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The Viatorian

FAC ET SPERA

Volume 36

Fall Number, 1918

Number 1

ST. VIATOR'S unit of the S. A. T. C. was singularly favored in having for its commanding officer Captain W. E. Dove. His firm, militaristic, though fatherly dealing towards his men won for him the esteem and respect of all. From his first arrival at Viator he has labored untiringly to achieve the best possible results and his great success shows his valuable qualifications.

Captain Dove's ability has been acquired by a training seldom equalled. He is a man from the ranks, with thirty years of peerless service to back him. He started his career as a soldier in January, 1889, when he enlisted as a private in Buffalo, New York. His devotion to duty and his display of military talents brought him frequent promotions. Shortly after his enlistment he was made a corporal, later during the same year he was raised to a sergeancy and finally at the end of three years he was given a commission of Second Lieutenant and assigned to the Twelfth United States Infantry. From this time until the outbreak of our war with Spain, Lieutenant Dove served in North and South Dakota, Kansas and Nebraska, gaining by his excellent work the commission of First Lieutenant.

When the Spanish War began he was immediately raised to the rank of Captain. During the war Captain Dove distinguished himself in Cuba at the battle of El Caney before Santiago. Here he was wounded and returned to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo. Upon recovering from his wound he was sent to the Philippines where he was actively engaged during two years of intermittent revolutionary warfare. Returning to the country he was retired on account of physical disability. His retirement, however, was of short duration, for the following year he was called upon to take up the work of recruiting in New York and Washington, D. C. At the end of six years he again varied his labors.

Captain Dove was now given an opportunity of aiding others by his own experience. His first work in Military Colleges began in a Virginia Military Academy where he achieved admirable results during three years. From Virginia he was sent to Rhode Island State College, Kingston, R. I., where he was professor of Military Science and Tactics. In the early part of June, 1918, he was called from Rhode Island College to take up the duties of Adjutant of the S. A. T. C. Unit at Columbia University. This position he filled until his appointment at Viator.

During his enviable career he has won the admiration, love and esteem of all who were under his charge.

THE EDITOR



CAPTAIN W. E. DOVE
COMMANDING OFFICER OF ST. VIATOR STUDENT ARMY TRAINING CORPS

St. Viator Student Army Training Corps

A FEW words telling how St. Viator's became an S. A. T. C. Unit, will, undoubtedly, be of interest to all. In the early part of the month of July, when the change of the draft ages seemed inevitable, word was sent out inviting young men, who had completed their high school education, to train for Officers' camps or to prepare themselves to take up the work of drilling students in Military Schools. This call for volunteers was sent to the different Colleges in the country, especially to those which had military training. It proposed a six weeks' course to prepare as many men as the faculty of the Colleges deemed necessary for training the students in their respective institutions.

In response to this generous offer on the part of the government Father O'Mahoney, then president, immediately got into touch with several Viator men and extended to them the invitation of the War Department. The call was received by all as a rare opportunity. Thus with the opening of the Camp at Sheridan, Viator was represented by the following: T. Edward Fitzpatrick, who was the faculty member, Francis Kennelly, Francis Ortman, Walter Marquardt, Joseph Lynch, James Gallahue, and John Madden. During the strenuous training given the men at the Fort, Viator's representatives were always among the best. Joseph Lynch was found to be exceptionally well qualified and was given the opportunity of proceeding immediately to a regular Officers' Training Camp. Joe, with his usual eagerness to get into the fight, warmly welcomed the chance and was transferred to Camp Perry, Ohio. At the close of Camp Perry, he received a Second Lieutenancy and was sent to Dubuque College to assist in training the students of that Unit. When the training at Fort Sheridan was completed every member from St. Viator was recommended for the R. O. C. T.

A few weeks before the opening of the Colleges in the country, plans for the Student Army Training Corps were set forth and every institution of learning, regardless of religious holdings, was given an opportunity of establishing a Unit. The requirements laid down by the government were the necessary faculty and equipment and an enrollment of one hundred men having thirteen high school credits.

With the zealous coöperation of Father O'Mahoney, united with the untiring labors of Father J. F. Ryan, our new President, and his devoted co-laborers, the required number of men was enrolled and government recognition was secured. The date set for formally opening the Camps was October first. Soon after the War Department decided

to establish a Unit at Viator, Captain W. E. Dove arrived to assume command. He was later joined by Lieutenants Lawrence M. Thomas and Gurdon F. Uplinger, both University men, the former from Michigan and the latter from Nebraska. The earnestness with which these officers have attended to their duties assure Viator of the greatest success in training young prospective officers.



Solitude

When the dewy shades of night unfold,
In peaceful little dells,
When western skies are turning gold,
No artist's brush then tells,
The splendor of the setting Sun,
When summer's perfect day is run.

Across the lake a soft wind blows,
Caressing birds and flow'rs,
And bidding them night's sweet repose,
Beneath the leafy bow'rs.
The giant oak is at his post
And through the night he guards the coast.

The moon replacing now the Sun,
Is lighting valleys bright.
The stars are coming one by one
Into the sky of night,
Midst blending hues that never fade,
For they by God's own hand were made.

Away from the world, O Solitude,
Apart from the haunts of sin,
There only purest thoughts intrude
And find repose within,
Are hearts that love sweet Nature's tone,
And souls that love to be alone.

R. P. ADER

Literary France of To-morrow

E. V. CARDINAL, '20

WILL there be a sunburst of Catholic literature in France when peace finally returns to the nations? Will the promising frondescence of a few years ago at length put forth blossoms and bear healthy fruitage beneath the genial rays of the sun of peace? Or will the unquestioned literary ability and artistic genius of France continue as in the past century to spread before the world the poisoned apples of irreligion? Will rejuvenated France, made victorious at last through the gathered remnants of her dormant faith, awaken to a sense of her traditional dignity among the nations? Will she realize the splendid possibilities of her providential role as eldest daughter of the Church? Will young France, freed at last from the heel of foreign invasion, rise to her full height as a gentle teacher of all that is true, good and beautiful?

We ask ourselves these questions rather to express our fond hopes than to attempt the demonstration of a categorical certainty. The signs of the times would seem to indicate that the best representative literary and artistic talent of France will cease to demean itself by operating in the gaudy, and noisy, and filthy side-shows of a literary midway plaisance, and that, conscious of the obligations of its nobility it will again, as in ages of livelier faith, create masterpieces of literary, pictorial and plastic art which will deserve an honored place in the palaces of the world's exhibition of its best products. With all the ardor of our youthful enthusiasm we salute the dawn of the glorious day when young France, by her achievements in the realm of letters and arts, will wipe out the reproach that French literature is the synonym of nastiness and that French artists make the marble stink and the canvas blush, as Louis Veuillot once bewailed.

Already several years before the war there existed an alliance of young Catholic men of letters who devoted their talents to the production and the popularization of sound and meritorious French literature. The output of their alert pens reached unafraid the elegant society people, the workingmen, the peasant and the soldier alike every week and every month through attractive booklets put forth by such publishers as Paul Feron-Vrau of Paris and scores of others in the principal cities of France. Thus was the bad press beginning to be successfully combatted by the far more capable good press. The names of contributors to the "La Bonne Presse" constitute a galaxy of young literary stars destined to become great luminaries in the firmament of French letters. For it is certain that such gifted young writers as for

instance Pierre du Chateau, Jean de Loussot, Lucien Dorville, Gustave Hue, M. Delly, D. G. Thierry, Jean Babin, R. Manoir, etc., to mention but a few of the least known, are destined to make themselves heard and applauded both in and outside of France for the excellence of their thought and the quality of their workmanship. More widely known for their daily and fearless challenges to every shape of unfaith are the impassioned writings of such men as Renaudin, Lafon, Lamande, Dumesnil, Mauriac and a host of others who in eloquent French profess their faith with a boldness that is calculated to inspire courage in the timid.

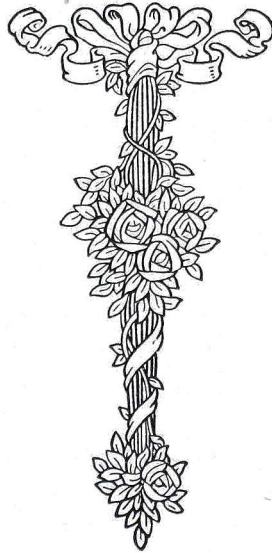
What these literari are doing for the rehabilitation of French literature, a well organized association of Catholic architects, painters and sculptors with over a thousand members is bent upon accomplishing for France and the Church in their own fine arts. The most eminent artists of France, such as Injalbert, Forain, Jean Paul Laurens, Fleury, Bernier, Dubois, are leagued together to paint and carve their faith in imperishable monuments of art.

From this cursory survey of the French literary and art terrain it is safe to say that France is energetically striving to extricate herself from the mire of pornographic literature. A re-birth of good literature has taken place and this previous even to the war. Bazin and Beurget wrote antecedently to the war and both give ample proofs of a new literary epoch. For them, "Christ is not an inaccessible ideal, but a living Person, taking on our human flesh, and delivering Himself up to us in holy communion. To these Catholic writers, the Church is infallible. The sacrifice of the mass and the sacraments are spiritual realities." Such men, saturated with divine faith, can be and are leaders of a promising youth. A daily newspaper in Paris speaks thus, "For some time past, we have been witnessing a curious spectacle. Artists, lawyers and literateurs going to church, returning to the faith and accepting its doctrines. Is this church-going exceptional? No, it is quite widespread, is growing and happily contagious! *Gaudeamus igitur!*" Let me particularize. Caillard, a leading newspaper editor of Paris, enters a seminary! The same paper records the entrance of another editor into the religious life. The following citation is apropos, "Twenty years ago at the time of my conversion, I was practically the sole Catholic poet in France. To-day, I see the eternal light illuminating the minds of hundreds of my profession." (Maurice.) Religious sentiment is now in vogue in poetic circles. Freedom of thought no longer attracts the attention of writers. "We can go so far as to say that the rising generation of France, teeming with life, tremble at the thought of their works being infected with the spirit of irreligion."

Psichari, author of the "Centurion," grandson of Renan, the free-thinker, raised by anti-Catholic parents, is no exception to this rule. He was sent into exile into Arica and there he lived in the desert where so many hermits led lives of incredible penance and mortification. It was while meditating on the destinies of France from the viewpoint

of its origin, that he came to the conclusion that France can be great only when she reassumes her traditional spirit of religion. Thus inebriated with dreams for the good of France, he contemplated entering a seminary. But like so many others, his dreams remained unfulfilled. From the battlefield the Master called him to his reward! But many other such characters remain to rebuild the new France of to-morrow.

For France, this is a war of spirit against force and matter. She is shedding her blood like those crusaders of old, "Winning back the Holy Sepulchre from the Scourge of Attila." This revolution of thought and sentiment is significant. It marks the beginning of a new literary epoch, which is but temporarily arrested by a necessary war. It is really the Catholic faith which has inspired the young soldiers of France to an idea of duty, discipline and sacrifice, and which has enabled them to accomplish deeds of unprecedented heroism. How could it be otherwise when they are marshalled on to battle by such men as Generalissimo Foch, Petain, Nivel, all practical Catholics! We shall be keenly disappointed if this wave of religion does not further the progress of the renaissance in literature which has already begun.



What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

—*Shakespeare*

Widow Weeds

MARTIN J. DAUGHERTY, Academic Department

"MRS. SIMPSON's" exclusive boarding house, which had been in existence three months, was now accorded the prestige of a permanent institution by the townspeople of Rego. Her establishment never lacked press-agents, for it was well advertised by every male person in the town.

When Larry Dixon, a young business man, came to Rego he was directed to "Mrs. Simpson's" by the first person he met. He found the house situated on a quiet little avenue surrounded by a number of shady trees and beds of vernal flowers.

His knock was answered by the "Widow Simpson," a demure, little lady dressed entirely in black. Her smile was sweet to behold, and her dark eyes seemed to charm him.

"Mrs. Simpson," said he, "my name is Lawrence Dixon, and I have come to Rego to supervise some work. Your place has been recommended to me as a first-rate boarding house."

The proprietress of the "Simpson Boarding House" bestowed her most affable smile upon the prospective patron as she informed him of the rates and regulations. He agreed to them and was invited in.

"Now, Mr. Dixon, just sit right here until I go and prepare a room for you," said the gracious land-lady, as she offered him a chair.

About ten minutes later she returned and, leading him up the stairway, showed him to the room that she had prepared. Having entered, he gazed carelessly about the simple, though cosily furnished little room, summing up its contents with an air of satisfaction. A sudden change in facial expression caused her to follow his intent gaze, which was riveted on a large portrait in oil, hanging over the fire-place.

In answer to the question apparently forming itself on his lips, she said, with a tremor in her voice, "That is Walter, my poor dead husband," as she wiped the corners of her eyes with a tiny square of black trimmed linen.

Larry looked at the picture a few moments and commenced to laugh.

"Why, Mr. Dixon, you posing as a gentleman! I wouldn't expect worse than that from a dog—laughing at a woman's dead husband!"

"Please pardon me, Mrs. Simpson," begged Larry, as a penitent look swept over his face. "I meant no insult to your dead husband."

The picture reminds me of a very jovial chum, and it recalls some of his comical sayings, which forced me to laugh against my will."

A hurried exit on the part of the "widow" was her only reply.

When she was gone, he sat down at the desk and hastily wrote a brief letter. As soon as he had finished he went to the post-office and mailed it.

That evening all of the boarders gathered in the parlor where a cheery lamp was lighted. One of the female members of "Mrs. Simpson's" artificial family played the piano, while several of the others joined in singing. The "widow," too, was merry until some one asked her to play the harp and sing.

"My dear friends," said she, "I just cannot sing when Walter is not present. He always *enjoyed* hearing me sing when he was alive. Now, how can I sing while he is buried far out in South Dakota with no music but the howling of the coyotes? How could I? How could I?"

"But, Mrs. Simpson, Mr. Dixon has never heard your exquisite voice. Won't you sing just once for him?" pleaded one of the girls.

"Well—I will. Just once, and—just for him."

For a few moments she paused, then touching her eyes with the tiny, mourning handkerchief, she walked towards the harp. Just one radiant glance at Larry and her nimble fingers glided over the silvery strings.

A reciprocal smile beamed from Larry's boyish face as he watched her every movement. The smile grew brighter as the room filled with the enchanted melody of her voice. It carried him far from his immediate surroundings, and he returned to earth with a startling suddenness, only after the bewitching strains had died away.

As he sat there enraptured, his tender heart had been captivated. He had watched her with awe and wonder. Now the spell was removed. In place of "Mrs. Simpson," he saw another—Evelyn Moore, the girl to whom he was engaged who seemed to be chiding him for his fickleness.

He tried to dispel the phantom which refused to leave him. If she would only sing again it would surely go away. He pleaded for just a brief encore but the "widow" would not grant it.

"My dear Mr. Dixon," she responded with *deep emotion*, "I assure you that nothing would give me greater pleasure, but such an effort is dreadfully fatiguing."

Realizing that his pleadings were of no avail, he joined in a few moments pleasant conversation, and taking advantage of the first opportunity withdrew from the company and retired to his room. Drawing an easy chair to the window he sat there for some time gazing at the moon and the stars as if he were striving to find in them a solution to his perplexing problems.

The picture of the "smiling widow" haunted him but it was vanquished almost immediately by the remembrance of Evelyn. He asked himself repeatedly which one he should choose, but he never arrived at

any definite conclusion. He was also trying to solve the picture mystery. "Why did she have that picture there?" The question gave him no rest and he found no suitable answers to his innumerable queries. He then began to blame himself for writing the letter. He was now smitten by the "widow" and consequently would do every thing possible to spare her any embarrassment. He knew that the letter would have an effect and this effect he now dreaded. If he could only recall "it," but why indulge useless wishing? A clash was inevitable and vain regrets could accomplish little. His sleep that night was the slumber of a worried, feverish, desperate man.

The following afternoon Larry received a telegram in response to his letter. Even before he read it he began to dread its unwelcome news. He looked at it several times fearing to open it.

"Oh, what's the matter with me! Am I getting to be such a coward? I may as well open it now as wait longer," he counseled. "Perhaps my luck may change yet." He tore the envelope open with shaking fingers and read the message.

Then tearing the paper into bits he dropped them into the fire place. He next lighted his pipe and threw himself upon the divan. Whilst he was puffing vigorously at his pipe and peering into "poor Walter's" painted visage, the "widow" entered.

"Why so thoughtful, Mr. Dixon? You seem to be taking a profound interest in my husband's picture. Perhaps you may have known him when he was alive?"

"No,—not exactly that,—that is—well, I never knew him—no, I never knew him. I was just thinking what a loss his death must have been to you. He looks so handsome, so intelligent and manly. He must have had a wonderful personality." She did not respond, but hurriedly finished her duties and left the room.

Another day passed slowly. Each hour seemed to be longer than the one preceding it. With every grain of sand that dropped through the hour glass there was added a corresponding mite to Larry's affection for his fair land-lady. He did not, however, love Evelyn any the less.

The door bell rang. A servant answered it. She returned and presented to Larry a card bearing the name "Mr. Lawrence Dixon, Sr." Larry told her to show the gentleman in. As Mr. Dixon, Sr. entered the room Larry rose to greet him.

"Say, dad, that was a foolish thing for me to cause you all this unnecessary trouble. There is nothing really serious. The thing just seemed a bit queer to me and on the impulse I wrote to you. I don't know how to apologize, dad."

"That's all right, Larry. I am glad that you did send for me. I suppose that she is some kind of an adventuress or female crook. Where is the picture?"

Larry could think of no excuse to prevent the impending clash which seemed inevitable, so trusting to fate, he submitted to his father's will and pointed to the large painting hanging over the fire-place.

Mr. Dixon, the elder, closely scrutinized it for some moments before speaking.

"Yes, Larry, you are right. That is my picture. I posed for it just after I was married. It is an exact duplicate of the one which hangs in our parlor at home." He was silent for a few moments. In a more determined voice, he continued, "Where is this woman? Send for her immediately."

"But dad, there's no use of being harsh with her. She's only a pathetic little thing, just out of her teens. You'd better let her go."

"Let her go! Well, I should say not. Larry, you're old enough to stop such boyish nonsense. Send for her at once."

Larry ordered the servant to ask "Mrs. Simpson" to please come up.

It was not long before she entered. She walked toward them, but noting Larry's troubled countenance, stopped suddenly, turning from him to meet the steel-gray eyes of Mr. Dixon, Sr.

"Did you send for me, Lawrence?" she asked in a quiet tone, after a moment's pause.

"Yes, Mrs. Simpson, I want you to meet my father."

"I am honored, Mr. Dixon, to have a man so distinguished come to my humble home."

"The honor will be all mine, Madam," said Mr. Dixon, Sr., in a stern voice, "if you don't tell me truthfully how you came to possess that picture. I mean that I shall have the honor of turning you over to the police."

"Dad," interceded Larry, "be careful of what you are saying. Remember that Mrs. Simpson is a lady."

"Don't worry about me, Lawrence," she assured him, "if your kind father intends to send for the police for me, you had better send for a priest and a doctor for him. I will give him this privilege, although he doesn't deserve it."

"That will be enough of this insolence. I'll tell you something that may interest you. This," pointing to the painting above the fireplace, "is a picture of me. Now, I want to know why you are exploiting me as your dead husband. If you will tell me the truth, I will not disturb you."

"Very considerate of you, indeed. I surmised that you were the original of that picture. Since you have come down from your arrogance, I may condescend to tell you how I came to acquire it."

Mr. Dixon made no reply. Larry looked on stupefied.

"I want to tell you first that my real name is not Simpson. I have only used this name because I wanted to keep a boarding house. To manage a boarding house successfully the owner must be a widow. To be a widow, I had to have a dead husband, and so, I used you for my husband. How did I get that picture? Listen: Since you say that it is a picture of yourself; and since you inherited it from my mother who was the divorced wife of the man in the picture, I may

conclude that my husband has been no other than my own father. You know, my real name is Alice Dixon."

"Dad! Is she my sister?"

"Guess she is, Larry. Your mother and I were divorced. She took Alice and I took you."

"For the love-o-Mike! Sis, kiss your big brother before he faints. Say! I wasn't in love with two girls after all, just my sister and my fiancée, perfectly proper. Isn't it great. I can't behave, dad.

Mr. Dixon placed his arms about his son and daughter.

"My little Alice," said he, with a tender note in his voice, "you'll come home with us, won't you, and be my daughter again? Now, say yes, Alice, say yes."

"Yes, daddy, I will and I'll live with you after Larry gets married."

IRELAND

We may fill your jails and dungeons,
We may choke your crimson graves,
We may die upon your scaffolds
But you shall not keep us slaves.

By the blood of all our heroes,
By the truth of the living God,
We now swear that holy freedom
Shall have birth on Ireland's sod.

Beat the drum and sound the bugle;
Let the flag of freedom fly;
Rise ye Gaels and seize that banner,
Fight and bleed and for it die.

Jacques, A Study

ROBERT L. RUSSELL, '21

ONE delights in that variety of character so clearly and vividly delineated by Shakespeare. We see the hand of the perfect master move over his pages as the power of the poet's touch draws spirits from the vasty deep—and bids them speak. These characters so move and act in the pages of Shakespeare that each has his own peculiar power of fascination for us. The eccentricities of some and the sublimity of others so sway the mind that the peculiar features of each have an attraction for us. It is this individuation touch that makes the character of Shakespeare works so life-like.

The fascination of Jacques lies in the fact that he is the great enigma of "As You Like It." Little or no difficulty is experienced in the analysis of Rosalind or Orlando, but Jacques puzzles us. His stock of peculiarities is amazing. The first time we hear of Jacques, he is shedding tears over the misfortune of a wounded deer, "A sequestered stag, that from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt." This poor stag, besides moving him to tears, furnishes him with abundant matter for moralizing. Then we find him enraptured by a song. If such an ordinary thing as the song of a forester is enough "to wrap him in a most humorous sadness," what a peculiar character he must be. On this occasion Jacques affirms that if he were ever thankful to any man he is thankful to this songster and thus, adds to his abstruseness.

This complication of his character is heightened when he is suddenly thrown into a paroxysm of laughter at meeting with "a motley fool." At the sight and words of Touchstone, his sense of humor so long dormant is greatly aroused and he "Does laugh sans intermission an hour by his dial." It is most probable that Touchstone in his quickness of perception recognized the character of Jacques and began to mock him by "moralizing on the time." Jacques, not being keen enough to perceive this, "began to crow like chanticler that fools should be so deep contemplative."

Jacques and Touchstone are contradictories. The former is the satiric-didactic philosopher; the latter, the true and subtle humorist. Jacques is enamored with the subjective; Touchstone is steeped in the objective. What is tiresome to Jacques is pleasant to Touchstone. And it is most probable that on account of this opposition of qualities the characters are kept apart as much as possible.

There is yet another irregularity of this "compact of jars" to be noted. It is his utter disregard for everything except that which serves

as food for thought and what has direct relation to himself. Thought is his predominate passion. Look at him, totally regardless of his body and fortunes, roaming through the forest seeking food for meditation. When all are jubilant over the success of their love affairs and are preparing a triumphant return to the court, Jacques seeks a cave where he may devote himself to moralizing on mankind.

Yet, despite the fact that his thoughts are in constant labour, they never beget action. We find him shedding tears and moralizing on the plight of a wounded deer, yet we do not see him move an inch from his mossy bed under the tree to aid the unfortunate creature. Again, he would fain "cleanse the foul body of the infected world," and still he isolates himself from his fellowman in an "abandoned cave." These two instances are sufficient to prove that Jacques is a mere talker and not a doer. He says more than he means and as a certain writer has aptly put it, "Jacques' function in 'As you like it,' is to talk," and we believe him.

Jacques loses merit on this account for he retards the dramatic action of the play.

Notwithstanding these eccentricities and the affirmation of the duke that he is full of discords, Jacques' whole personality may be summed up in his principal trait, "his melancholy." Throughout the entire story he is referred to as "the melancholy Jacques." Orlando calls him "Good monsieur Melancholy," and Rosalind hails him as a "melancholy fellow." He was so melancholy that only one person, Touchstone, is able to make him laugh. It is difficult to determine in what this melancholy consisted. He is "able to suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs"; he loves it better than laughing and says "it is good to be sad." When asked by Rosalind to define it, Jacques finds it easier to tell what it is not, rather than what it really is: "I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these." From the words of the duke we know that this melancholy was not always characteristic of Jacques, how then did it grow upon him and of what did it consist? Jacques himself answers the latter for us: "It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness."

Dowden aptly says: "Of real melancholy there is none in the play for the melancholy of Jacques is not grave and earnest, but sentimental, a self-indulgent humor, a petted foible of character."

We might add as an example, Jacques' weeping over the misfortune of the deer, which is certainly sentimental and not sympathetic. For if he had really been sympathetic he would have succored the unhappy beast. To paraphrase the duke and at the same time give our opinion of this strange melancholy, Jacques uses his melancholy as a stalking

horse under presentation that he shoots his sadness. Jacques was conscious of his reputation as a melancholy fellow and he persistently endeavors to live up to this appellation.

Moberly's criticism makes clear how this melancholy grew upon Jacques, since it was not always peculiar to him. Moberly's words amount to the following: that Jacques represents a type of Elizabethan courtiers whose sole ambition was the gratification of the passions and riotous living. But Jacques having recognized the folly of a sensual life, goes to the almost irrational limits of deadening remorse. He goes from one extreme to the other; from a most sensual life to one most ascetical. But his sorrow was rather that of one disappointed in not finding the object of his desires than that of a true penitent. We are forced by the testimony of Jacques' companions to assent to Dr. Moberly's point of view. Does the duke not say that Jacques has been a great libertine and doesn't conduct prove him to be a fanatic repentant?

It is strange that this melancholic disposition is not dispelled by the buoyant and sprightly atmosphere of the Forest of Arden. The real solution of this consists in the fact that Jacques cared little for those around him except that they furnished him subject matter for his moralizing. As Hazlitt says, "He resents Orlando's passion for Rosalind as some disparagement of his own passion for abstract truth, and he leaves the banished duke as soon as he is restored to his sovereignty, to seek out his brother, who has quitted it and turned hermit." Why does he leave the duke and seek his brother? Because Duke Senior, who now has his throne back, no longer serves him food for thought, so he leaves him to find the brother for "there is much matter to be heard and learned of him." Since Jacques is not affected by his surroundings, no one is affected by his melancholy. His moroseness had no effect on the joyous life of the Forest because he was of "contemplation all compact" and his dispositions were not infused into the other characters. Their happiness greatly over-counteracted his melancholy. Hazlitt aptly summarizes this characteristic of Jacques when he says that Jacques' occupation is to amuse his own mind by voicing his philosophical ideas on mankind.

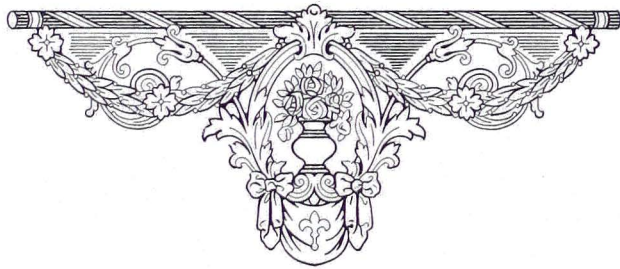
Jacques was a man of feeling. Everything that he felt, he felt strongly—at one time the sight of blood, even though it was the blood of an animal, touches him, even moves him to tears. On another occasion he evidences this deep feeling. Orlando suddenly appears and relates the sufferings of himself and Adam. Both are made desperate by hunger. The duke perceiving how much better off he is than they, says to his companions amongst whom is Jacques: "Thou seest we are not alone unhappy. This wide and universal theatre presents more woeful pageants than the scene wherein we play."

Like a flash all the fortunes and misfortunes of life appear before the mind of Jacques and he draws a picture of them in his Seven Ages: "All the world's a stage, etc." Only a genius could so truly and viv-

idly delineate, in such brief yet complete terms, a picture of this life's "strange and eventful history."

Some critics call Jacques a misanthrope, a cynic and a worn-out profligate. But these are as slow to praise as they are loud in their criticism. If Jacques rails at all men, he is never envious; if he is ironical, he is never personal; if his past life rebukes mention, he is at least endeavoring now to repair the harm done to himself. Jacques had his faults but he also had a few good traits. His noble and generous qualities are frequently overlooked by blunt critics. There must have been some good in Jacques, for he is beloved by his companions and holds a privileged place near the duke. Like the other lords, Jacques had left his possessions and a life in the world, to loyally follow his exiled sovereign. This loyalty, together with his honesty, counteracts his sullenness.

Jacques deserves praise for his attempt to despise the world and its vanities even though he employed a most peculiar means. Of his endeavor to repent of the past, we might say, "It is better to try and fail than never to have tried at all," for his attempt to be sorry absolves him. "He was a most peculiar man."



Friendship—of itself a holy tie—
Is made more sacred by adversity.

—Dryden



The Viatorian

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The Lesson of Peace

"PEACE on Earth, good will towards men." For four successive years these words have been echoed forth at each Christmas tide in an apologetic, wishing manner. The world was void of peace and no hope of a near and lasting cessation of hostilities seemed probable, yet these words were spoken and respoken as if to prepare man to appreciate more fully this great blessing. To-day peace seems imminent and can we say it will be lasting? Can we say that we have learned to prize it as we should? Are we willing now to make the necessary sacrifices to bring about this sort of peace? Have we learned the greatness and true worth of good will towards men? Or have we just been given a thirst for war and conquest which knows no slaking save the horrible excesses of revolution?

God grant that the Angel's voice will be heard on this Christmas

day and that the two-fold blessing of peace and good will towards men will sink deeply into the representatives of the different nations seated at the great conference at Versailles. God grant that from the beautiful city of Versailles, as from the little village of Bethlehem, there will come forth peace to all men. That there will arise from it a spirit, like to the Master who was born in a manger, that will be a savior of the oppressed, an uplifter of the ignorant and a guardian of the religious, political and commercial freedom of the world.

Maryknoll Missionaries

ALMOST simultaneously with the outbreak of the "Great War" the burden of supporting foreign missions was shifted from stricken Europe to our own continent. At first the aid was financial only, but as the struggle went on there arose a need of men as well as of money. Stirred by a deep sense of gratitude for the many sacrifices made for America in her early days of colonization, this demand was generously heeded. Many valiant souls volunteered their services and after a few short years we had the happiness of witnessing the first fruits of this generous response.

On September seventh last, the Eve of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, four young priests left Maryknoll Ossining, New York, for the pagan lands of far away China. Such an event rightly may be considered the beginning of a new epoch in the history of the Church in the United States. The departure of these four zealous priests for foreign lands now accords us the prestige of being a Nation devoted to the cause of spreading the Love of Christ in pagan Asia.

Aside from the spiritual good directly accomplished, it will show the world that America is religious as well as commercial. It will aid in correcting the wrong impression sometimes held that the United States has time for nothing but material gains and can see nothing beyond the mighty dollar. Such an admirable cause of leading those in darkness into the light of true Christianity is deserving of the utmost support of every Catholic in America.

College Magazines

DURING the past twelve months the newspapers throughout the country that have combined with others and the number which has discontinued publication altogether are little less than astonishing. Large cities as well as small have not only witnessed advances in prices of their news sheets but have seen them gradually dwindle and disappear. Those which remain bear marks of poverty in talents and material as well as signs of strict regulations imposed by the government.

Little wonder is then to be expressed if we miss in the Collegiate world some of those inspiring magazines which in the past have added so much zest to our leisure moments. We do not, however, dare cen-

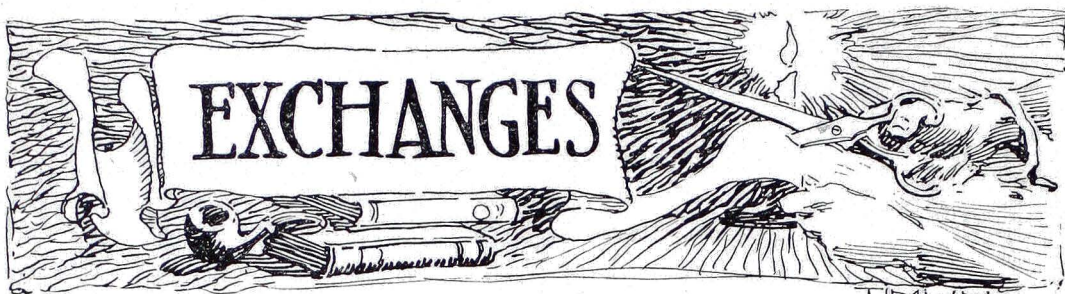
sure those who, by necessity, have discontinued their issues. But on the other hand, we cannot too highly praise those institutions and students who resolved to bear the burden of heavier expenses and double labor in order to bridge over the trying period.

Most of the Catholic Colleges gave unsparingly, from the very start, to the Army of Victory. They gave until their thin ranks could be counted in a single breath. This meant scarcity of contributors, and less funds to carry on the good work, yet few, very few, threw down the pen and closed the doors of their press rooms. With the same generous spirit that prompted their valiant sons to leave for the Land of the Supreme Sacrifice, they faced the difficulties, they met them and are nobly overcoming them.

Thank God the end seems close at hand, and soon we may look forward to a time filled with the brightest prospects for College journals. And when these days of plenty return we should remember those who showed their devotion to the cause of our magazines, we should recall the sacrifices made during this season of scarcity and we should ever hold them as models of courage when difficulties of publishing our volumes arise.



Many men build as cathedrals were built—the part nearest the ground finished, but that part which soars toward heaven, the turrets and the spires, forever incomplete.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*



THE happy termination of the great world war should mark the beginning of a new era for our country. That the college and university will be important factors in this period of reconstruction is an evident fact. And it is likewise certain that the college paper as the spokesman of that phase of intellectual endeavor is destined to occupy a prominent place among the agencies working for the general uplift of humanity. If we are to speak at all, let us speak the truth, let us speak with the confidence which springs from conviction, let us speak with a desire not to wound but to heal, not to destroy but to save. And at the same time let us ever be conscious that "to err is human, to forgive, divine." Following the advice of that sage humanist, of that man among his fellows, let us have "malice towards none, but charity for all." This motto we will take as our guiding star in all our efforts to criticise the publications of our friends.

We were no little encouraged on receiving a copy of the *Georgetown College Journal* to note the bold stand taken by our brother Ex-man. We quite agree with him that it is necessary to "keep our pen to the paper," and help each other by friendly criticisms. In the past this department of the college journal has been productive of great good, and we think it is worth the sacrifices which will be entailed in its continuance even in these times when "conservation" must be deeply impressed on our souls. For this reason "Viator" will continue her exchanges. The Georgetown publication is alive with the spirit which characterizes it at the present time, namely that of a military school. It is right that the S. A. T. C. should receive a large amount of the space in a college paper, but we hope that this will not be to the detriment of other departments. The ex-man is to be congratulated for his scholarly essay entitled "The Poet and His Works." He seems to have caught the spirit of the poets whom he studied, and has reflected it upon us in simple but accurate terms. We eagerly await future issues of the *Georgetown College Journal*, which will no doubt concrete the ideals of poetry which have been so well set forth in the present publication.

The October issue of *St. Mary's Messenger* is appropriately introduced by the "Coming of the Queen," a poem by Eleanor C. Don-

nelly. This sublime subject is handled in a praiseworthy manner. The article on the centenary of Father Clavius calls for our commendation. Although this holy man may not care whether we praise or blame him, still we cannot afford to let the memory of such men die. Justice to our holy Mother Church demands that we honor those who have honored her. "Nature Study in 'The Princess,'" and "Shakespeare's Heroines" are literary subjects that are capably treated. The former article is instructive with regard to the character of Tennyson as revealed in "The Princess." We are reminded in the latter that Shakespeare's women are worthy of our admiration because they are so true to life. Herein consists the charm of Shakespeare. He understood and appreciated men and women, and likewise had the happy faculty of sharing his enlightenment with others. The author of "Monsignor Benson and His Critics" seems to have caught the spirit and interestingly portrays the character of this most fascinating writer. On the whole we found the *Messenger* interesting, enjoyable and instructive.

The *Canisius Monthly* for October contains an instructive article on Aniline Colors. The author evidently has first-hand information on the subject, so that he is enabled to give the uninitiated a practical idea of the dyeing process. The poems, "Khaki at Canisius," "Canisius, A Message," and "To John Joseph Cotter, U. S. A.," reveal the active part Canisius College has been taking in contributing to the winning of the war. Gossipers would do well to take note of the "Song of Gossip," which has been written for their especial benefit. The author has exercised no little cleverness in composing this poem. We found the "Recollections of an Old Indian Missionary" very interesting, and look forward with pleasure to the continuation of this article. The *Canisius Monthly* very properly devotes a good share of its space to the Students' Army Training Corps. "Much Ado About Nothing" is the article entitled, "Toothpicks," but it has the merit of being amusing and ingenious.

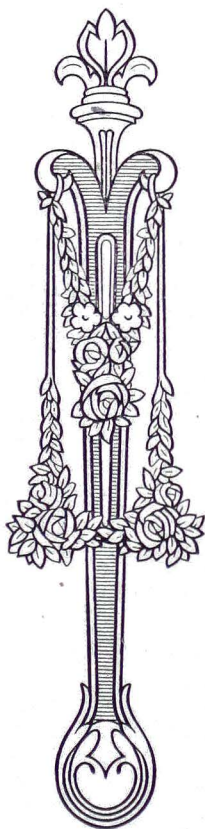
Last but not least is *The Morning Star*, of Conception College. It purports to be a "Star," and gives proof of being such indeed by discussing problems of the most vital importance at the present time. The essay entitled "Duty" is a stirring appeal to adopt the golden mean in facing the issues of the day. We agree with the writer if by this golden mean, he means, as we feel confident he does, full and whole-hearted coöperation of our government in its undertakings for the reconstruction not only of America but of the world. The article on "Reconstruction After the War" reminds us of the important part Catholics should feel themselves in duty bound to fill during this period of rebuilding and international progress. Catholic economics and sociology, we know, rest on the firmest foundation of God's eternal truth. Therefore we must, as the author of this article urges, not only

lovingly cherish these principles, but also apply them wherever possible to the problems that vex the world at this time. "Being and Its Characteristics" is a scholarly tract indicating the healthy state of philosophical minds at Conception College. The author of "An Essay on the Drama Macbeth" shows a due appreciation of one of Shakespeare's greatest masterpieces. We quite agree with him that "Macbeth is the greatest of them all." From the essays entitled "Types" and "College Spirit," we are forcibly reminded that college boys are the same everywhere, that every student body consists of divers elements, which must be molded together in a unified whole by that transforming influence known as "College Spirit."

It has been our good fortune to receive copies of Father Garesché's latest books entitled "Your Soul's Salvation" and "Your Interests Eternal." These volumes meet a distinctly modern need. In these days the reading of spiritual books is not popular, and why? First of all, because of the natural antipathy which men have to bestir themselves by meditation on the elevating truths contained in such works. Then again, men are so busy, there is so much to distract and preoccupy one that the mere thought of spiritual reading is considered an antidote for all ailments of the soul. Another reason why we evade this clear duty is that spiritual books are tedious, boresome, and that we cannot make anything out of them. To overcome the first obstacle there is needed only a true Christian spirit, a sincere belief in the teachings of the Gospel, and a right appreciation of the value of our immortal souls. The second excuse, "lack of time," is not a valid one, especially when we have at our disposal such books as Father Caresche's. These are arranged for the special benefit of busy men. The treatises are short: ten minutes suffices to read any one of them, and when you have finished, you have at least the pleasant sensation that you have done something substantial for your soul's welfare. The style of the author is simple, the matter sublime, and the manner of presentation really entertaining. Surely then if we have hours to give to the reading of light literature and current events, we can spare ten minutes a day to this kind of reading which will procure us merit when even time itself has passed away. Far from boring the reader, Father Garesché's works entertain him. If at times they suggest accusing truths, they also point out an easy way of harmonizing our lives with these truths so that they may cease to accuse, but rather form a subject of consolation and joy. Let that New Year's resolution taken a month or two in advance, for surety's sake, be: "I will devote at least ten minutes a day to distinctly Catholic and spiritual reading."

Those who desire to procure copies of "Your Soul's Salvation," and "Your Interests Eternal," should write to the publishers, Benziger Brothers of New York, Cincinnati, or Chicago. The price is seventy-five cents net per volume.

Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J., the author of "Tom Playfair," "Percy Wynn," "Harry Dee," etc., is offering to the Catholic boys of our land another of his choice stories entitled: "His Luckiest Year." This book is a sequel to "Lucky Bob." Those who have become acquainted with the manly Bob Ryan in the earlier work will be interested in following the adventures of this boy hero during his "luckiest year," in noting the influence of this good Catholic youth on those about him, in sympathizing with his troubles, enjoying his successes, and finally sharing his happiness in the discovery of his long lost mother. Thus does Father Finn give another treasure to the Catholic boy, and in fact to every boy. If you consider Father Finn's books as rather juvenile for you, at least recommend them to your friends. This volume may be purchased from Benziger Brothers for one dollar net.





Cecilian Philharmonic Society

The first monthly meeting of the Cecilian Philharmonic Society held in its club room November 8th, was a decided success. After the usual procedure of business, the President announced the social program of the evening. Father Ryan addressed the members, assuring them of his hearty coöperation and wishing them all success in their endeavors. Mr. Phil Scherer rendered a beautiful solo which was very pleasing to his auditors. Father Brown, to use the vernacular, brought down the house by his masterful rendition of comic stories. After several numbers by the college orchestra ice cream and cake were served to the guests and members. After a few closing remarks by Father Ryan the meeting adjourned.

Visit of Right Rev. J. W. Forbes

On October twenty-seventh the students were favored with a visit from Right Rev. J. W. Forbes, D. D., Bishop of Joliette, Canada. Due to his great haste his stay was very brief and only an informal reception could be tendered him. The entire student body met in the College Auditorium where Mr. J. Joseph Smith read an address of welcome to their distinguished visitor. The Bishop responded with a very pleasing though short talk in which he warmly praised the work of the Viatorians in both Canada and the United States.

Musician's Club

The Musician's Club has extended its ranks to include all the members of the choir and orchestral departments. At the meeting held on the first Sunday of October, Mr. Elmslie, of the Music Department, organizing a new society under the title of The Cecilian Philharmonic Society, congratulated the members upon their enthusiasm and urged

them to continue their zeal in the study of music of a pure and elevating character. The following gentlemen were selected to guide the destinies of the society:

Moderator and Choral Director, Rev. A. N. St Aubin; Musical Directors, Mr. J. Robert Elmslie and Professor G. Martineau; President, Harold McCormick; Vice President, Lawrence Poudrier; Secretary, Joseph Weiss; Treasurer, Frank Sweeney.

Acolythical Society

Under the able direction of Brother W. E. Cracknell, C. S. V., as Moderator, St. Viator Acolythical Society can boast this year of a large number of members. To be a member of this beautiful society is certainly a favor, for who can ask greater glory than to serve with the angels at the foot of God's altar throne. The following gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing year:

President, James Sees; Vice President, Harold McCormick; Secretary-Treasurer, Lawrence Poudrier; Sergeant-at-Arms, Norman Dan-

The Senior Class

As the Senior Class entered upon the last mile of its collegiate journey it found that its excellent president, Mr. Thomas P. Kelly, of Peoria, Illinois, was no longer guiding the destinies of the class, but had entered as a divinity student at St. Paul Seminary, hence an election for president was in order. This post was entrusted to Mr. Gregory A. Galvin, of Assumption, Illinois. The other officers of the class are: Mr. J. J. Smith, Vice President; Mr. A. J. Landroche, Secretary, and Mr. J. Robert Elmslie, Treasurer.

Our Lady of Bourbonnais

The first Sunday of October found the village of Bourbonnais in festive state as its inhabitants gathered in its little churchyard for the purpose of dedicating to the Honor of the Mother of God the beautiful Grotto which stands not only as a shrine of devotion to our Holy Mother but also as a sweet remembrance of the zeal and untiring efforts of Brother John Koelzer, c. s. v., who erected this beautiful offering to the Immaculate Queen. The mass of dedication was sung in the village church by Rev. A. L. Bergeron; an eloquent sermon was given by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Legris; and at the grotto Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, c. s. v., in his usual earnest manner paid touching tribute to Motherhood and devotion to the Mother of God.

Very Rev. Father Roberge

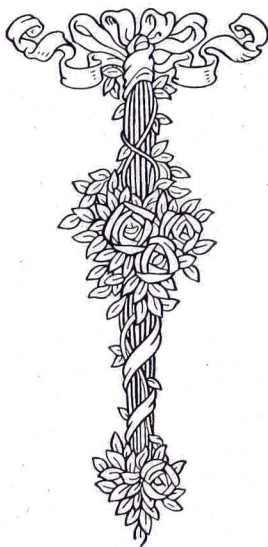
Very Rev. Father Roberge, c. s. v., of Joliette, Canada, arrived in Bourbonnais October 21st. After the banquet, served to the honored guest by the village pastor, Rev. J. M. Marsile, c. s. v., the reverend clergy repaired to the college auditorium where a reception

was tendered to the visitor by the faculty and students. The Visitor-general granted a holiday to be conferred at a later date. The following program was rendered:

"Overture"	College Orchestra
Cycle of French Songs.....	Mr. Henry DuFresne
Address of Welcome on behalf of Students.....	Mr. J. Robert Elmslie
Response.....	Very Rev. Father Roberge
The Marseillaise.....	Mr. Henry DuFresne

Columbus Day

On October 12th, Columbus Day Military Mass was celebrated beneath the starry folds of our Nation's flag, where it floats in the breeze in the center of the campus. The celebrant of the occasion was Lieutenant George Sauvage, Chaplain of the French Army in Flanders. The Military Company and students attended in a body. The oration of the day was delivered by Rev. Thomas V. Shannon, of Chicago, editor of the *New World*. As a fitting close, Father Sauvage related some of his experiences of his four years in the trenches.



EDITOR'S NOTE: A special number of the VIATORIAN will be published in which due space will be given to our fallen heroes. You are kindly requested to send us the names and pictures of any Viator boy who has made the heroic sacrifice.

Obituary

"Have pity on me, at least, you my friends."

John Brickley

On Friday, October 25th, the message was winged from lip to lip that death had entered our beloved halls and claimed the life of John Brickley. Although a newcomer in our midst, he had endeared himself to all by his courteous disposition and saintly character. To the bereaved parents the members of his class forwarded the following set of Resolutions:

WHEREAS, In His infinite wisdom God had seen fit to call to his heavenly abode our friend and classmate, John Brickley; be it therefore

Resolved, That we have a Requiem High Mass sung in the College Chapel at which the entire class and student body shall be present, and be it also

Resolved, That a class offer a novena of communions for the repose of his soul, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the VIATORIAN, and a copy sent to the bereaved parents.

Elroy Langlois

With sincere regret we are called upon to chronicle the sudden death of Elroy Langlois, of Kankakee, Illinois. Mr. Langlois was formerly a student of the college and for the last four years was an active member of the College Orchestra. To the bereaved parents we offer our sincere condolence.

Rev. Ralph Legris Maximillian Legris

It is with extreme regret that we are obliged to chronicle the deaths of two beloved sons of Viator and members of one of Kankakee County's most distinguished families. A few weeks ago the entire community was startled by the sad news that death had claimed as his own Rev. Ralph Legris, c. ss. r., of St. Anne de Beaupre, Canada, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Legris of Bourbonnais. Scarcely had the last notes of his Requiem passed to the shores of silence when a message came unto the already bereaved family informing them of the death of their other son, Maximillian who passed away while en route to France.

Words cannot express our grief over the loss of two such noble sons of Viator, both soldiers; one in the Army of God, the other in the army of his Country. To the bereaved relatives we can only say that ever shall these heroes be the objects of our prayers and to that noble father and sacrificing mother we extend our sincere sympathy in this their hour of tribulation.

J. F. Lynch

St. Mary of the Lake Church, Chicago, during the last days of October was the scene of the funeral of one of Viator's most loyal and faithful sons.

J. F. (Jerry) Lynch, '06-'12, imbued with the spirit of patriotism, enlisted in the United States Navy and was attached to the Hospital Corps at Municipal Pier. Here, after a year of service, performing the duties to which he was assigned, he contracted that dread disease, influenza, and after a few days succumbed to its relentless attacks.

While at the College Frank by his gentlemanly qualities and Christian virtues won the admiration and esteem of the faculty and by his earnestness as a student and prowess as an athlete attracted to himself a host of friends.

The faculty, alumni and students extend their most heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved ones in this their sad hour of trial. Let them be consoled by the reflection that, in his life, he was a true Catholic gentleman and, in his death, was a martyr to his country's cause.

A solemn high mass of requiem was sung by Rev. J. J. Gearty, assisted by Rev. Francis J. Shea, Deacon, and Rev. E. M. Kelly, c. s. v., Subdeacon. Our former President, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, c. s. v., preaching the funeral sermon, paid a glowing tribute to the memory of this heroic son of Viator.

The entire faculty and student body extend their sincere sympathy to our schoolmate, John Nailon, whose two brothers, Philip J. and James C., and whose sister-in-law, Mrs. J. C. Nailon, passed away during the recent epidemic.

Death has, in the last few weeks, taken heavy tolls. It is with the deepest sadness that we are forced to inscribe on our rolls of necrology the names of Rev. Edward J. Unruh, of Kansas City, Mo., Professor Anderson, formerly head of the Agricultural Department of St. Viator, who died at Jefferson Barracks, Peter Boyle of Ottawa, Ill., Daniel Bergin of Manhattan, Ill., Pvt. Denis McCarthy, and Frank Seybert, killed in action in France.

"Requiescat in pace."

Alumni

"Over There"

Among the many messages which were dispatched from "Over There" St. Viator's is the recipient of a few, which fill our hearts with joy and pride at the heroic deeds of our noble and valiant boys. The first among them tells us of the heroic deeds of Chaplain Harris A. Darche, '06. Because of his untiring labors in the administration of the spiritual and temporal needs to the dying and wounded; and because of his remarkable courage displayed in rescuing wounded soldiers from No. Man's Land, while under fire, he was thrice honored. He was also decorated with the "Croix de Guerre" and "Legion of Honor."

Word was received from Lieutenant James L. Dougherty, '08, that he had been in active service in the front line trenches for the last six months. Lately while leading his men "over the top" he was severely wounded. He is at present in the base hospital convalescing. He expects to be out soon. His lonesomeness while in the hospital was greatly relieved by a visit of Chaplain William J. Bergin, c. s. v., his former professor.

Lieutenant Emmett Trainor was decorated with the "Legion of Honor" for valor displayed in the battle near Vierzy. A letter of recommendation was sent to his parents from the U. S. Marine Headquarters, Washington, D. C., in which he enclosed the following message from "Over There:" "Second Lieutenant Emmett Trainor, Marines, in the action near Vierzy, on July 19, in order to reconnoiter the positions held by the enemy, constantly exposed himself to the fire of machine gunners and snipers in order to secure this vital information."

Well does he deserve such a reward and it was for such marks of bravery that his commanders were eager to award him this honor.

Emmett Kissane, '15, was made sergeant shortly after his arrival in France.

Sergeant John V. Hogan, '13, has received the "Distinguished Service Cross" for bravery. Well does he deserve such an honor, as may be seen from the following words: "For myself I do not know what an average American will do, but I do know what I did is what I would expect of a comrade. They say that I did something exceptional, but I thought myself doing only my bit. Along on No Man's Land—a machine gun popping at my platoon and me—eight Boches around the gun—what would anyone do with a loaded rifle?"

Just what I did—kill the gunner and his aid and the rest, if they did not surrender. Six cried 'Kamerad' and I sent them behind the lines. A little further on—three more machine guns—two men and myself captured. Frankly—would not another do the same thing in my place? I think so, but my officers do not, so they recommended me for a "D. S. C."

John is with the 89th Division of the 355th Infantry in Company L.

"Over Here"

Filled with a sense of duty in assisting those who have sacrificed themselves for their country, the Rev. William J. Bergin and the Rev. John W. R. Maguire, professors of Philosophy and Sociology respectively at St. Viator College, volunteered as K. of C. chaplains. They were sent to Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Michigan. While there they accomplished wonders among the soldiers. Their labors in military camp were so valuable that Bishop Hoyes ordered them to prepare for overseas duty. They sailed for France; arrived safely and are now in active service.

Father Bergin passed several most pleasant hours with Father Darche, Lieut. Walter Nourie and Lieut. James L. Dougherty.

Word came that Rev. William J. Stephenson, c. s. v., former President of Columbus College, Chamberlain, S. D., arrived safely in France. He enlisted as a Regular Army Chaplain in September of 1917. He was first stationed at Camp Custer, Michigan, then transferred to Camp Green, Charlotte, N. C. During his short stay at this camp he won the esteem and favor of both Catholic and non-Catholic soldiers. Because of the extreme necessity of Chaplains at other camps, Father Stephenson was sent to Camp Wadsworth, S. C. His untiring efforts in behalf of each and every soldier at the camp made him a close friend and a valuable factor at camp. Finally his cherished desire was granted and he was sent overseas.

Henry Ruel, '95, of Kankakee, Illinois, who sailed for France as a K. of C. secretary, arrived safely. He is at present actively engaged in Bordeaux, France.

Harry Kaminsky, '13, has recently been commissioned a Junior Lieutenant in the Navy. He is assigned to the S. S. Turkey.

Two more crosses are added to our Service Flag. The Rev. Fathers Adhemar Savary and Joseph Heeneny, unable to restrain the great desire of assisting our heroes at camp, have enlisted as chaplains. May their labors in this special vineyard of the Lord be happy and successful and may theirs be the hundred fold blessings of God is the sincere wish of the faculty and students.

Joseph Lynch, '14, after passing a successful course in intensive military training at Fort Sheridan, was sent to Camp Perry, Ohio, and

gained there the commission of Second Lieutenant. From there he was sent to Dubuque College as an officer of the S. A. T. C. Unit.

John P. Fitzgerald has recently been commissioned a Lieutenant. He is in the 157th Depot Brigade, 3rd Training Battalion, 12th Company, at Camp McClellan, Alabama.

Ordination

"The hour so ardently awaited has come at last. Behold the day sweeter to me than all the feasts of the earth."

These were the sentiments of Rev. Thomas Donovan and Rev. Lawrence Frowley, just a short time ago.

Rev. Thomas J. Donovan is a native of Chicago, Illinois. After finishing his academic course he entered St. Viator College where he made his college studies and took part of his theological course. He was ordained to the holy priesthood Saturday, September 21st, by Most Rev. George Mundelein, D. D., in the Cathedral of Holy Name, Chicago. Father Donovan celebrated his first solemn mass, Sunday, September 22nd, at the Nativity Church, Chicago.

Rev. Lawrence Frowley was ordained with Father Donovan. He pursued a part of his theological course here together with Father Donovan. The faculty and students of St. Viator extend to Father Donovan and Father Frowley their heartiest wishes for a long life of happiness in the vineyard of the Lord.

It was announced to us that Dan Cupid had gained his usual victory over one of our Alumni. On August 27, Mr. Robert E. Mulroney was united in the bonds of holy matrimony to Miss Eileen Donohue. Both Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Mulroney are residents of Missoula, Montana. Mr. R. E. Mulroney fills the position of assistant paymaster of the U. S. Naval Reserve Force.

To them the VIATORIAN extends the earnest desires of their old friends for a life fraught with unlimited prosperity.

On September 19, 1918, Father J. W. R. Maguire, c. s. v., paid us a visit from Camp Custer, Michigan. He gave a short talk to the student body gathered in the study hall. He outlined in a brief but interesting manner the daily routine of the soldier's life in Camp Custer; the noble work of the K. of C. in camps, and the arduous task of the Catholic Chaplains. He brought out the true piety and sincerity of the Catholic boys and their readiness to sacrifice sleep, entertainment or pleasures for their religious duties. He cited an inspiring example of how four men held up a soldier's rain coat for shelter over the altar during a heavy shower while mass was being said, and, how devoted the thousands knelt to the very end in the heavy rains. Father Maguire concluded his talk by reminding the students of the importance of devotion to study and of observing discipline to fit themselves for the places left vacant by those making the supreme sacrifice for

humanity's cause. In his closing words he asked their prayers for the soldiers "over there" and more especially for the Catholic soldiers and chaplains.

The following were among the Reverend gentlemen whom the faculty had the pleasure of entertaining: Rev. Father Sauvage, France; Rev. W. J. Surprenant, c. s. v., Beaverville, Ill.; Rev. Joseph Kelly, Moline, Ill.; Rev. Francis Brady, c. s. v., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Father McDevitt, Oak Park, Ill.; Father John Bennett, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. Mainville, Chebanse, Ill.; Rev. John V. Walsh, Sterling, Ill.; Rev. B. J. Olemanski, Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. O. Bordeau, Manteno, Ill.; and Rev. W. J. Granger, Bradley, Ill.

Among the "Old Boys of Viator" who favored the faculty and students with a visit were: Howard Bushell, Great Lakes; Henry Marcotte, Great Lakes; Pvt. Cletus Freehill, Camp Grant; Arthur Surprenant, Great Lakes; Faustin Zeller, Russell Delaney, Patrick Meegan, Augustine Doyle, James McCabe, Thaddeus Mooney, Gerald Monks, Donald Kirley, John Kearney and Leslie M. Clancy.



Letters from "Over There"

Somewhere in France, July 1, 1918

Dear Father O'Mahoney:

Your invitation to the Golden Jubilee was received with pleasure and regret; pleasure, that I was asked to attend this great solemnity; regret, that I could not attend. Even though I was not there in body, I was there in spirit. My heart goes back to old St. Viator.

"Mooch" Summers, "Fat" Rowe, O'Mara and Ryan are all here at the camp. We try to show our affection for old St. Viator by chumming together.

Although I couldn't be in French Bourbonnais on the day of the Jubilee, I did pass that day in a little French village "over here." The village church here is much battered, having been shelled several times. It is built somewhat like the church in Bourbonnais. This village is right on the edge of "No Man's Land," our trench running through the town.

For a while I was stationed as an observer in the front line, but am now a short distance behind the front lines in the regimental school for observers. Our work is interesting and exciting. I almost wish for more work, so as to make sure of a permanent job as observer in the front line.

At times we are allowed to go to the rest camp. The last one we were in was near a famous historical battlefield. Every village here in France is full of interest.

The camps here are certainly up-to-date, large, spacious, and are comfortably furnished, having among other things real shower baths. A fellow don't know the pleasure of a bath until he is forced by circumstances to go without one for a couple of weeks.

With best regards to all the Fathers and Brothers, I remain,

One of your boys,

PRIVATE CLARENCE L. HOULE
Battery B, 149th F. A., A. E. F., France

Somewhere in France, Oct. 1, 1918

Dear Bro. Fitz:

By this time some of the boys must have informed you that our company left the good old U. S. A. for Sunny France. But what gets me is the idea of calling it "sunny." I haven't seen the sun more than seven times since we landed.

The trip across was at times very enjoyable. Notice, I say, at

times; for there were other times when many prayed for a "Sub" to fire us a good blow. The first day out the cooks were sure busy feeding the mob, but after we were on the briny deep a few days, the thought of food was the remotest thing in our minds.

As I was walking the deck last Sunday morning I saw a first lieutenant with a cross, and something seemed to tell me he was on the right side of the fence, so I asked him when Mass was going to be said. He told me, and when the time came I was on hand. I sure was surprised at what I saw. Talk about your grotesque gatherings! There were officers from the Army and Navy, soldiers, sailors and nurses. All with different uniforms. Some of the privates even had on their working clothes, but what did we care for that, we were all equal in that room.

As we neared the shore, all that could be seen for miles around were mountains of big high rocks. Yet behind these were the most beautiful little villages you would want to lay eyes upon. We traveled through these towns in little cars about fifteen feet long, drawn by a dinky engine. The engines reminded me of those the little kids get for Xmas. At certain points along the line, the engines were side-tracked and another took up the job. After a few changes, we could tell by the speed whether the engine was French or American.

We passed thru some famous towns, and are now billeted on the borders of a little village between the hills. The houses are very ancient and are built of crude rock and cheap cement.

One of the joys of the boys is that wine is served once in a while instead of coffee. But it is a cheap wine, resembling strawberry pop.

I met Matt Kilbride a couple of weeks ago. He belongs to the Signal Corps. They go around and build up the telephone system thruout France. I expect to see Summer and Finnigan some time this week. I have their addresses, but a fellow is changed so often it is useless to make plans to visit anyone.

No mail has reached me since I've been across, but don't let that stop you, as the mail will eventually reach us.

I have to go back to duty now, so with best wishes to all the Fathers and Brothers, I'll say Au Revoir, EMMETT F.

Dear Brother:

I just had the happy and pleasing sensation of receiving your letter written Sept. 11th and I was more than glad to hear from you.

Your letter brought back vividly to my mind the dear old school and the good Fathers who treated me so kindly whilst there. It made me feel good to recall again the old times which you mentioned in your letter.

I met "Mooch" Summers just before my first big battle and we talked over old times, and the delicious sandwiches which we used to have in 220. We certainly had a good talk, but the worst of it was that the meeting was casual and only for a day. On that night we again advanced and kept going, so I did not get a chance to see

"Mooch." But during our last drive and on the hardest front of the whole war and in the bloodiest of all American battles we were camped in a big dense woods with plenty of German dugouts which a week before we had captured, "Mooch's" outfit moved in on our right and Tom Finnegan's on our left to relieve us, so that they no more than moved up when we moved out. Again the gods were against me, when I could neither see "Finnie" nor "Mooch." When I heard they were there, I had blissful visions of the three of us getting down and having a good talk about "ye olden times." We went from there to the rear for a rest, but give me the front. I would rather be up there where the shells are whizzing over your head or bursting near you than be back in one of those little French villages called camps, and having to stand inspection and cleaning up all of the time.

It is tough, especially when it is raining all the time and the ground is covered with mud up to your ankles; so that you never have dry feet. I only wish that I could tuck myself up in those blankets and sheets in 220 and have "Mooch" or "Finnie" throw me a hamburger.

I got a letter from home to-day and it told of the big battle staged in Grant Park. It must have looked good to the folks at home, but it would be nothing in comparison to an all night barrage over here. I have listened to one barrage that started one night at nine and finished at ten the next morning. Everything we had up to 16-inch guns was firing so you can imagine the noise. The next morning we moved over the land we had shelled and it was just like a plowed field. There were holes every three or four feet for about four miles. Here were dead and wounded lying about in equal numbers to the shell holes. It was an awful sight to witness. In one drive we advanced for four days and nights and we stopped to eat or feed our horses only twice, so you can imagine how the Americans fight over here and how they have the Germans on the run.

Before our regiment moved up to the front I was on a horse detail going all over France, getting and delivering horses to certain divisions. I traveled from East to West, and from the farthest point North to Switzerland, and a few miles more I would be in my father's birth-place. I have seen enough of this country and am willing to go back to the states and never leave again. There is one thing I do hate and that is crossing that pond again in a "cubic foot of space," as a writer in the *Daily News* recently described it.

All the fellows over here seem happy and they are willing to fight anybody. We had California infantry in front of us during the last drive and they sure went through the Germans. When at the front we never see a civilian. Once in a while we run into a Y. M. C. A. or a Red Cross outfit and that is about five miles from the front. They talk about doughnuts and coffee back home, but the only ones we get are those we make.

I'll close, Brother, and I sincerely hope to see you by Easter.

Your devoted friend, "CHUCK"

PRIVATE CHARLES VON HUBEN

122 U. S. F. A., Battery F, A. E. F., France

Early in September, Father O'Mahoney received word from Rev. H. A. Darche, Chaplain of the 6th Regiment, Marines, that he was still alive. Father Darche, "killed in action," was unwarrantedly spread abroad not long after the great Marine drive of last June, in which he took a very active part. Father Darche is the first Viator man to be decorated with the Croix de Guerre.

"Bill" Bayer, Sergeant, Co. M, 355 Inf., has seen service in the trenches. He writes: "Have seen a little service in the front lines and have gone 'over the top' several times. It certainly was a wonderful experience. The big shells make a fellow duck once in a while, but you get used to it. So far I haven't received a scratch."

Dan Quinn, who is stationed near St. Nazaire, France, writes that he has proof that Viator men may be found in any corner of the globe. He says: "As I was sitting in one of the reading rooms in one of our huts, I overheard a soldier near me mention Chicago. We became acquainted immediately and in the course of the conversation I discovered that he was an old St. Viator boy. His name is Lester Page and he attended St. Viator about 1901-03." We agree with Dan when he says that old St. Viator men may be found in any corner of the globe.

During "Tim" Sullivan's stay at St. Viator he was noted for his ability to manage rehearsals for the St. Patrick's Day program. The government must have discovered this virtue in "Tim," for he writes from Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C.: "We stayed at Camp Wheeler only a short time as the Brigade, being an old organization, needed only the finishing touches of training, which were put on during the last two weeks. It took the form of a trench party out into the hilly country. I managed to take several mud baths, a first-rate cold, slept out now and then under a barn, in the barn and out of the barn, which building represented the 'Headquarters.' No more rehearsals for me, but give me the real stuff."

"Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste death but once."



THE great demand made on the students' time by the establishment of the Students' Army Training Corps unit at St. Viator made 'Varsity foot ball an impossibility this season and Coach St. Aubin therefore has given all his attention to the production of a plucky High School team. Though the material given him was young and inexperienced, only a few of last year's squad reporting for practice, the coach soon showed himself a master by the formation of a team which might have had a large number of victories, but for the fact that the season was considerably shortened on account of the "Influenza epidemic." As it was, the season ended with only one game lost and that to a team outweighing our boys ten pounds to the man.

ST. CYRIL 0; ST. VIATOR 2

The first game of the season, though it ended disastrously, was the best of all. It was played on Viator field with the speedy eleven of Chicago. The visitors entered the field determined to win and this determination did not abate during the whole game. During the first three quarters the ball see-sawed back and forth from goal to goal, but without a score for either side. A drizzling rain which rendered the use of the forward pass impossible, did not dampen the enthusiasm of a large crowd of rooters. "Red" Corkery made some brilliant runs for the visitors and threatened to take the pigskin home several times. Ed. O'Connor starred for the home team by making some hair-raising tackles at critical moments. After three quarters of hard fighting, discouraged by their vain efforts to score and under the pretense of an unjust penalty, the Chicago boys threw down their arms and left the field, thereby forfeiting the game.

The lineup:

ST. CYRIL		ST. VIATOR	
McCarthy	L. E.	Walsh	
Buckley	L. T.	O'Brien	
Hart	L. G.	Corken	

Tabbert	C.....	Bunge
Cox	R. G.....	Boos
Larkin	R. T.....	Korkey
Redmond	R. E.....	Walsh
Gleason	Q. B. Fitzgerald, McCormick	
Corkery (Capt.).....	L. H.....	O'Connor (Capt.)
Hanley	R. H.....	Anderson
Connor	F. B.....	Cantway

Referee, Hamilton. Umpire, Hart.

The spread of the "Flu" put a temporary halt to foot ball and necessitated the cancelling of the schedule. A month of enforced idleness, however, did not harm the team very materially, as they demonstrated in their next game.

OTTAWA 19; ST. VIATOR 0

The final score of the game with Ottawa reveals little. Our boys were outweighed ten pounds to the man and yet they fought like Trojans for victory. The visitors hurled their human battering ram into our light line, crushing it by sheer weight. The game was played on a muddy field, rendering the use of the forward pass impossible. Hubert's line plunging was the feature of the game. Jim Sees starred for the home team by getting a number of brilliant tackles behind the line.

The lineup:

OTTAWA		ST. VIATOR
Baker	L. E.....	Walsh
Hanna	L. T.....	O'Brien
Palmer	L. G.....	Corken
Curtis	C.....	Sees
Martin	R. G.....	Boos
Formhals	R. T.....	Korkey
Heidenrech	R. E.....	Walsh
Abbot	Q. B.....	Fitzgerald
Hubert	L. H.....	O'Connor (Capt.)
McMann	R. H.....	Anderson
Doyle	F. B.....	Cantway

Touchdowns, Hubert 2; Doyle 1. Goal, Doyle. Referee, Hamilton. Umpire, Hart.

ST. PHILIP 0; ST. VIATOR 54

The game with St. Philip High School of Chicago was a farce. From the kick-off to the final whistle our boys had the game to themselves. In the first quarter they marched down the field for three successive touchdowns with scarcely any opposition. Open work was resorted to from the start and the visitors were unable to stop our clever plays. The half ended with the one-sided score of 47 to 0. The sec-

ond team went in for the latter half and in the first two minutes registered another tally. After this they contented themselves with stopping the visitors and only once permitted them to make their ten yards. The backfield quartette showed remarkable skill in picking holes in their opponents' line and in encircling the extremities. The ends pulled down several neat forwards for large gains. O'Brien and Sees starred on the defensive, nailing a number of plays behind the line.

The lineup:

ST. PHILIP		ST. VIATOR
Broderic	L. E.....	Walsh
Flynn	L. T.....	O'Brien
Minahan	L. G.....	Bunge
Bullis	C.....	Sees
Dinges	R. G.....	Boos
Scully	R. T.....	Korkey
Grant	R. E.....	Walsh
Bruns	Q. B.....	Fitzgerald
Allen	L. H.....	O'Connor (Capt.)
Smith	R. H.....	Anderson
Ryan	F. B.....	Cantway

Touchdowns, Fitzgerald 3; Anderson 1; O'Connor 1; Walsh 1; Cantway 1; M. Walsh 1. Goals, Anderson 6. Referee, Hamilton. Umpire, Hart.

CHICAGO HEIGHTS 0; ST. VIATOR 13

The game with Chicago Heights was a battle from start to finish. Though the weather was far from inviting, the rooters were out in great numbers to support their team and the cheers rolled down the field like peals of thunder. The feature of the game was an eighty yard run by Elmer Cantway. The plucky full-back grabbed a punt on the twenty yard line and ran through the whole team for a touchdown. Perfect interference helped him to place the ball between the goal posts. In the fourth quarter "Fitz" took the pigskin over for another tally after McCormick had driven his team up to the ten yard line. No small degree of credit is due to Viator's husky center for the aggressive spirit he manifested in this and in every other game of the season. Sees' work on defensive play has been no more remarkable than his offensive efforts in digging holes and in receiving forwards. Dale Walsh figured in a number of excellent tackles. Kryzlunas (?) proved himself quite sane in encircling the ends for large gains. The visitors played the most plucky game seen on Viator Field this season. In the fourth quarter they threatened to score after bringing the ball down the field to the twenty yard line, but lost it on a fumble.

The lineup:

CHICAGO HEIGHTS		ST. VIATOR
Talon	L. E.....	D. Walsh
Lietz	L. T.....	O'Brien

Burdette	L. G.....	Bunge
Wieler	C.....	Sees
Hilfrul	R. G.....	Boos
Andrews	R. T.....	Korkey
Lusser	R. E.....	Walsh
Thayer	Q. B.....	Fitzgerald, McCormick
Kryzlunas	L. H.....	O'Connor (Capt.)
Bischoff	R. H.....	Anderson
Tall (Capt.).....	F. B.....	Cantway

Touchdowns, Cantway 1; Fitzgerald 1. Goal, Anderson 1. Referee, Walters. Umpire, Hamilton.

Academic Activities

The Academic Department has furnished us with a number of interesting games of foot ball this fall, full of vim and earnestness. An all-star aggregation, composed of men picked from the three league teams, has engaged in two outside games and acquitted themselves very creditably. Danner (captain), Graetz, Clancy and Heintz in the backfield are a formidable quartette, while Cooney, Riley, Shea, Romano, Whitaker, Steger and Hanley form the impregnable line.

THE GAME WITH THE DODGERS

The game with the Dodgers was an overwhelming victory for the Acks. Although the "Kanks" had a considerable margin in weight and looked dangerous when they appeared on the field, all doubt as to the ultimate outcome of the game vanished when our young hopefuls started to march up and down the field for touchdown after touchdown, reaching a final score of 83 to 0. "Bobby" Heintz showed exceptional generalship in the judicious use of his plays and led his interference like a veteran. Cooney and Hanley, at the extremities, rendered skillful assistance to the backfield by drawing down forward passes in great style.

THE KANKAKEE SPECIAL GAME

The game with the Kankakee Specials was another victory for our boys. Though the "Kanks" fought hard they did not have the team play that the Acks had and were defeated by a score of 31 to 0. Danner used his head in a practical manner in butting the opposing line. Clancy registered some large gains around end with the aid of perfect interference. The line held like a stone wall against the fierce assaults of the visitors.

On November 24 the Acks treated the seniors to a surprise when they took the big fellows off their feet in a wonderful game. The youngsters played all around their opponents, winning by a score of 19 to 7.

S. A. T. C. Basketball

The Students' Army Training Corps unit will supply us with a season of attractions in basket ball. An intra-mural league has been organized consisting of five teams which will stage their games daily. This plan will give the coach an excellent opportunity to study his material and will give the players some early training. There are a number of stars among the soldiers and the prospects for a good season are very bright. John Hamilton, Joseph Hart, John J. McCarthy, Robert Caron and Samuel Miller are the captains appointed to lead the S. A. T. C. teams. The struggle has already begun and promises to be a good one.



VIATORIANA



As the man says in the circus: "Here we are again."

To don the caps and bells, for us, is a tedious occupation,
To loll beneath the chestnut tree in seeming relaxation
Awaiting the desultory fruit to land on our elevation.
A like befall 'tis very true gave us the law of gravitation,
But the nuts that glance from off our scone are devoid of inspiration.
Hence we draw this "intro" to a close in knowing desperation.

Teacher (in arithmetic): There are 100 shares—
Bill Scherer: No, Bro. There are only 8 of us.

"WHATAMAHSAYINGBRO"

Bro.: Who was Henrick Hudson?

Ed: The discoverer of the threshing machine, Bro!

Me: Got any contributions for the joke column, Jim?

Jim: Not unless you can use photographs.

FAMILIAR SCREAMS ABOUT THE COLLEGE

"Wipe it off. You're at attention."

"Have you seen Hunka?"

"Sciobo, Joe."

"The new schedule will go into effect to-morrow."

"K-K-K-K. P. My beautiful K. P."

"Do you know I think I'm going crazy." (St. Paul papers please copy.)

"S. A. s-s-s-sC. T."

"Have you seen the girl in the grocery store?"

IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST OF REGULATED FAMILIES

Son: Hey, shoot the dandruff.

Pa: Take a double hitch in your jak tackle. Proto sabe.

Ma: That's a rum way to ball the kid out.

Pa: He's dead from the neck up. That line of salve won't get him nowhere.

Son: Aw! Can't use that bunk.

STICK AROUND TILL CHRISTMAS

Disgruntled Member: The guy that's trying to dope out a fit place for the kaiser never saw Bourbonnais.

Miller: Sergeant Gump has the roll, Sir.

Captain: Who?

Miller: Sergeant Gump, Sir.

Captain: ???????

First Serg. (after getting the S. A. T. C. men out of bed): You can sleep another half hour. Captain's orders.

Captain: Use your head. Where are your brains?

S. A. T. C.: A. W. C. L., Sir.

Captain: Huh! Probably fell into the hands of a burial detail.

Mac: So you are acting corporal?

Egg: Guh-huh.

Mac: Huh! After eating so many corn flakes you ought to be a colonel.

SOME ANTICS THOROUGHLY CONSIDERED

That left-handed salute.

The initial appearance of the band.

Shining puttees.

Blowing that whistle.

That recent sortie of the tank corps. Casualties: 3 missing.

Quick demise of certain pay checks: Click—click—click, etc.

SO ALL TINTINNABULATIONS CULMINATE

Down around the first floor where the issues come in

With a hustle and bustle and rattle and din.

Miller sort o' cussing and as rattled as can be,

Gumps a bawling orders and taking names for K. P.,

Kessler with his bugle a-practicing some notes,
Guys with Rooshian rifles a-smearing cosmoline on others' coats.
"To the Angels" comes a roaring from the doughty warrior's throat,
While Mark Hogan's trying his darndest to get old Egeloff's goat.
'Tain't like any other army outfit that ever I did see,
But it must be for their marching's almost like the blooming Infantry.



"The uniforms don't arrive"