

The Hiatorian

FAC ET SPERA

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'Tis the Month of May

A babbling brook ran on its way;
Its banks were lined with flowers fair.
Unto the world it sang in sweetest song,
And this it seemed its happy chaunt:
 "'Tis the month of May."

That joyous song arose from earth,
And thrilled the hearts of nature's bards,
Whose voices rose in chorused song:
"Awake, ye sluggard souls of men;
 'Tis the month of May."

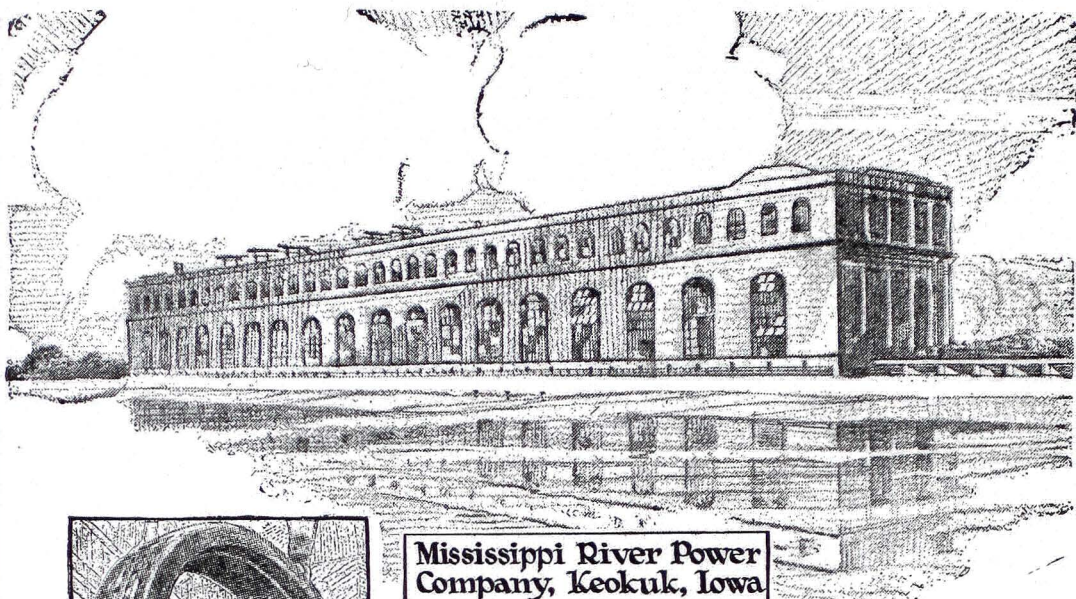
The flowers and grasses seemed to bow
In answer to the song of happy hearts.
A murmur of perfumed voices now
Are joined in nature's hymn of praise:
 "'Tis the month of May."

A distant sanctuary caught the song;
Its belfry answered peal on peal;
Its silver voice, I'm sure did sing:
"'Tis Our Lady's blessed month;
 'Tis the month of May."

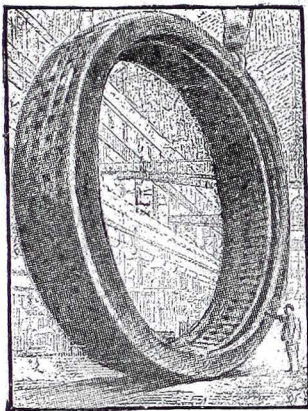
—D. A. O'C., '20.

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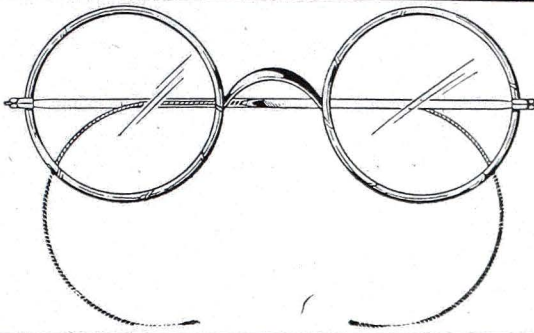
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IN ACCORDANCE with Article V of the Constitution of the Alumni Association, the Annual Reunion will be held at the College, in connection with the Memorial Day Exercises.

As Decoration Day this year falls on Sunday, the festivities will be held on the legally appointed holiday, Monday, May 31st.

It is a source of encouragement and inspiration to both Students and Faculty of the present day to see the students of former days, to hear them and to have the privilege of meeting them. Every loyal son of Viator should be sufficiently interested in the progress of his Alma Mater and in the activities of his Alumni Association to make a special effort to be present at this important Reunion of the Old Boys.

Everybody is welcome. A large attendance is already assured. Around the banquet tables will be gathered those friends of old whom you have desired to see, and whom you have not seen in a long, long time. They also, will be disappointed if you are not here on that day. Then, if only for the day, lay aside your cares; forget your worries; come to your College Home; be happy again with the friends of your Campus-days.

"All work and no play
Makes John a dull boy."
Remember then the day,
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The Viatorian

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The experience of the National Catholic War Council during the recent war has taught us the importance, and even the absolute necessity of coordinating the work of all Catholic activities for social uplift, in order to obtain the fullest measure of success. Perhaps the most noteworthy document published by the National Catholic War Council was the program for Social Reconstruction, drawn up by the Committee on Special War Activities, consisting of Bishop P. J. Muldoon of Rockford, Ill.; Bishop Joseph Schrembs, of Toledo; Most Rev. P. J. Hayes, Archbishop of New York; and Right Rev. Wm. T. Russell of Charleston, S. C. This comprehensive program for reconstruction was read in the House of Representatives by the Hon. James A. Gallivan of Massachusetts, on March 3, 1919, and has been given wide publicity in Catholic newspapers since that time.

Catholic Social
Activities

Immediately after the war, the National Catholic War Council, having fulfilled the purpose of its being, gave place to the National Catholic Welfare Council, a permanent organization for directing Catholic social work. An important document published recently by the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C., is the abstract of the Pastoral Letter of the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States. This letter outlines the principles and policies of the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in America with regard to the many pressing problems of Church and State at the present time.

Under the direction of the National Catholic Welfare Council, there has been organized the National Catholic Women's Council. The purpose of this organization is to act as a unifying element for all Catholic societies now doing social work among women. It aims to stimulate and by wise counsel to direct the action of all agencies engaged in this work. This new association will also act as the official representative of the societies of Catholic women in all national movements that may affect the interests of Catholic women. In fact, anything that concerns the welfare of Catholic women comes within the scope of the National Women's Council, which, however, will operate only through the medium of societies now existing, or which may be formed in the future by the Catholic women of America. By means of this centralization of the societies of Catholic women more effective action will be directed against the evils which are devastating society today. For instance, the divorce problem will be more effectually combatted; the care of immigrant Catholic women will be more efficiently looked after; Catholic working girls will be better protected in their rights and morals; and in fact a greater impetus will be given to every phase of social work among women.

It is contemplated to form a central organization for Catholic men's societies similar to the National Catholic Women's Council.

The importance of all these organizations and movements in Catholic social life in America lies in the fact that they are indicative of the general tendency toward cooperation and more efficient service. If it be true that "in unity there is strength," then we may reasonably hope for even greater results from our Catholic societies in the future. This healthy state of affairs should arouse the interest of all our Catholic people, and induce them to lend their full and whole-hearted support to the work, for, without this cooperation on the part of individual Catholics, all these splendid attempts at organization will have a very limited success.

"Once more the heavenly power
Makes all things new,
And domes the red-plough'd hills
With loving blue;
The blackbirds have their wills,
The throstles too."—Tennyson.

It is a well-known but regrettable fact that Protestants are more numerous, if not more zealous, in foreign mission fields than are Catholics. Many reasons are advanced to account for this strange condition of affairs: It is pointed out that Catholics have been so much engaged and so heavily taxed, especially here in the United States, in building churches, schools, hospitals, and various institutions for the relief of the poor and indigent that they have not been able heretofore to give foreign mission work the attention it deserves. Consequently American Catholics have fallen behind their Protestant brethren in this praiseworthy work, and the chief burden of the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth has fallen on European countries, and especially on France.

As the world is constituted now, Europe is unable to contribute as much in money and men to the foreign missions, as she has in the past. In this, as in other lines of humane endeavor, the chief burden must fall on America, which has been rightly called "The Hope of the World." That America is awakening to the consciousness of her sacred obligation is attested by the fact that during the last few years a number of new mission societies have been formed in this country, which have begun to make stirring appeals to our Catholic people for support.

Almost every day, we receive literature from some of these mission societies. It is of course impossible for us to publish all these appeals, but nevertheless we are anxious to support and further this noble work in every possible way. We would indeed consider ourselves culpable and unworthy of support as a Catholic magazine, if we passed over in silence this work which is of so great concern to the heart of holy Mother, Church.

Christ, Our Lord, commanded his Apostles to preach the Gospel to every living creature. This command has descended as a sacred and binding inheritance upon every Catholic. All of us must in some measure help to bring the Gospel of Christ to those who are still enveloped in the darkness of paganism. Surely there is no better or more efficient way of fulfilling this duty than by supporting the work of some of the numerous Catholic Mission Societies, whose object it is to propagate the Faith. Let us not excuse ourselves from this duty on the ground that our offering would be so small it would not be of material help. The "widow's mite" is no less acceptable to God today than it was in the days when Christ walked among the people of Galilee. It is unnecessary to urge that numerous small contributions will in the aggregate total as much as a few large ones.

For the benefit of our readers who may not know just how to dispose of the funds they intend to bestow on mission work, we suggest the following beneficiaries: Maryknoll Missionary Society, Ossining, N. Y.; Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill.; St. Columban's Mission House, Omaha, Nebraska; Rev. W. Cain, Cabatuan, Iloilo, Philippines; Msgr. Joseph Reiners, Prefect Apostolic of Niigata, Japan; Missionary Association of Catholic Women, 834 Thirty-Sixth St., Mil-

waukee, Wisconsin—or, for the home missions, The Catholic Board of Mission Work Among the Colored People, 373 Madison Square Station, New York City. Any of these societies or missionaries will be grateful for contributions, however small. Above all, let us not forget our duty of praying for the propagation of the Faith in foreign lands. If we are unable to give much in a material way, at least, let us lend our whole-hearted spiritual assistance to a work so dear to the heart of Our Lord.

Any system of economic reconstruction must aim fundamentally at two objects: first, to increase the wealth of the world, and secondly to secure a juster distribution of that wealth than has prevailed in the past. Using as a basic principle the well-known economic law of supply and demand, it is obvious that increased production is the sane and sure method of reducing the cost of goods. It devolves then on capitalist and workingman alike to do all in their power to bring production to the highest possible point.

It will remedy the condition of the masses of men not at all, however, to increase production unless the wealth of the world is distributed more evenly in the future than it has been in the past. Those who have at heart the betterment of economic conditions in the world point out several practical measures by means of which this so desirable end can be obtained. First of all, a permanent system of graduated inheritance and income taxes, with increasingly high rates for large incomes, will prevent the bulk of the wealth of the world from becoming concentrated in the hands of a comparatively few men. Thus also the burden of taxation will be placed where it belongs, on those who are best able to bear it, and surplus revenue can be used to better the condition of the general public.

Not only should the government heavily tax excessively large incomes, but it should see to it that the incomes of those who have not sufficient funds to maintain a decent existence are increased. That is to say, every honest workingman should be guaranteed a wage sufficient to properly support himself and his family. Not only do justice and charity demand this measure, but even from the standpoint of national progress it is absolutely necessary. Just what constitutes a *fair* wage may not be easy at all times to determine; but it is always possible to determine whether or not an individual or a group of individuals are receiving *sufficient* wages to meet the minimum of living expenses, and it is likewise possible for the various States to set from time to time some standard below which wages shall not go.

Another point deserving of attention in any program for reconstruction is the democratization of industry. The workingmen who are devoting their entire lives to the production of the world's wealth should have a representative voice in the management of industry. Such an arrangement will be beneficial both to employers and to employees,

for the spirit of good fellowship it creates will increase the efficiency of the workingmen, and it will also give the men employed in industry the opportunity of presenting and defending their most vital interests before the councils of capitalists.

Sound programs for reconstruction also make provision for the elimination of all unnecessary "middlemen" in the distribution of goods. Government action should be constantly directed against those whose only function is to prey on industry and the public. In addition to this a system of cooperative stores for buying and selling—and even cooperative productive industries—would dispense with the services of many "middlemen" whose profits increase the cost of consumers' goods under the present economic system.

When such measures and systems as those suggested above are in force, we may hope for great improvement in the living conditions of the great masses of the people who are doing the work of the world. Industry will operate more efficiently and its products will be more evenly distributed. These improved economic conditions will mean a greater opportunity for working people to enjoy the things worth while in life, and to devote more of their time and thought to the more complete development of all the powers of the body and the faculties of the soul.

" 'Tis springtime on the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills;
Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves
The bladed grass revives and lives,
Pushes the mouldering waste away,
And glimpses to the April day."—Whittier.

Our Altar Boys

BY WM. E. CRACKNELL, '21.

In order that our boys and young men may be more reverent and diligent in the service of the Holy Altar, and also that good Christians may assist at the offices of the Church with fewer distractions and be more edified, let us consider briefly a few of the more apparent mistakes of our altar boys; especially the meaningless and hurried responses that are often made to the priest at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. This is due, no doubt, to a lack of practical faith in the most sublime truth of our religion, the real presence of the Son of God in the Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist. It is hoped that an attentive consideration of the following lines will revive the faith that is in us and move us to make generous efforts for more pure and better trained altar boys. We will place ourselves in spirit near the Sanctuary and listen to the prayers at the foot of the altar.

Priest. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.
Introibo ad altare Dei.

Altar Boy. Ad Deum—*laeficat juventem meum.*

Priest. Judica me Deus, etc.

Altar Boy. *Qui tuus Deus fortitudo meus qua—me repulisti—qua tristis—dum affligit—inimicus.*

Priest—Emitte lucem tuam, etc.

Altar Boy. Et introibo—*altar* Dei ad Deum—*laeficat juventem meum.* (Continued in the same manner till the altar boy recites the Confiteor, which marks the climax.)

Altar Boy. Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, *beati Mari ??? Michael ??* (low mumbling of unintelligible sounds) *et te Pater, me culpa, me maxma culpa; ido precor beatum Maria semper virgin ??? etc.* (low mumbling continued), *Petro et Paul ??? et tibi Pater, ora pro—Deum nostrum.*

Not to tire the reader with too much detail in this matter, we will stop here and give two responses especially that have been heard by one of our priests. For example, in answer to the Dominus vobiscum, something like the following has been heard: "Et *scum on to um;*" and in answer to the "Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro," "*Dignus es jus es.*" What must the angels think of this jargon? Those blessed spirits whom St. John Chrysostom is related to have seen "coming down from heaven in shining garments, and with bare feet, eyes intent, and bowed heads, in utter stillness and silence, assisting at the consummation of the tremendous mystery." True, there are many altar boys, who have been well trained by the good Sisters and others; yet from practical experi-

ence it is quite plain that the majority of Mass servers do not know their responses by heart. To answer the priest at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and to be so close to our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist is indeed a sublime privilege. For surely it is no small honor to take such an intimate part in the greatest of all sacrifices, in the greatest act of adoration that we mortals can offer on this earth. We were created to adore God in Heaven, so the better we adore Him on earth the better will be our adoration for all eternity. When a young man is ordained Acolyte, no mention is made of the great privilege of making the responses at Mass; most likely because, in the early ages of the Church, the Mass was always celebrated in a solemn manner and this duty was performed by the Deacon and Subdeacon. In those ages of Faith it was considered a sufficiently great privilege to light the candles, carry the candlesticks, and minister the wine and water. We may readily understand, however, that to answer the priest, the "alter Christus," at Holy Mass and thus be the spokesman for the entire congregation is a far greater privilege and honor than simply to light the candles, carry the candlesticks, etc. Yet during the times of persecution we read that only those who had confessed their Faith before tyrants were allowed to perform these august functions. Some may say, times have changed and so has our liturgy. This we acknowledge, but truth never changes and our Lord is just as great and lovable in our own day as He was of old, therefore we ought to consider the dignity and obligations of the altar boy as great as did the first Christians. We have even greater reason to esteem this office; for during our own times, since the altar boy is allowed to make the responses at private Masses, he takes a more important part in the Holy Sacrifice.

Let us make a faint comparison that we may bring this matter more home to ourselves. Suppose a few of our boys were chosen to have an audience with our Holy Father the Pope. Being assured beforehand of great favors from him, how diligent they would be in preparing for such an interview with Christ's Vicar on earth; they would be careful of their outward appearance, but especially mindful of what they would say to him. When the wished-for visit came and they were admitted into the presence of our white-robed Father, can we imagine for an instant that any of these boys would carelessly mumble his words as a great many altar boys do in the presence of God at the present day? If a boy should be so unmindful of the dignity of the person to whom he is speaking as to utter words that are meaningless, he could hardly expect any favors; rather he should expect to be rebuked. Hence if we are so careful about our appearance and conversation before the great ones of this earth, how much the more should we be careful about our appearance and conversation with God. First, as regards our appearance before God as an altar boy, we should bear in mind that while men see our exterior only, God sees the heart, and it is the pure and clean of heart that He loves above all. Secondly, as regards our conversation with God during the responses we make at Mass, what excuse can we give for saying "beatum" when we should say "beato," or

for saying "Petro" when the sense requires "Petrum." In the opinion of many these may seem to be small mistakes; but those who know the Latin language are aware that a change in the end of a word usually destroys the meaning of the whole sentence.

From what has been said above we may judge how pure and how well instructed the altar boy should be. The Council of Trent considered this function so exalted that it expressed the wish that it should be performed only by those in minor orders. Let us then ponder attentively the words which the bishop says to the acolytes he is about to ordain, in order that we may esteem this holy function as we ought and do all in our power to have pure and well-trained altar boys. "Dearly beloved children," he says, "who are about to receive the office of Acolyte, weigh well what you take upon yourselves; for it is the duty of the Acolyte to carry the candlestick, to light the lights of the church, and to minister wine and water for the Eucharist. Strive, therefore, worthily to fulfill the office once you have received it; for you shall not be able to please God, if, carrying in your hands a light before Him, you serve the works of darkness, and thereby set an example of faithlessness to others. But as Truth says: 'Let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father Who is in Heaven.' And as St. Paul says: 'In a crooked and perverse generation shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life,' " etc. Such then is the way that good altar boys should conduct themselves, that they may be pleasing to God and edifying to men.

The fact that many of our men advanced in years serve Mass daily should be a further stimulus for our boys to follow their example. We are told that Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish patriot, served Mass during his manhood. It is said that during the late war, Joyce Kilmer, one of our own American writers, expressed a special desire to know how to serve at the Holy Sacrifice. Father ~~Shanks~~ relates that he met at Oxford a gentleman who had served Mass daily for over forty years, and that he never failed to be Master of Ceremonies at the Solemn High Mass on Sundays. The renowned Cardinal Newman was one of the many whose Masses he served.

Before concluding this article let us consider a few possible helpful observations, concerning the training of our boys who are to serve in the Sanctuary; how they may become better spiritually and more diligent in the performance of their privileged duties, especially the learning by heart, word for word, the responses for Holy Mass.

Perhaps many do not know that there is an Altar Boys' Society approved by the Church, in the person of Pius IX, Sept. 21, 1865. The official name of this little organization is the "St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society." All that is needed to have it established in a parish or college is the approbation of the Bishop. Special indulgences are granted to the members, who ought to be on probation for six months, while faithfully keeping the rules, especially the learning by heart of the responses for Holy Mass. If these two rules are kept, the six months probation and the Latin prayers memorized, we may rest assured that

our boys will be better trained and more worthy to approach so near our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist. Of course some one must continue an active interest in the Society; a Priest, Brother or Sister, who should spend some time each week in teaching the prayers and ceremonies. The above arrangement requires two divisions among the altar boys; one consisting of the members of the St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society," who should be the only ones allowed to serve Mass; the other consisting of those who are on trial, while learning the responses and ceremonies; these latter might be allowed to serve at Benediction.

The above named Society was founded by Father Vincent Basile, S. J., an Apostolic Missionary. The manual of the association may be procured at a very reasonable price from the "Apostleship of Prayer," 801 West 181st Street, New York City. Besides being a good vest-pocket prayer book, it contains some instructions on the ceremonies; these, however, are rather short. An excellent ceremonial for the altar boy is "The Sanctuary Boy's Manual," published by Benziger Bros. This latter work has the recommendation of Cardinal Gibbons and testimonials from thirty other Prelates. It would be well for at least the Director to have a copy of this book. Finally, if the rules of the St. John Berchmans' Society are kept, we will have good altar boys; for Pius IX has named this holy youth the "Patron of Altar Boys."

"The breath of springtime at this twilight hour
Comes through the gathering gloom,
And bears the stolen sweets of many a flower
Into my silent rooms."—William Cullent Bryant.

"In that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When opening buds salute the welcome day
And earth relenting feels the genial ray."—Pope.

"Two Stormy Nights"

BY MARTIN W. DOHERTY, H. S., '20.

The "Goddess of the Night" had cast her weirdest spell over one of the great cities of the West. The darkness that overspread the earth was stygian in its intensity, and appalling in its gruesomeness. Brilliant, blinding flashes of lightning repeatedly tore asunder the dismal, black shroud that mantled the city, while the thunder's mighty roar and terrifying crashes awakened tired sleepers from their peaceful slumbers. Through the trees the winds shrieked and hissed till their uncanny wailing seemed to carry sinister forbodings into every home.

Along the outlying avenues of the city the lamps were few—and those few were dim and flickering. On one of these streets there stood an old, dilapidated shack owned by Mrs. Mary Joyce, an old-fashioned Irish woman. For many years this God-fearing woman had toiled and slaved in various occupations but never had she earned more than a paltry pittance. The few dollars thus collected enabled her to maintain the hovel her children called "home."

Though they had long lived in dire poverty, she and her little ones knew nothing of sorrow and less of vain regret. They were contented because God's benediction sweetly rested on their humble dwelling place. Every night the family gathered before a soiled and faded image of the Blessed Mother, where they reverently recited their rosary.

There came a time, however, when Mrs. Joyce experienced a real, poignant sorrow. Worry and anguish flayed her heart and harassed her very soul. Her eldest son had not been present for prayer that evening, and, even now, as the clock tolled the hour of three, he had not yet returned. Such an incident had never happened before.

Every nerve in her body tingled as the three doleful sounds floated out into the night. She shuddered at the sonorous ticking of the clock. Again she peered up the wretched street to see if her son were approaching. In the lurid light she saw nothing but the torrents of rain that deluged the street; she heard nothing but the moaning of the trees as the shrill blast swept through them. She sobbed as only a grieving mother can sob and fell back into her chair. Clutching her beads with the tenacity of a dying person, she prayed as her Maker had prayed in Gethsemane; that this chalice might pass from her if it were God's will.

A moment later the poor woman heard the rattle of keys at the door. At last he had returned. She rose instantly and waited for him. The moment he entered, her arms encircled him. For a few seconds she was speechless. Bitter-sweet tears trickled down her worn and wrinkled

cheeks—bitter for the agony she had undergone; sweet because her worst apprehensions were unfulfilled. Like those of her race and faith, she thanked God, though there was seemingly little for which to be grateful. She thanked Him that her son was still alive.

"Rory, son, what on airth kept ye out till this divilish hour of the marnin'?" she at length asked pleadingly.

"Aw, nothing," he replied in sneering tones. "Don't be always worrying about me. I'm able to take care of myself. It's time you were in bed."

Slowly, fearfully she recoiled from him for whom she would gladly have sacrificed the last drop of her blood. She trembled as she gazed at him. Was she losing her maternal influence over him? Who would control him now, since his father was dead? What sickening, horrifying thoughts passed through her mind! From her soft, blue eyes there flowed a mighty stream of love—love ignored—love wasted. She began to wonder if this were really her son standing before her. Was not her son bone of her bone, and flesh of her flesh? Why would he be deaf to her silent plea? Why didn't he understand? No! no! he couldn't be the same son who had always been so dutiful, so affectionate, so solicitous for her welfare. Such were the thoughts and emotions that were struggling in that mother's mind and heart. Unable to remain standing longer, she dropped into a tattered relic of a rocker and waited eagerly for some sign of remorse. But none came. He was obdurate, adamant, immovable.

Rory unlaced his shoes and left them lying on the floor. He next removed his collar, tie, coat, vest and shirt and threw them all on the floor in a heap. She began to realize then, though the thought was repulsive, that her son had been drinking. How often she had seen her husband do the same thing when intoxicated! Like a grim vision of the past, she saw the father in the son.

He was about to leave the room when he looked at the cringing little heap of sorrowing motherhood rocking back and forth in the creaking old chair. Her face was buried in her sinewy hands; her silvered hair hung loosely about her shoulders; her breast heaved convulsively; a scarcely audible but earnest appeal for divine assistance came from her twitching lips.

"Well, are you going to stay there all night?" he gruffly asked.

"Rory, lad, what's the use o' me draggin' moi poor bones to bed, whin shlaep 'll ne'r come near me?" She was silent a moment. "Won't ye tell me, darlint where ye have bin? Ye wasn't to work, for your boss called me on the tiliphone and asked afther ye. Was ye sick? And, Rory, I told a lie for ye right here a this tiliphone franinst the picture av the Blissed Mother. Think av that, me tellin' a lie for ye, and now ye coome home to me at thrae o'clock and not a word from ye about where ye bin."

"Well, what's wrong with you anyhow? I suppose I might as well tell you, if you'll be satisfied, but I know you won't."

"Plase tell me, Rory, do."

"It's nothing bad. I just got a new job, that's all. I know you don't like the moving pictures. You never did. You wouldn't even let us see them when we were kids, but I saw a good many of them that you didn't know about. I'm going to be a moving picture actor."

"My God! Rory, don't say that."

"It's true. You don't need to get hysterical, because it won't do any good. I know better than you, and I'm old enough to follow my own ambitions. I met a friend today, who told me that he was looking for a man of my type to play in his company. He took me to their studio and gave me a tryout. He said I was just the man they wanted. I'd be a fool if I didn't take the job."

"Yez have bin drinkin', Rory."

"What if I have? My friend had a private stock, and he treated me like a prince. We just had a little supper together down town. That's why I was a little late. Now will you go to bed?"

"Rory, I always was tellin' ye that the pictures was bad, and this proves all that I'm after tellin' yet. If they wasn't bad why do ye be comin' home as if ye were a drunkard, and at the divil's own time in the mornin'?"

Without the elements vainly tried to imitate the storm that raged within the bosom of the broken-hearted mother. The glow of the lightning flash was but a pale reflection of the fires of indignation flaring in her heart; the din of the crashing thunder was but a faint echo of Rory's words reverberating in her turbulent mind.

"Rory," she said firmly and with no hesitation, "if you're to be an author, would ye moid shtopping out of this house? Ye needn't stay here to shpile the rest of moi children."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Faith and I maen ivery word I shpoke. Aether ye don't be an author, or ye'll not shtay here another night."

Without another word Rory put on the clothes he had taken off and went out again from the sanctuary of his home into the dark and stormy world—out of peace, into pandemonium.

What pangs there were in the breast of Mrs. Joyce that night, no pen can depict, no words can tell. All the sufferings of execution were as joy compared with the excruciating torments she endured. The hope and pride of her life was in state worse than death. Still she prayed, and prayed constantly. She refused to despair. Every morning thereafter she was to be found attending the holy sacrifice of the mass. No weather was too inclement to prevent her from making her way to the parish church to pray for the return of the prodigal.

Two years passed by and still she petitioned the Father in Heaven, by the love He bore His Son, to convert Rory. One day her two youngest children came running into the house, beaming with joy. They were bursting with eagerness to tell her that a picture in which Rory played was to be shown at the neighboring theatre. She listened calmly to the news, and as calmly refused them permission to see it.

Her calmness, however, was only surface deep. She was also ex-

cited and overjoyed, for she longed to see her son. If she had to enter a moving picture theatre to see him, she would even make that sacrifice.

After Mrs. Joyce had put her children to bed she donned her bonnet and shawl, and stealthily slipped out of the house. She walked in the shadows so no one would recognize her as she was thus humiliating herself.

When she entered the theatre she half expected to see demons, skulls or skeletons. She knew not what to expect, but she was sure it would be something hellish. She looked about in astonishment, for she saw nothing that was not ordinary and commonplace.

As she was closely scrutinizing every part of the theatre the lights went out. She was about to scream when she checked herself and tried to be brave. She was convinced now that there was something evil or they would not have darkened the house. On the white screen in front of her she saw a number of words. As she was unable to read them, she concluded that they too were sinful.

Gradually the words faded away, and through a dim, mellow light, she saw ocean waves. Then a man and a girl appeared, walking along the shore. As they came nearer, she recognized the man. It was Rory! He was laughing and smiling at the girl. She could not restrain her tears, when she thought of him being so happy and gay while she was dying with grief. It was cruel, heartless, ungrateful on his part.

Since she could not read the sub-titles, she did not understand the story. She did not even realize that it was a story. She thought his actions were a part of his life. She wondered why so many people came to see Rory, but when she remembered how intense her own love was, she was not surprised to see that others loved and applauded him.

There came a part of the story in which Rory and the girl were married. The good old lady's horror and shame were boundless, for it was a justice of the peace who performed the marriage ceremony. She knew for certain what she had always feared—that Rory would fall away from the Church.

Then there was a death-bed scene. Rory's wife was dying. Mrs. Joyce saw Rory's distressed countenance, and considered it the punishment of God.

"How well he cries about her. Shure, and 'tis me that might be dyin', and nary a tear he'd shed," she said half-aloud.

People about her laughed, but she did not notice or hear them. She was too engrossed in Rory's joys and griefs to think of anything else. As Rory knelt by the side of a little mound in the cemetery and wept, she again uttered her thoughts aloud.

"It serves him right. I knew God would punish him." Again there was a burst of laughter all about her, but she heeded it not.

Soon she saw him going into a monastery. He spoke for a time with the prior who seemed to welcome him. In no time, it seemed, Rory was ordained a priest. He was standing on the steps of the altar. He was preaching to the people. She knew he was a Catholic priest, for he wore the Franciscan habit, which she had often seen. In that

moment an unbearable weight of sorrow was lifted from her heart. Her face became a mass of smiles. She sighed the most blissful of sighs. How happy, how overjoyed she felt. She wanted to soar away to Heaven because her beatitude was too great and unalloyed for earth.

When she left the theatre to return home it was raining as heavily as it had rained the night Rory went away. She hardly felt the rain pelting her face. The sibilant winds blew about her and through her garments, but she felt not the effects. Giant streaks of lightning crossed the sky; she did not see them. Titanic rolls of thunder seemed to shake the houses on the streets; she heard them not. She could think of nothing but her son, who was a priest.

"Rory is a praest of God; he's a praest of God," she kept repeating.

She did not try to hide herself from the eyes of others now. She was proud. She could look the entire world in the face and tell them what her son was. She arrived at her home and entered it, more by intuition than by the use of her senses. She was wet to the skin, but she did not care about that. As she opened the door, the old rocker by the window was the nearest chair to her and she automatically dropped into it.

Gradually old recollections began to creep in. She thought of how she sat in that same chair on a night like the present one just two years ago. She had been sitting there, almost unconscious of everything about her, for a long time. The clock in the kitchen struck the hour of three. She looked out of the window as she had done on that dreadful night. As she did so a great flash of lightning illumined the street. In that flash of light she saw a man approaching the house. She knew by instinct that it was Rory. The great thunderbolt that followed echoed and re-echoed in her heart.

She flew to the door to admit her son. He entered and fell on his knees before her.

"But Rory, it isn't ye that should be kneeling to me, but I to you."

"No, mother; no. I came home to ask your forgiveness."

"But you're a praest of God, and it's ye that should be forgivin' your poor auld mother for the way she abused you. I'm sorry that I ever drove ye away. Rory, will ye forgive me?"

"You did right, mother. I'm not a priest, but I'm going to be one. O! mother, you must have prayed for me, or God wouldn't have been so good to me! One day we were taking a picture in one of the old California missions. They were having benediction when we were leaving: it was such a beautiful sight I stayed behind to watch it. The old church and the altar were wonderful. The last light of the sun was shining through the stained glass windows, and fell right on the tabernacle, while countless lights burned on the altar. The organ was playing, and a little child was singing; while outside the waves of the Pacific were rising and falling on the shore. The smell of the incense and the fragrant flowers on the altar—all, everything just seemed to captivate me and hold me a prisoner. I felt so peaceful and calm—I had never felt that way before. After the worshipers left the church,

I still knelt there. It seemed as if Our Lord came down from the altar, folded me in His arms, and gently chided me. I called the priest and went to confession. Then I felt like a different man. Oh, what happiness! I cannot describe it. I went back again and again. I grew to hate the studio and the actors—everything that I had formerly prized. I saw their vanity and foolishness. At last I decided to leave them all and enter the Franciscan community. I have come back to receive your blessing."

"Glory be to God!" exclaimed the overjoyed mother. "Rory, let us kneel here in front of this picture of the Blessed Mother, and say a prayer of thanks to our God and our kind mother, who have been so good to us."

THE VACANT PEDESTAL.

There is a vacant pedestal
In the Hall of Fame
Waiting for an image,
Waiting for a name

There is an opportunity
That knocks at each man's door
Oh! Let it find you ready
And with it upward soar.

There is a throne in Heaven
Ablaze with shining light
For the soul that is ever faithful
And courageous in the fight.

—J. H. N., '21.

The Novel

BY THOMAS S. BRUNNICK, '23.

It has been said that literature is the incalculable of incalculables. We have only to consider the constant changes which history has recorded in this branch of art to see the proof of this assertion. One age saw the rise and fall of the drama; another saw the predominance of the essay; whilst in early times the ballad was sufficient for the desires of the age. Thus one form of literature has been constantly dethroning another, as the needs and desires of the period demanded. Only the drama was capable of expressing the intense desire for action during the Elizabethan age. The novel was not chosen at this time because prose, the necessary vehicle of its expression, was not as fully developed as poetry, the chief mode of expression resorted to by the dramatists. It was not until the eighteenth century that the novel became popular.

This century witnessed its wonderful growth from the year 1740, when Richardson gave us the first modern novel. The secret of its success was due to the author's power of identifying himself with his characters, and being interested in them. Since the appearance of "Pamela," this form of fiction has been vastly improved by later writers. Among its greatest sponsors we find Scott, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens and George Eliot. In the hands of such authors as these, the novel has steadily grown in popularity, until today it stands supreme. It now boasts of a following greater than the combined readers of all other forms of literature.

There are many causes for this supremacy. Foremost among these is the truth that its "essence is human delight in humanity." One writer expresses the same thought in the following manner:

The novel gives us "the pleasure of seeing the men and women of long past ages living, acting and speaking as they might have done; those of the present living, acting and speaking as they do." Another reason for its greatness is its universal appeal. This is the true test and secret charm of a good novel. It gives us the fullness and complexity of life. We see life through keener eyes than our own, and we arrive at a fuller understanding of it through a complete presentation of its significance. Herein lies the secret of the success of this form of literature. Insofar as it is true to life will it be a successful novel, and insofar will it be enjoyable. In doing this the writer suggests the significant details of life, and the surroundings of his characters. As a result the reader in imagination lives with his creations; he will understand and sympathize with them. We sometimes feel that we know these imaginary beings better than those we meet in everyday life. This

is because we are enabled to see more clearly their motives and character; whereas in actual life we are not always able to penetrate the veil with which some men are accustomed to conceal their hopes and fears. However, in a majority of novels we usually discover exact counterparts of our everyday acquaintances; and in this lies the secret of our delight in reading a good book. This is why the novelist must know human existence in all its multifarious details; this is why he must portray its hopes, its fears—in fact everything that goes to make up what we call life. And here we might observe that the author who has lived until he has attained at least middle age possesses an advantage over a youthful writer, inasmuch as he has a larger and richer experience from which to draw. Richardson and Swift were both over the half-century mark when they wrote, respectively, “Pamela,” and “Gulliver’s Travels.” But perhaps we can come to a fuller realization of the wonderful possibilities of the novel by a few brief references to some of the greatest writers of this form of fiction.

In George Eliot the analytical tendency is most pronounced. Her novels display an exhaustive study of the emotions and motives of her characters. In them we discover how a novel may be made to teach a moral. In “Adam Bede” Eliot teaches us one of the greatest lessons—the moral that Nature’s laws are inexorable. Her novels emphasize the necessity of following, and the joy that results from observance of duty. Thus we are convinced of the great value of the novel as an influence for good. Let us now see how it can be used as an instrument whereby a skillful writer may penetrate the innermost secrets of the heart.

This wonderful power is well illustrated by Jane Austen’s portrayal of the reconciliation between Elizabeth and Darcy in “Pride and Prejudice.” In this work we see how the novelist may portray the most delicate shadings of emotion. Again in the character of Henry Esmond we behold the wealth of love of which the human heart is capable. A discussion of the novel would be incomplete without a brief consideration of the author of this great character.

“Henry Esmond” is the greatest work that Thackeray’s prolific pen ever produced. Indeed it is the greatest historical novel in the English language. What an inspiration to the reader is the loving personality of Henry Esmond! What figure in literature surpasses him! What a testimony to the worth of the novel is the pathetic death of old Colonel Newcome in “The Newcomes.” In “Vanity Fair,” another product from the same author, we are impressed by the extraordinary power of psychological analysis. Here we see life faithfully portrayed; here we meet characters who are exact reproductions of the people whom we meet in everyday life. The crowning achievement is the masterly portrayal of the artful, scheming Becky Sharp, who alternately commands respect for her cunning and repels by her low standards of morality.

But this will suffice to give us a faint idea of the character of the

novel. Thus we see that it is not what one of its opponents alleged when he said: "For the novel appeal is after all an appeal to mere blind animal instinct—a thirst for something that will pass the time away." What higher praise could we bestow on it than to say it is the portrayal of life in all its infinite variety.

"Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers, and leaves, and grasses."—Longfellow.

"I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun,
And crocus fires are kindling one by one."

—Christiana G. Rosetti.

Filipinos Are Ready for Independence

BY SABELLO ALBANA

(A STUDENT FROM THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS)

THIRD HIGH.

The Filipino people now feel that it is not manly for them as a nation to prolong their association with America in the role of a dependency: hence, the Philippine Legislature on Nov. 1, 1918, sent a Commission of Independence to this country to present a formal plea for their national independence.

The plea, however, was pigeon-holed, and it is uncertain when it will be given proper attention. It is asserted that the Filipinos, despite their Latin civilization, despite their two decades of America's tutelage, and despite the progress they have attained through the years of education are not competent to be the directors of their own affairs. America has preferred to give credence to the haphazard statements of travelers who come into this country rather than be guided by the official representatives of the Filipino people. Unfortunately these travelers publish nothing but pictures and articles about the mountain tribes. Nothing is said of the better side of life in the Philippines, and thus, by this omission the better class of Filipinos who form the bulk of the population are entirely misrepresented. Time and time again America's governmental representatives testified that the Filipinos are able to rule their own destiny. Twenty years ago, Admiral Dewey declared that the Filipinos were better fitted for self-government than the Cubans. Today the Governor General in the Islands, acting in his official capacity and on his official responsibility, recommends the Filipinos to set up an independent nation. All these statements have been discounted. It is easy to understand, however, why advocates of retention deprecate the Filipinos' capacity for self-government—because it is the only ground on which the prolonged sovereignty over the Philippines can be justified.

The Filipino people contend that tested by their showing of the last twenty years, their capacity for an independent national status cannot be challenged. They have established a stable republican form of government, which is capable of maintaining order, and which thus satisfies the only requirements prescribed to them by the Congress of the United States.

During the World War when America entered the fight for the principles of justice, freedom and liberty, and with the avowed determination to blot out autocracy from the face of the earth, she called practically every American soldier from the Philippines. The Filipinos not only kept peace and order during this period within the boundaries of the Philippines, and thereby supported the stars and stripes, but even went further. They felt that the principles for which America stood in

her struggles are the same principles that they have long cherished in their own hearts. Therefore the Philippines espoused America's cause. To do their part the Filipino people offered their National Guard, a submarine and a destroyer to the United States for service in Europe. Out of their modest resources they over-subscribed their quota in every liberty loan; and they also contributed liberally to the Red Cross.

It has been generally maintained by the opponents of Philippine Independence that as soon as the mighty hand of America is raised from the Islands, a chaotic condition will prevail throughout the entire Archipelago. It has been said that the Moros would revolt against the new government, and, consequently, they would be abused and mistreated by their Christian countrymen. For the last three years, these pagan Filipinos numbering only half a million have been under the care of a government controlled and managed by Christian Filipinos. The local government in the territory inhabited by Moros is administered both by Christian and pagan Filipinos, and as a result, there is more peace there now than ever before. Peace and good order continue to exist; more schools have been established; better roads constructed; and a large area of land has been cultivated. All these improvements took place under the administration of the Secretary of the Interior, a Filipino, who is the highest official in the Philippine Government in charge of the territory.

Further assertion states that not until the coming of the Americans were school buildings erected, and consequently the mass of the Filipinos are ignorant and illiterate. The fact is, however, that the ten million Filipinos and their ancestors had been civilized and Christianized for three centuries before the establishment of the American protectorate. Such critics either forget or are ignorant of the fact that prior to America's occupation, the Filipinos had schools and colleges and that the University of Santo Tomas is twenty-five years older than Harvard University. In 1892, eight years before America set foot on the Philippine soil, there were already in existence 2,137 schools. The Filipino people are great advocates of learning. At the time when the Philippines were under the sovereignty of Spain one of their persistent requests was for the extension of popular education. Amongst the first laws enacted by the Philippine Republic during its short existence was the establishment of compulsory universal education in the Islands. The Filipinos never hesitate to make all kinds of sacrifices for the promotion of education. As proof of their attitude toward the public schools, the Philippine Legislature composed entirely of Filipinos recently appropriated the sum of fifteen million dollars for educational improvements. Today seventy per cent. of the entire population can read and write.

In other lines of activity the progress of the Islands is very noticeable. The financial growth is marvelous. Her foreign commerce in 1913 amounted to one hundred and eight million dollars, with a balance against her of five millions; while in 1918, it reached two hundred and thirty-five millions, with a balance in her favor of thirty-eight millions. Another noteworthy event is the unprecedented progress of the

Philippine National Bank. It was organized in the latter part of 1916 with a capital of only six million dollars, which, within the space of two years, gradually rose to one hundred and thirty-five millions. The wealth of the country is evenly distributed, which enables the entire population to live practically independent of foreign sources.

The Filipino people satisfy the requisite of homogeneity. They have similar features and color; their ways, manners, customs and style of living are very much alike. Aristocracy and caste are absent in their social and political structure. It is true that our people are crude in many ways, that our standard of living is behind that of America, that we have traits which are not occidental, but these are no arguments against our ability to govern ourselves; nor should they be made a barrier to the granting of our complete independence. We are advanced in thought and ideas.

At the time when America was thrown into the thickest of the most horrible World War, she proclaimed her principle of self-determination for small nations. She promised to give justice to both the weak and strong nations. Thus, she won the leadership of the world. Now the war has happily terminated. Has America really fulfilled her promise? Through her influence and cooperation many small European countries were freed and recognized as nations, but meanwhile the Philippine problem is treated indifferently. Will America sympathize only with the cause of Ireland, Poland or Scheko-Slavia and not with the Philippine to which she is bound by promises? Shall there be any exception in international justice? Must the American flag continue to float in the Philippine skies against the protestation of Philippine Nationalism?

Sons of America, help us to win our independence. Do not imagine that when the American Eagle ceases to hover among the Philippine clouds, we shall become ungrateful to you. We are and shall always be true and faithful to our Mother country, the redeemer of our once down-trodden land. God speed that joyful event, not only for the sake of the happiness of the ten million Christian people in the Philippines, but for the greater glory of America; so that she may tell the world that her dream of a better age for weaker peoples is not a mere delusion, but a reality based on her experience with the Filipino people, whom she has led gently by the hand until they are able to establish a republic—the first really democratic republic in the Far East.

"What Shall I Be?"

BY PAUL FREEHILL—THIRD HIGH.

In my leisure moments I often think of the days not so very far off when I shall be called upon to take my place as a man of the world. As I pursue my college course this subject, "What shall I be?" is from time to time called to my attention. It seems that this question can be studied and pondered over without arriving at any definite conclusion.

It is well known that every one of us was put into this world for a very special reason—to fill some one of the various walks of life. There are so many callings open to a wide-awake, ambitious man that it is difficult to make a choice. Sometimes we desire one position in life and again we prefer another.

Some people, from the days of childhood, have their minds and hearts set upon a certain station in life. These people study the requirements of the particular position which appeals to them, and when they are ready to assume its duties, they are as a rule well prepared for their chosen vocation. On the other hand there are many people in the world who simply drift along and accept anything whereby they can gain their subsistence. Such persons do not feel that they have any particular vocation or responsibilities in the world, and as a consequence there is little likelihood that they will ever become great men.

All the numerous walks of life are open to us, but of these there is one for which we are best suited. We should bend all our efforts to select the vocation that was intended for us, and having selected it, we should do our very best to fill the position properly so that, when the end has come, we may hear these joyful words of the Master: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The sooner this important question of vocation is solved the better, because an early start will insure a good beginning, and as the well-known proverb says: "Well begun is half done."

The one end, aim and purpose in life for all of us is to attain the highest possible degree of happiness both in this world and the world to come. Our happiness both here and hereafter depends in a large measure on the selection of our proper vocation in life, and the faithful fulfillment of the duties which it entails. Therefore, if we do not select the walk of life that was intended for us, we will fail to secure that full measure of happiness which can be obtained in life.

"Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May."—Shakespeare.



That the branch of the Holy Name Society founded by Father Moissant at the students' annual retreat is to become a powerful reality is evinced by the fact that it has already laid plans for its future activities. Under the direction of Rev. W. J. Stephenson, C. S. V., spiritual director of the society it has been divided into two branches, viz: the Senior and the Academic. The officers of the Senior division, elected at a recent meeting are Mr. Vincent McCarthy, president; Mr. Raymond Marvel, secretary; and Mr. John Tinley, treasurer. In the Academic division the officers appointed are Mr. William McCavick, president; Mr. James Thulis, secretary; and Mr. Edward Gallahue, treasurer. The membership roll of the society includes nearly two hundred and fifty names.

Through the kindness of Rt. Rev. Bishop McGavick, Director general of the Archconfraternity of the Holy Name in the diocese of Chicago, and Viator's "noblest son," the local branch has been affiliated with that of Chicago. The society has taken steps to have an address from His Grace on some day before the close of the school year.

The officers of the society are planning a field day to take place before the end of the term, and they have received much encouragement from the director.

The St. Viator Reserve Officer Training Corps' Military Band has become quite an audible factor in college activities as well as in its more limited sphere as a department of the military organization of the college. Under the direction of Professor Gaudiose Martineau the Band has gradually improved until now it is found quite indispensable to the games in the gymnasium or on the campus.

The Holy Name Society

The Military Band

Entertainments

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

True to her ideals of patriotism Viator observed the recurrence of Washington's birthday by paying a fitting tribute to the "Father of Our Country." The program was arranged by Rev. F. A. Sheridan, director of dramatics at the college and consisted of home and local talent concluded by an oration by the Reverend President in which he showed in what the real greatness of Washington consisted.

THE PROGRAM.

- "Welcome".....Rev. F. A. Sheridan
- Piano Selection....."Don" Bestor
- Vocal Selection.....Renetta Catton
- Oration—"The Birthday of the King".....D. A. O'Connor
- Duet.....Lucile Kruse and Roy Rivard
- Monologue, "Waiting for Tomorrow"....Written by F. A. Sheridan
Sung by the Wilken Twins.
- Popular Songs.....Knights of Columbus Quartette
 - Paul Marcotte Ralph Menard
 - Bradley Marcotte Gustave Freeborg
- Oration.....Rev. W. J. Bergin
College Orchestra.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The feast of St. Patrick was fittingly celebrated at St. Viator on March 17th. The morning service consisted of a solemn high mass sung by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D., and a stirring sermon by Rev. W. J. Stephenson, C. S. V., in which he portrayed the sufferings and afflictions through which that faithful nation has passed in the defense of her religion and her nationhood. Father Stephenson has recently returned from the trenches and on his way home spent a few weeks in his native town of Navan, where he witnessed the cruelties inflicted on the people of Ireland and narrowly escaped the fate of all those who have the courage to express the truth about the conditions existing in Ireland today. He was cited as a fire-brand and agitator and but for his American uniform he might have suffered the inconvenience of a few months in an English dungeon. Knowing this we can understand whence he derived the fire that permeated this sermon.

In the afternoon program the brilliant oratory of Mr. Gregory A.

Galvin, Mr. Thomas E. Shea, and Mr. Thomas Lynch of the faculty was inspired by the indignation that burns in every true Irishman's heart at the startling cruelties practised by the exponents of a tottering aristocracy on the Irish race today.

The feature of the afternoon's program was an unexpected speaker in the person of Mr. Devlin, a representative of the Irish Republic Commission in America. In a few words Mr. Devlin set before the audience the state of affairs in Ireland and explained why the Irish Republic is appealing to America, and especially to Irish-Americans, for financial support.

THE MORNING PROGRAM.

PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS.

Celebrant.....	Rt. Rev. Mgr. G. M. Legris, D. D.
Deacon.....	Rev. E. Dunn
Sub-deacon.....	Rev. T. Lynch
Master of Ceremonies.....	Rev. T. Shea
Sermon of the day.....	Rev. W. J. Stephenson

THE AFTERNOON PROGRAM.

Overture, "Irish Medley".....	College Orchestra
Moore's Melodies.....	Student Body
"Ireland's Past," an oration.....	G. A. Galvin
Irish Jigs and Reels—Pupils of Professor John McNamara of Chicago, Bernice Mahoney, Thomas Cunningham, Thomas Rowan, Will Hassett.	
"Ireland's Present".....	Thomas E. Shea
Vocal Duet, "Erin, the Tear and the Smile in Thy Eye".....	
.....	E. J. Cahill and E. J. Surprenant
Views of Ireland.....	Explained by Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V.
"Ireland's Future," an oration.....	T. J. Lynch
Finale	College Orchestra
Program arranged by Rev. F. A. Sheridan.	

THE UPPER ROOM.

On Sunday, March 28th, Monsignor Benson's "The Upper Room" was staged at the College Auditorium under the direction of Rev. F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V., of St. Viator College. "The Upper Room" is a masterpiece of dramatic production representing the side-lights of the greatest tragedy of history, the Crucifixion. The play was presented by the Kankakee division of the Catholic Order of Foresters, and considering the tremendous dramatic force of the play the home talent did full justice to the great work. The performance here was a rehearsal preparatory to its production at the Majestic Theatre at Kankakee, where it subsequently met with great success.

News Items

PROFESSOR MANINDRA C. GUHA, B. S.

An important acquisition to the faculty of St. Viator College comes in the person of Professor Manindra C. Guha. Professor Guha has taken the place of Professor Greiner, who recently resigned to take a position in the research laboratories of the Kansas State College of Agriculture. Professor Guha received his early education in Philosophy and English Literature at the University of Calcutta, where he received a degree of Bachelor of Arts. Later he studied at the University of Illinois and the University of Chicago. At the latter he received a degree of Bachelor of Science. Professor Guha is deeply interested in research work and his labors have been rewarded by some important discoveries. His admirable disposition and almost universal knowledge recommend him as a teacher and a man.

THE FRIENDS OF IRISH FREEDOM.

Great interest has been shown in the branch of the "Friends of Irish Freedom" recently established at Kankakee. Judge James J. Burns was elected president of the organization; Mr. John J. Dougherty, treasurer; and Mr. Thomas J. Lynch of St. Viator College, Secretary. The purpose of the organization is to render such assistance as is possible, financial and otherwise, to the maintenance of the Irish republic and to counteract the anti-Irish propaganda which is being circulated throughout the country.

THE IRISH LIBERTY LOAN.

That the appeal made to the students on St. Patrick's day to aid the cause of suffering Ireland struck a sympathetic cord in their hearts is evinced by the fact that they have contributed a sum in excess of four hundred dollars to the cause. To the generous contributors we can only say that their contributions are as bread cast upon the waters which will be returned a hundred fold. It will buy bread for the suffering millions of Ireland, not simply to satisfy the cravings of a natural hunger but to satisfy eight centuries of longing after freedom.

Obituaries

MRS. AUGUST BRADY.

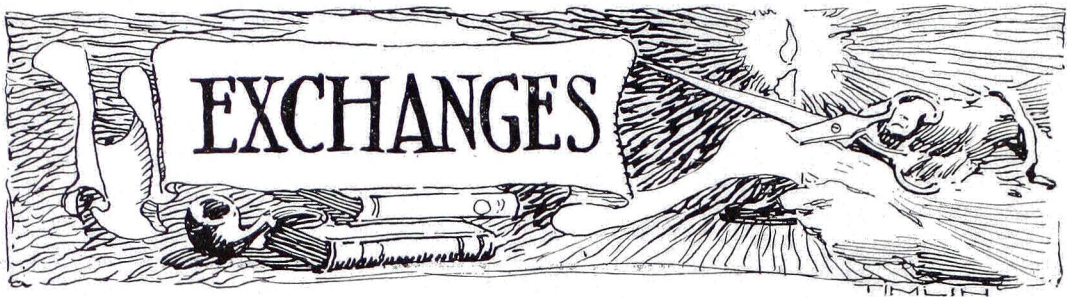
On Easter Sunday the soul of Mrs. August Brady of Ransom, Illinois, was summoned from its earthly pilgrimage to enjoy the happiness of the blessed in the mansions of God. Mrs. Brady was the mother of Rev. Francis Brady, C. S. V., of St. Viator's Church, Chicago, Illinois, formerly of St. Viator College. To Father Brady and to the many relatives and friends of this devoted Catholic woman the *Viatorian*, in the name of his many friends, offers its sincerest sympathies.

MRS. W. J. FITZGERALD.

The sudden death of Mrs. W. J. Fitzgerald of Chicago, Illinois, the saintly mother of Walter Fitzgerald of the High School class of 1919, was a great blow to all his many friends at St. Viator College. Her death was sudden and tragic but it was a death prepared for by a holy life. If the condolences of many friends can add anything to the consolation derived from her exemplary life, the *Viatorian*, in the name of those friends, offers those sympathies in abundance.

MRS. J. A. BUSHELL.

On April 9th the soul of Mrs. J. A. Bushell of Peoria, Illinois, after a lingering illness was summoned to appear before the throne of God and to receive the reward of a devoted life. Mrs. Bushell is the mother of Howard Bushell of St. Viator College. To him and to the relatives and friends of the deceased the *Viatorian* extends its sympathies.



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

The February issue of the "Prospector" is replete with sound information on burning questions and essays that, emanating from the pens of college men, give evidence of a thorough grasp of the subjects in hand. They are clear, forcible and logical. "Revival of Learning" is an essay that nails the gross untruth of the so-called "Dark Ages." The author is disembarrassed from attempted rhetoric and attends with severe exactness to the topic. His one shortcoming is that he looked with longing eyes to an expanded discussion of the subject but fears to venture into too lengthy a treatment. "Competition and Monopoly" is an economic discussion. The writer defines competition as "progress," and monopoly as "deterioration," and illustrates how monopoly tends towards economic stagnation and competition towards perfection. He needs to be complimented on his knowledge of and ability to employ successfully scholastic methods of argumentation. Would that more articles in our college magazines, evidenced a logic-loving author! "The Locomotive and Railroad Efficiency" is not equal in general merit to the other two articles. It is slightly uninteresting because of its too technical treatment. The author traces in glowing language, despite the eight "or's" in his definition of a railway, the development of the locomotive and the operation of a railroad. Talking in a Watt, Stephenson, Westinghouse dialect, he makes plain to us the intricacies of the locomotive, its speed of development and then discusses philosophically the probable supersession of the electric locomotive. The article possesses all the qualities of one requiring special nomenclature. It may prove of deep interest to the student of "railroading," or of physics, but not very probably to an Exman, who has wasted away his college days studying poetry and philosophy. The short stories are weak in motivation. "Lord Mansfield's Diary," is gruesomely interesting, but the unsolved climax lessens its worth.

The March number of the *Labarum* is attractive. "A Verdict Out of Court" is a curious story of an eccentric professor and a curio. We

will not question its probability—whether or not it is consistent with the character of an eccentric professor to gather his curios as a “Knight of the Road” would gather a provision of smokes; whether or not the circumstances even warrant that evil-tongued defamer Gossip to work such havoc on a lonely professor. Let it suffice to say that the story is interesting, novel, and the ending is as probable and as strong as the motivation itself. “Social Positions” is a worthier attempt. It is the story of a little girl who longed with a longing that only a poor girl could experience to be rich, with “no worries about clothes—little ones to dress, clean and scold; no house to clean—nothing but pretty dresses and perfect happiness.” Her bubbles are bursted by one glance into the life of the envied “princess,” and then she goes back home with a loneliness in her heart, but with a stronger love for her lot. It is one of those stories that have a sympathetic atmosphere that makes one love the commonplace, and see virtue and heroism in humble situations. “Socialistic Sally Anne” is cleverly developed and amusingly told, but should not be spared the criticism of prolonged dialogue. “Wanted: a Wife” is ridiculous. “Studies in Medieval Drama” is a set of three essays treating the dramatic value of the Miracle Plays, their elements of humor, and socializing influence. The accomplished authoresses trace in smooth, silvery language the merits of the early plays. They show that their real value lay in their seriousness and joviality; their great constructive principles and their reality of characterization. They indicate how the humorous element was introduced side by side with the most heart-stirring tragedies, and how this element throws a deeper shadow of solemnity over the more serious element. And lastly, they point out how the acting of these plays tended to develop a closer relationship and a spirit of fellowship among the citizens of the communities. These essays bring home the truth that the stage was at one time a good institution, and a means of imparting knowledge of the greatest and noblest truths. At that time it had not fallen into the hands of the depraved. The poetry, especially “On the Feast of Light” and “The Prayer Our Lady Loves” is well measured. The editors merit the praise due an appreciable magazine. Its articles are of standard college type, and for modesty of cover and general external arrangement it surpasses many of our exchanges. May we always find you on our desk, Labarum!

The St. Patrick's number of the *Laurel* comes to instruct us in the great cause of Irish Freedom. The shamrock on the cover is unique. The opening poem is a mystical, allegorical longing of the “Dark Rosaleen” as she stands on the “wild shores” looking earnestly for the dawn of peace and democracy. The imagery is picturesque; the atmosphere sad. The author of “The President of Ireland in America” rehearses the real reason why the “Irish Delegation” is touring this country. It is a timely topic and earnestly set forth. “The Relations of Scotland and Ireland to England” traces in a graceful style the apostasy of Scot-

land to English rule, the forfeiture of her national soul, and the firm resolve of Ireland never to acknowledge the right of English tyranny, and her heroism in preserving the faith of her saintly protector. The introduction is too long, but otherwise it is a well-constructed essay. In "The Exile of Erin" are depicted the joys and sorrows of the Emerald Isle. Two ideas stand out prominently: first, before the invaders came Ireland was a land flowing with the milk and honey of peace and happiness; secondly, after the invaders came, she became an isle barren and desolate, a land enshrouded by a dark mist. This scholarly essay is brought to a fitting close by a vivid pen picture of the dispersion of the dark veil of oppression now overhanging Ireland, and of the enrapturing beauty of the coming dawn of peace. The whole article gives the impression of a panoramic view—on the one hand a picture of beauty; on the other, one of misery. "St. Patrick and the Monasteries" is a fair treatment of the subject in hand, but is too brief.

The *Viatorian* gratefully acknowledges the receipt of many other excellent exchanges.

Book Reviews

Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children. (Scribners.) It would be unnecessary to add anything to the knowledge which every intelligent person in the United States has regarding the public career of Theodore Roosevelt. His fidelity in performing his duties, his vast and uncommon services to this nation, are known to all.

How many know of his career as a father and husband? He loved all children and in a very especial manner his own. It is difficult to recall any other great figure in history who combined in a single personality such a multitude of great and simple qualities—qualities which made him at once the foremost man of his nation, and endeared him universally to the hearts of the old and young alike.

The volume before us, which contains the letters written by Mr. Roosevelt to his children during a period of about a dozen years, exhibits beautifully the traits of character that adorned the home life of this great American. He was all that a true American ought to be. On such individuals depends the happiness of the family and the security of the state.

Lady Trent's Daughter. Isabel C. Clarke, \$1.75, Benziger Bros. This new novel by the eminent Catholic writer is deserving of a most hearty reception. It possesses in an intensified manner the charm of diction, strength of character, and the manifestation of lofty Catholic ideals. These qualities make her an entertaining as well as an instructive writer.

Her new novel tells the story of the widowed Lady Trent and her daughter Olave. Olave, while out for a stroll in the woods, makes the acquaintance of Guy Quinn, and meets him again surreptitiously. Although they are ignorant of each other's identity a deep love wells up between them. So, eluding and escaping observation, Olave Trent has repeated in her own sheltered and guarded person something of her mother's first clandestine experience of love, but with the additional complication, that Digby Trent's intentions had been perfectly honorable, whereas Guy Quinn was already betrothed to another woman, and that woman was Olave's own mother.

"Willie Frank of Stedley." By M. de Kennedy. This is an ideal story for small children. Every healthy boy will revel in the interesting career of Willie, the good nature of his uncle, and the boyish pranks of his playmates.

Facing Danger. By Francis J. Finn, S. J. "Facing Danger" is the latest addition to the series of boys' stories from the pen of this gifted author. Like its predecessors, it is intensely interesting and should be welcomed and read by every fun-loving boy.

Alumni

The faculty and students recently enjoyed a visit from their old friend, Rev. Thomas C. Harrison, '13, of Rock Island, Ill. Father "Tom" has always been particularly popular amongst the students for his keen interest in athletics. The fact that he has lately manifested in the field of sports some natural propensities for picking "future greats" has added to his popularity. As a judge of buds he would rival the famous old Ted Sullivan.

Another of Viator's loyal sons who favored us with the pleasure of a visit is Rev. Edward S. Dunn, '14, of Ottawa, Ill. Father Dunn never loses interest in his Alma Mater.

Rev. Patrick Ryan, of Davenport Diocese, who distinguished himself while serving two years in France as Chaplain of the famous Twenty-sixth Division, spent several pleasant days at the College a few weeks ago.

Rev. W. F. Keefe managed to leave his Parish at Clifton, Ind., in order to pay his Alma Mater a visit. His call, as well as that of Father Ryan, was appreciated by the faculty and students.

John Madden and William Sheehan toured down from Chicago to spend the week-end with their old friends at the College. Jack has again assumed active charge of his laundry establishment in Chicago.

Anthony O'Mahoney, Freshman, '20, has secured a responsible position with Sears, Roebuck & Co., Chicago. This column extends to Anthony its sincerest wishes for his success and rapid advancement.

Rev. Charles Doherty, '15, has been appointed Hospital Chaplain at Chicago Heights, Ill.

All the way from Moline, Ill., came the smiling and happy Gus DeClerk to shake hands with and to renew his many acquaintances at St. Viator's.

Harold (Wiggy) Walsh, our versatile first sacker of last season, was given a hearty welcome when he recently stopped off at the College for a few hours.

Another visitor whom all were glad to see was Walter Fitzgerald. "Wallie" also was one of our former athletic stars. He is this year enrolled as a student of Columbus College, Chamberlain, S. D.

Bennie Connors, Sophomore, '18, brother of our own Johnnie Connors, has again won a regular position as outfielder on Notre Dame's baseball team. He was an important factor in contributing to the success of the same team last year. His hard and timely hitting, his fleet and reliable fielding, and his speedy and dependable base-running proved too much for this season's aspiring recruits who hoped to displace him.

Pio Montenegro, H. S., '19, who is now following a course in journalism at Notre Dame, recently favored us with a visit.

A very pleasant surprise was afforded the faculty and students when Charles Dinnen, escorting a bride, called to introduce the charming young Mrs. and to pay his respects to his old College friends. To the young couple the *Viatorian* extends its hearty congratulations and sincerest wishes for a long, prosperous and happy married life.

"Jim" Sullivan, '14, is visiting friends at Monterey, Calif.

Richard Shields, H. S., '14, is engaged in the electrical business in Chicago.

Henry Butler, '04, is prospering as a retail shoe enterpriser in Highland Park and Lake Forest, Ill., fashionable suburban districts of Chicago.

Bernard T. Doran, Sophomore, '19, is employed in the services of the Chicago Telephone Co. at Chicago.

The Rev. T. G. Flynn, '13, of Elgin, Illinois, was a welcome visitor at the college on April 13, and the Rev. Stephen E. McMahon, '08, of Chicago, honored us with his presence on the following day. Our latch-string is always out for such distinguished alumni.

On April 14, Rev. J. J. Corbett, C. S. V., formerly treasurer of the college, but now pastor of St. Edward's Parish, Chicago, returned to his Alma Mater for a few days' visit. Father Corbett's jovial person is always welcome at St. Viator College.

HOMECOMING DAY will be observed this year on Monday, May 31. Every loyal alumnus, who can possibly do so, will set aside that day as one he will spend at his Alma Mater. A splendid program is being arranged, and a general good time is promised. Remember, Mr. Alumnus, Viator wants you with her on May 31, to renew the memories of happy college days.



ST. VIATOR VS. LINCOLN COLLEGE.

On Feb. 16, the St. Viator quintet added another victory to their long list by defeating the fast Lincoln College team, 37-12. Capt. Bushell, though handicapped by a broken finger, played his usual stellar game. McLain won the admiration of the spectators by his speed, both in passing the ball and also in taking it from the opponents.

Line-up:

St. Viator (37)—

—Lincoln College (12).

Bushell (Sweeney)	R. F.	Merry
Lyons (Langton)	L. F.	Radford
Clancy	C.	Alberts
McLain	R. G.	Smith
McCarty	L. G.	Bangardt

Free throws: Bushell 2; Merry 4; Sweeney 1. Field Goals: Bushell 5; Lyons 8; Clancy 3; Langton 1; Merry 2; Radford 2. Referee—Griffin. Score-keeper—Marvel.

ST. VIATOR VS. KENT COLLEGE OF LAW.

On the evening of Feb. 28, the reputable Kent College team of Chicago, visited us, fully convinced that their stone-wall defense was impenetrable. Capt. Bushell, on account of a broken finger, was forced to pilot his team from the side lines. The first half ended with the score 10 to 5 in St. Viator's favor, with Kent still fighting for the margin. The second half found both teams fighting for blood, and necessarily the Viator quintet came out on the heavy end of a 13 to 11 score.

Line-up:

St. Viator (13)—

—Kent College (11).

Lyons	R.F.....	Liska
Sweeney	L.F.....	Blank
Clancy.....	C.....	Ludwig
McCarty	R.G.....	Hayes
McLain	L.G.....	Jones

Field Goals: Liska 3; Blank 2; Clancy 4; Lyons 2. Free throws: Blank 1; Lyons 1. Referee—McIntyre.

ST. VIATOR VS. LEWIS INSTITUTE.

On March 5, in preparation for the Little Nineteen Tournament, the Viator squad, in a rather loosely contested game, administered a severe trimming to the fast Lewis Institute team of Chicago, by a score of 32-15. The visitors, although they held the Chicago University five to a low score, seemed to be lost on our floor and at no time during the game did they become dangerous. Capt. Bushell, a tower of strength to his team, went into the fray at the beginning of the second half. The visitors made several unsuccessful attempts to rally in the second half but their intentions, owing to superior team-work, and close guarding on the part of the "back-men," failed to become realities. Lyons' superior ability to locate the "hoop" combined with Clancy's clever floor work were nothing short of sensational.

Line-up:

St. Viator (32)—

—Lewis Institute (15)

Sweeney (Bushell)	R.F.....	Stillwell (Cadwell)
Lyons (Langton).....	L.F.....	Edwards
Clancy.....	C.....	Faye
McLain	R.G.....	Simonds (Mahren)
McCarty	L.G.....	Thompson

Field goals: Sweeney 2; Lyons 6; Clancy 4; Bushell 4; Stillwell 2; Edwards 4; Faye 1. Free throws; Stillwell 1. Referee—Ogden. Scorer—Marvel.

"LITTLE NINETEEN" TOURNAMENT.

On March 9, the St. Viator outfit, being a little disappointed, and even "peevish" because of the apparent poor judgment displayed by the coaches who classified them in the second division of the "Little Nineteen" tournament, journeyed down to the Augustana gymnasium, in Rock Island, fully determined to prove themselves worthy of a first division berth. In the first game of the tournament, the college boys easily triumphed over the Blackburn University outfit by a score of 59

to 20. In the second game, the collegians again scored an easy victory over the fast Carbondale five, 50-20. Not being satisfied that they were completely outclassed, the Carbondale crew managed to draw another game with "our invincibles," and as a result the Viator aggregation scored another easy victory—this time the mixture was 49 parts Viator and 23 parts Carbondale. In the finals, the Viator outfit "hooked-up" with the McKendree five, which, until this time had everything their own way, and were really confident that they would "cop" the prized championship shield. A bitter pill was administered to them, however, for Captain Bushell's men were determined to bring home the bacon, which they accordingly did by taking the heavy end of a 35 to 27 score.

Thus ended one of the most successful basketball seasons that a Viator team has had in many years. The 1919-20 squad won fifteen out of seventeen games, and succeeded in placing three of its players—Bushell, Clancy and McLain—on the "All-Conference" team. When the champions of the minor division of the "Little Nineteen" returned home, they were received with wild enthusiasm. A "free day" was declared, as far as the student body was concerned, but the members of the team all claimed that they never worked so hard in their lives. They were "brutally" awakened to joyous voices howling: "We want you," and as a result the "poor" athletes were hustled from their warm "nests," and carried through the village streets. Not content with this, the enthusiastic students demanded speeches, and, fearful lest they should be man-handled, each member of the team responded. Captain Bushell then presented the students with the shield and after a few adulatory remarks by the Reverend President, the celebration was "finis."

ATHLETIC BANQUET.

On the evening of March 13, a banquet was given in the college refectory to the football and basketball teams of the past season. Father Kelly, Director of Athletics, thanked the boys for the energy they had exerted, and also encouraged the "subs" to aspire to greater heights. Similar speeches were made by Professors Shea and Cox, and Rev. T. J. Rice. Before the banquet came to a close, Vincent McCarty, a Tri-City product, and a superb football player, was chosen to pilot next year's football team; and John Clancy, a product of the thriving metropolis of Odell, Illinois, was elected to lead next year's basketball team on its journey toward championship honors.

The Viatorian takes this opportunity of congratulating Captain O'Connor, the sturdy little half-back, and Captain Bushell, the sensational forward, for the remarkable showing their respective teams have made in the season just passed. At the same time the *Viatorian* offers congratulations to Captain-elect McCarty and Captain-elect Clancy on their appointments, and hopes that they will surpass the record attained

by this year's teams. Father Bergin concluded the enjoyable evening with a short speech of appreciation both to Coach Finnegan and the members of the teams, and the annual banquet became a matter of history. After the banquet the Director of Athletics, as an expression of his appreciation for the work of the basketball team during the past season, presented the following men with monogram sweaters: Howard Bushell, John Lyons, Francis Sweeney, John Clancy, Eugene McLain and Vincent McCarty.

BASEBALL.

Although the weather has been rather unfavorable, the sleet and snow of April have not dampened the spirits of the baseball candidates. Father Kelly was always somewhat of a mathematician, and it is due to his untiring efforts that the batting cage has been erected. (No keys have been issued as yet.) Batting practice is being regularly indulged in, and the players are getting into shape by means of indoor work when weather conditions will not permit them to be on the field. The prospects for a crack team are extremely favorable. Although it is rather early to predict the names of the regulars, it is safe to assert that Clancy, the elongated southpaw; McLain, the pigmy infielder; and Francis, the tower of strength, will be operating at first base, short-stop, and catch, respectively, when the initial game is called. With such men as Lyons, Bushell, Danner, O'Connor, Healy, Barrett, Connors, Owczarzk and McCarty seeking regular berths, it should be but little trouble to whip a "crack" team into shape. Of course "Pat" Sweeney, pitcher "a la Alexander" will hurl them from the mound. Manager Marvel has been working quite strenuously on the schedule. Thus far he announces the following games:

- April 10—Crane College. (Here.)
- April 17—Northwestern College. (Here.)
- April 23—Augustana College. (Here.)
- April 26—Armour Institute (Chicago)—Pending.
- May 1—Millikin University. (Here.)
- May 5—Illinois Wesleyan. (Bloomington.)
- May 11—Armour Institute. (Here) Pending.
- May 13—Millikin. (Decatur.)
- May 14—Charleston. (Charleston.)
- May 15—Rose Polytechnic. (Terre Haute.)
- May 18—Lincoln College. (Here.)
- May 20—Dubuque. (Dubuque.)
- May 21—St. Ambrose. (Davenport.)
- May 22—Augustana. (Rock Island.)
- May 26—St. Ambrose. (Here.)
- May 29—Valparaiso. (Here.)
- June 5—Lake Forest. (Here.)

ST. VIATOR VS. CRANE COLLEGE.

On April 10, the Coach gathered together his squad of young and untrained aspirants and managed to take the first game of the season from the fast Crane College nine, by a score of 3 to 2. Considering that this was the first practice the team had, the Viator aggregation looked like big leaguers. In the first inning the Viator men got to the Crane pitcher for two hits: these, combined with a couple of walks, produced three runs for the home team. In almost every inning the Viator boys were able to reach third, but the necessary punch to bring them over seemed to be lacking. Healy, in left field; McLain at short-stop, Clancy at first base, and Francis behind the bat, presented a brand of ball that brought many outbursts of applause. Sweeney, the pitching "fool," as he has been called by visiting teams, was taking things easy and yet managed to humiliate eight of the opposing batsmen.

Line-up:

St. Viator (3)—		—Crane (2)	
McLain	S. S.	Wirtenburg	
Barrett	3b.	Boggy	
Healy	L. F.	Wilson	
Clancy	1b.	Walsh	
Francis	C.	Siman	
Lyons	2b.	Kamm	
Danner (Walsh)	C. F.	Kordell	
McCarthy (Owczarzak)	R. F.	Patchan	
Sweeney	P.	Latch	

Innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—	R.	H.	E.
St. Viator	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	x—3	5	5	
Crane	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—2	2	4	

The "Fans" were well pleased with the showing made by the players in the Crane game, and there is every reason to believe that an interesting and successful season awaits the team.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."—Tennyson.

"Airs, vernal airs, breathing the smell of fields and grove, attune the trembling leaves."—Milton.

Academic Activities

BRADLEY Y. M. C. A. VS. ACADEMICS.

On Feb. 21, the Bradley "Y" visited our gym with the purpose of annexing the "Ac's" scalp to their belt. Much to their disappointment they had to content themselves with the short end of a 24 to 12 score. The first half was bitterly contested, but in the second half the "Acs" showed their superior ability. Carey was the individual star, with a total of seven field baskets.

Line-up:

Academics (24)—		—Bradley "Y" (12)	
Fitzgibbons (Thulis)	R. F.	W. Monte	
Fraley (Carey)	L. F.	Writer	
Long (McGavick)	C.	Lucas	
Gallagher (Lee)	R. G.	La Fleur	
Gallaghue (Herbert)	L. G.	McCue	

VIATOR "AGGIES" VS. ACADEMIES.

On Feb. 25, Cap. Thulis' warriors swamped their opponents by a score of 30 to 4. Fraley, Thulis, Carey and Gallagher led in scoring. Lee's guarding on defense was the outstanding feature.

"KANK." Y. M. C. A. VS. ACADEMICS.

The "Acs" added another victory to their list by defeating Kankakee Y. M. C. A. by the score of 28 to 4. From the first minute of play the "Acs" showed their superior ability. Carey led in scoring with a total of twelve points, while Thulis and Fraley added another twelve tallies. Gallahue and Lee played a stellar game as guards, while McGavick played his usual steady game at center.

Academics (28)—		—Kankakee "Y" (4)	
Thulis (Gallagher)	L. F.	Taylor	
Carey (Gallahue)	R. F.	Schiffer	
Fraley (McGavick)	C.	Knaur	
Long (Lee)	L. G.	Cardosi	
Fitzgibbon (Herbert)	R. G.	Bradford	

SENIOR INDEPENDENTS VS. ACADEMICS.

On Sunday, March 7, the "Acs" met the hitherto undefeated Senior Independents and wrested victory from them after forty-five minutes of playing. Dismal indeed was the "Ac's" outlook at the end of the first half when their opponents led 7 to 0, but they showed their true mettle by overcoming this handicap. The second half ended with the score even at 7 all. The Independents opened the overtime by Doyle making a basket. For four tense minutes the ball travelled to and fro—neither side being able to score. In the last minute Fitzgibbons tied the score with a basket, and a few seconds later on a perfect pass, Fitzgibbons to Carey, the latter was enabled to score the winning points.

Academics (7)—

—Independents (7)

Thulis (Fitzgibbons)	R. F.....	Riley
Carey	L. F.....	Doyle
McGavick.....	C.....	Kenney
Lee	R. G.....	Scroggins
Gallahue (Herbert)	L. G.....	Martin

BRADLEY "Y" VS. ACADEMICS.

The "Acs" playing on a foreign floor were defeated by the Bradley "Y" by the close score of 14 to 11. At the end of the first half the "Acs" led, 11 to 8. Bradley came back strong in the last half, and held the "Acs" scoreless, while they piled up enough points to win.

KANKAKEE "Y" VS. ACADEMICS.

Much to their disappointment the "Acs" were again forced to accept defeat: this time at the hands of their rivals, the Kankakee Y. M. C. A., the game being played on the latter's floor. Due to their knowledge of the floor and their superior weight Kankakee led their plucky opponents through the fray.

MINIMS VS. KANKAKEE JUNIORS.

The Minims, chosen from the pick of the lightweight Academics league, played two games against the Y. M. C. A. lightweights of Kankakee. Both teams were evenly matched and each won one game.

ACADEMICS HEAVYWEIGHT LEAGUE.

The Invincibles under the leadership of Cap. Herbert lived up to their name by capturing the pennant in the Heavyweight League. The Everreadys, under Capt. Thulis finished second.

The standings:—	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Invincibles	6	1	857
Everreadys	4	3	571
Shamrocks	2	6	250
Pirates	3	5	666

ACADEMIC LIGHTWEIGHT LEAGUE.

Capt. Leahy's aggregation boasting the name of Owls completed the schedule without a defeat being chalked against them, although several times they escaped by narrow scores.

The standings:—	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Owls	7	0	1000
Tigers	2	5	285
Orioles	3	4	428
Maroons	2	5	285

"Winter, lingering, chills the lap of May."—Goldsmith.

"Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid."—Goldsmith.

"It is a natural resurrection, an experience of immortality."—Thoreau.



TO MY LIL DANISH QUEEN.

Sunset and the dreamy waters
Bring back visions of you,
Glimmering lights and fading showers
Entrance my memory of you.

Myriads of sunlights glistening
Through ages of the past
Bring back fond recollections
Of love so shortly passed.

Nay, though time be e'en eternal
Still down the ages through
My greatest treasure will ever be
A memory of you.

"Jawn"

As you will observe the malady is far advanced.

Lost a cap—evidently it became tangled up betwixt those elongated bipeds. Eh! Ra?

HUH' ! ! ! ! !

Teacher: Yes, gentlemen, these walls are very anti-kay.

Moorice held his bat in hand
With a death defying stare,
He missed the ball with his mighty club
But his trusty jaw was there.

QUESTIONS, ETC.

No, Red, we do not give instructions on train jumping. Consult prospectus of Correspondence School of I. Hussy Tate.

EPIC POETRY.

Wild eyed and staring, awed by their height
 He gazed at the building with his grin so slick
 His roll changed hands in the stygian night
 Oh! Fate, 'twas another hick.

TO THE UNFORTUNATES.

They spoke their piece, with spirits free
 Each with impassioned strain.
 Then the judge was heard to enunciate
 "We'll hear from you again."

OLD STUFF!!!!!!

Barret: Say, what's your name?

Goof: My name is Smith.

Barret (making a pass): You're the guy I'm looking for.
 ? ? ? ? ?

Well known types about the College:

"The intellectual dustpan."

"The repugnant egotist."

"The clinging grape-vine."

"The kicker."

"The self-styled punster."

"The funeral blues-singer."

Can you imagine:

The British flag flying over Roy Hall?

A soft exam in English?

Korkey comprehending certain philippics hurled at him?

Ray Marvel wearing a No. 5 shoe?

MacLain and Barrett trying to catch the Dixie Flyer?

Marron plunging heavily in the soap market?

The country wet again?

A burp without a g-narf?

Books to be read:

"Eulogy of Extortionism," by Red Marron.

"Those Doggone Blues," by J. P. Tinley.

"How to Court a Damsel," by Cal Burket.

"The Pre-eminence of the Tri-cities," by Mack.

"The Manly Art of Self-defense," by Tom Cavanagh.

"The Easy Way to Intellectual Advancement," by J. Jansen.

"What Is a Home Without Its Boarding School?" by Frank

Kilcrece.

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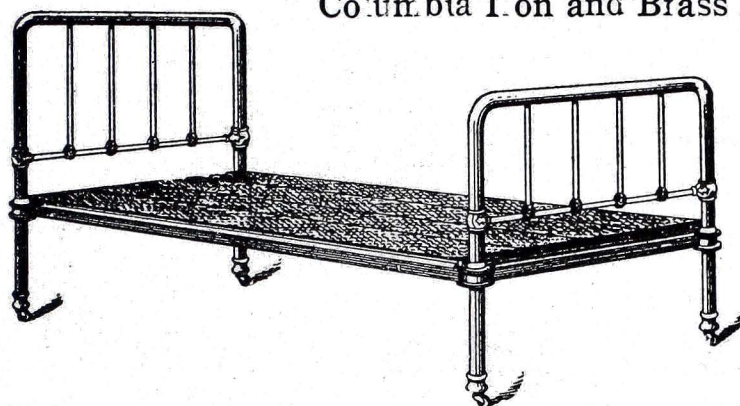
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