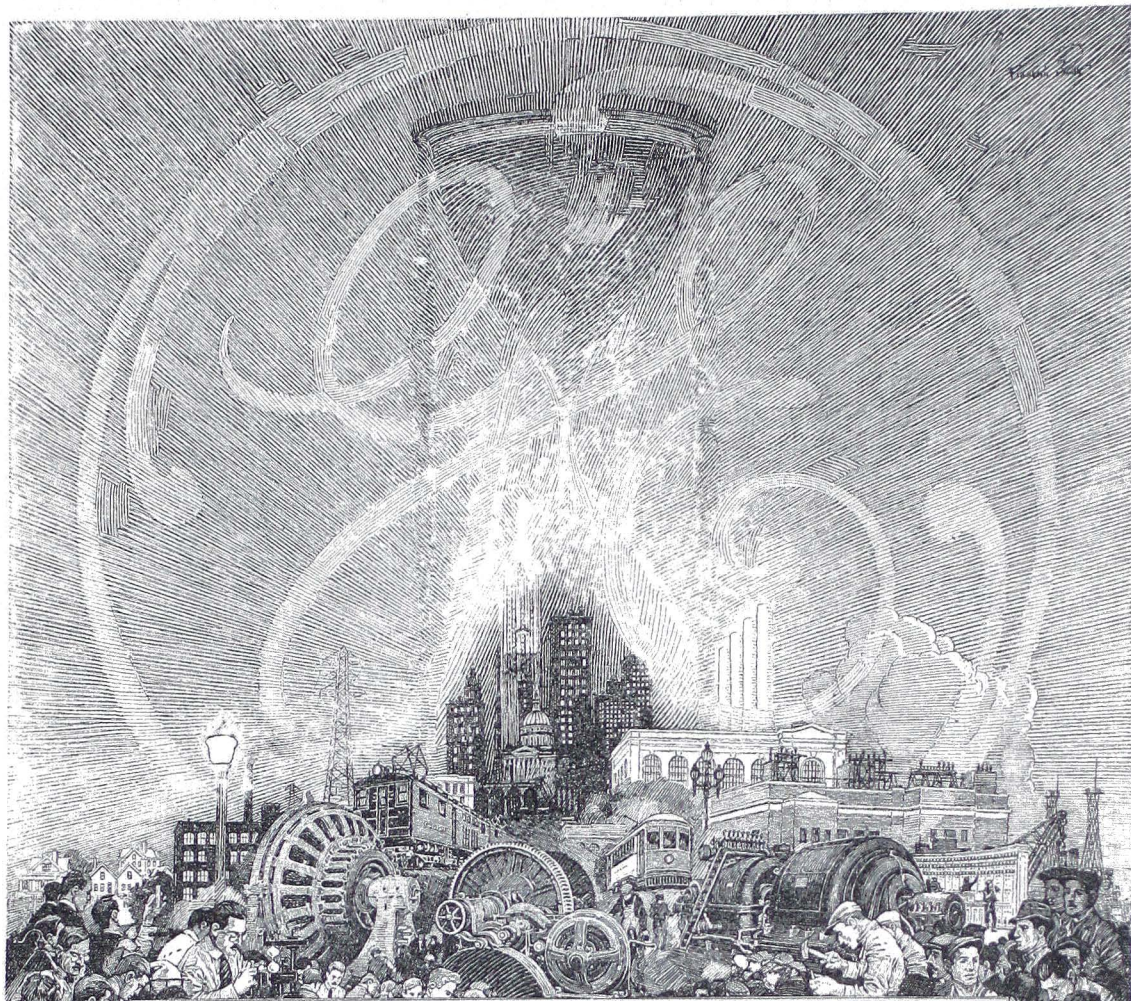


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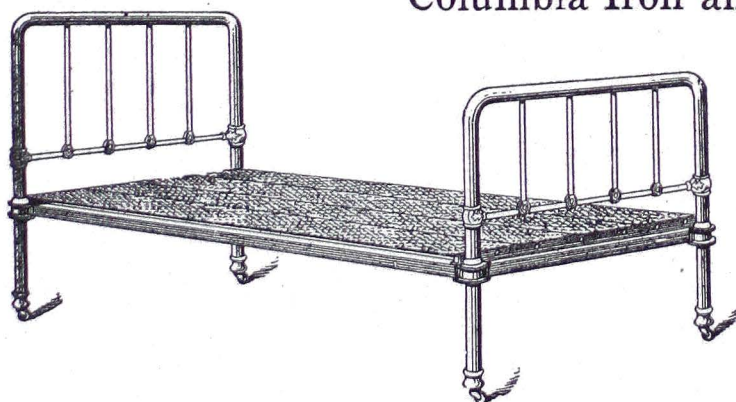
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REV. HARRIS DARCHE

THE VIATORIAN

Fac et Spera

Volume 35

October, 1917

Number 1

The Golden Jubilee

Despite war's alarms, the high cost of living and other handicaps, this is going to be the greatest year in the history of St. Viator College because it is Golden Jubilee year, the year when we observe the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the college. Next June will see the greatest celebration that St. Viator College has ever undertaken. Plans are already under way in the hands of a competent committee to make this celebration worthy of the event it commemorates. Representative men both of Church and of State will grace the occasion by their presence, and the program of speakers will include the names of men of national reputation. Through this column in every issue of the *Viatorian* the Alumni will be notified of the progress being made in the plans for the Jubilee. The days of the celebration are to be especially the days of the Alumni, when the old students will gather once again at their Alma Mater to renew old friendships, to meet the boys with whom they went to school, and to see faces they have not seen for years.

Fellow Alumni, this is especially our celebration. Every one of us should do his best to make it a glorious success. We should resolve now to be present during the three days of the celebration, and in the meantime we should do all in our power to arouse the "Viator" spirit of the old boys. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, June 11th, 12th and 13th, are Jubilee days. After these dates write in your book of engagements: "I must be present at the Golden Jubilee of my Alma Mater." Your home-coming this year will be transferred from the annual date, May 30th, to Jubilee week. Whether you were here years and years ago, or only a year ago; whether you were here for sixteen years, or only for one year, St. Viator wants to see you back with her at the Golden Jubilee to help her recall again the faces of her children, and to renew her courage when she sees in you some of the results of her service of fifty years for Church and State.



SHAKESPEARE'S IDEALS ON MANHOOD

THOMAS P. KELLY, '19

Ideals have an ennobling and transcendent influence on human life. They are a sacred torch whose light attracts and elevates the hopes of man from dull materialism into a plane of nobler and purer purpose. Their talismanic influence converts the dull monotony of life into a thing of beauty and a joy forever. They are lights placed in the horizon of life to attract the traveler and dispel the mists of doubt from the storm-tossed wayfarer over life's ocean voyage. The more noble the ideal which man receives from his superiors in intellect and in their penetration into humanity's depths, the more noble must that mind and vision be which bodied forth such overmastering thought for the future guidance of mankind. The sunburst of super-human wisdom peered into the hidden recesses of man's nature, and from that depth extracted golden ideals for admonition to mankind. These admonitions keep steadily growing and gain in intensity until the full light of their message is borne in upon us with the depth of realization. Surely no greater ideal can be elevated to a pedestal of glory for man than that which breathes the message and sounds the plumb of man's own depth. Humanity's failings and man's beauty are placed in a niche open to men, and in that position man can read the news of his own life. That life is dissected into infinitesimal parts, and the various parts are scrutinized with the eye of a genius. In fine, man in general, from his triumphs to his failures, and the concomitant depressions and exultations, move along the pages of the artist. Such an artist is Shakespeare.

For a verification of this we turn to his immortal works. The delineation of the character of Prince Hal, who becomes the King in "King Henry V," is the most beautiful and dramatic both in itself and from contrast ever drawn in his earlier plays. To the development of Henry V from a wayward prince to one of England's most beloved heroes, Shakespeare devoted a trilogy of plays. It was in the first of these, "King Henry IV," when he was engaged in historic matter and not the fantastic substance of comedy, that he attempted the difficult task of exhibiting the Prince as a sharer in the wild frolic of youth, while at the same time he was holding himself prepared for the splendid entrance upon his manhood, and stood really aloof in his inmost being from the unworthy life of his associates.

In his younger days, Prince Hal, loving life in all its manifestations, joy in all its forms, could find small satisfaction in the rigid etiquette of a loveless court so long as it offered him an opportunity for little more than formal activity. The key to his character is his love of

jest. Humor is to him the salt of life, hence the reason why he finds congenial society in the life of taverns and in the companionship of Falstaff. He has selected this society in which all elements meet, and by contact with which a boundless material for mirth and raillery is created. When, however, the rebellion of the Percies showed him that he could do the state real service, he seized his opportunity gladly, gayly, modestly. On his father's cause he centered his energies which he had previously scattered. With this new demand to meet, he no longer had time for his old companions. His old life was thrown off like a coat discarded under the stress of work.

The central element of the manhood of Henry was his noble realization of fact which produced in him something more than integrity, his homely honesty of nature. From the plain and mirth creating comrade of his fellow soldiers, he rises into the genius of impassioned battle; from the modest and quiet adviser with his counsellors and prelates, he is transformed, when the occasion requires it, into the terrible administrator of justice. He has now entered gravely upon that degree of manhood which is Shakespeare's ideal. He has made very real to himself the long, careful, and the joyless life of the father who had won for him this golden care. His heart is full of tenderness for this sad father, to whom he has been able to bring so little happiness. Still there is no esthetic feeling for the situation, only the profoundest and noblest entrance into fact.

Every episode that follows glorifies a new aspect in Henry's manhood. We see him as the valiant soldier; as the leader rising superior to tremendous odds; as the democratic King who, concealing his rank, talks and jests with the common soldiers; and as a hearty suitor of a foreign bride. In thus seeing him, we see not only the individual man, we see him the ideal Englishman and the embodiment of a type which the men of Shakespeare's day—and of ours, too—loved, admired, honored. Such an idealistic type of man Shakespeare has chosen as the hero of his earlier plays, one whose character is a reflection of his own. All the mischief and waywardness of Henry, his sudden accessions of mad fun and frolic, form but the outer crust of a great and glorious nature—a nature capable of understanding all sorts and conditions of men, because he has mixed with them and knows them all. Such a man, whose glory he is never weary of praising and extolling, as—

- *“King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a King of so much worth.
England ne'er had a King until his time,
Virtue he had, deserving to command
His brandished sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with rathful fire
More dazzled and drove back his enemies*

*Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
And all in all
His deeds excel all speech."*

With all the immortal and inimitable ideals depicted by the great dramatist, we need not confine ourselves merely to his early histories for a representation of the requisite elements of manhood. In "Julius Caesar," which marks the transition to the more intense tragedy, we have Brutus, the personification of nobility itself. Oft has it been repeated that "Caesar had his Brutus," yet even a casual reader would be unconsciously affected and feel his senses gradually succumb to the ineffable charm of that Brutus whose dying words:

*"Caesar, now be still,
I killed not thee with half so good a will,"*

gives evidence of the fact that the "Et tu, Brute" was never stilled within his heart.

During his life, Brutus was always an idealist; he lived among his books; he nourished himself with philosophies; he was secluded from the impression of facts. Moral ideas and principles are more to him than concrete realities; he is studious of self perfection, cognizant of the purity of his own character, and unwilling that so clear a character should receive even the apparent stain of misconception or misrepresentation. He is, therefore, as such men are, too much given to the explanation of his conduct. Had he lived he would have written an apology for his life, educing evidence with a calm superiority to prove that each act of his life proceeds from an honorable motive.

When Brutus and Cassius are left alone after the regal procession passes on, the manner of self-restraint habitual to Brutus is noticeable, his grave courtesy and a desire for a sincere explanation and vindication of himself. Cassius endeavors to gain Brutus over to the conspiracy, avoiding any suggestion of an interested motive, but holding up, as it were, a mirror in which Brutus may see himself reflected, and thence infer what lofty achievement is expected by Rome from one so great and so noble. Even in his weakness, he is painted as one of Shakespeare's ideals of manhood. While Cassius plays with Brutus and secures him, almost using him as his tool, he is fully conscious of the superiority of Brutus. This very weakness only proves the nobility of his nature. He cannot credit or conceive the base facts of life. He has no instrument with which to gauge the littleness of little souls.

In the battle plains of Philippi Brutus maintains a lofty position of immaculate honor, possessing until his last moment all those elements requisite for Shakespeare's representation of a "man." Brutus' defeat was caused by inconsiderate rashness and by a miscalculation of facts—his last error. But these sink into insignificance when we consider the noble traits of his character vividly portrayed

in numerous other instances of the great tragedy. For his last error, however, he is willing that Strato should hold the sword while he falls upon it.

*"Thou art a fellow of good respect,
Thy life had had some smatch of honor in it
Hold then my sword."*

Brutus must die by no ignoble hand. To the last moment he reveres himself. And the concluding words of the play convey to us an assurance that his body shall suffer no wrong.

In spite of his disastrous fortune, Brutus was a type of man whom everyone must revere. He had found no man who was not true to him. The idealist was predestined to failure in the positive world. But for him the true failure would have been disloyalty to his ideals. Of such failure he suffered none. Octavius and Mark Antony remained victors at Philippi. Yet the purest wreath of victory rests upon the forehead of the defeated conspirator:

*"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"*

In "Hamlet," when his tragic art had reached its highest degree of perfection, we are assured by abundant evidence that Shakespeare transformed with energetic will, his knowledge into fact, that he had gained a further stage in his culture of self control, and had entered upon the full maturity of his own manhood. As a result his magnificent eulogies on man put in the mouth of Hamlet will stand throughout all ages, unparalleled in warmth of affection and idealistic grandeur of poetic sentiment.

When the play opens Hamlet has reached the age of thirty years. The age when the idealism of youth ought to become one with the practical tendencies of manhood. He has received culture of every kind except the culture of active life. During the reign of his strong-willed father, there was no call to action for the meditative son. He has advanced in years, still a haunter of the university, a student of philosophy, an amateur in art who never formed a resolution or executed a deed. And he was not that exceptional paragon of youthful heroism who could leap in one bound from boyhood to full grown manhood of the highest type, equal to the most exacting duty, the most tremendous emergency. He was every inch a prince, endowed by nature with all graces of body and mind, and by education, with all liberal accomplishments—the very ideal of youthful beauty and talent:

*"The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword,
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers."*

Even though Shakespeare represents the effects of an action (the revenge of a father's murder) upon a soul unfit for the performance of it, and whose resolution is always sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, yet in that soul's attempt to overcome his inactivity the ideal is frequently expressed.

Hamlet's ideal was his father. His love for him was so great that from the time of his foul and most unnatural murder, Hamlet's only thoughts were of revenge. It is the underlying principle of all his acts. When he rebukes his mother for her hasty marriage with his uncle, the contrast lucently portrays Shakespeare's ideal in that degree which Hamlet has vainly striven to attain. He detests the one, a "murderer and a villain, a slave that is not twentieth part the tithe of the precedent lord."

But of his (and Shakespeare's) ideal:

"See what a grace was seated on his brow,

* * * * *

*A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."*

The consummation and sublime rendition of man's grandeur stands out in bold relief throughout the pages of Shakespeare. Man, the communication of the poet's dream is realized vividly in his immortal works. Artists have shaped attic marble in rivalry of the poet's dignity of expression, but their ideals wane into insignificance when contrasted with the achievement of this verbal artist. Intellectual vigor and moral grandeur are the imperishable ideals and undying heritage which posterity has reaped from the magic pen of the Immortal Bard of Avon. With painted aphorism and noble stride he summarizes the dignity and worth of man, and shrouds him in the toga of immortality in those majestic lines:

*"What a piece of work is man!
How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty!
In form and moving, how express and admirable!
In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!
The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals."*

"The law of nature is, that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good, of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it."

—*Ruskin.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

F. J. M.

The Holmes case might not have occasioned more than passing notice in a metropolitan daily where the overshadowing importance of latest bulletins from the Western Front, recent Zeppelin raids on London and revelations in the newest German plots would have the call. But in a city of fifteen thousand people which catered to news centered upon questions pertaining to municipal roads, administration, and schools, such a miscarriage of justice was one of the events of a life-time,—something for which the editor of the *Clarion* should thank his lucky star. Johnson was not slow to take advantage of this opportunity; on every corner in Cranston one could hear the affair discussed pro and con. Truly a newspaper can start more arguments or show more angles to a single controversy in one issue than a wise man can combat in an eternity.

Not that I mean to infer that Johnson had no grounds for his flaming headlines and poisoned paragraphs in this instance. But when an editor is out of cahoots with the chief of police and the prosecuting attorney, in the “tag-you’re-it” game of politics,—well you know how much fire can be started under such conditions. Furthermore the Holmes case offered grounds for disapproval in that it showed the calamitous possibilities of circumstantial evidence.

Some five years previously an exceptionally foul murder had been committed in a neighboring hamlet and in the trial which ensued the state had fastened the crime on a certain ne’er-do-well named Holmes. The greatest contributing factor to his guilt had been a sum of money found on his person the night of the deed and which he was spending with free abandon in a saloon at the hour of his arrest. The victim, a hard working widow, had withdrawn her savings from the bank that very morning to meet an obligation; Holmes could not satisfactorily explain the source of his sudden affluence. Presto, it was not difficult for the state to weave a net of incriminating evidence around the accused. Led by the smooth flow of argumentative persuasion the New England jury was visibly impressed when the “fair tradition of their sacred rights” was appealed to; that single reference to tradition was enough to doom the prisoner, under the circumstances.

Holmes paid the extreme penalty and the case promised to settle into oblivion as a mere passing event in a kaleidoscopic world had not “Red” Shaw butted into the game in a most unceremonious manner. On his death-bed “Red” swore that he had slain the widow Carey and had turned suspicion toward Holmes by “feeding” him the money when the latter was intoxicated.

All of which explains why the *Clarion* forthwith exercised its free press right by denouncing the officers of the law who had been instrumental in sending an innocent man to a premature death, four years before.

* * * * *

Four smokers lounged on the porch of the Oceanic at Cranston. War, world-series, politics and business conditions followed in easy sequence; naturally the conversation, even among visiting salesmen, would be flavored materially by local occurrences and the Holmes affair came in for a good share of the discussion.

"What do you think of capital punishment, Dawson," queried Carson?

"Well, there are talking points both ways," drawled Dawson, "and disadvantages too, Cull is right when he says that murderers fear death more than a life job in prison; you have a point in your favor when citing a case like this local catastrophe. I believe, all things considered, that I am an opponent of electrocution."

"Pshaw!" commented Cull, "that is all tommyrot; no system is perfect and mistakes are bound to happen. You and I know that out in our country, where these mollycoddle ideas are tabooed, every man takes a chance; if there is any miscarriage of justice we murmur our "Amens" and take our medicine because it is all in the game. It may be a different conception from that misnomer called convention, but if a fellow can't prove an alibi it is his lookout and he ought to suffer."

"Not necessarily," ventured Greene, "there may be extenuating circumstances under which it would be most difficult for a person to prove his innocence."

"Shucks," replied Cull, "where do you get that idea? Good stuff for the novelists and all that, but not very materialistic. For instance, did you ever know of an analogy in life—conditions under which an innocent life was jeopardized by uncontrollable circumstances? We'll forget the class to which Holmes belonged; his kind are of no use to society at best. In the case of an honest, dependable fellow—can you imagine such a one getting caught in a tangle from which there would be no escape?"

Greene was admitting that he knew of no such instance when Dawson interrupted:

"I can best answer your question by relating an experience with which I am familiar. If you care to hear how a friend of mine found himself in a predicament which looked so embarrassing that he refused to lend his aid in running down a murderer because he thought that by so doing he would incriminate himself, I can give you the story."

His companions voiced their assent and Dawson commenced:

"We'll call my young friend Brown—because that was not his name. Brown was an Easterner, boasting the best that the country

could offer in the educational line. After listening to the professors for four years and imbibing what they had to give, he pocketed his sheep-skin and decided to do his engineering in the Northwest. That was before the boom days in Washington, but Seattle looked good to him, so he proceeded thither. On his credentials he had no difficulty in picking an opening with a pioneer water-power company.

Some three months later he was entrusted with an important commission. It happened that two hundred miles back in the mountains there was a site for which the company had been angling and the negotiations had reached the point where a personal representative was needed to complete the deal. The manager called Brown into the office, acquainted him with the details and ordered him to set out on the morrow.

Railroad facilities were not over-abundant, so the youth had to catch an afternoon train to X, one hundred and fifty miles distant, where he was to spend the night. He reached X about 10:30 and retired immediately. Whether it was because of the ride, or the hurriedly-eaten lunch, or excessive fatigue, Brown didn't know, but in any event he passed a most restless night; try as he would he could not sleep. Several times he arose and peered out into a night so black that even the white-capped mountain tops were not visible; several times he was tempted to dress and venture into the open to see if the air would offer any relief. His unfamiliarity with his surroundings alone deterred him from this and he tossed about the bed until the first streaks of gray dawn appeared. Then dressing, he hurried below and left the hotel.

Not a soul was stirring as he broke into an easy stride; apparently not another person in the region was taking advantage of the bracing autumn morning. To the right a path circled the mountain; Brown followed it. Twenty minutes of walking brought him to a wild ravine, he began to feel himself quite alone in the world when he was attracted by a sudden commotion in the thick bushes by the roadside; the next moment a large Indian, enveloped in a huge blanket, and carrying a revolver in open view, clambered over the ledge.

The meeting was so unlooked for that Brown was non-plussed, but regaining his composure he addressed a "Good-morning" to the newcomer. The Indian nodded an inarticulate grunt and walked beside him.

For some time they proceeded thus, the youth making attempts at conversation and the Indian uttering monosyllabic replies until the process grew tiresome. Brown wondered what the Redskin was doing there at such an hour, mere surmise gave way to suspicion, which in turn was succeeded by a vague feeling of fear. As was customary, the youth carried his money in currency and he was certain that if the other planned to rob him there would be no way of preventing it.

Having reached that state of mind he puzzled his brain to find a means of ridding himself of the stranger; he attempted a slower pace but the Indian did likewise and when he walked faster the result was the same. Every minute found him more uncomfortable, especially as the country grew wilder at each step; he wanted to turn back but was actually afraid. Anything like coherent talk from the Brave was impossible; the sole responses were guttural tones that might mean anything.

In its circle of the mountain the youth perceived, directly ahead, a division in the roadway; immediately he decided that he would permit his companion to choose a route and then take the other himself. So when the former turned to the left, Brown crossed to the other side and veered into the opening at the right. The Indian, as if unconscious of the parting, loped along in his regular manner and the next minute was lost to view.

The wildness, majesty and solitude of the place increased the youth's forebodings as he hastened along the road. A break in the hills disclosed the railroad several hundred yards ahead; with a buoyant spirit he made his way thither and directed his steps towards the hotel.

Brown was finishing his breakfast when he noticed a crowd congregating at the station; a trainman who had just entered the lunch room explained the cause. A section gang, in starting their day's labor, had come upon the body of a murdered man north of the town; the crime was of recent commission because the blood of the victim was still warm. They had brought the body to town and were awaiting the arrival of the coroner.

Brown joined the group at the station. The trainman's story was true. Evidently the motive was robbery as the victim's pockets had been rifled of all their contents. A wound in the right temple showed the path of the bullet and powder marks on the forehead indicated that the weapon had been held close to the head. The foreman did not have much to say: just before his crew had rounded the curve above the spot where the body lay they had heard a shot but thought some early hunter was after game. Fifteen minutes later they came upon the corpse lying in the grass. They had not met any person from the moment of leaving Y until their arrival at X. Evidently the man had been walking from one place to the other when attacked.

Brown returned to his room to decide on the course he should pursue. From the description of the spot as outlined by the narrator he knew it was the very place he had come upon the track. The crime had been committed after he had passed the spot, but could he convince these men of that? The murdered man must have been coming from Y, directly behind him, otherwise they would have met on the track; he, the victim, and the section gang were all moving

in the same direction, at the same time, and but a short distance apart. On that hypothesis the unknown had reached the fatal point soon after Brown had passed it. The latter was positive that but two men beside the stranger could have been in the vicinity at the time of the crime—he and the Indian. To him the case was plain; the redskin had decided to hold him up, and, by a circuitous route, had attempted to intercept his passage before he could reach the track, but his swift walking had circumvented this. Doubtless the stranger came along as the Indian was waiting and the robbery and murder followed. The question for Brown to decide was whether or not it would be safe to relate his version of the mystery.

Several things caused him to hesitate. In the first place what plausible excuse could he, a stranger in that locality, have offered for roaming about an unknown country at five o'clock in the morning? "He was sick and couldn't sleep,"—a weighty plea under existing conditions. Secondly there had been no mention of the redskin on any side; therefore the logical conclusion would be that it was a myth in the mind of the young man. Brown was familiar enough with his surroundings to realize that the Indian was not native to the region; he was no short Tacoman, shunty Snohomish, squatty Siwash nor idol-figured Pugallup, but rather an unusually, well-developed giant of a species resembling the Cherokee or Comanche. What would such an Indian be doing so far from his own stamping ground? Thirdly, suppose, after he had spoken, a thorough search of the region failed to bring any such specimen to light—what then? Once the redskin was eliminated, Brown could have only one status. The very nature of the country was in the brave's favor and perhaps he would be well on his way to the Canadian border before there would be any attempt at apprehension. Finally, might was right in that vicinity and who was to interfere if the citizens took the matter into their own hands?

Thus deliberating, Brown concluded that his safest course lay in secrecy. Boarding the nine o'clock train he completed the last lap of his journey, transacted his business and returned to Seattle the next afternoon."

Dawson paused to light another cigar.

"And the finish?" queried Cull. "Did they ever catch Rain-in-the-Face? And what happened?"

"Brown plugged away for a time with the company. Before the year was over the firm failed through bad management; hard days struck the Northwest and he went south. Two years later he visited in Seattle and one evening casually mentioned the incident to a friend. She counselled him to forget the affair, as the murderer was still at large and nothing tangible could come from any disclosures he was able to make. He decided to follow her advice.

"Then on that basis you would plead against capital punishment?" asked Cull.

"Certainly. I do not believe it is the aim of justice to kill innocent people merely to spread the fear of extreme penalty among arch criminals."

"I guess Brown did the right thing after all," Greene commented.

"Yes, if there was any such person as Brown," added Cull.

"What do you mean?" quizzed Dawson.

"Oh, you know what I mean," replied Cull. "The story is all right and makes good telling but is rather too far-fetched. Can you vouch for its authenticity; did Brown pass it to you, and was he handing you the truth?"

"I'd believe Brown any old day," drawled Dawson, rising and stretching. "As far as the account goes, you can take my word for it that it's the straightest thing I've ever said. For you see—I am Brown."

Without another word he turned and entered the hotel.

* * * * *

Fifteen minutes later Dawson stood before the mirror of his dresser.

"How long is it going to last? . . . How long can I stand them off? . . . The fourth detective in the last five years—Duffy, Hall, McCloskey, and now Daley. . . . A fine bunch of bulls, I don't think; I can spot them a mile. Wouldn't see a hand if it was waved before their eyes. . . . Too easy, throwing that crew off the track. Some day a real one may come along and then—well, there'll be a test of brains. . . . Daley was easier than any of the others; he fell hard. . . . Better be careful though, Brown, old boy; stick to your men's furnishings and—grape-juice. . . . A clear head, and they'll never get the goods on me,—otherwise . . ."

On the floor above Lieut. Daley of the Hamilton Detective Agency was finishing a report. It was a harmless looking note which contained, ostensibly, an order for a consignment of hardware. But transcribed, it read:

"Chief.—You are on the wrong track in this Brown affair. If he is your man, then I am Eve's grandmother."

And the signature at the bottom was "Carson."

"Men often look to bring about great results by violent and unprepared effort. But it is only in fair and forecast order, 'As the earth bringeth forth her bud,' that righteousness and praise may spring forth before the nations."

—*Ruskin.*

TO X——

When winter's snows, receding, bare the landscape,
Stripping from field and glen its murky white;
When zeph'rous March retreats 'fore weeping April,
And lengthening day usurps the realm of night;
When each morrow brings increasing verdure,
When golden-throated birds begin to sing;
Then I know that Spring is here, O sweetheart,—
Yes, Spring.

When I say your hair is silkily golden,
When I paenize your eyes, your nose,
And praise your teeth, your cheeks, your lips, your blushes,
Trusting all your beauties to uncloze;
When I summarize your thousand graces,
Seek responses from a heart so true;
Then am I surfeited with love, O sweetheart,—
For you.

—F. J. M.

IS MAN FREE?

LEO T. PHILLIPS, '18

The doctrine of free will is one of the most disputed theses in philosophy. It is indeed lamentable that there should be any diversion of opinion on the answer to such a momentous question. Determinism, the denial of free will, if carried to its logical conclusion, constitutes an intolerable menace to mankind. To affirm that all evil-doing is a matter of physical health, and of natal and prenatal antecedents is to render null all obligations of responsibility, and to justify and defend crimes of the greatest enormity. Furthermore, determinism either undermines or renders contradictory all rational grounds for belief in an all-powerful Deity. For if free will is denied the existence of God and the immortality of the soul become mere fairy tales and myths. In short, determinism is the logical outcome and one of the most fundamental tenets of materialism.

In direct opposition to determinism we hold that man is endowed with free will. The problem at issue may be stated thus: Granted that all the conditions necessary for action are present does the action necessarily take place? Determinists say no; liberatists say yes.

Before proceeding to the proof of the doctrine of free will a few observations on the nature of the rival systems will not be irrelevant. Determinism holds that one's activity is determined or fixed by his antedecents, which are natal and prenatal. Free will, on the other hand, is defined as that power which a rational being has of acting or not acting even when all the conditions requisite for action are present.

The question then at issue is not whether a man can choose or will without any motive. If there be but one motive in the range of intellectual vision the volition in such circumstances is not free but necessary. "*Nihil eligitur nisi sub specie boni*" was a universally received axiom in the schools. Free choice, then, is not willing without motives, but a choosing amongst motives. "All that materialists," says the author of "*Psychology Without a Soul*," "say against willing without a motive, and against a causeless volition is directed against a caricature of free will and leaves our doctrine intact."

Furthermore the scholastics most readily admit that a very large part of man's actions are indeliberate; that even where he acts deliberately and exerts his powers of free choice he is influenced by the weight of motives attracting him to either side. But, on the other hand, they hold that there are many acts of man which are not simply the resultants of forces playing upon him, and of natural and acquired disposition; and that consequently prediction with absolute

certainly concerning his future conduct would be impossible even with a perfect knowledge of his character and motives.

The arguments usually adduced to prove free will are threefold: firstly—ethical, drawn from the effects which different kinds of action have upon the individual nature; secondly—metaphysical, from the nature of the thinking principle itself; and thirdly—psychological, based upon the testimony of consciousness.

There will be few men indeed who will deny that they have what Kant calls the categorical imperative, an inward dictate telling us that "This thou shalt do," or "This thou shalt not do." The existence of moral obligations is just as well founded and certain as the uniformity of nature. The conviction that I am bound to abstain from evil and do good is not a generalization from experience, but a self-evident, immediate judgment of mankind. "Right conduct," to quote Maher, "Is not merely a beautiful ideal which attracts me. It obligates me unconditionally." But to suppose that there is laid upon my shoulders obligations with all the binding force which my consciousness assures me these moral laws have, when I am incapable of fulfilling them, is to posit an utter absurdity in nature's favor. But are there such obligations? To answer this one must resort to the testimony of his own consciousness. I know that there is an inward voice within me which says, "Thou shalt love thy parents," "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, etc." I consult the experience of others directly, from their own testimony, and indirectly, from the records of the past, and find that they have had similar experiences. Therefore, unless I wish to say that man in his nature is absurd and contradictory I must conclude that he is free. If there be any that deny that they have such feelings, then, if explanation is useless, I must say, "You are not like unto the rest of us."

Again, the nature of the thinking principle assures me that I am free. It may be noted here that this argument has, in addition, the advantage of showing why the will is free. Briefly it is as follows: the object of the will is the complete and perfect good, since the will, being a rational appetite, embraces nothing of necessity except that which it apprehends as good. But most assuredly we are not placed here in the presence of perfect good, but partial good. From this we rightly conclude that this partial good cannot limit the possibility of choice, and that consequently we are free. The will sees the good and the defective in things, and is attracted or repelled accordingly.

Finally my own consciousness testifies that I am free. It tells me first, that I am solicited by some sort of a power in objects that makes me desire them or desire to avoid them; secondly, that in spite of the attractiveness of the object I am able to set myself against the force of that attraction, and refuse to yield to it. Thus I can truthfully testify here and now that I am greatly attracted to give up working at this thesis, and go to watch the foot-ball game now

being played on the gridiron near my window. But I can further testify that in spite of the almost overwhelming attractiveness of the game, that I am going to finish the development of this argument, even at the sacrifice of missing the first half of the contest. It follows here that consciousness testifies that I am free, that I could put this work off and that I am not doing so.

Furthermore, attention in an act of consciousness which demonstrates that I am free. Introspection reveals that I have the power of attending to certain things and not attending to them. The same process also tells me that it is not upon the most attractive things that I place my attention. In the exercise of this faculty I observe that I deliberately guide the course of my thoughts, selecting some and repelling others. Thus in these cases I am conscious of exerting free volition.

Again, the conscious act of deliberation assures me that I am free. A concrete example will make this clear. Suppose two alternative courses are open to me for investing a sum of money, one in a great gold mining enterprise promising great and quick returns, the other in a plot of land. But I further consider the question, and it finally dawns upon me that the gilded enterprise, besides being extremely hazardous, is manned by unscrupulous men, and I decide to invest in the plot of land. This fact certainly proves to me that I have a free will, that I need not have deliberated, that I did not act even when all the conditions requisite for action were present. Once more if any one denies that he experiences these conscious acts namely of decision or choice, attention and deliberation, I must conclude, that since most men say they have the same experiences, that he is not like unto the majority of men.

Against the foregoing arguments a host of objections have been raised by determinists which may be classified as psychological, metaphysical, statistical, physiological and physical. As the strongest possible refutation of determinism is the firm establishment of free will, a few words will have to suffice for each class of objections.

It is asserted that freedom is an effect without a cause, and it is, therefore, an unintelligible and a repugnant thing. We readily admit that an effect without a cause is unintelligible. But we maintain that the acts of the will have a cause, namely the "self;" that the mind possesses at times the power of free choice. Moreover, since free will expresses what is practically the universal conviction of mankind, it cannot be self-evidently absurd and unintelligible.

Again, it is asserted that introspection is opposed to the doctrine of free will. Some say that it reveals to us the fact that we always act in accordance with the strongest motive. Waiving Bain's absurd definition of the strongest motive, we come to Mills'. He defines it as the one which promises the greater pleasure. In opposition to this we hold that, at least as a rule, man's internal experience

reveals the fact that he can resist the motive which promises the greater pleasure, and "de facto" that he often does so. For instance some men attend mass on Sundays when this act certainly does not promise the greatest pleasure; some people attend funerals for purposes other than pleasure.

Determinists also appeal to metaphysics in their vain attempt to disprove free will. Thus Bain asserts that free will is in conflict with the law of causation. But the definition he gives of causality shows that he fails to distinguish two truths of quite different orders, namely, the principle of causality, a necessary metaphysical principle and the law of the uniformity of nature, a contingent truth subject to exceptions. Thus there is a great difference between the principles "Nothing can begin to exist without a cause," and "The laws of nature are constant." Yet in his definition of the law of causation, "To every event there is some antecedent, which happening, it happens," these two principles are confused. Again it is asserted that "Nothing begins without a cause; but free volition has no cause, therefore it is impossible." The major we readily grant but deny the minor. The Ego or Self is the cause.

Statistics are employed by determinists in their effort to disprove free volition. These objectors profess to have shown by statistics that human action is just as necessarily subject to the play of social forces as the planets are to the physical. To this we reply with Venn that it has nothing to do with the question. Furthermore statistics deal with societies of men, not with the particular human being, and there is no contradiction in the existence of regularity among the actions of the community taken as a whole while the members freely vary.

Again, it is maintained that physiology disproves freedom. Certain physiologists hold that the connection between bodily and mental states is so close and rigid that every modification of the latter is inexorably conditioned by the former. To this we reply that equally distinguished authorities on physiological science deny such an inexorable and absolute connection between mind and body. And while admitting a close interdependence of body and mind we unconditionally reject the assertion as wholly unfounded that every act of the mind is conditioned and determined by the body.

Finally it is contended that free will is opposed to the conservation of energy, i. e., "that the sum of the energy of the universe is constant." In the first place, one must bear in mind that the principle of the conservation of energy is at best only an empirical generalization established with tolerable accuracy, and that consequently, that reverential awe which elevates it to the dignity and character of a metaphysical principle is decidedly misplaced. In the next place it is, as the author of "Psychology Without a Soul" remarks, "a preposterous perversion of the first principles of exact science to make use

of such a principle to disprove and refute an act of experience, namely, the evident control our free will exercises over our bodily organism. Generalizations concerning natural phenomena must fit the facts, and not conversely. Nor must legitimate conclusions from such facts be denied, because they do not fit the generalization thus unwarrantably extended." We can, therefore, answer with the same author, "What of it, if free will and the spirituality of the soul imply an increase of material energy in this universe?"

"Form as amiable sentiments as you can of nations, communities of men, and individuals. If they are true you do them only justice; if false, though your opinion does not alter their nature and make them lovely, you yourself are more lovely for entertaining such sentiments."

—Steele.



THE VIATORIAN

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A nation, as does an individual, when confronted with some serious problem, tends to center its undivided attention upon that one task, almost entirely oblivious of all else. It summons every effort, utilizes every ounce of energy, devotes all its resources to the attainment of that one end and makes everything else subservient to its demands. Today our nation, as the guardian of democracy is face to face with a momentous task—the task of making the world safe for its sacred charge. Today the nation's attention is riveted on the accomplishment of this important work, heedless even of things that are of vital interest to it. The entire country is awir with the manufacture of munitions, and the training of young soldiers. All those things which have no direct bearing upon these operations are neglected, even that which at other times is considered first in the interest of the nation—education. Because the education of Ameri-

Education During the War

can youth did not seem to lend immediate assistance to the nation's present need, there arose a popular cry to suspend education or, at least, diminish the school year in order that students might devote themselves to work of a military or military-industrial nature. Such action would be most discreditable to national intelligence, for, at no other time was education more imperative than at the present. The exigencies of war have exacted not only the brawn of the land but, what is vastly more difficult to replace, the brains of the land. "When the war is over," declares Federal Commissioner Claxton, "there will be such needs upon this country for men and women of scientific knowledge, technical skill and general culture as have never before come to any country," and where must the country look to supply this demand if not to the men and women who are being educated along these lines in our schools and colleges?

The opportunities of college men, therefore, are going to be manifold—*are* manifold even today, and shall we, whose good fortune it is to attend college at present, pass by these opportunities? Shall we fail to adequately prepare ourselves to fill the vacancies awaiting us? To do so would be intolerably stupid, yes, would be unjust, for if our opportunities are great the responsibilities thereby entailed are proportionately great. This scholastic year, then, imposes a greater obligation on the student to labor more assiduously so that he may be able to take the places left vacant by those whom War has demanded as a sacrifice.

During the past year and especially during the past six months the number of educational institutions throughout the country that have introduced compulsory military training as a part of their daily routine is astonishing. Universities, colleges, high schools and even grammar schools have been enthused with the idea of preparedness so that in every rank of student life, from the university undergraduate to the grammar school boy, military training can be found.

To some whose minds have been prejudiced against anything that bears a military stamp we are inculcating into our youth the very principles our soldiers are giving their life blood to destroy; but to the man of unbiased intelligence no better movement has come over the country than that of compulsory military training in our schools, not only because it is beneficial to the country in the way of having in readiness trained and experienced young men for the nation's need, but also because of the invaluable benefit to the student himself.

Everyone has been taught by the late experience that the training of our young men is of vital importance. Had we been forced to throw hundreds of thousands of men into the field as France and England were forced to do we would have suffered a far more bitter

experience than they did. All due to the fact that we would be compelled to send out to protect our interests men untrained and unskilled in the art of warfare, or else wait until such a time as we could train them. Now, however, with a goodly number of schools, colleges and universities instructing their students in the science of military tactics a million men could be collected in a week's time.

But even leaving aside this consideration, the advantage of military training to the individual student is not unimportant. In the first place it is beneficial to him physically. There is no one who will deny that physical exercise is as necessary for the student as is good food, for without either of these the student is rendered unfit to take up any intellectual pursuit. The brain will not perform its functions satisfactorily in any but a strong, healthy body. It is true, college athletics are encouraged and promoted mainly for the purpose of keeping the body in good condition, but how many students are there in high schools and colleges who do not participate in athletics in any shape or form? How many students are there whose physical exercise consists almost entirely in going from one building to another and from one lecture room to another or an occasional short walk? A superficial investigation will show the percentage to be surprisingly high. Now, if compulsory military training exists in a college every student is bound to get the exercise necessary to keep the body in a healthy condition.

Again, the great lessons of obedience, and attention taught by military training are valuable assets to the student both in his college career and in his life outside of college. A young man subjected to the rigidity of military training cannot but carry away with him those characteristics that go to make up a good student and a good citizen.

Realizing these benefits derived from such training, realizing that such training is a tremendous help in attaining its own end, namely the development of the young man physically, mentally and morally, the authorities of St. Viator have spared no expense either in the way of time or money in making military training at the college the greatest benefit possible. A competent instructor has been secured, the hours of military drill have been arranged without departing from the usual college schedule, so that military training here cannot but be a success.

This is not the beginning of compulsory military training at St. Viator, it is but the reinauguration, for, until 1906, military training was a part of the curriculum. In that year the entire college was destroyed by fire, necessitating the discontinuance of training, but once more the campus has assumed the aspect of a miniature cantonment and it is to be hoped that not even another fire will change its appearance.

It is certainly most gratifying to know that such an excellent organization in the Church as the Knights of Columbus is caring for the spiritual and temporal welfare of those called **Knights of Columbus** to the colors. Since the United States entered the **War Activities** war and began to mobilize its troops at the various cantonments, the Knights of Columbus have been laboring most zealously in erecting recreation halls, collecting literature of a religious and secular character, providing chaplains for the different camps, and doing everything to make the soldiers' life as pleasant as possible. Nor are they confining their labors to the United States camps, for hundreds of thousands of dollars are being spent to secure the comfort of the American soldier in France.

It is quite necessary that the public should know that these recreation halls erected by the Knights of Columbus are open to all the soldiers in the camps. This rule will prevail at the halls to be erected in France. Each hall will bear a sign inviting all to avail themselves of the comforts provided, no matter whether they belong to another religion, or have no religion at all. The work is being done not for Catholic soldiers exclusively but for the *American* soldier.

A most stupendous task has been undertaken by the order, but the work will be made light by the many willing hands already tendered to assist the committee in the accomplishment of the order's splendid gift to the soldiers of the nation.

"The elevation of the mind ought to be the principal end of all our studies; which if they do not in some measure effect, they will prove of very little service to us."

—Burke.



Vacation has passed! Another year has begun! Brother and Sister Publications, the *Viatorian* bids you one and all a happy, joyous welcome. It is our fervent wish that not one of our friends of last year be missing. We desire earnestly to renew and continue the relations with you which have proven so beneficial in the past.

That these results be achieved it is imperatively necessary that the end and purpose of the exchange department be borne in mind. This column was instituted for the sole purpose of answering the need for the comments and suggestions of a disinterested party. We want to see ourselves as others see us. We realize the truth of the old adage that no man is a judge in his own case. It is our supreme ambition to make the *Viatorian* the best possible college publication. To do this, Brother Ex-men, we want your help. Your assistance will be of incalculable benefit to us. We want you through your exchange columns to tell us just what you think of our magazine, to point out in what we excel and especially in what we are deficient. And in turn we pledge ourselves to do all in our power to assist you.

The *Viatorian*, accordingly, invites criticism, not in the narrow sense of mere cynical fault-finding, but in the wider and truer sense in which Matthew Arnold defines it as "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." Nothing is so perverse of the aims of true criticism as the habit of querulousness and mere faultfinding. For true criticism is constructive rather than destructive. The ambition of amateur writers must not be stifled, as it often is, by harsh and imprudent criticism. If there are defects they ought to be pointed out in a friendly manner together with suggestions, which in the opinion of the ex-man will prevent their reoccurrence.

But if the spirit of cynicism and querulousness is so perverse of the aims of criticism, the other extreme is even more so. The tendency of making the exchange column the ground on which to pat each other on the back, the medium for the passing of compliments is not uncommon. Sheer flattery is just as disquieting and intolerable

here as elsewhere. If anything has contributed to make the exchange column insipid and unpopular it is this detestable spirit. We want to know the unvarnished truth, for we want to grow and place our publication on as high a plane as possible.

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

It shall be our endeavor to be ever on the alert in our criticisms to avoid mere fault-finding on the one hand, and flattery and superficial comment on the other. The golden mean will be sought, and this, in our opinion, will insure the popularity as well as the usefulness of the exchange department.

N. B.—Exchange editors will kindly note that our address is: Exchange Department, St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill., and not Danville, Ill., where our publication is printed.

*"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."*

—Milton.



Rev. W. J. Stephenson, C. S. V., a former member of the College faculty, has offered to the Government his services as a chaplain and has been assigned to Camp Funston, at Junction City, Kansas. Father Stephenson served as a soldier in the ranks during the Spanish-American war, and his military experience, added to his zeal and devotion, will well qualify him for his new duties.

In the Country's Service

Rev. Harris A. Darche, A. B. '09, who recently enlisted in the Navy, was a visitor at the College shortly after registration day. He has since left Chicago to take the preliminary training and expects soon to be actively engaged as chaplain on one of our battleships.

The best wishes of both faculty and students will accompany Father Stephenson and Father Darche on their respective missions.

On Saturday, September the twenty-second, four old students of St. Viator were ordained to the priesthood. Rev. John P. Lyons, Seminary '17, celebrated his first Holy Mass on Sunday, September the twenty-third, in Queen of Angels Church, Chicago. Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., President of St. Viator, preached the sermon. Rev. Leo J. McDonald, who completed his High School, College and Seminary Courses at St. Viator, said his first Mass in St. Norbert's Church at Hardin, Illinois. Father McDonald will go to Washington University to take a post graduate course.

Ordinations

Rev. Christopher Boyle, who was also ordained last Saturday, will be remembered by some of the older students. Father Boyle attended the College from 1903 to 1910, finishing his Preparatory and High School work here. He later attended St. Thomas College and St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Rev. Raphael J. Legris, A.B. '11, of Bourbonnais, who was ordained for the Redemptorists, celebrated his first Mass in Ottawa, Canada. His brother, Rev. Joseph Legris, preached the sermon. Rt. Reverend Monsignor Legris and several of the immediate relatives went to Ottawa, to be present at the ceremony.

**Return of
Mgrs. Legris** Rt. Rev. Mgrs. Legris has returned to the College after a year's trip thru South America and Canada. Mgrs. Legris will remain here during the coming year and will teach theology to those members of the community who are preparing for the priesthood.

"If we had no faults, we should not take so much pleasure in noticing the faults of other people."



ALUMNI NOTES

Recently the faculty had the pleasure of entertaining Fathers William O'Keefe, Louis O'Connor, Thos. O'Brien, Joseph Heeney, P. O'Leary, Vincent Green and Martin Spalding. St. Viator's only regret is that their visits are so few and far between.

About the halls of St. Viator there is this year a vacancy that still persists despite the large attendance. St. Viator misses the loyal seminarian students of last year, who are now dispersed far and wide over the area of the United States. St. Paul Seminary is to be congratulated upon securing such students as Charles Hart, Fulton J. Sheen, Ralph Lane and Leo Necasek; and no less fortunate is the Catholic University which has the names of Edward Dillon and Charles Doherty upon its roll. No doubt Theodore Damarais and Patrick Buckley will add to the fame which Kenrick Seminary has already acquired, as Joe Cross and Francis Libert will to the Cincinnati Seminary. Equally among the fortunate are Baltimore and Niagara in having as students Thos. Welsh and John Ostrowski. Nor has St. Viator forgotten the golden west. To Columbus College she has given three of her sons, Christopher Marzano, Thomas Shanley and Richard French, and to San Francisco Christopher Crowley, sons of whom she may be justly proud.

Charles F. McBride is now a happily married man. On June 14th, 1917, he joined hands with Miss Celia Fox. We certainly must congratulate Mrs. McBride on her choice. God's blessing upon you and yours, Charlie.

Mrs. T. McShane, wife of Felix McShane was a recent visitor at the College. She informs us that Felix, one of our "old timers," is now engaged in the automobile business in Chicago. Formerly he was the sheriff at Omaha, Nebraska. His brother Ed., is now in the Aviation Corps.

Rev. John Molyneaux, '16, while on his way to Columbia University stopped at the college for a few days. Father Molyneaux intends to specialize in English and the classics. St. Viator is proud of the record of her son and wishes him all possible success.

Ed. Dillon, '15, drove down from Chicago with Father Gilbert Flynn, '13, and Thos. Donovan, '14. Certain members of the faculty were seen speeding around the village. Many thanks, come again.

St. Viator College was highly honored when three of her sons were appointed to chaplaincies in the navy and army. Father Harris

A. Darche goes to the navy, Father John L. G'Donnell to Camp Logan, Houston, Texas, and Father Stephenson to Camp Funston. All praise should be given to these men for the spirit of generosity, devotion and heroism which they manifest. It is the fervent prayer of Alma Mater that their heroic zeal will be richly rewarded and that their work in their new field of labor be blessed with success. They will not be forgotten in the prayers of faculty and students of St. Viator.

Tim Sullivan, '17, is attending the Creighton University Law School. During the summer Tim was employed in a law office at Council Bluffs, Iowa. During that time he proved his loyalty to St. Viator, the result being two new students from Council Bluffs. Your work is appreciated, Tim.

John Cox, '17, is now at the Catholic University. We feel sure that his career there will be marked with success as it has been at St. Viator. John was one of the three Viator men who won a K. of C. scholarship to the Catholic University.

John Dougherty, '12, has recently become a full fledged lawyer, graduating from the law department of Michigan University. John is now employed in the Law Department of the Illinois Central Railroad.

Lowell A. Lawson, H. S. '14, has also successfully passed the state bar examination and is now practising law. Alma Mater is proud of her young lawyers and expects much of them.

Rev. J. R. Plante, C. S. V., after specializing in sciences for two years at the Catholic University, is back with us again. He received his M. S. degree on June 13th, 1917.

Word comes to us that Leo A. Thaldorf has graduated from Detroit University. St. Viator wishes him all success in whatever walk of life he may enter.

Walter Steidle, H. S. '13, finished his course last June at St. Charles College, Helena, Montana. While at St. Charles College "Mike" distinguished himself in the class room and especially in the hunting ground as he did at St. Viator. No rabbit ever saw "Mike" and lived.

Rev. E. S. Dunn, '14, now stationed at St. Columba Church, Ottawa, Ill., recently visited at the college. Judging from Father Dunn's appearance, work in one of the largest parishes in Peoria Diocese agrees with him. We earnestly hope his work will not make him a seldom visitor to his Alma Mater.

VIATOR'S CONTRIBUTION

Below is a partial list of Viator's contribution to the nation's cause. Whether in France or in the training camp we feel certain they will distinguish themselves as true sons of Viator:

Rev. H. A. Darche, 1st Lieut., U. S. Navy.

Rev. W. J. Stephenson.

Rev. J. L. O'Donnell, 1st Lieut., 2nd Ill. Regt., Camp Logan.

Thomas J. Finnigan, Battery D, U. S. Field Artillery,
Somewhere in France.

Emmett W. Flynn, M. O. T. C., Fort Riley, Kansas.

Wm. Senesac, Co. L, I. N. G., Camp Logan.

Emil Kehich, Rainbow Div., Miniola Camp, New York.

Imas Rice.

Viator Burton.

Emil Derr, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.

John Gallagher, Quartermaster's Dept., Camp Logan.

Theodore Montroy.

Douglas Montroy.

Robert Glenecke.

Walter Krampf, Aviation Corps.

Charles Walker, Port Royal, S. C.

Hilton Nichols.

Earl Boland.

James Dougherty, Fort Sheridan.

Edw. McShane.

Edw. O'Connor, 2nd Inf. I. N. G., Camp Logan, Houston,
Texas.

Jno. Oakey, Leon Springs, Texas.

Edw. Murphy, Des Moines, Ia.

Lawrence Dondanville, Des Moines, Ia.

Justin Legris, Co. L, I. N. G., Camp Logan.

William Bayer.

Major-Captain James Burns, Camp Logan, Texas.

George Rooney, 2nd Inf., I. N. G., Camp Logan, Houston,
Texas.

Wm. I. Walsh, 2nd Inf., I. N. G., Camp Logan, Houston,
Texas.

Myron J. Wilson, Range Detach., Co. L., Paris Island, S. C.
Clement Hagerty, Kelley Aviation Field, 125 Aerial Sqdn.,
San Antonio, Texas.

Alfred Houlihan, 1st Wisc. Cav., Waco, Texas.

Forrest Houlihan, 1st Wisc. Cav., Waco, Texas.

Martin J. Mentgen, Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

John Casidy, Fort Russell, Cheyenne, Wyoming.
Ignatius Marcotte.
Maurice Godin.
Milton Morrissey.
Hillary Clemens.
Richard Shields.
James Sweeney.
James Carrol,
H. Klops.
Jerry Lynch.
Harry Steinbach, United States Navy.
Roy Arseneau, Co. L., I. N. G., Camp Logan, Texas.
Wm. Sammon.
Ralph Heffernan, Lieut., Q. M. C., Camp Grant, Rockford,
Ill.
Wm. Lenihan.
Donovan Riordan, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Jerry Garrity, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Donald Somers, Rainbow Div., U. S. Artillery, Miniola, New
York.
Jno. Healey.
Wm. O'Hara, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Yvon Dandurand.
Edw. Lebeau.
Francis Hughes.
Edw. Gareau.
Edw. Schovin.
Edward Houde, Camp Logan, Texas.
Matthew Kilbride, Signal Corps.
Wm. C. Walsh, Great Lakes Training Station.
Jno. Claysmith.
Richard O'Hare.
Gustave Starr.
Tim Curtin, Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill.



SOCIETIES

Seniors.

On September 26 the Golden Jubilee Class held its first meeting. Unforeseen circumstances have reduced the membership of the first class of the college to eight members, but nevertheless, the spirit of the class is undaunted. At the meeting Bernard J. Mombteau was chosen to succeed Emmet W. Flynn as custodian of the class funds. The seniors have already begun work on extensive class activities and we know from past experience the year is going to be a live one.

Juniors.

At the first meeting of the Junior class held September 25, the following officers were selected: President, Thomas P. Kelly; Vice-President, J. Joseph Smith; Secretary, Myles J. Hoare; Treasurer, J. Robert Elmslie. The membership of the class of '19 is identical with that of the Golden Jubilee Class and although the reputation of the Seniors will be difficult to equal, yet we feel certain that the Juniors will battle bravely for first honors.

Sophomores.

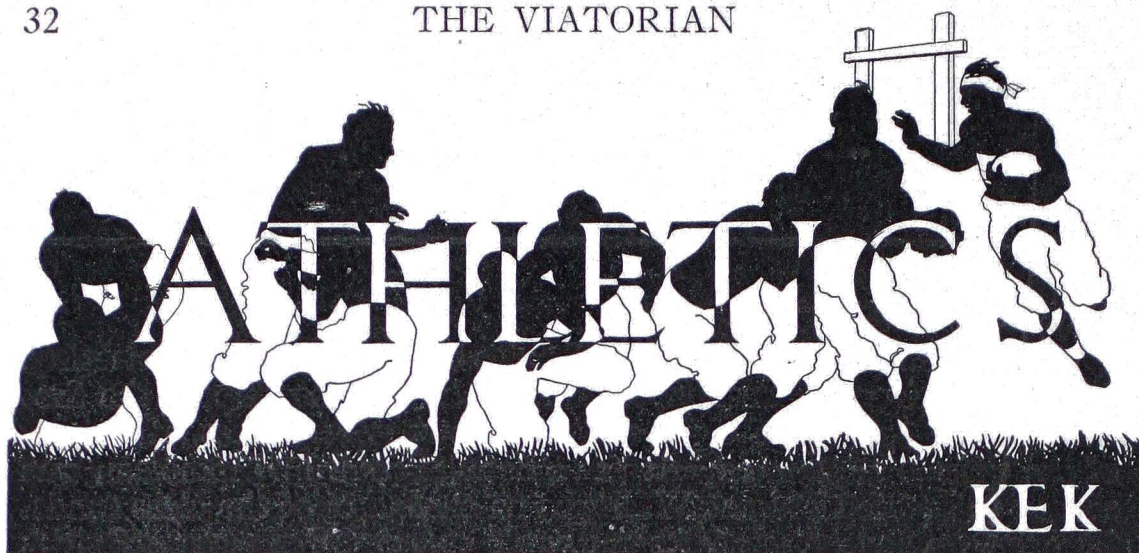
On September 24, the "peppery" Sophomore class met. The result was an election, the following officers being elected: President, F. Gordon McDonald; Vice President, Louis V. Dougherty; Secretary and Treasurer, Benedict A. Connor. Nine members of the old class have been enrolled. One recruit was added to their ranks. Sophomores, you fairly radiated "pep" last year. Let's go again!

Freshmen.

In the senior study hall on September 29, the largest Freshman Class in the history of the college was assembled. Made up almost entirely of new members the class showed excellent judgment in choosing as their leaders: Joseph Sheen, President; Richard Fitzsimmons, Vice-President; Glenn Powers, Secretary and Treasurer. Owing to the scarcity of time the meeting was adjourned. The Freshman will meet in two weeks. Welcome Freshmen. May you remain organized till the end.

Senior High School.

The Senior Class of the High School department met September 28th. The only result of the meeting ascertainable was the selection of the following officers: President, Urban Berry; Vice President, Enishia Meers; Secretary and Treasurer, John Madden.



HEAR YE! HEAR YE!! Let's all turn our good ear to the press for a minute or two and talk about the athletic situation. Every year at this time we experience an acute attack of that mysterious malady, which when thoroughly diagnosed, is said to be nothing but a scrimmage attack of overheating of the gridiron. We simply cannot get along without it and even though some of the football men are experiencing sprained shoulders, torn ligaments, and broken dates, it must be said that fall weather would not be fall weather were it not for football.

Now, there's not a student at St. Viator College who isn't interested in football, that game of all games, and the entire student body is more than anxious that we have this year, a whirlwind aggregation that will wipe up the dust with the scalps of our opponents. But this desire is more difficult of realization than most of us think. To stand on the side lines and watch your own team rush an opposing aggregation out of their wind is indeed a most delightful sensation, and no doubt we shall have that feeling this year, providing we all do our little bit.

The task that remains before us is one of great importance. There are two main lines which we may pursue in order to make this a banner year in athletics. The first line of action directly concerns those of the student body who are physically fit to get out on the field and permit themselves to be taught the rudiments of football. Whether a man has had previous experience or not has nothing to do with the case. This fact was demonstrated in the remarkable success achieved by several fellows who went out for football the first time this year and are turning out to be first rate line men. So now, if we are able to do anything at all in the line of athletics let's get out on the field right away and lend our aid to Coach Keefe and the squad. We've a capable, heady coach who is competent to fill the position of head instructor, and it is up to the student body to furnish material for a million dollar team.

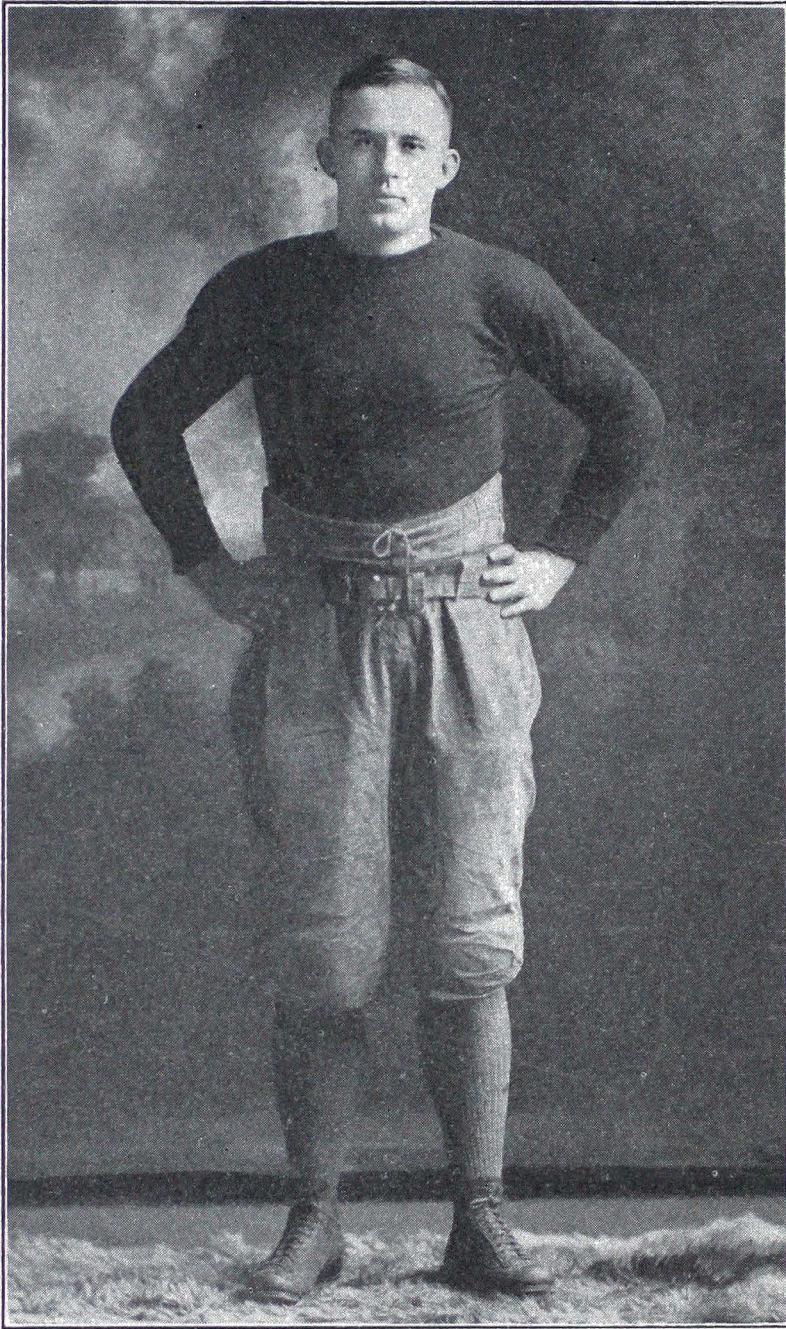
As for the other means of making a winning team a reality, much

should be said. The great important factor that the rest of us must contribute is that of lending our untiring aid and support to the team in season. This is no new thing, and no doubt we feel inclined to say that the old line sounds familiar. But, there is always room for improvement, and even though we did boost to the utmost last year, why not gather new recruits and try to outdo the achievements of last year. So from now on the byword in the Viator cantonment must be "LOTTSAPEP." We've got to BOOST, BOOST, and then BOOST if we are to have a great football team.

WE HAVE WITH US THIS EVENING: Mr. Emmett Keefe, former Notre-Dame star and All-American tackle, who is now in charge of athletics at St. Viator College. It seems unnecessary to tell of Coach Keefe's capabilities as a coach, because he proved to be one of the most reliable and versatile football men the country has ever seen. The results obtained by the coach after having coached the local squad for the past few weeks are nothing short of marvelous. The student body pledges to Coach Keefe their loyal support and will do whatever is possible to make this, the Golden Jubilee year for Viator, the greatest year in athletics as well as in other lines.

Judging from the wealth of material at hand, we should have a team this year which will equal if not outdo the achievements of our last year's eleven. Although not one of last year's men is back in uniform, yet there are several of the stars of former high school teams and also men who have had experience in other colleges. Such men as Lynch, Freebury, Berry, Francis, Corbett, Connors, Fitzpatrick, and Cavanaugh, who have shown their ability on former lightweight teams at St. Viator, need no recommendation, for previous showings have convinced all that they have the stuff. Among the newcomers are Meers, Frundell, Daughton, Delaney, Hoare, Nichols, Griffen, Quigley, McDonald, and O'Connor, who look to be likely Varsity material. A tough schedule awaits the squad and it will be no little task to put the entire list of opponents on the shelf. Manager Kelly has arranged the schedule and although he expressed regret that more conference games could not be secured, yet the list of games indicates many hard battles ahead of the men.

At the meeting of representatives of the Little Nineteen Conference, Manager Kelly brought up the question of arranging schedules and it seems probable that a more systematic plan of arranging games between conference teams will be adopted soon. At the present time our school has experienced considerable difficulty in getting games with the desired teams, and consequently, the question of awarding championships has not been entirely satisfactory. It is generally admitted that our team of last year was undoubtedly the most efficient in the state and should have been awarded the championship. To avoid controversy over championships, and to provide a satisfactory manner of arranging schedules, an inelastic ruling should be adopted and will probably go into effect in the near future.



COACH KEEFFE

ST. VIATOR, 19—WHEATON, 0.

On Saturday, October 6th, the Viator football squad, numbering thirty-five men, marched out on the field to capture the goat of the Wheaton College team. Everyone was anxious to see the way the home team would act in the first game of the season, and it was not long before the onlookers were convinced that great was to be the groaning on the part of Wheaton once our men got started.

The first half was a draggy session; neither side doing anything in the scoring line. However our men were not exerting themselves to the utmost on the offensive, but on the defense our linemen did the work of giants. At no time were the visitors able to budge our stone wall. Connors and Delaney at guards with Meers at center held the bridge at bay while Galvin and Carey, our husky tackles, knocked the opposition dead with their heady work. The Viator team seemed to be toying with the visitors at all times and our goal was never endangered.

Finally, at the beginning of the second half, the home boys had become nicely warmed up, and Captain Francis gave the signal for fireworks. Freebury grabbed the ball on the kickoff and calmly proceeded to run through the entire opposing team for a touchdown, thus registering the first point of the game and the season as well. Berry kicked goal. After that everything was soft sailing for us. Forward passes were shot out right and left with a Viator man always found ready to nab it. Berry and Fitzpatrick negotiated a series of aerial routed gains which netted a total of about fifty yards. Lynch and Fitzpatrick duplicated the trick and had the visitors guessing whether they were playing football or basketball. Francis, Lynch, and Freebury plunged through the Wheaton line at will and made long gains. Freebury soon made another touchdown and a few minutes later Lynch added another six points. When Referee Hagerty announced that the game was over the score stood 19 to 0 in our favor. Everyone was satisfied, even the Wheaton bunch feeling that they got out of the fray quite luckily with only a small score defeat. Not a man on the home team was injured, and all are in ship shape for the hard games on the schedule.

<i>St. Viator, 19</i>	LINEUP	<i>Wheaton, 0</i>
Meers	C.	Conley
Connors	R.G.	Polk
Delaney	L.G.	Assin
Galvin	L.T.	Elvach
Carey	R.T.	Smith
Corbett	L.E.	Vining
Fitzpatrick	R.E.	Meade
Berry	Q.B.	Miebold, Capt.
Lynch	L.H.	Atwood
Francis, Capt.	R.H.	Brown
Freebury	O.B.	Kirk

Touchdowns—Freebury (2), Lynch. Goals—Berry. Referee—Hagerty. Head lineman—Smith.



Glad to see you.
When did you get in?
Back to stay?

—and the ball starts rolling for another successful and prosperous year. We surely like to put the new students wise, but it's a hard proposition sometimes.

"Yes, the Varsity will wear suits again this year."

"No, the Aerial Corps couldn't use you."

"Yes, we have games at home—that's the idea of the gridiron."

"No, that's only Tom Marron."

Camile Louis Bernard is with us and somewhat famous from the fact that he has expounded several valuable theories on etiquette. Red and Nish both disagreed with him, however on Section VIII, Rule 9, referring to the reservation of "Extras" and ever since Camile wears a very unnecessary expression at a certain table. We're all for you, Cam, but don't make those horrid faces.

INDOOR AND OUTDOOR SPORTS.

Fat Mullins (wearing that automatic non-sinkable, quick detachable bow-tie) doing the military dip.

Owczarzak and Pio Montenegro arguing about the war.

The new profs. being directed to 129 for information.

Verifying Sociological reports.

Driving the foreign legion.

Marteno's Jazz band.

(6th censored. See T. E. S.)

Ducky Conway, who for past three years has achieved unparalleled Thespianic fame for female impersonations, has been honorably discharged from that high office. This year he will perfect something more difficult—that of playing a double role in one and the same (not different) melodrama, combined with a heavy thinking part between the acts.

Play practice is about to begin to commence (?)

E. G. C. dashed down to a dance

But was gazed upon with scorn.

“You birds can bet some class I’ll show

When I get my uniform.”

—But ’tis “Roomered” (although it’s a vacant room) that there will be no more permissions to Saturday night dances in Kank, since we have them every week (and quite weakly) on those aforesaid and selfsame Saturday nights. Where do we have them? Why, in the Gym, of course.

FROM THE SHOULDERS UP.

Prof. Shea (in English class): “What is a compound sentence?”

“A compound sentence is something that does not occupy space.”

—and after the algebra class:

“The only thing I don’t understand about that stuff is the letters.”

A LITTLE MORE SPECIFIC.

Mr. Joseph Marron—“Would you please insert this on Thomas’ account?”

MORE GRIEF FOR THE STUDENTS.

Formerly we had only the wire to dodge when coming in at night. Then the midnight son dial was introduced. Now it’s the new Dublin mail box.

Mombleau and Roche seem to see a mysteriously humorous connection between a certain freight train and a suit of clothes. Leave us in on it, Mose, or we might ask L. D.

Watch your step in the refectory hereafter, Mike.

What claims did you file for exemption from military training, Jim?

Pressed for time to go to press.

Ah well, surely.