASE OBSERVE GAME LAWS.

I went on a snipe-hunt once,

The moon was full and round,

'Twas a wondrous night for hunting,

'Twas quiet with never a sound.

In patience I sat and waited,

In the moonlight quiet and still;

The moonlight waned at daybreak

Or else I'd be hunting still.

Wendell E. Fronville, '28.



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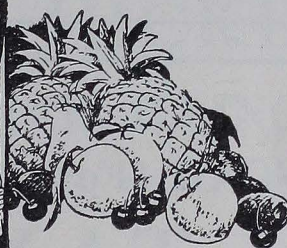
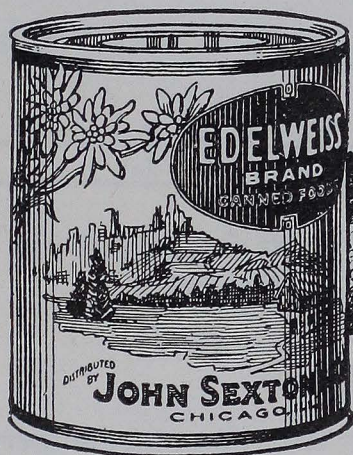
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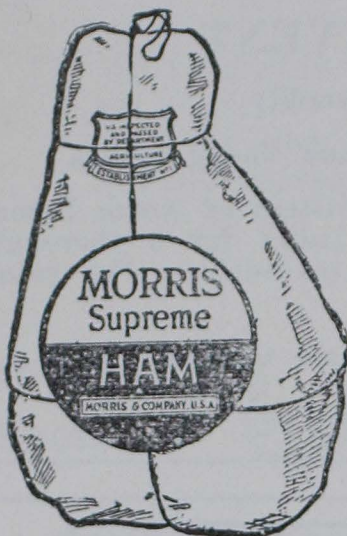
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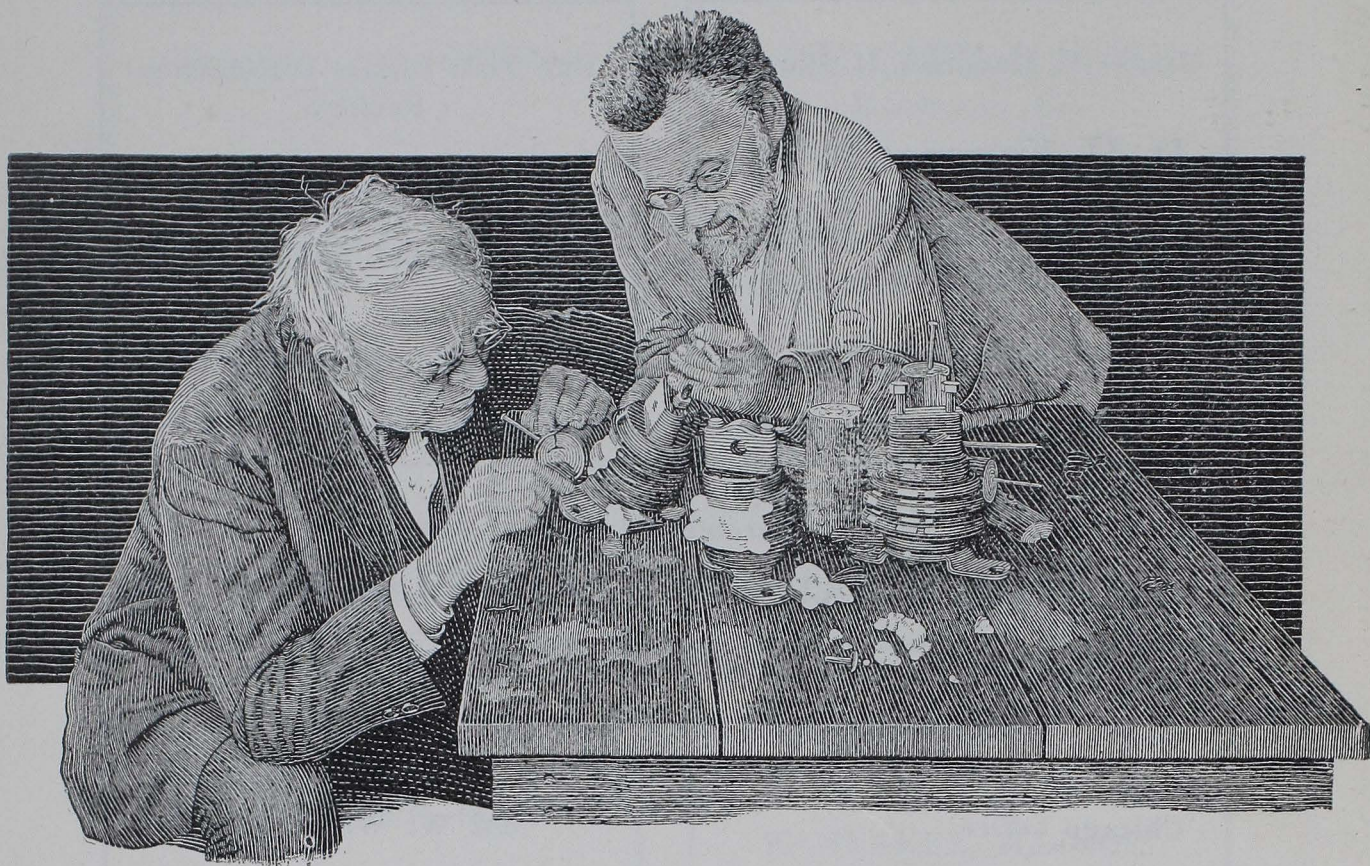
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