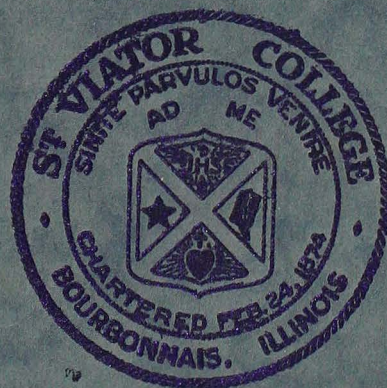
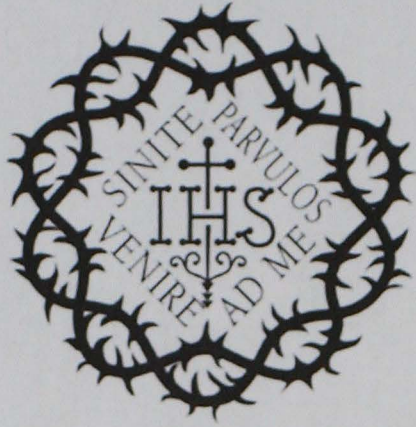


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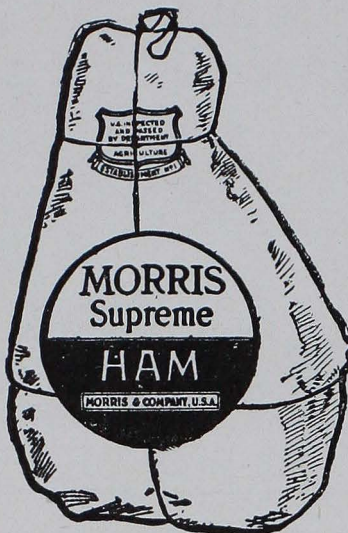
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The Viatorian

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Volume 43

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Synge, the Folk Dramatist

John T. Ellis, '27

It is the lot of the historian to narrate the events of nations and of people. His task is to leave to future generations a systematic account of governments, of wars and of great movements. The historian's is a valuable contribution to the field of learning but at best, his subject matter is of a cold, unemotional nature. How much more fortunate are his fellow writers the novelist, the poet, and the dramatist, whose field include life in its entirety! The novelist has opened to him the royal road to romance, the poet's imagination unlocks to him the secrets of nature and its arcane beauty, whilst the dramatist engages himself in the interesting work of creating human life for the stage. The dramatist in particular is given the opportunity of producing fascinating literature and at the same time of outdoing the historian in his contribution to the knowledge of peoples, their times and customs. It is his happy privilege to write the story of races, to humanize history in that most entertaining form of all literature, the drama.

Such a man was John Synge, the Irish folk dramatist. I say folk dramatist for that was his special subject, the common folk of Ireland. And what a master of that subject he was! There was no man better fitted to attempt such a work. Synge had schooled himself in the intimacy and understanding of the Irish peasant. He had become one of them, walking the hills with them in the twilight of a Kerry sunset, suffering and begging with them on the highways and byways of Wicklow, singing and dancing with them in their pure joy of living and feeling with them that exuberant emotion so characteristic of Irish hearts, the passion to laugh and be merry regardless of how heavily life weighs upon them. Synge has shown the Irish peasant every aspect of his own life with the view of affording him the pleasure of a better understanding of himself.

However, the student of Synge cannot glean that sense of intimacy to any degree of completeness between the author and the Irish commoner until he has first read his two prose works, *Wicklow* and *West Kerry* and *The Aran Islands*. Therein he will find the true Synge. You will see him observing Irish peasant life, its joys, its sorrows, its privations and its beggary with the keenness of a master. Nothing in Irish life escaped him. Every phase of its character, every mannerism

and each minute vicissitude fell beneath the piercing gaze of the observer. To receive a genuine appreciation of Synge's dramas one cannot afford to ignore these two valuable aids to a study of his plays. It was in the course of his travels through the Aran Islands that Synge received the inspiration for what many critics consider his best plays, *Riders to the Sea* and *The Well of the Saints*.

Moreover the two prose works of Synge furnish his reader with an intimate knowledge of every type of Irish character. The author, out of the abundance of his great humanitarian heart, has left no figure untouched. The brush of the artist has reached out to paint Irish character in its completeness and the canvas of his dramas is evidence sufficient that he has done his work well. The farmer, the merchant, the parish priest, and the blacksmith feel the touch of his genius and spring into life in his pages, echoing their philosophy of joy back to the reader. Even the blind beggar upon the road is not forgotten and our hearts ring with pity for the poor Martin and Mary Doul of the *Well of the Saints*. Synge has given us a comprehensive picture of the tragedy of Irish peasant life but never does he become so much the pessimist that he clouds the beauty and exultation that is inherent in the Irish heart. He fills us with a sense of delight as we see all these different types of character walk before our eyes, bearing burdensome crosses, but always with a smile for the God-given grace of mere existence.

Nevertheless no matter how broad a portrayal of character Synge might have given his readers, he would have lost a great factor had he shackled the play of his imagination. The dramatist was not, however, recreant to this duty. Synge had a powerful imagination and he used it to advantage. *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, by far the best of his plays from the standpoint of sheer beauty, has all the qualifications of great prose poetry. Synge has abandoned himself on the sea of his imagination and we find the product of that abandonment pregnant with the rich legends and mythical characters so typical of Irish fancy. In *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, Synge is the poet of dramatic prose, a poet of a poor people, filled with all the splendor and joy of a rich imagination.

It is, therefore, in *Deirdre of the Sorrows* and his other tragedies that we find the real literary greatness of the man Synge. In that play and *Riders to the Sea*, considered to be his two best dramas, the reader is introduced to a new side of the character of the author. The heart of Synge opens up before you and reveals all the anguish of its suffering. A sense of divine loneliness and sadness permeates those pages, blasting all its breathes upon, wrecking all it touches. The

aged Maria of *Riders to the Sea* suffered and languished beneath the weight of a cruel cross, the charming young Deirdre of that other splendid tragedy, is not exempt because of tender age or delicate beauty. The elementary human passions find their victims here and love itself crushes Deirdre beneath its exquisite heel. However, no matter how burdened they might be, how ignominiously they may have been tortured, their heads remain always erect and they march on in the face of absolute destruction with a fine despair that prevents a sense of horror being inspired in the reader. He may suffer with them, yes, he may even die with them, but never does the extreme melancholy of the characters' lives move him to abhorrence because he sees the nobility of soul and the courage of heart with which they meet the tragedies which surround them at every step of life's journey.

Indeed it is through this fine sense of tragedy and despair that Synge has earned the title of the perfect modern fatalist. He well merits the title for no other dramatist of our day has come anywhere near to approaching the really perfect fatalists of all time, the Greeks. Synge is the perfect Greek fatalist of modern times. Like the Greeks the characters of the Gaelic dramatist move on to inevitable destruction, circumstances may allay that end for a time, but eventually all must walk the highway of the valley of death. This quite unusual return of Synge to the fatalism of the Greeks might possibly be attributed to the man's lack of religion. He was an agnostic, if not an absolute aethist, and hence religion and the exceedingly important part it plays in life was lost to him. How otherwise can you explain this demonstration of unchristian tenets? In his tragedies he was predominantly the fatalist of environment. The sea, the country, the very roads were the causes of the characters' downfall. The sea, destroying the children and ruining the hopes of Maria, the old mother of *Riders to the Sea*, the witchery of wandering upon the roads bringing Martin and Mary Doull back to blindness and inevitably beggary in the *Well of the Saints* show how thoroughly Synge believed in the doctrine of fatalism. In this particular instance, Synge furnished a striking contrast to another modern fatalist in the field of drama, Henrik Ibsen. Ibsen is the fatalist of character, introducing a character into the play that spells destruction to the others and to himself. Synge has tried this form also, but he is most genuine in his environmental tragedies as *Riders to the Sea*.

Now let us turn to one of Synge's strongest claims to greatness in the world of literature, his style. He has emphasized in every piece of work written by him what he considered to be the secret of a great stylist, simplicity. In that

Synge surely excelled. He assigned himself to the realm of the humble and he has made of the humble and the simple a thing of beauty and a joy forever. His medium was the language of the common people, written for themselves and he has accomplished his task with a precision bordering on perfection. It is a sonorous language, appealing to the ear, filled with the merry laughter and at the same time the deep melancholy of the Irish common man. Through the medium of language Synge has raised the peasant to a thing of dignity and splendor. Then too he possessed a fine sense of suspense. He carried the reader along without ever a hint of notice of what was to happen next or what was to be the ultimate result of his plot. This little peculiarity of style adds greatly to the interest of his disciples. His imagination of course furnished him with an excellent means to effect grotesqueness and extravaganza and Synge delighted in these when he wished to make clear some particular phase in his character or environment. And lastly his humor, what a dreadfully brutal and sardonic humor it was! Filled with all the irony of the cynic who sits by the avenue of life and laughs as the poor helpless fools strut by before him. He wrote about them, he laughed at them, he mocked them. To Synge they were as birds caught in a cage and which-ever way they moved life had them. He loved to see them struggle, to suffer and to languish that he might laugh at their folly and their vain hopes.

We have touched upon these different points of Synge, the folk dramatist, and now we may ask what has he done for Ireland, for humanity. Has his life work really been worth while? To my mind it has been more than that, it has been a life of genius. Synge has given to Ireland an intimate history of her own people, he has awakened the consciousness of a race to a sense of its own dignity and has elevated peasant life to a thing resplendent of nobility. Synge has promoted and abetted in the creation of what his fellow countryman, George Russell, calls in his brilliant book of the same name, "The National Being."

The Mentally Corpulent

Thomas L. Sullivan '27

By our young slang loving generation there is used a very common expression which, to me, sounds ambiguous. I refer to the word "fat-head". Usually it is employed by an irate person to designate his adversary's superabundance of flesh. More strictly speaking, however, (and in this consists its ambiguity), the title denotes a specific type of corpulence other than the form peculiar to the old time bartender. Rather, if we adhere to its literal meaning, the term limits the sphere of fatness to one's head. It will be well for us here to investigate the nature and peculiarities of this extraordinary type of obesity.

To differentiate the mentally fat merely by their outward appearance is nigh to the impossible. He may be the thinnest rail that Nature has ever attempted to humanize or he may possess the most globose figure capable of walking. He may have a beautiful or an ugly countenance; he may be jovial or depressed. The characteristics are within. "Fat-head", to us, signifies a mental condition, and as such, we can study it, not in its reality, but by its effects.

Though it is not easy to point out each member belonging to the class, yet by observing carefully the language of those around us we can discern him who is mentally portly. He is a man of many and large words. The scope of his knowledge of facts and phenomena extends far and near. He has upon his lips' story upon story of interesting incidents. Great events and the names of great characters are as vivid to his mind as if they were on the stage before him. Nothing is hard for him to learn, everything seems to have a "local habitation" within the pillars of his mind. In a word, he is the walking encyclopedist.

But, he possesses his knowledge in the same lavish way that a fat man possesses fat. It is merely a part of his person, not his person. It exists, as regards himself, as a possession, as an acquirement, and not as an inseparable element of his personality. The surplus baggage fat people carry with them, instead of aiding their free movement and contributing to the production of efficient work, retards them. It is a burden and may prevent them from realizing their goal. It is the same as regards the intellectually corpulent. Though his mind rolls in the rich fat of high learning, yet instead of elevating him, it breaks him down. With all his information about persons and things he never developed a sound reason

and a firm will. He never applied the experience of others to his own individual actions. His knowledge of great men, for instance, never moved him to love them and to imitate them. The world values him—a man of knowledge—for what he knows, not for what he is.

As a result of his crowded store of knowledge and the disordered way in which it is arranged—without unity or co-ordination—our friend lacks a clear, accurate and good judgment. He was never trained to reason, to correlate, to bring his knowledge into practical application. He is like a man who wants to build himself a house, who goes and buys an entire chest of tools and thousands of feet of lumber and assembles everything upon the desired spot. But the “sap”! What is the use of all this? He’s not a carpenter and he can’t build. Such is the case with the man of illimitable knowledge. A serious problem arises; immediate action is necessary. He is lost in indecision. That inestimable faculty of man, reason, is dead or atrophied in him. Here, again, the analogy is readily seen between his corpulence and that of the physically fat who crumble before a task that requires quick and agile movement.

This man of tremendous intellectual capacity has his mind located in his eyes. He does not absorb, he does not take what he sees into the dark-room of his brain, and there, like a chemist, analyze the true nature of things seen and their exact relations. His visual picture alone affects him, not the deeper one produced by reason, rounded and shaped into a sound judgment. His eyes serve to blind his mind, somewhat in the same manner as the thick layers of fat burden the solid flesh of a fat man.

Observe how this mental corpulence affects our friend. He seems to be in a continual state of reverie. Note him closely. His eyes, a blank stare. Their objective is in space, millions of miles away. He muses, he is in an almost perpetual trance. Not that he thinks; no, he dreams. Pictures appear and disappear in his mind as they do upon a motion picture screen.

At college we have the rare opportunity to watch the formation and growth of this type of man. Here, he is in his “salle a manger”, in his banquet hall. The instructors are his waiters supplying the mental food. And, how sumptuously and ravenously does he gobble every bit, every crumb of knowledge; and, the marvelous phenomena—he never seems to have mental indigestion! He can chew, digest and assimilate into his brain the most terse and abstruse fact or theory. He receives the highest marks and thus becomes the object of envy to those who have not his intellectual capacity. However, he studies merely for the sake of acquiring knowledge—

to know and not to be educated. To him a college is a depository of knowledge, a place where it is poured into the minds of the students. He seems to be here simply for the purpose of increasing the bulk of his brain with disorderly potions of knowledge and not for the purpose of moulding and forming his character by serious mental training. Thus, in our very midst, his soft, mental figure grows to an enormous size. As a result of his education, his mind does not become hard, agile or evenly developed. He, in the final analysis, is the man of learning, of virtue and especially of noble action.

This contrast between the physical and mental corpulence would be incomplete if one more detail were not added. This detail we may best term the method of reducing the intellectual waist-line. Some exercise more violent than the "daily dozen" is required to reduce the fatty substance of learning into a firm will and a sound and active mind. His knowledge must be passed through the fine grinding mill of philosophy and rounded into one, co-ordinated and harmonious whole. Let him read the classics, and the works of great thinkers. Then let him ponder and analyze for himself the profundity of what he reads. Let him seek for the laws which govern the facts and phenomena already familiar to him. He must seek the reason for things; to trace facts up to their ultimate cause; to see the mover in the thing moved; and to discern the Creator from the creature. Then, above all, the man in this condition should practice restraint, he should mortify his intellect by seeking to master, to rise superior to his knowledge. In this way will his hoarded knowledge, his mental corpulence be reduced and it will crystalize into a firm character.



Pinero, the Technician

Leslie J. Roch, '27

After reading the plays of Pinero one becomes impressed by the tempered sanity and the classical restraint and ease that they display. They do not produce that sense of profound emotion which follows the reading of a Sophocles, but leave the reader with the impression of having come in contact with a good play in an almost perfect setting. When Pinero wrote his plays, he must have bound himself to the duties of a first class building contractor, namely,—to please his patrons and to erect a perfectly symmetrical structure. Like the musician, who, in expressing his emotions in the beautiful tones of a symphony or a sonata, is limited by the well balanced form characteristic of such compositions, so Pinero limits himself to the technique of construction, upon which his fame as a playwright rests.

If Shakespeare moulded the drama into its most perfect form, Pinero attempted to perfect the principles of the new school and to use advantageously the more recent art of stage-craft. In this respect he is the disciple of Ibsen, who developed a marvelous exposition and climax in his well constructed plays on social life with its struggle for emancipation from bonded conventions. The day of asides and soliloquies is now long past. The stage has evolved into a show place whereon scenery, the latest inventions of lighting effects, furniture and drop curtains assist in displaying the characters of a drama in their proper environment. In the Elizabethan plays it was necessary to study the speeches of the characters in order to understand the place, the time, or the action. Now this is all done by stage effects. Pinero, like Ibsen, used the details of stage setting as a means to accomplish his dramatic craftsmanship. He placed a sofa here, a table there, a vase on the mantel-piece stood there to play its particular part in the unfolding of the plot. The fire in the grate also had an important role other than giving warmth. Even a balcony overlooking the house top on the opposite side of the street meant more than a mere attempt at attractiveness in architecture. All these details were of vast importance to Pinero in constructing a technique which won for him the title of the "ablest architect of plays that ever lived."

To deny Pinero the honored place,—a master of technique, is to deny truth. Pinero produced an art that is artistic. His dramas, primarily written for the theater, are dramatic.

Whether we see *Iris*, *Mid-Channel*, *The Thunderbolt*, the *Gay Lord Quex*, or any of Pinero's lighter comedies, we know they are written for the theater. He makes a show place of the theater and not a pulpit. Instead of using the theater like Ibsen for the purpose of preaching moral doctrines, or instead of transforming the stage, as Ibsen did, into an exhibition gallery for the display of sociological intentions, Pinero wrote for the theater as a theater,—to exhibit concretely the big parade of life. He does not even pretend to talk about life with its failures and successes. Nor does he offer a solution for any of the great problems that confront life. It is enough that those problems exist. If they are to be solved, social bureaus and the churches, not the theater, are maintained for that purpose. Pinero accepted the theater as a pedestal for "holding the mirror up to nature." He exhibits the existing problems of life, but he does not talk about them. The ingenuity of the playwright is such, that in this exhibition of life, the audience feels the approach of an inevitable catastrophe long before it happens. The action produces an emotional effect on the spectator, which leaves him with a feeling neither of pity nor regret. For when the final curtain falls, the spectator, by means of Pinero's employment of dramatic devices, is prepared to accept the only plausible result which can follow the characters' actions.

One thing in which contemporary dramatists are lacking is the perfect freedom with which the characters unfold the plot. Upon examination of any of Ibsen's plays, the characters are found to be held down to the vitiating influences of environment, heredity or social conventions. Instead of individual human beings, they become things that must follow the beaten path to destruction, because surrounding circumstances will allow no other course. Ibsen was not concerned with the development of his characters, or whether or not they could transcend the depths which envelope them in the quicksands of an inevitable end. His main purpose was to announce a thesis and then create characters to support it. He championed the cause of woman's freedom, because he believed her to be the cause of humanity and that she must not continue in abeyance to man made laws. But while Pinero follows closely the technique of Ibsen, although he disregards the adherence to Greek tragedy as found in *Ghosts*, he never interferes with his characters. The characters, whom Pinero creates full grown, express themselves without any subsequent interference decreed by him. His *Iris*, his *Zoe*, his *Paula* reveal the disintegration of women of fine tastes and generous incentives, who destroy themselves because they either lack sufficient strength to fight successfully against adversity, or

find themselves in the quagmire of hopeless marital misunderstandings. If Zoe Blundell had not sought the easy existence of idle pleasure, she might have bound her married life with that eternal knot which only children can tie securely.

No character is free when the fate of a Greek tragedy operates against him. Such is the stake to which Ibsen binds his characters. He forms them with an inward disposition begotten from heredity which conflicts with their nature. He looks to the consequences of action rather than to action itself. How much more effective and enjoyable is a play of Pinero, wherein the characters are free to act without this contraforce. A character, as Pinero creates him, does not find himself from the start retrospecting on some wrong his father has committed and for which he must pay the penalty. In contra-distinction to Ibsen, Pinero's characters reveal their own lives from the time the play opens and that life unfolds itself into individual responsibility for its own acts. The character displays a single modern instance of life as Pinero observes it and not an eternal truth of life in general or theories concerning life. From this method of portraiture, Pinero's plays might be said to be an exemplification of one-phased life. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, *the Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith*, *Mid-Channel*, *The Thunderbolt*, *Iris*, in fact all his plays are examples of it. Paula believes the future is only the past again, entered through another gate. Her past is still and evermore a part of her from which she cannot escape. *Iris*, accustomed to prodigal extravagance, was too frail to face poverty. Like an orchid, she required somebody to provide for her a comfortable hothouse. What is true of these two characters is also true of the principal characters in each of Pinero's plays. He advances one small incident in the life of an individual.

One of the features methods of Pinero, which although not new in dramatic literature, but which stimulates interest, is his clever exposition of the plot. In *Mrs. Tanqueray*, we find the new woman with a past trying to come back. But, with the past always before her, she is unable to do so. From the moment she enters Aubrey's apartment at such a late hour, which in itself is unconventional for a decent woman, we know the kind of a woman she has been. And from Aubrey's conversation with his three gentlemen friends, we get the key to the situation that he intends to try to rehabilitate her. In the very opening of the act, Misquith and Jayne are used for no other purpose than a means for Aubrey to voice this intention. For these two gentlemen, after a brief conversation fall out of existence. The same is true of the first act of *Iris*. There, Miss Pinsent converses with Archie

Kane about the peculiar will which constitutes the nucleus of the entire plot. When this unsuspecting lady trusts Kane with her entire savings for investment purposes, the feeling of mistrust towards him is immediately aroused and no surprise occurs when he absconds with all the funds. Because every step Iris will take depends upon the will and because we must know Iris as a temperamentally weak woman, if we are to appreciate her character, this first scene is very important.

As an exponent of clever exposition Pinero is a master. But his distinctive qualities as a dramatic literateur do not end here. If he would keep the story moving and if he would command the interest of his listeners, he must also employ that useful method of foreshadowing events. Every important event that happens within the play is foreshadowed by Pinero. Zoe Blundell's suicide in *Mid-Channel* is planned by her very first speech when she says, "Why is it that more people commit suicide in summer than in winter?" But the scene in act four determines the end. There stands a balcony high up from the street. Nobody commits suicide unless the time and the place are convenient. Zoe is compelled to destroy herself, because at a desperate moment, she is driven upon the balcony which invites her to a downward dive to death. The same thing is true in Pinero's use of the vase and the key in *Iris*. As soon as Maldonato throws the key into the vase, it is apparent that that same key will forever lock *Iris* out into the cold world. For what other purpose did Paula Ray write the history of her past life in a letter to Aubrey, which he burns without reading, than, that its ghost will return to destroy them.

Pinero proves himself to be the modern dramaturgic craftsman. But, through technical efficiency, he becomes deficient in his portrayal of character. He carefully attends to all stage details of placing furniture in such a way that the spectator may know certain changes in the seasons, as the change from winter to summer in acts one and two of *Mid-Channel*. Again, he drops the curtain in the middle of an act to produce a lapse in time. He is kept busy inventing new situations to keep his story moving or he is careful to have his characters foretell what is to follow. By carefully planning these points of technique, which to Pinero is the sum total of a good play, he weakens his characterization. What do we know of the minds of Aubrey, of the Mortimers, of Paula? They just act. They live their lives and accept the consequences. With the exception of *Iris*, practically nothing is known of any of Pinero's characters. But then, he wrote to exhibit certain phases of life without encumbering himself with character developments, nor did he attempt to find

a solution to the problems confronting his characters. Although, Pinero's women are better than his men, Iris is probably given the most development. She tried to face her problem, but the check-book was the turning-point in her life. Motivated by the impulse of unselfishness, she signed the first check which proved to be her own death-warrant.

The tragedy of today is no longer hung with draperies, nor replete with bloody deeds. The ways of fate are no longer manifested, as in the Greek tragedy, with dreams, visions and presentiments. Now, the tragedy is logical, prosaic. It shows how the struggle for existence weighs inexorably upon those who are imprudent or too weak to defend themselves, or those whose passions are stronger than their will-power. In the French drama, passion is enough. In the English drama, Pinero uses outside forces to stimulate passion into unquenchable fire. Maldonato supplies this force for Iris' weakness. It is not enough for Pinero to say "*C'est plus fort que moi*" and proceed with the happy assurance of sufficient motivation in his plots. Each event must follow logically upon the proceeding. His plays, in fact, rest upon logic rather than passion. They are dramatic, effective, constructed with perfect technique, terrible and horrible, but not lachrymose.

When a playwright devotes most of his attention to the construction of plot and the details of technique, he fails to use other details which are necessary to a well balanced play. With his mastery of plot construction, with his ability to create and maintain suspense, with his excellence in technical usage, with his harmonious employment of fine dramatic architecture, scenic painting and interior decoration, Pinero failed to give a subtle interpretation of life and failed to plumb the depths of his characters. With the exception of Iris no attempt is made to fathom the souls of his characters. They are too artificial. They are the shadows of persons, who participate in a well ordered plot, rather than human beings. Pinero produces characters which are not sufficiently alive to afford the reader any illumination on the complex problems of life. He portrays characters which lack concentration, but which are completely concrete and simple. These qualities are so clever that they produce theatrical interest. But such devotion to technique, as Pinero shows, destroys his approach to greatness in dramatic art. It so circumscribes his characters that they become mere mouthpieces and are a passing show of certain phases of life without any aim to interpret its meaning.

Watch Your Mail!

J. A. H. '27

It was the last week in March, just a few days prior to the famous "quarterly exam"—the death rattle to many otherwise industrious students of the High School. To Red and Swede, freshmen in the Victor Academy, it was going to be more than the death rattle; it would mean the complete annihilation from home, for they had begged another chance to square the disastrous report of the mid-year exams. Four "E"s and a "D" had all but cost them immediate dismissal. In fact, they were both to be sent home but for the timely arrival and effective pleas of their parents. In accordance with their good resolutions, the third quarter was started off most impressively; but as in the preceding quarter, the boys slipped into a rut and were hopelessly lost—tragedy lay just around the corner; the corner in this case was the ensuing quarterly examination.

For a month or more the occupants of room 202, Troy Hall, had been unusually quiet; almost secretive in their movements and conversations. This was a more or less radical change in conduct. Up to this time, they had been the center of the funmakers, and their door was never closed to the elusive prowler who might venture to slip in a visit without permission from Brother Genemant. The change had even entered their reading matter. English books were cast aside for the more romantic magazines; "Hobo Life" current and back numbers were purchased and studied with a diligence worthy of a better cause. Within the last two weeks the ideas, numerous and wild at first, now began to assume shape and plausibility. Exams besetting the youngsters like a pack of hungry wolves urged them to hasten their makeshift plans to fruition. Swede had already written a letter and would have made a dash for liberty but for the restraining advice of his pal, Red. He was not sure, due to his desperate state of mind, whether or not he had mailed the missive or destroyed it. But since no summary call to the office of the president came within the ensuing two days, he felt more at ease. In fact, he convinced his roommate that he distinctly remembered "on second thought, having torn the letter up."

Both boys, and there were a good many others of the same opinion too, were convinced that the present system of running school was more or less antiquated. "They don't understand us, Red," mused Swede. "This system of keeping

school is old fashioned." And Red's silence was indicative of his acquiescence in the observation.

"We can make the Hot Shot out of Bradlin at 3:20 tomorrow, Red", said Swede in a tone of mingled suggestion and persuasion. But Red's fevered brain was already many paces in advance of his roommate. When Father Brice announced the *Conge* in the chapel, the mechanism under the red thatch began to function. He was now, only a few minutes returned to his room, absorbed in a heart to heart talk with his father, committing to writing with feverish haste a philosophical treatise on the probabilities of a boy's making his own way in the world.

At length he finished; a long deep sigh of satisfaction, and the envelope was sealed. "Get everything into the trunks, kid, so that they won't have any bother shipping the things home." Then he hesitated, and with the assurance of a veteran campaigner he mounted the table, mocked a farewell address to the students and faculty, and wound up, "and so, dear friends and comrades, we toss an affectionate farewell to the school forever; long may she prosper."

Everything worth saving was fairly dumped into the two trunks. There was no time for packing, and evidently no need for it. They were going to conquer the world. The familiar scratching of the key in the doorlock told them that the evening had slipped all too rapidly. Brother Genemant was making his nightly rounds.

"What's all this packing about, lads?" inquired the kindly Brother, in a more or less matter of fact way. "Going to move?"

The quick wit of Red saved the trembling Swede, and a hasty explanation nicely blended with a humorous quip, for which 202 had once been famous, tossed off all suspicion. The Brother left with a peculiar intonation of "All's well", then he hesitated, pushed his head through the half closed door to complete "that ends well."

"Thinks he's wise?" ventured Swede, who had now fully recovered his poise.

"Nar" assured the red head mimicking the tough as best he could, "These boids can't wise up to a big job if they wuz the whole woiks themselves." It was good slang, and what is more, a good interpretation of the character parts he had been reading for the past month.

Their good-night words before turning over for the last time were embodied in these phrases: "An old straw pile for me in the morning and "Some good Samaritan Farmer in going to furnish a chicken breakfast for me daily." The

faint, shrill blast of the 10:30 meat train, piercing through the open casement, was the last conscious moment they had.

Friday morning came none too soon. Both lads were up and dressed before the Prefect reached their rooms. Over they went with light hearts to murmur the most sincere prayers of their lives. Apparently nobody suspected, and they cared little who observed. Success! That was the keynote of their prayers; each bead began and ended with a passionate appeal for success.

After breakfast the usual morning's walk to the baseball diamond was in order. The slow, lazy pull of a laboring freight train, just a bit to the east, with its long cloud of white steam and heavy black smoke silhouetted against the azure sky, was a most inviting picture. The young hearts leaped with a desire to dash out and climb aboard.

"No we can't make that, Swede" softly remonstrated the rusty thatched youth. There was a deep note of affection in his voice. "There's a Red Ball Hot Shot going through at 3:20—we can make her down at the Bradlin Crossroads just before she slips into the downgrade—better get Eddie Donahue to clean out our account—we can't tell but what we'll need some jack before we're far out." Red paused as if physically struck with a thought. "I'll work the gang for all I can get" he continued after a moment's deliberation. Then grabbing Swede's arm as if to enforce his last idea, "We'll pay 'em back sometime when we hit it big."

There was a vision of a large sugar plantation, of spouting oil wells, of limitless tracts of grazing fields with the best blooded stock in America cavorting over the ridges and depressions. If anything, Red wasn't "smalltime" in his dreams. Nothing was too big for his ambitions.

With the suddenness of one seized with an inspiration, Red was off with a bound. He hopped over the siding ties with the speed of a bird. His young heart beat with the greatest exultations of joy; the rainbow of hope had come to his sky of adventure. He almost took the door off the hinges, such was his anxiety to clean up the last few remaining details prior to departure. He pulled two heavily packed knapsacks from under a mattress and was murmuring passionate phrases of affection in demonstration of his joyous spirit when the panting Swede broke in.

"Gosh, Red, take it easy, you nearly skeered the heart out of me."

"That's you all over" retorted Red, evidently trying to maintain mastery of the situation. "you ain't got no guts at all; a fine tramp you'll make being skeered of a little thing like that." Then with a leap and an embrace that carried his

roommate clean off his feet, Red whispered the good news that the stage was set.

"I didn't tell you that I met a bimbo on the tracks last night just before supper—he's raggedy as yu'd ever want to see a man—I promised him dinner today. He's going to be waiting down the tracks for us. I promised him a little chuck after the gang tossed off the bag.

Red was insistent on cultivating a glib tongue in the vernacular of the Road; and from all accounts he was getting on very well.

The anticipation of the consummation of their plans was too much for the youngsters. They ate ravenously but without enjoyment. Somewhere in the subconscious they heard whispers to eat plenty: and eat plenty they did.

The lads were too excited and too taken up with the realization of their dreams of a month or more to feel the pangs of hunger. But somewhere in the subconscious they heard whispers that it would be better to start out on a full stomach, and a well packed knapsack—acts which were consummated with expedition.

The next important detail was to get up a meal for their newly found "hobo" friend. Swede, who was consistent in at least his precautions if not fears, was now torn between fear and anxiety. Fear of the dreadful consequences of detention; anxiety to be off on the most thrilling expedition of one's experience.

As the lads skipped up the steps with a steaming No. 10 vegetable can of spilling soup, and enough sandwiches to feed a troupe of wasteland wanderers, Swede ventured what he thought was the acme of wisdom: "We might get the low down on directions from this boid, Red".

But he was snapped to a halt with a growl from his pal. "I'm no dumbbell, I'll take you through to the Gulf better'n any of these bozos." Little Red had been the author of the run-away idea, and he had held command of the situation like a general.

Approaching the mendicant cautiously, Red opened a torrent of slang the like of which was never heard in box car or hay mow before. "Soup, a chuck of beef, and plenty of the staff of life—mind if I sit around and growl a little while you stow it away?"

Encouraged by the glow in the Tramp's eyes, Red ventured a suggestion. "Mind if I sit around and growl a bit while you stow away the layout". As if to draw out a compliment Red timidly apologized for the food. "Struck a bad day, pardner; soup, a chuck of beef, and plenty of the staff of life—that's all we had lying around loose."

Getting no response and for fear that Swede might open

up Red continued: "We're going to make a break today; mind giving us a point or two about the road south?"

There was a gleam of satisfaction in the tramp's eyes at this news. It seemed to interest the stranger more than the remainder of the food.

"Sa'll right with me, pervidin' yer teachers don't mind getting railroad soup in yer English." There was a kindly, paternal note in the older man's voice; it struck a happy chord in both Red and Swede. Both wanted to unbosom the whole outrageous system of school and studies and life in general—yet they feared for some unaccountable reason to divulge even the slightest thought.

"What's the big idea of hittin up with me—don't you kids never learn when yer well off?"

The question was a knife stab that went deep into Red's conscience. He colored till the tight collar made a sharp contrast with the excess flesh seemingly overlapping the smart looking Van Heusen that taped the youngster's neck. A thousand and one possible avenues through which the secret of departure might have escaped came before the perplexed Red. A swift and sharp shaft was hurled to the depths of his conscience—he pictured himself as ungrateful, cowardly and all the mean things a person could think of himself. His mother's predicament when she would learn the news; Swede was robbed of speech—he, too felt despicably guilty.

"Yer don't seem like yerself, Kid; what's happened? Thinkin' a little of home, mebbe?" There was something of the Fagan in the encouragement that followed.

"Mighty tough grind sometimes, lads, but a day like this makes up for all the rough sledding in the winter."

The last remark brought renewed vigor and determination to Red. It was the easy life that he wanted, the basking in the sun and sleeping under the stars that he desired; no cares about school or no bells to annoy him but the easy peal of the cowbells in the pasture—that was the life—"Bovine Contentment". He knew the phrase well. In fact it had stretched itself across the pages of all his text books; it dangled before his eyes in the class room; and it was usually his last conscious thought before turning into bed at night.

"Yes," ventured Red "Me and me pal's going to hit the balmy south some day. Wuz thinking of making a break today. There's a Red Ball Hot Shot comes through about 3:00."

There was a gleam of satisfaction in the hobo's eyes. His coal smirched skin and beard seemed to take on new life. He rattled off in dizzy haste the many large cities on the way to the Sunny South, with an easy drawl that was most fascinating and effective. It won Red. Immediately the youngster

stepped into another world. Fairyland had opened up and swallowed him bodily. He slapped the pensive Swede across the back with a resounding smack. "Snap out of it, Kid, you ain't going to weaken now."

The meal was quite well finished and the usual "brace" for a cigarette came next. The boys, bubbling with good nature, each supplied the tramp with their remaining fags and bade farewell.

"So long, Kids, look for me in the straw pile when you're coming out."

The boys trudged half wearily back to Troy Hall. Now that they were about to go they hated to leave. The fondest of memories, the happiest days of their lives were spent on the old campus—but a vivid recollection of the ensuing quarterlies stifled all weak tendencies. They turned to see the Hobo climbing lazily into the straw pile, the slow moving cattle apparently wondering who their new found companion was.

* * * * *

It was an easy matter to leave the campus unnoticed. Those students not down town were engaged in hectic baseball or handball games. Coach Blaize was swatting to the outfielders, but Father Morrison was for once absent from the campus. This fact aroused the suspicion of both lads. They trudged on, their eyes focused on the straw pile.

As they came near it, a bent and unshapely form slid from its topmost layer. The badly worn hat, torn dungaree pants, and weather beaten rain coat, each had a mystifying influence for Red and Swede. Just as soon as they could effect and exchange or purchase on the road they'd strip off the collars and ties and leather storm coats with which each was provided.

There was something about the stride and slouch of the knight of the road that was changed. His pace seemed somewhat affected, and the stoop to his frame was a little more pronounced. He straightened and came forward, his eyes cast on the ground.

"Hi, Bozo," greeted the enthusiastic Red.

But there was no response. The tramp failed to look up. A few paces and he was abreast of the youngsters.

"Well, good luck to you," and a hand that was soft and limp in comparison with the expected weather beaten and hardened hand raised a note of suspicion.

"Guess he's kinda sad to see us start out" murmured the gullible Swede. But the observation fell on deaf ears. Red was lost in a sea of thought. A thousand and one ideas flashed across his quick brain—still he plodded on. He wanted to look back, but he dared not. He wanted to run—but his limbs refused to respond to the suggestion.

"Swenson!" came a shout from the rear. There was no mistake about it now. Swede would know that voice if he never lived to identify another. With a sweep the world grew black before him; all that was material disappeared before his eyes.

Both lads wheeled about to face a sea of smiling, laughing brothers and priests. Father Morrison was the foremost, letter in hand, the rags of the tramp arrayed in dishabille, exposing the Roman collar and rabbi. Red and Swede recognized the damaging evidence at once.

"Next time you write a letter" remarked the Father with an enforced stern tone, "don't leave it kicking around the corridors". Sadder and wiser the two romanticists retraced their steps back to 202. And the Hobo two dollars and two meals richer made the 3:20 Hot Shot that afternoon.

THE NEW GYMNASIUM

Look now! and see Poseidon's shrine
Rise newly from the ground,
Where strength and beauty combine,
To lift a noble mound.

Here will Youth pay his vow
In games of skill and grace,
While on the Victor's brow
The god, a wreath of pine shall place.

M. E. F.



MY HOUR

Emmett M. Walsh '28

Well-nigh a century ago Longfellow wrote that:

“Between the dark and the daylight,
When the light is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour”.

So too, of the one hundred and sixty-eight hours that go to make up the week, there is one—My Hour—I love to steal. It also comes when the afternoon has sped away, and when dusk is just beginning to manifest itself on the horizon. There is a pause in the daily occupations that have kept me on duty all week. On Saturday afternoons from five to six o'clock, I employ myself, sometimes with delightful nothings, sometimes with golden somethings.

Very often, at this hour, there is a pleasure to be found in going to the quaint, little, French window in my room, that I am fortunate enough to possess, where, looking far into the west, I attempt to see beyond the distant trees that look ghastly back against the half-lit sky. Then, as I doze or dream, my thoughts seem to rise and take flight to places that are dear and yet sad to me. They sometimes visit two hallowed mounds of earth and reflect on what these two contain. They see those dear old forms living once again, they speak and hear those sweet, familiar tones which will never die, they speak of by-gone days and incidents that happened when all was merry, happy, and bright, they ask advice and seek consolation, they embrace, crave a blessing and say, “If only you were here”. My thoughts then return to me, strengthened by the recent colloquy, and urge me to do the best I can in spite of adversities, wounds and fatigue.

My reverie now lapses into a meditation because it is a most fitting time to consider the transitoriness of life. The sight of darkness creeps slowly over the heavens and brings with it a certain fear. A chill runs through the veins, and the rapid beating of the heart almost becomes audible. The words of the divine Savior strike the ear with an awful reality, “I will come like a thief in the night”. Ah, it is only then when we review our past that we realize how foolish we have been. The filthy lucre must remain for someone else to enjoy, the pleasures that were our constant companions leave us to seek for others, the acquaintances we have made, known and loved for just a few hours, bid us good-bye and then go in quest of

someone else. Our good and evil deeds are all that remain faithful to us. They alone will accompany us to the court room of heaven. A few short hours on earth determine our reward or punishment for all eternity. What a wonderful thought it is; what a powerful incentive to repentance and resolution. Imagine what a changed and pleasant world this would be if only everyone spent ten minutes a day to consider the ways of life. But no, it is not the way with the world; it is too busy to think. Some say that meditation was meant for the priest and religious only. Ah, if they only knew what consolation they are depriving themselves of, if they only knew the rewards of thoughtfulness! If the "up and doing" world would only think, there would be no petty wars, no religious wranglings, no political intrigues, in fine there would be no sorrow.

But why is dusk the most fitting time to consider the shifting sands in the hour-glass of life? Because nature, the animal and plant kingdom is crooning itself to sleep. The trees stand moaning in the darkness, the lovely tulip is closing its petaled eye-lids at approaching nigrescence and the nightingale is singing its sympathetic night-song. Yes, the short day merging into the darkness of night, makes one realize only too well the speed that life is making into the unfathomable depths of eternity.

Dusk is the most adaptable time to develop the imagination, because we are withdrawn within our souls. At this time, we betake ourselves away from external things, away from our daily occupations, away from our many troubles, and away from all that is unpleasant, to build castles in the air. We become the creators of a new world in which we seek for refuge. Life there is nought but an everlasting present full of happiness, peace and rest. How sweet these dreams are that we can weave in accordance with our own pleasure. Nature helps us to achieve this, because the slightest stir and sound has an eerie significance. Very often the sound of a train in the distance seems to come from within one's room, whilst sounds that are within one's room seem to come from a long way off.

When I wake from my trance, I go to that portion of literature wherein ecstasy of nature is most perfectly hymned in poetry. The enchantment of poetry helps me to see the allurements of the earth. This is the most fitting time to read Collin's "Ode to the Evening", Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard", and Milton's "Il Penseroso". These poems are perfectly adapted to the mood of the occasion, because the meditator undergoes a soul conflict, born of melancholy and happiness; melancholy at the approach of night, and happiness over the memories begotten of the day.

A Decree of Kismet

Nam, '29

"Oh, I'm tired of it all, Dad—the theatre wearies me, parties bore me,—I hate it all. I want to get away. I decided this morning, after the gang had left, that night life and bacchanalian orgies are disgusting affairs after all. The rich man may have the pleasures of life but only the poor man its joys." Such was the philosophical reflection that fastidious Stephan Kenn, Jr. uttered as he struck a match to light his monogrammed cigarette. The older man smiled wistfully, writing all the while with seeming uninterrupted interest.

"Yes, Dad, the luxurious cars, the resplendent Formals, the never-ceasing schedule of dinners, lunches and stags which have been my daily routine—why this very office with its mahogany furniture, its imported draperies, its invaluable pictures, has become the bane of my very existence. They pall me. I loathe your gold, the service it buys, the power and influence it exerts. I am wretched in the parasitic feeling it gives me."

Mingled emotions of pride and annoyance crept over the paternal countenance of this captain of industry. Pride, because a son of his was stirred with such noble sentiments; annoyance because it sounds so much like sentimental babblings which are antagonistic to the matter-of-fact sensibilities of the man of business. The older man frowned. For one hour this young idiot had been expounding any number of asinine theories and it was high time for the senior member of the family to suffer a loss of equanimity and "show him the air". It couldn't be pecuniary assistance the boy wanted; he wasn't looking for a vacation—he never worked; he certainly was not in need of wearing apparel for he had been given an entire new wardrobe the first of the season. Then why come to Dad?

Gilded youths oft times make noble and high sounding statements but seldom abandon the ease and contentment of their lives to see their fulfillment. The father, rich in years of wisdom, was acquainted with this inveterate philosophy, so why should he concern himself with the ravings of a young society stag? Again he smiled. His agile brain was equal to the situation, and in a few moments he had conceived a plan of operation.

"Well, son" observed the father, encompassing the budd-

ing missionary from head to foot with piercing rays from his steel blue eyes, "why waste your time and mine talking about it. If you desire a change of environment, if you are tired of your old life and accustomed haunts, go out into the school of hard knocks and I'll wager the first rap will send you home. Now kindly remove your Apollo-like self from these premises and don't bother me any more with such trivial matters."

Kenn, Jr., stung by this unwarranted, mordant flow of sarcasm on the part of his father, rose in a frenzy and strode towards the door. "Very well, esteemed and benevolent 'pater'," he exclaimed in a haughty voice, "if you choose to make a farce out of my idea, I will go".

"All right my lad but please close the door gently as you leave," was the desultory retort.

The door closed with a bang! Neither knew that that same mahogany door was a wall that divided two worlds; the son in one; the father in the other.

* * * * *

In the great steel district of Pennsylvania, spring's herald has announced the coming of a joyous season and has infused an expression of light hearted gayety, of frolicsome mirth and blissful contentment into the very beings of the mill-workers as they rush through the gates into the streets, singing and laughing—paychecks in hand and a holiday in which to spend it; to remain at home to eat and drink, to love, sorrow and sleep—to wake up to find another dawn of labor breaking. But when could payday and holiday be more opportune—and the holiday wholly unexpected. Who cared what financier, what capitalist died if they—the working class—were given a day for rest, for entertainment rightly earned? As the man whose brains, whose money and power made possible the running of the great mills lay stiff, his emaciated, mask-like face turned toward the heavens, those to whom he furnished a living in this far-distant town, celebrated his decease. Not one man in that crowd of sweating laborers gave a passing, serious thought to his employer. Up to the long walk they poured in streams, a surging throng, hurrying, laughing and talking, idling, quarreling, here stopping to read the sign posts, there pouring into the various "hot dog" stands, walking, walking on—while a captain of industry was being mourned by the commercial world. A sad commentary on the futility of the flesh!

Among this exuberant aggregation, two young fellows strode nonchalantly along. An air of somberness seemed to hover around them, contrasting with the happy spirit of the crowd. They were a strange pair, strikingly dissimilar in speech and thought and unconsciously united by a strange bond of mutual interest. The younger was a weather-harden-

ed, cynical individual, not altogether without likable mannerisms. His extremely pessimistic view of life was always evident and in direct contrast to the light-hearted optimism of the other. Apparently, fortune at one time had smiled upon the optimistic youth. He possessed a noble countenance, somewhat overshadowed by recent trials and deprivations but still maintaining the bouyant air which seemed to permeate all who came in contact with him. A close student of human nature would say that one lived in the future, the other in the past.

"Steve, you're not yourself today. What seems to be the trouble"? ventured Bob Thrope trying to fathom the reticent mood of his companion.

"Nothing at all, Bob", replied Steve, rather absent-mindedly, "I'm just feeling a bit under the weather. I think it's best that I leave this place for a brief spell. In fact I must go and can't tell you why. I don't know how long I'll be away, but I assure you I'll return just as soon as possible."

"But why are you leaving" pleaded Bob, "you certainly have been out of sorts today and can't just figure this out. Got anything against me?"

"Not at all". Steve was quick to throw off suspicion. "An unforeseen circumstance causes my departure. I can't delay to explain now. You must trust me and await my return. You understand, Bob?"

"All right, pal, your word is O. K. with me. There isn't any way I can help you is there? I have a few dollars saved that you can gladly have if you need it".

Steve flushed with gratitude at this offer. "Oh no! I have a little laid by myself. I certainly appreciate your kindness just the same." With a firm clasp of the hand, denoting sincerity, esteem and confidence the two lads parted.

* * * * *

A few weeks later Steve burst excitedly into the room where Bob was ensconced in a comfortable chair, pipe in mouth and perusing the evening paper. The face of the reader suddenly beamed with joy; he fairly leaped from his chair to welcome his friend.

"Why the excitement, old top, what happened on your trip"?

"Bob, do you remember the day you mentioned your father to me? I confess I did not display much interest in your story then, but now I beg you to repeat it to me."

"Well," he drawled leisurely, allowing the smoke from his pipe to curl lazily upward, "what's the rush? Lets talk about something interesting—your journey for instance."

"No, I want to hear that story again. There are a few

details I want to clear up. I remember you saying something about a chemical process your father was interested in—"

"Yes, Dad worked on it for years. He spent practically all we had in perfecting it." Here Bob grew solemnly meditative. He seemed to be unrolling the scroll of written history. "Day after day, night after night, hour after hour he toiled upon something which he thought would bring him riches and fame and most of all a boon to mankind. Then when everything appeared brightest some soulless money-mad capitalist tricked it from him. I swore away my life to avenge this theft. It threw Dad into a state of melancholy from which he never seemed to recover. All his hopes, his ambitions, the labor of a lifetime were shattered by this cruel blow. My heart used to bleed when I saw him grow paler and paler. God! If for one moment I could have laid my hands upon that scoundrel's throat I would have strangled him without suffering the least qualms of conscience." Bob's eyes flashed flames of fire. He paused as if to regain control of himself.

"Briefly—after father died I was thrown upon my own resources. It used to be tough trying to work and go to school and I finally had to drop the studies. I went to work in the mills. Then you came along and life has appeared just a bit happier and nobler than I ever imagined it could be. But why do you ask? Bygones are bygones and we must live to forget. Someday, somewhere, I suppose, the wheels of justice will complete their cycle."

During the narration Steve never once changed expression. His jaws were set firmly, his eyes glued to the lips of Bob. Suddenly he slipped his hand into the traveling bag, and withdrew a bundle of papers. Extracting one from the group he handed it to Bob and left the room, too choked with emotion to express himself. Bob stood aghast at the queer move of his friend and opened the bulky envelope. It proved to be a codicil of the last will and testament of one Stephan Kenn, Sr. Immediately the similarity of names dawned upon the lad and he recognized Steve's father as being the renowned capitalist and financier. In turn, as he read, his eyes registered surprise, resentment, anger and abhorrence. The document fell from his trembling hand and he sped from the room in quest of his pal. He found Kenn, Jr. standing on the porch a broken form, trying to suppress the sobs that welled up from the depths of his torn heart. With an air of good-fellowship Bob extended his hand saying, "Lets still be buddies, Steve. I understand. Do not allow the cruel disclosure of a father's sin separate us. Perhaps fate has decreed this incident just to open a new era of friendship for both of us."

The sad face of Steve lit up in an expression of happiness not akin to anything Bob had ever seen before. "Shake on it, old boy" he cried, "and from now on it will be 'Kenn and Thrope Products', and not the products of Kenn, Sr. How queer are the workings of fate and how lucky I am to find a friend who will not only be a real companion but a business partner for life!"

And so they took an oath of fellowship and the tranquil moon blessed the happy pair—the modern Damon and Pythias walked out into the cool night with locked arms, steeped in silence and meditation.

"AND THY OWN SOUL A SWORD SHALL PIERCE"

(Luke II. 35)

And Mary went up to the Temple,
To give her sweet Babe to the Lord,
Where she heard from the holy old Simeon,
"Thy heart shall be pierced with a sword".

Soon after she fled into Egypt,
To stay the cruel death of her child.
'Twas a sword-thrust indeed unto Mary
The Mother, so fair and so mild.

One day at a feast in Jerusalem,
The Child Jesus stayed strange behind.
Imagine the terror of Mary,
When her loved-Child she nowhere could find.

And oh, in the streets of the city
She once met Him face to face,
But the unfeeling rabble that led Him
Permitted them not to embrace.

Beneath the grim cross on Calvary,
She looked up at her dying Son,
She saw His Precious Blood flowing,
She heard His last words, "It is done".

When down from the infamous gibbet,
He lay still on Mary's breast,
What a sword plunged into her bosom,
As her dead Son she fondly caressed.

He had not in this world a birthplace,
In death he found not a grave,
For man who had given Him nothing,
He, Himself for a ransom gave.

E. M. Walsh, '28.

The Responsibility of Being Sane

William Siebert, '28

What a pleasure it must be, to be an inmate of a lunatic asylum! What a joy it must be, to feel that you can be as free and as irresponsible as the birds of the air, the fishes of the ocean and the conscienceless animals of the earth! How the happy occupants of an insane asylum must pity us poor unfortunate sane people!

I have moused among capacious tomes of a copious library to find a satisfactory meaning for a lunatic asylum. My hunt, however, proved bootless, for I discovered nary an explanation that appealed to me. I decided therefore to concoct one myself. I am sure that you will agree with me as to its veracity.

A lunatic asylum is an Elysium where one may think what he wants, say what he pleases, impersonate whom he will and in general do anything that he feels like doing, without being in the least responsible and blamable. He needs not live the platitudinous life of a Tom, Dick and Harry, but he may change into Caesar one day, and strangely turn into Napoleon the next. If he has the desire to relieve his feelings by swearing every oath known to men, he may do so without anybody thinking less of him. He knows no such thing as orthodoxy. He is free to think and believe what he wills. He need not adhere to the silly regulations that an artificial society has laid down for sane people. He lives like a human being and not like an artificial manikin. He is a king, and all sane people are his subjects, for the duty arises from their sanity to supply him with all his needs.

And we pity such care-free beings! We, who never for a moment are without worry, care and responsibility; we, who must ever be on our guard that we do not trespass upon the laws laid down for the sane. We should rather be envious of such happy creatures. They want not our pity nor sympathy. Why should they? Only the unhappy are to be pitied.

What trivialities are demanded of the sane by society! Volumes have been written on the proper dress for the drawing room, theatre, dining room and even boudoir! Yearly do ponderous books on etiquette appear. They contain such bagatelles as the correct method of sitting at the table, what utensils to use for various articles of food, yea, they even inform you of the orthodox method of breaking your bread be-

fore consuming it. Sane people are supposed to adhere to such tyrannous tomfooleries.

Does the insane man need worry over such foolish things? When he eats, he eats, and when he finishes eating, he does not feel that he has been sitting in a strait-jacket throughout the meal.

To be sane, a man is supposed to think no unorthodox thoughts. People seem to abhor original thought. They are afraid of it. A strict series of thought merging into beliefs are set before a man, and to be judged sane he must choose one of them.

How like tin soldiers we all are in our actions. We have to walk in a prescribed way; we have to greet each other according to regular formulas and we have to speak in a prescribed tone at prescribed times. It is interesting to go to a theatre in order to watch other people. When their emotions find some outlet in action, a sheepish feeling comes over them and they warily glance about to see if anybody has noticed them. They are afraid to appear out of the ordinary.

The funny part about being sane is that we sane people are always scared of appearing insane. We are always on the alert that we are not caught in an extraordinary ('foolish' I believe is the word commonly used) action for fear that someone might notice it and decide that we are not exactly mentally competent.

What artificial beings we sane people are! How few of us think, speak and act in the moods that constitute the true man. Now in an asylum you find nothing of the sort. People there act the way they feel. If they want to jump and caper on the front lawn, they do so. If they wish to think and believe that they are a Moses, a Caesar or a Napoleon, they do so. An insane asylum is a place where men are men and not artificial stickpins.

And how sane people must labor and sweat in order to earn their daily bread. Do you find rest houses for poor sane people? Such places are only built for the insane. Does the insane man have any worry as to how he will procure his next meal ticket? Not at all. The sane man must provide that for him. The sane man therefore must not only support himself but must likewise support his insane brother.

After all I wonder if it is a blessing to be sane. What is the ultimate end of life? Happiness, is it not? Now just how often have you been really happy? No man who has the least care, worry, or responsibility on his shoulders can be truly happy. Only the insane man has no care or responsibility. He is therefore the only truly happy man. He is like

the little urchin who sees only happiness in the world; but even that dirty little urchin has known moments of sorrow and worry.

No doubt you have been wondering ere now whether this writer really "possesses all of them" himself. I shall not say that I do, but I shall and do claim that I am no different than ninety nine per cent of the insane sane people in this sublunar abode.

THE MASTER'S VOICE

As Mother Earth goes round and round,
As one grows old by leap and bound,
The eye that oft' was dimmed by sin
By vanity, and worldly din,
Is open'd by a mystic light
Celestial rays exceeding bright
Which turn to day the pitch-dark night
And thus restores its precious sight.

The soul consumed by ardent zeal,
Takes up the Cross, the Master's Seal
And vows that e'er the day does close
In Jesus must its mind repose.

* * * * *

As shadows creep o'er vale and hill
And drowsy nature rests so still,
A cherub garbed in glowing white
Doth whisper to the soul-contrite.

"Poor troubled one! for Jesus' sake
Come! leave the world and Him do take
For to thy heart He will unfold
A joy eternal—peace untold,
Where angels sing and saints rejoice.
Oh list! I hear the Master's Voice—
The Sacred Heart is calling thee
Dear friend; arise and follow me.

Thus strengthened by this helping hand
The angel led him o'er the sand
And sea into a lowly cell
(Where none but saints do ever dwell).
And here the monk as if in death
(The only sound is his sweet breath)
Lies prostrate on the earthen floor
His spirit ent'ring heaven's door.

But now,—behold that beaming face—
Those sparkling eyes of noble race—
The mellow lights that tinge this place.
With arms upraised in tender grace
He cries "My Lord, My God, My King!
Thy praises may I ever sing.
My happiness is now complete
O—let me die in this retreat."

J. L. Drolet, '29.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Just as we are going to press St. Viator College achieved one of the most remarkable accomplishments in her history when her debating team won a unanimous decision over the nationally renowned Wyoming University debaters. In this issue we are able to make only a brief mention of the feat in the Inter Alia section. In a subsequent issue a detailed account of the debate will be given and a picture of the debating team will appear. The same issue will contain pictures of the gymnasium and mess hall now in the process of construction.

Shakespeare, Historical Dramatist

F. J. Harbauer, '27

Shakespeare lived and did most of his work in the Elizabethan age. "That age," as one writer finely says, "was full of light and life." It heralded the dawn of a new era and was the death blow to England's past. The high national life and the high ideals of the Catholic religion, plus medieval patriotism, blazed the way for England's future glory and her prominence in the new age opening up before her. All England thrilled to the sense of an intellectual awakening in literature, in science and in politics. It was an age in which explorers launched ships into the unchartered oceans of the world and planted colonies in distant lands to extend the dominions of Elizabeth.

Living in such an age of national excitement, of high patriotism and splendor, Shakespeare was influenced by what the people enjoyed and thought. The people then knew little about the history of their country. Politics and society to them were interesting to discuss. Yet, the people in general, had an avid interest to know the chequered past of their own country. In that day, the soul of the country was expanding to an unknown glory, which the people felt elevating them to a point of natural exuberance never felt before. The consciousness of their country's greatness fired the national mind to feel the future in the instant. It was in this field that the Elizabethan dramatists touched the national emotion, because the fire of dramatic genius burnt into living flame the eager patriotism of the nation and whetted its appetite for things historical. It was as a result of this that historical drama became popular. It was necessary for the dramatists to present the wishes and demands of the people through the channels of the drama. In this age all conditions of men thronged to the playhouses, where they would hear the story of their ancestors told in the golden language of the poet. The dramatists knew the desires of the audience, they studied their simple and subtle emotions. On this foundation they based the structure and the appeal of the play. Even Shakespeare was not immune from the popular demand, in fact he knew every whim and fancy of the Londoner. Therefore, with an eye on the box office, Shakespeare, the dramatist, went into the history of the world to select themes of historical interest for an audience thirsting and craving for knowledge and enjoyment.

With a fine sense of truth, with an intuition amounting to universal knowledge and with a keen perception of human affairs and human activities, Shakespeare had the requisites for a historical dramatist. He dwelt in the land of living men and women. For him, real life was the most divinely blessed thing on earth. The pageant of life with its tragedy and with its fun amused and fascinated him. It so usurped his attention that in the faces of living men, he read the human secrets and the human burdens of all the ages. In the real present, he discovered the key that unlocked the mysteries of men's hearts. From his study in the school of Elizabethan life, he dreamed the dreams and saw the visions that animated men in all the ages of the world's history. This devotion to the life of his own day steadied his genius, because it brought him close to actual facts and the practicalities of life.

Hence to Shakespeare, life appealed as greater than any artistic theory. The feeling of national patriotism so affected him, that he presented on the stage those phases of English life that were loved by the people. Shakespeare knew, that in order to maintain his literary standing with the people, he had to cater to their desires and wants. His audience delighted in every form of human brutality and suffering. Battles of flesh and bone, bloodthirsty scenes, and extreme love for excitement were beloved by the groundlings. It was an age carefree and unsophisticated. No philosophy, eccentric or sane, was demanded by the people. Instead they loved to see characters in the grip of life, weaving or unweaving the threads that meant their doom or their salvation. It is this popular demand that enabled Shakespeare in the historical plays to leave life do its own dramatic work for him. Characters come to life from forgotten chronicles, they enact their part and pass out into void of night. Hence, Shakespeare does not act as commentator on character, instead the thunderblast of action is heard to sound through his plays.

For Shakespeare, poetry in the best plays was not an abandonment of self; it never became a passion from which there was no possible deliverance. Instead it was a poetic means, whereby he could express the thoughts and the feelings of his audience. Poetry was the means whereby he could transform the whims and fancies of the people into beautiful words. The loftiness of England's newly discovered greatness blows through the poetry of the historical plays. Under his manipulation, it becomes a myriad toned organ rising into a marvelous crescendo or falling into a lyric wail to keep pace with the greatness or misfortune of his theme and character. It is poetry tinged with vision and ecstasy, it ascends to the topmost peak of beauty and sinks to the depths of a divine

despair. The peculiarity of the poetry in Shakespeare's historical plays is that it accommodates itself to every emotion of the human soul. He renders it flexible to meet the requirements of the historical character portrayed and the emotions that beat upon him. It is the many tongued personality that did service to an expanding England.

Shakespeare, the historical dramatist, was unmoved by personal and class feeling. He was tolerant and impartial. He was one of those heaven sent men that could view the broils and the anguish of time and remain unmoved. Before his vision there walked all classes of men, whom he noted and enjoyed. They became for him the characters to weave into the human story that attracted him. He studied them with intelligence and reproduced them as he saw them. He never selected them to prove a historical thesis nor to make them serve his own bias. Great historical questions were treated in the same way.

Henry VIII barely mentions the English Reformation, yet it is the history of the very story of the Reformation with every alternating shade of progress and decline set down; every broad and narrow motive indicated; every occasion, political, social and religious, clearly stated. *Henry VI* is as confused in its dramatic conceptions as the actual historic events were in fact. Yet the Wars of the Roses are in it better understood as to their causes and in the way they sorrowfully touched the great suffering body of the English people, than in any serene record of the statutes.

These characters are portrayed in reference to action. It was altogether fitting and necessary that Shakespeare fuse character with action. The medieval age with which the historical plays deal was full of life and complete with patriotism. Man lived in the midst of life with its noise and with its animated gesture. Wars and social upheavals were things of the hour and engaged the noblest spirits of time. It was a period in which great men lived in the camp or in the battlefield. To make his plays representative of the time with which they deal, action had to dominate them. It is here that his audience influenced him. The people demanded battles and action, noise and stir. Shakespeare heard their appeal and wrote to satisfy them. He gave to the common man what appealed to him. Hence he was true to the historical spirit of the time about which he wrote and to the great democratic spirit, which was then uplifting the drama of the age. His historical works resound constantly with national feelings. Hence, it is that in many of his historical works we see Shakespeare depicting characters of the English life struggling against feudalism or kings staunchly defending

the crown against innovators. This fusion of character and action could not have been achieved had Shakespeare's heart not dwelt in England. His Utopia was an England guided by a king.

Shakespeare, we have said, was engaged with the positive and the real facts of life. Anything abstruse and abstract never appealed to his audience. He had to produce events that had some direct affiliation with and interest for the people. Shakespeare points out the good and evil in life and the weakness and strength of the English kings. In the play *Henry V*, a typical example of kingly strength is given. King Henry the fifth is not a figment of the imagination nor an anemic puppet devoid of individuality, but his character possesses a personality and individuality as true as Shakespeare's. The King is pictured in real life. He craved real manners, real glory, real heroism, real warfare and real love. Before his accession to the throne, Henry spent many a happy hour on the London streets, in the taverns and inns which Falstaff frequently visited. There among the jovial merchants, innkeepers and loquacious women, he was free. From the companionship of his fellow soldiers, he rose into the soldier of battle. From the calm adviser, he became the dispenser of justice. When Henry became King, Falstaff suffered in dignity. The scene is sad in which Henry V renounces the man who had been a source of merriment and sympathy in his buoyant days before the accession. The fat knight scrambles to throw himself in Henry's way.

"My King! My Jove! I speak to thee my heart!"

The king scornfully replies:

"I know thee not, old man, full to thy prayers.

How ill white hairs become a fool and a fool and jester

I have long dreamed of such a kind of man

So surfeit swelled, so old and profane:

But being awake I do despise my dream."

In an age when the democratic note was typically absent from history as written by professional historian, Shakespeare placed the clown side by side with the king and the common braggart next the courtier. Then history was supposed to be made by kings and barons, whilst the common man fought the wars on which princes walked to historical immortality. The tears and groans of the soldier were unrewarded, while literature defied the monarch. The anguished voice of the common man was left unsung by the poet, whilst the prince was crowned with greatest poetry. Shakespeare in response to life felt this defect in historical literature in general and decided to revolutionize it. His genius became the companion and playmate of all men treating them all with marked respect

and equal dignity. He felt that a common human nature made all men equal. The ideal underlying *Henry V* proves that kings are human. Hence, he extended the boundaries of written history and gave the common man an enduring place. He felt the sentiments of the common people and enshrined them in the pages of his plays. He showed to his own age and to all time that the past was peopled by men and women moved by a common sentiment. Even he went so far as to show that common men have a finer and truer understanding of the realities of life than either prince or king. He gave a voice to the suppressed aspirations of the poor and became the herald of a new dawn, when men should become the kings of the earth.

Shakespeare painted all the centuries of England as a living unity. In the pages of the historical authorities—the Holinsheds—he found that they treated facts as shadows to darken the beauty and the reality of life. Shakespeare made these shadows men and women who lived, fought and died. His understanding of life lifted him above the trammels of time and made him at home in the oriental splendor of Egyptian palaces with Cleopatra or in the Rome of the Caesars, as well as in the feudal era of his own country. Time fell from him and he became, in history, the eternal spirit guarding the secrets of the ages to be used by him in his plays. His imagination roamed the world of men and women in different ages and he cloaked them with truth. In understanding his own heart, the golden key to unlock the hearts of others was given to him. In his flight through time he heard the despairs, the tragedies, the humors and the comedies of the world to be used as material for his historical plays.





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EDITOR

Vincent J. Pfeffer, '26.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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June will witness the graduation of two large groups of students, the college class of '26 and Academy '26. The first group of men are undoubtedly conscious of approaching the most serious period of their lives and are perhaps looking toward the future with genuine anxiety, being somewhat reluctant to launch forth into some field that they must make their life's vocation. The Academy graduate does not find himself in such a critical position nor is he aware of the urgent necessity of making an all-important decision almost at once. Yet, in some respects he is in a more vexing situation. Being of a less mature age, he is more fraught with the indecision and illusions of youth. But more than that, while the college man is faced after all with only the necessity of getting down to

work, the younger man must choose between taking up some occupation, with inviting allurements in the way of salary, and the pursuit of higher education. Even if he has decided upon the latter, he is still confronted with the choice of college or university that he shall attend and the course that he shall take up. These truly are difficult questions to be solved by a person eighteen or nineteen years of age.

Now, from the very nature of these issues, it is obvious that the graduate must make the final decisions himself. Men are born with certain endowments and temperaments which according to Providential design will best fit them for a certain career, hence it remains for the individual to determine his vocation. But surely the experience of others a little older should not be totally disregarded in weighing these matters. Now the writer cannot boast of many years, nor command with a reverential pate, being himself but a college student. Nothing is more repulsive to him than a 'preachy' or 'wiser than thou' attitude, and so he would have these remarks, which are addressed to the Academy graduates, considered merely as sincere suggestions from an interested friend.

In the first place, if humanly possible, by all means go to college. Do not be deterred in this by the occasional instance of someone who makes a fortune without the aid of an education. Remember that such cases are so rare that they make fine newspaper articles, and that after all, the vast majority of successful men are college educated. Reason tells us that between two men who are otherwise equal in every respect, a college trained man would have an infinite advantage over one with only a high school diploma for recommendation. In addition it must be remembered that so many young men are being well-trained these days that the poorly educated man has less and less opportunity. But far greater than the financial advantages of higher education is the cultural training. Why do the so-called 'newly rich' appear so ludicrous, if not positively boorish? It is because wealth has put them in the society of well-educated and cultured people, but their money cannot present them with the cultural instincts and appreciation for the artistic that has come to others through years of college associations. The college man acquires a poise, mental and physical, and an inclination or taste for the finer things of life, which no man can give or take from him and which is above the hazards of any material law of supply and demand.

But undoubtedly the majority of the members of the class of '26 already have a finer sense of the importance of higher education than these halting lines could induce. The

big question confronting you is, what school should you attend next year. A few will probably, and with very good reasons in some instances, be enrolled in the big universities. But we fear that there will be others at the large schools simply because they have become fascinated by their 'giganticism', or because they have fallen into the error of believing that a big school is always better than a small one. While we admit that the large schools may be ideally suited for some students, we venture, however, that they are decidedly not the place for a youth who is bewitched by their magnitude even before he arrives on the campus. Moreover, the state universities are beginning to encourage high school graduates to take their first two years of college work in the minor colleges, while educators and others interested in the future of higher education are of one mind in maintaining that the ideal university should have its enrollment limited to, at most, five hundred students.

Generally speaking, the proper place for you to go to school next fall is right here at St. Viator's. You have your own circle of friends here, you are already perfectly familiar with the discipline of the institution, and what is of vast importance, a mutual understanding can be more readily established between you and your instructors here than any where else that you might go. Remember that the studies in college are a great deal more difficult than the ones that you are just finishing, and that the transition from high school to college is different from any that you have passed through thus far. Consider starting this new regime in a strange environment and away from your old friends. Would it not be far more pleasant and much wiser to make at least your first two years of college work at St. Viator in a more homelike and sympathetic atmosphere?

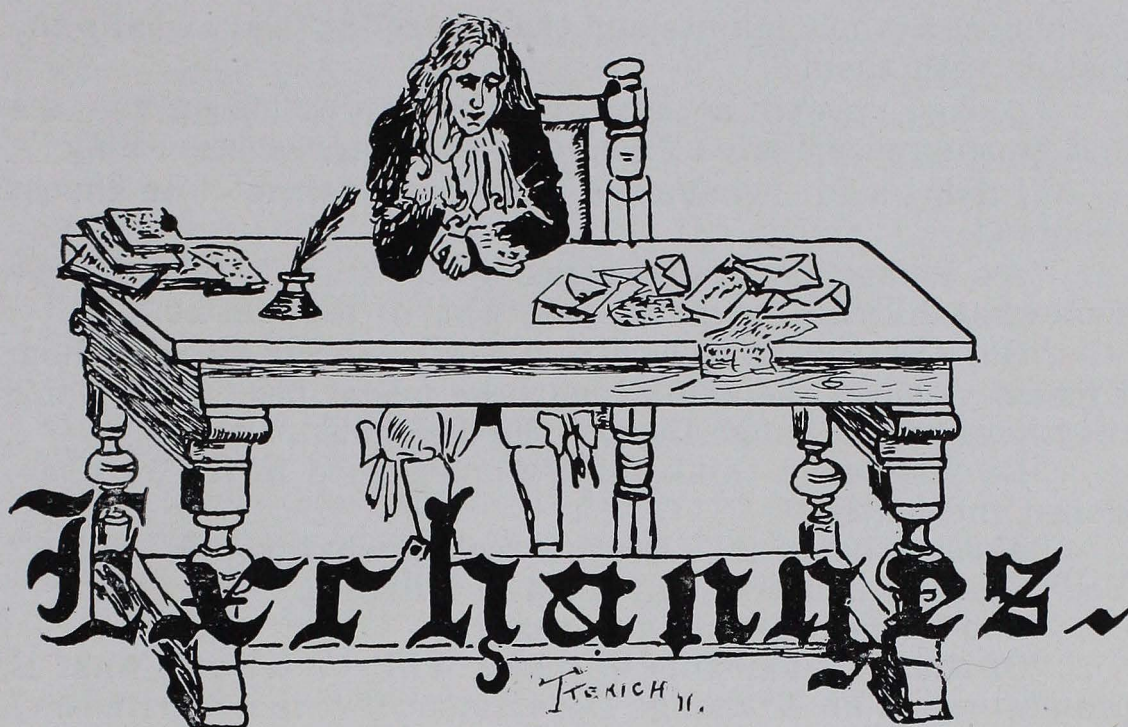
Again, are you sure that you care to expose yourself to the hazards that will necessarily beset your faith and morals at the large state schools? It is true that these institutions are doing their utmost to build up the moral tone of student life. Religious foundations are being established and credit is granted for time devoted to the study of religion. But even with the greatest developments in this direction, nothing can be approximated that can compare with the religious atmosphere that permeates the life here at St. Viator's or any other Catholic college. Here you are constantly reminded of your religious duties and moral obligations while in the secular universities the influences of associations and campus diversions tend toward the neglect of these all-important matters. We do not mean to infer that attendance at a state university would result in positive damnation or that exemplary young

men do not attend them, but certainly the student of a Catholic college will be better grounded in Catholic philosophy and will have a better understanding of the Catholic attitude upon social and industrial questions. And today the Church needs educated Catholic laymen as she has never need them before.

But if after having attended St. Viator's for several years you now find it to the best of your own interests to go elsewhere to continue your education, the good wishes and solicitous interest of St. Viator College will always follow you. However, she entreats that you consider well before making such a decision. Remember that as you are familiar with the school, the school also understands you and already has a personal interest in you that you cannot hope to find anywhere else outside of your own home. So during the summer remember that St. Viator's is anxious for your return next fall because she has grown to know and feel pride in you, and she has just a little warmer spot in her heart for you than she has for worthy strangers with whom she is yet unacquainted

V. P., '26.





Myself and I Have a Talk on Exchanges and Exchange Editors

It was very still. Myself was curled up in the most comfortable furniture the room boasts—an ample encircling arm-chair, clothed in the faded gorgeousness of deep crimson, velvet upholstery—a chair that has held three generations in its arms. Now, however, it is falling into a state of disintegration. In fact, its inner, sawdust organs already protrude appallingly. It seems brutal to me to even think of sitting upon it in its debilitated condition. Yet, Myself insists, for he claims, he alone understands the art of reclining in such a manner as not to hasten the fast approaching end. Yet I question this and often plead with Myself to allow it to retire to a garret. There it might wrap the tattered remnants of its glory and dignity about it and lord it over the lesser races of furniture that have come one by one from the pomp of the world to dusty ruin and neglect. I was musing somewhat sentimentally upon this while Myself flipped the pages of magazines with, what seemed to me, unnecessarily sharp angry noises, and flung them one by one on the floor beside him. “Not a thing! Not a single thing!”, he said disgustedly. I pretended not to hear. There is nothing that annoys him so much as to have anyone fail to notice his humours. I could feel him looking at me, though I was to all appearances immersed in a book. Then he rushed through another magazine, threw it down with a snort of disappointment, and muttering: “What’s the matter with ’em, anyway?” Again I failed to hear. He waited

for almost a whole minute and then roared: "I say, what's the matter with them?"

I looked up with a vague, puzzled expression on my face and murmured politely: "You, er,—did you say something?"

"I did, I said: 'what's the matter with them'—" he almost shouted.

"As I have no acquaintance with "them", it would be somewhat difficult for me to state what is the matter."

"Oh, don't try to be clever. You know well enough whom I mean. I mean the editors of these magazines. Why don't they have an Exchange Dept.?", he demanded.

"Do you really think there's much good in it?", I questioned indolently.

"Much good in it! Do you realize what you're saying? You're asking if there's any good in criticism."

"You think it amounts to that?"

"Of course it amounts to that. Will you tell me, what is the purpose of an Exchange Department if it is not criticism? These editors as much as say: "We can dispense with criticism. We are sufficient unto ourselves. We neither give nor sue for praise or blame."

"Isn't that a bit extreme?"

"It's the truth."

"You mean to say that the editor who dispenses with an Exchange Dep't dispenses with all criticism."

"That is what it amounts to practically. Of course there are the alumni besides the students and teachers in the college who may give some criticism. But their opinion cannot help but be influenced by the immediate personal interest they naturally have in their own college. And then there is the difficulty of rendering an honest opinion without giving offense. Therefore, the only genuine source of criticism open to a magazine is from unprejudiced outside observers, such as other college magazines."

"Well, I really don't see much value in this sort of thing: 'We greatly acknowledge the following exchanges:' and then a long list of magazines that nobody, including the writer, is interested in. Or neither do I see that this kind of criticism is doing much good." I continued this time reading from the Exchange Department of the Marywood College **Bay Leaf**. "**The Messenger**," published by the students of St. Mary's College and Academy, of Monroe, Michigan, caught our attention because of its attractive captions, "The River Poets," "Freshmen Comments" and others. Clever stories, attractively told and prize winning essays printed in this issue are especially worthy of commendation."

"O, don't think I'm trying to defend that sort of sappy

stuff, but you can't argue against a thing by its abuse. Anyway you've got to recognize the fact that a few magazines like "Purple and Gold", "Fleur de Lis", "The Ambrosian," and "The Canisius Monthly" have some quite able and worthwhile criticism. We can only hope that the clear, earnest thinking of the few will have its effect on the flabby, puerile writing of the many. I think the great trouble is in the attitude of Editors toward their work. They have no realization of the importance and dignity of what they have to do. They take the same view of it that a great many modern authors take of life. They are overcome by a sense of the futility and worthlessness of their endeavor. And no one ever did his job well who didn't think his job worth doing."

"We ought to make them read that bit out of Ruskin that you and I like so well."

"What's that?"

"Oh, you know: We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our heart. We have certain work to do for our bread and that is to be done strenuously. Other work to do for our delight. And that is to be done heartily. Neither is to be done by halves or shifts but with a will. And what is not worth this effort is not worth doing at all!"

"Yes," said Myself, "That's good. That's the very thing they should have read to them. Really," he went on, looking at me with his head to one side and a little twinkle in his eyes, "Sometimes I almost think you're intelligent."



THE PERISCOPE

A two million dollar "bread trust" recently established, after having encountered a great deal of legal interference from the start, has accepted an injunction from operating a food trust of any size or character. But Mr. Barber, chairman of the board of directors, denies that his merger creates a monopoly, for, says he, "The housewife can always go back to baking her own bread". We wish that we could hold the chairman's sentiments. Though wives of today have their fingers in the dough even more than their mothers ever did, and need (not knead) fully as much, we do not think the bakers have anything to fear in the way of competition due to a flood of homemade bread.

* * *

We are told by astronomers that a chart of the stars is no sooner completed than it is put out of date by new discoveries, for with the use of each new telescope developed comes a glimpse of myriads of stars hitherto unrevealed. Scientists have been at work on the charts for the last forty years and have already listed, charted and catalogued more than 100,000,000 stars and are now about ready to pronounce their task an endless and pointless one. But regardless of such high authority asserting the futility of such work, many adolescents with characteristic disregard of the wisdom of their elders will continue to spend summer evenings counting stars.

* * *

In commenting upon a recent dance given at Routt College the WAG says, "Everyone exerted himself to make the dance a success". Evidently a Charleston affair. We hope that the exertions incident to the syncopated contortions resulted fatally to none of the students in the Jacksonville institution.

* * *

"When I was a boy," says Thomas G. McLead, governor of South Carolina, "all negroes did the Charleston. Now they are too respectable". This remark calls to mind the conclusions arrived at in a negro church in Alabama following a discussion of evolution. A lengthy session on the subject came to a close with the drawing up of the two resolutions,

Resolved, first, that God made all negroes.

Resolved, second, that he made all the white folks except those who found out that they are descended from monkeys.

The officials at Ellis Island appear to have pulled the prize 'boner' of the 1926 season in their handling of the Cathcart case. After first barring the titled woman because she frankly admitted acts of moral turpitude, she was then allowed to enter because it was discovered that her conduct was not considered as criminal in Africa where it occurred. The whole situation throws the United States in a ridiculous light and certainly will not prove conducive to better international relationship with England. It appears that we are going to Africa for our morals, our latest dances we learned from the South Carolina darkies, while our music must apparently be blamed upon ourselves.

* * *

A professor of the University of California has broken into print as a champion of the rights of men. Annoyed in his classes by the co-eds constantly consulting their vanity cases, he encouraged the men students to retaliate in some manner. The NEW STUDENT informs us that at the next class two males lathered up and nonchalantly taking up their Gillettes set to work. At the end of the period the instructor promised to award both men A's in recognition of their bravery in defense of the rights of man. Despite the high mark, we deduce that they got by by a close shave and had to do a little soft-soaping besides.

* * *

In this day and age when universities and colleges are offering courses for the teaching of virtually every known trade or occupation we frequently read of very unusual equipment being sent to these institutions. Nevertheless, we were hardly prepared for the shock we received when the Augustana Observer flashed this information in bold headlines in a recent issue, \$100,000 Still To Come To Seminary. We naturally surmised that a campaign for more students was being inaugurated but a reading of the article disillusioned us by disclosing that the \$100,000 was simply the unpaid portion of a promised contribution.

* * *

In the male of the human species there seems to be certain habits that cannot be restrained. In the schoolboy, for instance, there is the carving idiocrasy, or as some would declare, the jackknife complex, which impels a boy to display his own peculiar ideas about decoration wherever a wooden surface offers itself. This habit is the bane of presentable furniture but fortunately the youth has generally out-grown it before his high school days. Of late however this malady seems to be reappearing in college students. But instead of

the jackknife there is the paint brush while the warped panels of an abused Ford serve in lieu of a desktop. The collegian casts all thought of decoration to the wind, his object now being to display his own gift of satire and sense of humor. So when a flare of color dashes past a citizen in a university town he knows, by the time that the clatter has died down in the distance, that a Detroit product has passed by bearing combinations of the following lettering, "Leaping Lena", "Nash Can", "Oil by Myself", "Sick Cylinders", "Puddle Jumper", "The Stuttering Stutz", "Four Wheels, All Tired", "I May be Shiftless, but I'm not Lazy", "Fierce Arrow, with a quiver", "100 per cent A Meri Can", "99 per cent Static", "Rolls Oats", "Danger! 20,000 Jolts", "Vertical Four", "Struggle Buggy", "The Uncovered Wagon", "Little Bo-Creep", "Honest Weight—No Springs", "Dis Squeals", "Mah-Junk", "Pray as you enter".

* * *

We generally regard newspaper writers as men who are able to take a few facts and enlarge them into columns of printed matter. But evidently they are also capable of reversing the process, as for instance, witness this caption which appeared over an article of a few lines some time ago, 'WOMAN STARTS FIRE IN STOVE WITH KEROSENE; MAY LIVE'. We regard that sentence as a striking example of cogency in language.

* * *

Several days ago a newspaper considered a suitable matter for a write-up, the incident of the prince of Wales apologizing to a caddy after he had given the lad a sand shower. Perhaps this paper believed that the members of royal families have a right to go about throwing sand in the eyes of those of meaner birth. But no doubt the saddle-renowned scion had shaken the sand from his own shoulders too often, incident to being unhorsed, not to have rather genuine sympathy for his be-sprinkled caddy.

INTER ALIA

Viatorians Debate Although St. Viator College was defeated
St. Xavier College by St. Xavier College, when, on March
of Cincinnati. 12th., our debating team composed of John
Toohill, Lawrence St. Amant and Julian
Lambert with James Connors for alter-
nate attempted to abolish the national evil of Child Labor by
upholding the proposition "that the pending Federal Child
Labor Amendment should be ratified." The close decision of
2 to 1 showed that the intellectual battle was almost a draw.
The defeat is even less disconcerting in view of the fact that
the opposing team has not lost a debate this year and has de-
feated such teams as those sent out by John Carroll Univer-
sity of Cleveland and Loyola University of Chicago. The Xavier
team expressed the compliment that the Viator trio offered
the greatest opposition that they had encountered so far this
year. Frank Arlinghaus, Edward McGrath and Thomas
Manion, the Xaverians, were well gifted with the powers of
oratory and extemporaneous speaking, which gave them the
poise and grace of veterans. But the Viator trio, in their
first debate, was no less skillful in argument and in their show
of enthusiasm.

Toohill presented the question with an elaborate and
forceful argument that clearly established the national scope
of the evil of Child Labor, which the Xavier team was forced
to acknowledge as incontestable. He was followed by Arling-
haus, who quoted statistics in proof of the fact that the evil
was remedying itself. Lawrence St. Amant then scored a
point for the affirmative when he demonstrated that the pro-
posed federal law was not only not too drastic but actually fell
below the standards adopted by the International Conference
on Child Welfare. Both teams were well matched in the pre-
sentation of their arguments. But when the extemporaneous
rebuttals were given, no man on the platform could compare
with the clearness of thought, the swiftness of expression and
the clever twisting of arguments with which Julian Lambert
so eloquently held the platform. Dates, statistics and quota-
tions flowed from his tongue like the waters from an eternal
spring. Thoroughly conversant with his subject, gifted with
remarkable fluency, and a retentive mind, Julian Lambert de-
serves the laurels that he won in defeat.

The Hon. C. M. Clay Buntain, attorney-at-law, Kankakee, acted as chairman, and the judges of the debate were:

Hon. Harry M. Fisher, Judge of the Circuit Court, Chicago. Hon. Walter F. Dodd, attorney-at-law, Chicago. Hon. S. J. Koenkamp, attorney-at-law, Chicago.

Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, C. S. V., and Rev. Thomas J. Lynch conducted the debating class, which has met at regular sessions since last fall. They were assisted in the oratorical coaching by Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V. The Viator team will meet the debaters representing the University of Wyoming in Kankakee, April 7th. on the same question: Resolved: That the pending Federal Child Labor Amendment should be ratified.

* * *

The third annual banquet of the Father
F. C. F. Holds Third Annual Banquet Charles Fraternity of Viator Academy was held at the Knights of Columbus Hall, February 28. This organization, although still in its infancy, is rapidly assuming the proportions of one of the most important social bodies at the college. Upwards of two hundred students, parents and friends gathered from distant points to make this banquet an historical event in the life of the fraternity.

Francis Carroll, a senior in the high school department, filled the difficult role of toastmaster. His choice of speakers and entertainers was well received. Edward Campbell, president of the organization, expressed a word of welcome to the former students and many friends gathered for the occasion. Edward O'Neil of the class of '25 and the first president of the fraternity, outlined the purpose of the organization. In part he said, "We organized with a handful of members for the purpose of enlivening the social life of the student while at school, and to weld the links of friendship so securely, that they will last as long as a member is alive; so that we may, in our many activities fittingly perpetuate the memory of the late Father Charles St. Amant, whose name our organization bears, and who as a man devoted his life to the boys of St. Viator Academy, and to whom many of us present today owe much that is good in us". James Corbett gave an excellent interpretation of Rochmaninoff's Prelude in C. Sharp Minor. Brother Lawrence St. Amant entertained with recitations in dialect of "How Columbus Discovered America" and "Izzy Buys a Lot". Richard Singler, brother of a fraternity member and a boy Soprano, sang in beautiful falsetto tones "Thank God for You" and "What a Wonderful World it Would Be". Francis Barton, who for the past three years, has sponsored the jazz orchestra of the college, led his "Seven Pretzel

Twisters" in songs that were both vocal and otherwise. Although the music thumbed from combs, spoons and other makeshift instruments enhanced by Barton's drum and traps was well received and called for encores, the Viator Loyalty Song, sung by Barton and his gang won a tremendous applause.

Brother Andrew O'Laughlin, C. S. V., who succeeded Brother St. Amant as Moderator of the fraternity gave an interesting history of the achievements of the society. "We hope," he said "that what now appears only an acorn, will twenty years from now reach the giant proportions of a mighty oak." Reverend E. V. Cardinal, C. S. V. stressed the important part that the F. C. F. is an organization, is playing in the daily life of the student at the college and wished them Godspeed in achieving the high and noble purpose for which the fraternity was organized.

* * *

Novena to Saint Therese

During the month of March, a Novena in honor of St. Therese of the Child Jesus was made by the faculty and the entire student body in the College Chapel. Each morning Mass was celebrated in honor of the Little Flower and special prayers recited. Devotional prayers were said and the new hymn to Saint Therese was sung in the evening. We were very fortunate in securing, through the efforts of Rev. A. Rinella c. s. v. a relic of St. Therese which is a treasure and a perpetually blooming rose for our college. Every Friday morning, through the celebration of Mass and special devotions to the newly canonized saint, the Novena is extended indefinitely. Father Rinella has also recently conducted a Novena to the Little Flower at St. Joseph's Church, Bradley, Illinois.

* * *

The Feast of St. Patrick was observed by the **March 17th.** usual Pontifical High Mass celebrated by the Very Reverend Monsignor G. M. Legris, who was assisted by Rev. J. B. Bradac, c. s. v. as Deacon and Brother James Sees, c. s. v., Subdeacon. A very fitting sermon was preached by Rev. Andrew Burns, of St. Mary's Church, Sterling, Illinois, on the life and history of St. Patrick and the great need in which the world stands today of courageous men to follow the example of Erin's Saint.

A special choir selected from the Senior students, under Rev. Charles Raymond's direction, sang the Mass. During the offertory, a quartet arrangement of Ecce Sacerdos Magnus left a beautiful impression of rich melody and close harmony. The entire musical program was so well balanced and the

voices were so finely blended, that many compliments were received proclaiming the choir to be the best that was ever heard in the chapel.

* * *

Voting Contest for Gym. Equipment At the suggestion of Rev. E. M. Kelly, C. S. V. the student body has organized a prize contest for the purpose of raising funds to equip the new gymnasium, which is now under construction. All the athletic and recreational equipment having been destroyed by the recent fire, a considerably large sum of money will be needed to make the gym one of the finest equipped in the country. To realize the hopes of possessing a building that will furnish comfortable recreation rooms, pool rooms, bowling alleys, an up-to-date swimming tank with its steam room, showers and violet ray machines, the students have shouldered the responsibility of selling tickets for a drawing, which will entitle the winners of the lucky number to a prize of \$200.00, \$100.00 and \$50.00 in cash. The students are organized into about thirty teams, each consisting of a captain and nine men. Every man has taken several books of tickets, the books containing twenty tickets at fifty cents each. Competition is keen and the boys are sending their books to personal friends and alumni of the college for aid. For the individual receiving the highest number of votes there will be a prize of \$25.00 in cash and the team receiving the largest number will receive \$100.00 in cash. When a similar contest was held in 1920 to raise funds to build Kelly Pool, about ten thousand dollars was realized. It is hoped that a like sum will find its way to the treasurer's office this time. This means hard work and the usual co-operation of our friends. But the boys are all working feverishly and as we go to the press returns are coming in.

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Junior Play For the first time in the history of the College an undergraduate has attempted to write a play based on the social life of college students, which will be produced in the Knights of Columbus Hall about May 1st. The title, **Cavalier vs Caveman**, selected by the author E. M. Roy, class of '27, gives some clue to the interesting and appealing theme founded upon two false notions about the art of making love. The class of '27, which has been noted for its many activities since it was organized as a group of freshmen in September 1923, has accomplished, in this play, a task which is usually done only by a much larger body of men. Wisconsin University is famous for its Haresfoot Club plays which are annual events, the plays produced being selected by open competition to which all students of the University

are eligible. While the Juniors had not so large a field from which to draw, E. M. Roy's **Cavalier vs. Caveman** is worthy of public production and through it the Junior Thespians take another forward step in doing greater deeds for the cause of their college.

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**Dr. John Ryan
Addresses College
Department**

The leading Catholic economist of the nation, Doctor John Ryan of the Catholic University of Washington, D. C., addressed a group of faculty members and students on Tuesday morning, April 6th. In the course of his remarks Dr. Ryan discussed a variety of subjects in the field of ethics and sociology, presenting in his hour's talk a number of illuminating pointers to students interested in these branches.

* * *

**Viator Wins Debate
From Wyoming U.**

The second debate on the Child Labor Amendment, held April 7, in the K. of C. Hall at Kankakee, resulted in a unanimous decision for the Viatorians over the Wyoming University team which defended the negative. Such a decisive victory came as a powerful blow to the Western team who made a national reputation in 1923 when they defeated all opponents, and who, since that time, have lost but nine decisions. Within ten days previous to the debate with St. Viator the Wyoming team vanquished such colleges as the Catholic University, University of Buffalo, Penn State and Ohio State, a record, which they thought, gave them the assurance of an easy victory over St. Viator. But they reckoned rashly and after the debate one of the Wyoming men made this interesting comment, "we made a mistake; we were guided by your enrollment; but your team was the best opposition that we met this year."

ALUMNI

An unusually successful novena to the Little Flower was preached by Rev. Fr. A. Renella, c.s.v., at St. Joseph's Church, Bradley, Ill. Vast throngs assembled at the church nightly to hear the zealous preacher portray and discourse upon the life of this newly canonized saint. In the closing exercises Fr. Renella was assisted by Father Raymond and other members of the college choir.

The following clipping from the New World concerning the Rev. F. J. Sheen, Ph. D., '16, will be of interest to the Viatorian alumni:

"At the Sunday afternoon lecture given weekly at the Peoria Art Institute, the Rev. F. J. Sheen of St. Patrick's Church addressed his audience on 'The Meaning of Ecclesiastical Art.' Father Sheen, honor student at Louvain University, has traveled extensively in Europe and gave his listeners a real treat as the result of this interesting background."

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Mr. T. LeRoy Warner, '14, better known as "Dudley" is quite a frequent visitor at the college and will continue to be for sometime. The contract for the new buildings has been let out to him and "Dud" assures us that he will give us the best that is in him. About two years ago he was given a million dollar contract by the Government to build the National Home for War Veterans at Knoxville, Iowa. "Dudley" was a brilliant athlete in the three major sports while at Viator and he is hoping to witness some real baseball games this spring.

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The clergy changes announced by the Chancery Office early in April effects the following Viatorian alumni: The Rev. F. J. Shea, '13, appointed administrator of Immaculate Conception Church, Waukegan; the Rev. J. L. O'Donnell, '08, appointed pastor of the newly organized parish of St. Ethelreda, located at 88th and Paulina streets; the Rev. M. Hayden, '05, appointed pastor of the newly organized parish of St. Tarcissus, located at Ardmore and Moody streets; the Rev. T. Rowan, '12, appointed Assistant Editor of The New World with residence at St. John's Basilica; the Rev. W. I. Murray, appointed to St. Anne's Church; the Rev. T. Damarais, appointed to St. Margaret Mary Church; the Rev. E. Dillon, appointed to St. Charles Borromeo Church; the Rev. B. Monbleau, appointed to

St. John the Baptist Church; the Rev. D. Frawley, appointed to Holy Cross Church and the Rev. H. Weber, appointed to St. Bonaventure Church.

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Viator's latest representative at the Le Petit Seminaire is Thomas Meehan, '24. "Tubby" ought to become a big success for more reasons than one! This reminds us that Thomas Kelley, '23, who went to the prep seminary two years ago is now in his second philosophy at St. Mary's of the Lake, Mundelein, Illinois. Tom was down to see us in February and although his visit was a short one we surely enjoyed every minute of it. Call again Tom.

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We regret very much to announce that The Rev. G. A. Galvin, c. s. v., remains a patient at the Mayo Brothers Hospital in Rochester, Minn. Father Galvin was sent there during the month of November and his condition is still quite serious. The faculty and students of the college have prepared a Spiritual Bouquet asking Almighty God to send him back to us as soon as possible.

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The campus was brightened some time ago by the presence of Mr. James V. Boyle, '09. Jim is a traveling salesman for the Acme Printing Ink Co., of Chicago, Illinois. He promises to call often when he is in Kankakee. You're welcome, Jim.

* * * *

A very pleasant bit of news reached us some time ago from Mr. Thomas J. McGlynn, '23. Tom announces that he is now a Dominican novice at St. Rose Priory, Springfield, Kentucky and we are happy indeed to send him our choicest felicitations. He is known in religion as Brother Matthew.

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Mr. Jay Jerome Williams, '08, is the publisher and one of the founders of a new daily newspaper. It was established March 4, 1926 at Washington, D. C., under the title, "The United States Daily." "The sole purpose of this paper is to present a complete and comprehensive record of the daily activities of the government of the United States in all its branches—legislative, executive and judicial—without opinion or comment of any kind."

* * * *

They say that it takes a good man to hold down a good job but it takes an exceptionally good man to hold down two jobs. Mr. William McGavick, '22, is just such a man. Bill is enrolled in the Law School at the University of Marquette and he is also connected with the Chicago Milwaukee Traction Company.

Charles Johnson, '01-'04, has been for some years doing a successful practice as an ear, eye, nose and throat specialist with offices at 63rd Street near Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Charlie has recently received a well deserved promotion in being added to the Medical Faculty at the University of Loyola.

* * * *

We always thought that Edmund O'Connor would look the part in a cassock and birretta. He has donned these ecclesiastical habiliments at St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minn. Eddie's many friends are impatient for the day of his ordination to come.

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The Rev. Frederick Connors, Chancellor of the Rockford Diocese and brother of James Connors of the college department stopped off for a short visit on his way back from Florida.

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Mr. Harry Keeley, '09-'12 of Wilmington, Illinois, is now located in Chicago. He is employed in the Insurance Exchange Department of the Underwriters Adjusting Company, Chicago, Illinois.

* * *

It grieved us very much to hear that the Rev. M. J. Breen, c.s.v., had to submit to the difficult ordeal of another operation. We had hoped and prayed that Father Breen had been restored to health but it seems that God is asking yet another trial from him in so placing him a second time upon the altar of suffering. We again hope and pray for his speedy recovery.

* * *

It is our sad duty to announce that the Rev. P. E. Brown, c. s. v., who for the past two years has been acting Catholic Chaplain to the students at the University of Oklahoma, is at the present time very seriously ill. His brother, the Rev. P. F. Brown, c. s. v., who is with him, sends anything but encouraging information concerning Father Pat. His many friends are requested to pray for him that he will be able to continue the glorious work that he has been doing in the West.

* * *

Mr. Edward Manski, '24, detoured on his way home to stop off at the college for a few hours pleasant chat with his many friends here. Ed complained of being a bit "fagged" but we hope that the Easter recess will put him in good shape again. Come often Ed.

OBITUARIES

SISTER HELEN CLARE, O. S. D.

The sweet and pious soul of Sister Helen Clare, O. S. D., departed this life on Thursday morning, February twenty fifth. Although her death had been expected for some time yet it came as a distinct shock to her many friends. Sister Clare is a sister of the Rev. John B. Bradac, c. s. v., and to him and to the other members of the family and the Dominican Order we wish to extend our heartfelt sympathies.

Sister Helen Clare was buried from the mother house of the Dominicans at Springfield, Illinois, on March first. The Rev. J. B. Bradac, c. s. v., was the celebrant at the Solemn High Mass with the Rev. Robert McKeon of St. Louis as Deacon and the Rev. Paul Dunn of Kansas City as Sub-deacon. The Rev. F. A. Rinella, c. s. v., delivered a very touching eulogy in which he compared the life of Sister Clare with that of the Little Flower of Jesus. May she rest in peace.

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MRS. OTTO KURRACK

Our condolence is offered to Mr. Ambrose Rascher of the Academy department in the loss of his sister, and to the near relatives of Mrs. Otto Kurrack. Mrs. Kurrack died at her home in Cook, Indiana, on Tuesday, March second after a period of illness. The Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Hottenroth with the Rev. L. Hildebrandt as Deacon and the Rev. Brother Oscar, a brother of the deceased, as Sub-deacon. Mrs. Kurrack leaves her husband and two small children to mourn her death. May she rest in peace.

BOOK REVIEWS

"THE THINKING MAN" by Frederick Macdonnell S. J. Published by John Murphy Co., Baltimore, Maryland. Price \$1.75.

Here is a book that can afford most everyone profitable and interesting reading. It is not overladen with profound abstractions or didactic passages as perhaps the title would suggest. It contains a composite of numerous talks and discussions that the author has actually had concerning the perplexing subject of life. It is so lucidly written that even a high school boy or girl can understand everything in it. Each chapter is complete in itself and hence the book may be read by single chapters without the reader losing the benefits of the book as a whole. This fact obviates the danger of finding the book dry.

This is not a book for only Catholics to read. It is addressed to all thinking men and the discussions are carried on from the viewpoint of the ordinary man and not from the standpoint of one particular creed.

Another excellent feature of the book is the sterling spirit of patriotism and appreciation of the Declaration of Independence which it inculcates into the reader, thereby making him a better American and a better Christian for having read it.

S. L.

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"THE MASS FOR CHILDREN." By Rev. William R. Kelly. Paper. List Price 28c. Net, 21c to schools. Benziger Brothers, 36-38 Barclay Street, New York.

When we go to Mass, do we always realize to the fullest extent what awful mysteries are taking place in our presence? I fear not. If our dear Lord should sometime miraculously appear in the Vestments of the Priest and give to us His Sacred Body to receive into our hearts, I think we would really appreciate the significance of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. However, God has given us a sufficient amount of Grace to merit salvation if we but cooperate with Him and we are not very likely to see any such apparitions, so it behooves us to sufficiently instruct ourselves in order to bring the reality of this wonderful sacrifice home to ourselves. Recently a movement has been set on foot to interest the lay people in the Sacred Liturgy of the Church. Since future love and understanding of the Liturgy must depend upon the children of to-

day, it is most important that the children be taught to cultivate an early love and understanding of the Mass. To help attain this end, Father William R. Kelly has written a very interesting little book, "The Mass for Children". The pages of this booklet are interspersed with colored plates showing the positions of the Priest at the altar during the different parts of the Mass. The "Confiteor", the "Kyrie", "Gloria", "Dominus Vobiscum", "Epistle", "Gospel", "Credo" et cetera are all explained very clearly and carefully in language so simple that any child above the first grade can understand it. It is written in accordance with modern educational methods and can be used to great advantage in parish and Sunday schools.

L. K., '28.

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"REBUILDING A LOST FAITH," by (An American Agnostic) John L. Stoddard. Wrapper 60c postpaid; \$5.75 per dozen; \$43.00 a hundred. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York City, N. Y.

"I made no attempt to investigate the claims and doctrines of the Catholic Church but chose deliberate Rationalism, whose ardent advocate I then remained for forty years." So says the well-known lecturer, John L. Stoddard in his "Rebuilding a Lost Faith by an American Agnostic". In choice language he displays an astounding logic, and a terse diplomacy in taking up the different questions at issue. Beginning with a beautiful tribute to his mother, emphasizing her piety and her love, he tells us of his religious convictions in younger life, his entrance into a Protestant theological seminary, his gradual sailing out into the great sea of deliberate rationalism, where he "drifted towards life's inevitable end until suddenly the spectacle of the unspeakable horrors of the world war aroused him like the trump of God." In his searches for the Truth, he read copiously, he traveled much and seeing the effects of a "war-cursed, irreligious world", he came to the conclusion that a remedy could be found only in turning his face "towards the Divine and Supernatural, rather than in despair to curse God and to die". Arriving thus far, he was naturally impelled to penetrate further in search of material for the reconstruction of his long-lost faith. He sets forth in his book striking proofs of the necessity of a moral code, the existence of God, the immortality of the soul and of Revelation. Taking up the Christian Church, he boldly attacks the principles on which Protestantism is founded and says with Bossuet: "Truth does not change. You have changed, therefore, you have not the truth."

The book concludes with a chapter on Catholic privileges and compensations which can be summed up in "This One Holy Apostolic Church has given me certainty for doubt, order

for confusion, sunlight for darkness and substance for shadow." Like all other converts to the Faith, his only lament is that of St. Augustine: "Too late I have sought Thee, O Ancient Truth; too late have I found Thee, O Ancient Beauty; for Thyself Thou has created us, O God, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee."

"Rebuilding a Lost Faith" is a book that every educated Christian should read. In it the Catholic will see the many rough paths a Convert must tread before he at last comes into the one Fold built on the Rock of Peter. The Catholic will also receive a greater understanding of that priceless heritage, his Faith. For the non-Catholic it means all that has just been mentioned and that much more.

L. K., '28.

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"DAILY MISSAL," by Dom. Gaspar Lefebvre, O. S. B. of the Abbey of St. Andrew. E. M. Lohmann Company, 385 St. Peter Street, St. Paul, Minn. \$3.75; \$5.00; \$5.50; \$5.75; \$6.00; \$7.50.

"The King of Missals." Thus we herald the appearance of "The Daily Missal" by Dom. Gaspar Lefebvre, O. S. B. of the Abbey of St. Andrew. It is said to be the most complete, practical, artistic, and comparatively speaking, the least expensive Roman Missal to be had. The St. Andrew Missal is an attractive volume, printed on India paper, containing 2000 pages and 200 artistic engravings. It is to be had in six very attractive bindings, from imitation leather, burnished red edges to real walrus, limp, leather lined, with red under gold edges. The Missal contains every essential of a Missal, all the Masses of the year, the Requiem Masses, Vespers and Compline for Sundays, various prayers for morning and night, confession, the Way of the Cross, Benediction, etc., all in the complete Latin and English texts, and musical notations of hymns and sequences. There is a complete system of notes furnishing a rich commentary on the liturgical season, on the Mass Texts and other sacred rites included in the Missal. The St. Andrew Missal is an excellent manual for the Clergy and especially for Catholic laymen.



ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL

The second half of the Viatorian basketball schedule more nearly resembled the customary record of the Irish basketball teams than did the opening half. In thirteen starts the opposition was turned back eight times, several of which were most decisive. Perhaps two, or even three were most noteworthy events. Bradley's championship hopes were crushed in the Kankakee Armory to the tune of 39 to 25; it was this little flaw in their record that kept the Peorians out of the Little Nineteen Championship, forcing them into a tie with Illinois Wesleyan. DePaul was the next high spot with a sparkling record of fifteen victories and two close defeats. After a most interesting, from a Viator standpoint, exhibition of basketball, DePaul trailed the Green by the score of 45 to 22. Next came the biggest spot on the Viator schedule, post-season game with the highly touted Knights of Columbus of Kankakee, comprised of Bushell, Ding and John Winterhalter, Mick Donnelly and Bill Barrett, all former stars of St. Viator. From the opening whistle to the close the younger aggregation led, and showed their Alumni friends several new tricks in basketball. Perhaps there were few in the large gathering that well nigh taxed the seating capacity who anticipated the result. 20 to 15, the final score, was an absurd prediction immediately preceding the game, and the possibility of the College leading throughout was not even thought of by Captain Dalrymple himself, who with his buddies was confidence personified. The defeat was a bitter pill to take, but the Alumni were warm in their congratulations and praise of the collegians.

Because we want to get on to the more important and more popular theme of baseball the box scores will be given without comment. One feature, however, of the season should not be omitted, that being the remarkable playing record of Dalrymple who played in twenty-two games, being withdrawn only in the last few minutes of two games. Perhaps another tribute should be paid to Samuel McAllister whose work in the K-C game was a fitting climax to the splendid service he has given to Viator basketball for the past three years. As in football, Sam's splendid example and general all around ability was of tremendous influence in keeping the Green in the race.



ST. VIATOR 33

Dalrymple	1	0	2
Bowe	2	0	2
McAllister	4	0	2
McGrath	2	1	2
Delaney	3	2	2
Ross	2	0	0
O'Malley	1	0	0
Herbert	0	0	0

ST. VIATOR 26

Dalrymple	2	1	2
Bowe	4	2	3
McAllister	1	0	2
Delaney	1	0	0
McGrath	1	2	1
Ross	0	0	0
O'Malley	1	1	1

ST. VIATOR 24

Dalrymple	1	0	1
Bowe	5	3	0
O'Malley	1	0	0
McAllister	0	0	1
McGrath	0	0	3
Haley	1	0	2
Ross	1	0	0
Delaney	0	0	0

ST. VIATOR 39

Dalrymple	7	3	0
Ross	3	2	0
O'Malley	3	4	2
McGrath	0	0	0
McAllister	2	0	2
Neville	0	0	1
Delaney	0	0	0

ST. VIATOR 24

Dalrymple	4	2	1
Ross	1	0	0
O'Malley	3	1	2
McGrath	0	0	3
McAllister	1	0	1
Mowe	2	1	1

ST. VIATOR 20

Dalrymple	3	2	1
Bowe	1	2	1
O'Malley	1	0	2
McGrath	2	0	2
McAllister	1	0	3
Haley	0	0	0
Delaney	0	0	0

COLUMBIA 23

(F) Kellogg	0	0	0
(F) Kopel	2	2	2
(C) Doll	1	1	0
(G) Brennan	1	1	1
(G) Hogan	5	1	0
Connor	0	0	0

VALPARAISO 20

Brimburg	1	0	4
Doran	2	2	1
Krueger	2	0	2
Winebrenner	1	1	2
Parker	1	0	3
Shields	0	0	0
Beirum	0	0	0

MARQUETTE 28

(F) Algoe	1	2	1
(F) Er. Herte	1	0	0
(C) Curran	1	0	3
(G) Demoling	2	0	0
(G) Thranow	1	0	1
Ed. Herte	3	1	1
Heintz	0	0	0

BRADLEY 25

Ririe	1	0	0
Cole	2	0	2
Johnson	0	0	1
DeCremer	2	1	3
Becker	2	0	3
Poland	1	0	0
Duke	1	0	0
Waltzen	2	1	0

DEPAUL 27

Brodes	4	0	2
Cunningham	1	2	0
Varnes	3	2	2
McInerney	0	0	0
Gannon	2	2	1
Hoban	0	1	3

LOYOLA 24

McGraw	1	2	1
Lawless	2	1	1
Bremmer	3	3	0
Witry	0	0	1
Schlacks	1	2	0

ST. VIATOR 49

Dalrymple	8	1	1
Ross	1	0	0
Bowe	8	2	1
O'Malley	1	0	3
McGrath	1	0	2
McAllister	2	0	0
Delaney	1	1	1
Meis	0	0	0
Herbert	0	0	1

ST. VIATOR 23

Dalrymple	4	0	1
Bowe	3	0	1
O'Malley	2	2	1
McGrath	0	2	1
McAllister	0	0	0
Ross	1	0	0

ST. VIATOR 45

Dalrymple	4	1	1
Ross	6	0	1
O'Malley	4	0	2
McAllister	4	0	1
McGrath	2	0	1
Stromberg	0	0	0
Meis	0	0	0
Haley	1	0	0
Delaney	1	0	0
Herbert	0	0	1

ST. VIATOR 20

Dalrymple	3	2	1
Ross	4	0	1
O'Malley	0	2	3
McAllister	0	0	2
McGrath	1	0	1
Haley	0	0	0

ST. VIATOR 31

Dalrymple	4	0	0
Ross	5	1	0
O'Malley	1	2	4
McGrath	1	1	3
McAllister	2	2	2
Haley	0	0	1

ST. VIATOR 28

Dalrymple	4	7	2
Ross	3	0	0
O'Malley	1	4	0
McGrath	1	0	2
McAllister	0	0	2
Delaney	0	0	0

VALPARAISO 25

Florence	1	0	0
Peterson	3	1	1
Brinberg	0	0	1
Doran	3	0	1
Parker	0	0	1
Kreuger	4	2	0

LOMBARD 25

Murphy	3	0	0
Walsh	0	0	1
Nicholaus	0	0	1
Deihl	5	2	2
Hansaman	0	0	2
Mosher	3	1	0
Hall	0	0	0

DEPAUL 22

Bordes	1	0	0
Gannon	3	0	0
Varnes	3	2	0
McInerney	0	1	1
Hoban	0	0	0
Callahan	0	0	1
Riley	0	0	1
Cunningham	2	1	0

LOYOLA 14

Lawless	0	1	1
McGrath	1	0	0
Bremmer	3	1	0
Reedy	0	0	1
Witry	0	0	2
McGraw	1	0	0
Dolley	0	1	0
Schlacks	0	1	1

COLUMBIA 33

White	7	1	2
Kellogg	1	0	2
Doll	0	1	3
Brennan	0	1	1
Hogan	6	1	2
Kopel	0	1	0

LACROSSE 22

Pohle	0	1	0
Brickley	4	4	1
Kuehl	1	0	3
Thompson	2	0	1
Schmidt	1	0	4
Sannsen	0	0	0

ST. VIATOR 20			KANKAKEE K-C 15		
Dalrymple	4	1 1	Bushell	1	3 1
Ross	2	0 1	Winterhalter	0	0 2
O'Malley	1	0 1	Donnelly	2	2 2
McGrath	0	1 0	Barrett	1	0 0
McAllister	2	0 1	J. Winterhalter	0	0 2
Delaney	0	0 2			

BASEBALL

Baseball is in with all the gusto of a March wind. The campus literally rings with the familiar crack of horsehide meeting wagon tongue, and a swarm of enthusiasts ranging in size from the High School minim to the College Senior cavort daily over every available spot of the one time golf course. As baseball is distinctly an American game, so also is it distinctly Viator's game. If we consider comparative enrollments, St. Viator is well up in front of the parade of schools that have contributed youngsters to the Big Show. If someone from the present squad doesn't find a big league berth it will be due chiefly to his dislike to enter that field of endeavor.

With ten letter men to work with, Coach Glaze should have a combination capable of outdistancing the remarkable record of 132 runs in five consecutive games turned in last season. Captain Bell and Jake Walsko are back in the receiving department, Peoria Phil McGrath, Dalrymple and Minnesota John Benda at second, short and third, in the order named, while Johnnie Bowe, the revamped infielder is the lone veteran of the garden. Ex-captain Gus Dundon, who turned back the Demons of South Bend twice the past two seasons, will most likely be on the mound April 24th when the Notre Dame nine is engaged at that city. McAllister, Vince Pfeffer, and "Pete" Harrington, are the other veterans to complete the staff.

Difficulty was encountered in rounding out the schedule, but the wily Glaze was successful none the less, and a rather imposing array of games has been arranged.

BENDA TO LEAD 1927 VARSITY

John A. Benda, the representative from the frozen North (Duluth, Minn.) was chosen captain of the 1927 basketball squad. John is a three sport man, placing in the backfield in football, third base in baseball, and at guard in basketball. It is in the last sport that the Minnesotan is at home. In the National Catholic tournament of 1925, Benda was an outstanding performer being acclaimed the best guard in the tournament for which he proudly sports a huge gold medal. Notwithstanding his great work at the difficult corner in baseball, the indoor game is Benda's favorite sport. He will be remembered for his sterling performances both offensively and defensively on the hardwoods in 1925, when his sterling worth was a major factor in the splendid record of the Green in that campaign. With an unusually large squad of veterans from last year, and the acquisition of several of the graduating high school squad, the new pilot should have a most successful cage year.

SWEATERS AWARDED

At a meeting of the College Board of Athletic Control, letter sweaters were awarded to Captain Campbell, Walkoviack, Ferris, Carroll and Daley, of the High School. In the case of Campbell the award takes on added significance. A rule of the Athletic Department prohibits the award of two sweaters in the same sport to any individual, but due to the exceptional meritorious work of Campbell, who was chosen National Catholic guard at the recent Loyola University Championship Tournament, this restriction was waved.

Varsity sweaters were also awarded to the following members of the 1926 basketball squad: Captain James Dalrymple, Mel Ross, J. 'Hooks' O'Malley, Sam McAllister, Phil McGrath, and Mike Delaney.

VIATORIANA

Gentle Breezes and fresh eggs, small robins and gobs of rain, two-swallows: (for it takes more than one swallow to make a summer according to Mr. Cervantes). Youthful hearts filled with that funny feeling of frailty which issues from the pulmonary gland; that feeling which is characterized by emanations embarking at embarrassing instants causing a flexible figgiting of the facial texture; that anti-misogynistic madness. That inner realization, the caveman calling. The mellifluent melody of mystic voices that calls at this time of the calendar to the meticulous maid and the magnanimous man to the trysting tree of twain-dome. Flowers for the fair, flatirons for the fearless, to the accompaniment of which the youthful serenader exhibits his ability to twang heart-renting concertos from the hollow chest of a banjo, mandolin, guitar or ukelele. The croaking of voices of matrimonial mad maniacs who aspire to hit the high notes in order to better convey the pent up sentiments that have hibernated through the killing frosts of winter. The gentle moon, the liquid moon, that pours down on the earth and with its hypnotic rays sends boys to driveways, alcoves and balconies in search of ye fair feline that they might pour the hysop of their hysteria-hearticus into the shell like ears of the waiting damsels. Love—I ask you, “What is love”, that it coyly changes the demur and docile he-child, into a past master in the gentle art of wooing. Letters, love-notes and lyrics are written to lady loves by languid Lochinvars who come out of the north, east, south and west to court the comely enchantresses with bushels of beautiful ballads. Broken hearts, shattered engagements, alimony and matrimonial matches flourish in the spring. For 'tis the season of love, which is a beauty and a joy forever. 'Tis the season when larks sing, robins hunt worms and other strange happenings occur. Greatest of all the phenomena of spring is the fact that the small animal that is known to man as the hare, cotton-tail or rabbit becomes chicken hearted and lays Easter-eggs—wonder of wonders—I do not wish to destroy any youthful illusions; I do believe that rabbits lay eggs, but when it comes to believing that they paint them I reneg; because the old man painted mine last year.

Earl E. Inthemorning.

alias

Theodore Ingmale.

The leading gent furnishing stores are offering the very latest in cancelled Checks for college men for spring wear.

* * *

The first time Dawes opened his mouth in Congress some vulgar Democrat said, "Pipe Down", and Mr. Dawes took it to heart. Hence the underslung fumigator.

* * *

Calamity—The paper says, "One of our professors blew his brains out last night."

Dubious—I'll have to see them before I believe.

* * *

A Prominent Dry advocate refuses to patronize the Wet-Wash and wears a dirty collar for 32 days to show his disdain for things moist.

* * *

Half-pint—I'll take a gallon of wine?

B. Legger—Do you want it served in the Jug?

Half-pint—No I'll drink it right here at the bar.

* * *

Mr. Armbruster was singing tenor in the glee club, but slid into first base and was put out.

* * *

The electoral college has been co-educational since 1920.

* * *

"Ah!" Quoth he, "'Tis, women like you make men like me like women like you." Pitt Panther.

* * *

An advertisement in the Cosmopolitan for the "Martha Washington School for Women" reads. Delightful, Climate 2200 feet elevation.

* * *

First Cannibal (Running into Camp)—"Is I late for dinner?"

Second Cannibal—"You is; everybody's eaten."

Dodo.

* * *

"Solomon, old man, where did you get so many birthday presents?"

"Ah, a word to the wives is sufficient."

Pelican.

* * *

I met a man who wanted to know if Shakespeare was eating storage eggs when he said, "Out, out, brief candle".

* * *

Algernon—"I say, my good man, will you drive me all around the town?"

Mon. Bon Homme—"Yeh, if I can find a harness to fit you." Purple Parrot.

It's easy enough to be pleasant
 When life flows round and round,
 But the man worth while
 Is the man who can smile
 With his garters coming down.

* * *

Black—"Say son, has you a razor?"

Brown—"Don't fool me boy, you don't shave."

Black—"No but I has to part my hair don't I."

* * *

The Anti-Saloon League met and a corking good time was had by all.

* * *

Scotchman—"I lent that fellow twenty dollars, do you think I will ever get it back?"

Hebrew—"You might if you wait till the cows come home."

Scotchman—"Where is the best place to wait for them."

* * *

Teacher—"Construct a suitable sentence for me Johnny—"

Johnny—"Ten years for disturbing my peace."

* * *

Pfeffer—"Say, Sneed did you see the Cat and the Canary?"

Sneed—"Yeh, sure well trained animals, weren't they?"

Sneed—"Speaking along the same line I saw Taylor Holmes in the "Rear Car."

Pfeffer—"Was he glad to see you?"

Sneed—"He didn't act like it."

* * *

A group of campus cut-ups were loitering in front of the college the other night when a tourist pointed at them and said, "There's some of the inmates now, they don't look very crazy do they,"—which goes to prove that there are some people who don't draw any line between an asylum and a university.

* * *

R. Rank

I. In.

P. Puns.

* * *

He—"That fellow burns his candle at both ends."

She—"Well maybe he can't see with just one end lit."

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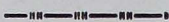
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