

The Viatorian

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Alma Mater Speaks

I AM YOUR COLLEGE; I am a teacher of American Catholic youth, and as such I clearly reflect the character of true Christian manhood. To my portals come the youth of many lands to seek culture at my shrine and to drink deep of the vivifying draughts of knowledge. And they are not disappointed, for they receive freely of my maternal bounty; and going forth, they court success in the various duties to which Nature and Nature's God has called them. They are the joy of my heart, they are my crown of glory. I am their good mother and they are my devoted sons. With the proud mother of the Gracci, I, too, am proud to say to the world, "These are my jewels."

If my temples are such that they inspire the good, the beautiful and the true, it is because my sons have made me a thing of grandeur. Yet, I am more than wood and stone—I know not time or space, for I am the composite soul of Christian Principles.

Lincoln Medal Essay

To stimulate interest in and perpetuate the memory of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the Illinois Watch Company of Springfield, Ill., is conducting an essay contest among students of the High Schools of the nation, the subject being any phase of Lincoln's career.

This contest is part of a world wide movement to gain a concept of the tremendous achievements of the Illinois "rail-splitter." The award to be given in a bronze medal, upon which a reproduction of Douglas Volk's famous painting of Lincoln has been sculptured by Charles Louis Hinton. Herewith the Viatorian prints an essay by Joseph McGovern, which has been judged by the professors in English of St. Viator Academy to be the best submitted, carrying with it the award of the Viator Medal:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, AMERICAN STATESMAN

Joseph McGovern, Acad. '24.

While reading through the annals of history, we come upon the names of many great men, men who have been Saviors of their country and champions of their nations cause. In the course of our study we find the names of such men as Caesar, Napoleon, Washington and many others, but few of these noble statesmen can well be compared to the great American statesman, Abraham Lincoln. He was one of the greatest figures, perhaps the greatest, in the history of the world. He stands alone in his type without comparison.

Born in Kentucky on the edge of civilization he was the son of a poor frontiersman. His birthplace was a humble log cabin consisting of only one room with a huge fireplace at one end, before which young Lincoln spent many long hours in study. His schooling was meager. He attended school for only a few months each year, sometimes being deprived of this privilege. The greater part of his education was obtained in his home. He read, "Lives of Washington", "Jefferson", and the works of Shakespeare, also reading any other literature which came within his reach. He was on the most part self-educated. In his early life he was employed as a clerk in a country store, where he received the name of "Honest Abe". Simplicity and humility were characteristics of the life of Lincoln.

His early life had much to do with the molding of this great man's character. He was big, standing over six feet and extremely thin. His features were irregular, but strong, express-

ing an indomitable will. He was slow, irresistible, and immutable. He was slow-thinking, slow-moving, and immovable in his opinions. No one ever saw the equal of this man's personality. It was said of him that "he had the people". People loved him. They could not resist a love for him because of his wonderful personality. Another characteristic of this great man was that of humor. Humor was his chief light weapon of defense or persuasion. Along with this was the gift of poetry, and story telling which drew people to him more forcibly. Considering his environments, this great leader's character has never been equaled.

Lincoln's early public life was much like his career of later years. During the Black Hawk war he served as Captain, rendering the utmost of his efforts for the service of his country. Later he was a partner in the concern of "Lincoln and Herndon, Lawyers". After practicing law for a time, he was considered the strongest jury lawyer in the state of Illinois. He served four times in the Illinois legislature and one term in the United States House of Representatives.

The political life of Lincoln was seemingly short but very colorful and with many great acts which will keep him fresh in the memory of his countrymen. When he was designated by the Illinois Republicans as their candidate for the senatorship he forcibly gave his views on the existing situation in Congress. His stand was, "A house divided against itself cannot stand, I believe a government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free". And his plan from then forward was to change this situation.

Everyone has heard of the Lincoln-Douglas debates. In these Lincoln completely overwhelmed Douglas, in his appeals to the people and as a result he was elected to Congress.

The time brought in the great era of the career of Lincoln. When he was considered as a possible candidate for president, he soon rose in favor and gained recognition in the North. He was later nominated by the Republicans as a candidate for the presidency. He soon attained his height for he won over his opponent by a large majority and was soon to be the next president of the United States.

At the time of his entrance to office the dogma of slavery was highly exalted. It was a practiced means of attaining wealth, in the South Lincoln soon showed his stand concerning slavery. His plan was State Emancipation with compensation to the owners. In his inaugural address he proved that the separate States of the United States cannot secede. (This address is considered one of the great utterances of the Fathers of the Nation)

At the time of the secession of the southern states, war was

evident. On September 22, 1862, President Lincoln issued the Proclamation of Emancipation, informing all regions, "that slaves would be free January 1, 1863 unless they ceased to defy the authority of the United States." His principal was not one of abolition but one of emancipation in rebellious regions and as a new measure of war. This brought forth the Civil War.

As the great war settled upon the land, this dark cloud throwing its shadow on the nation, seemingly to test the strength of the Union, the President did not lose his usual calm. He still remained in his state of modesty and calmness. At this time there were many who tried to instruct the President in the course to take. But he could not be driven, or persuaded to abolish his own principles, yet he was the friendliest and most easy-going of men. He still held his policy of, "with malice toward none, with charity for all". He was striving for the freedom of the negro: he was the champion of Emancipation!

When the great war had nearly been won, and the slave had acquired his freedom, Lincoln was re-elected for a second term. His office had been accepted and he had taken up his official duties when the Nation was stricken with a terrible grief. Lincoln, the President had been assassinated by an enemy in a theater, where Lincoln was seeking innocent enjoyment. Thus ended the life of a great man, a great American statesman.

Lincoln died, but his deeds lived after him. Lincoln was criticized during his career and after, but instead of decreasing, he has gained in the admiration of men. He was a living example of the efficacy of moral suasion and gentleness as auxiliaries of force and arms; his life was told in a single sentence of Garys' Elegy, "the short and simple annals of the poor". So let us not forget this great man, the Savior of the Nation, the Emancipator of a race, but let us live by his example, and profit by his words, "With malice toward none, with charity for all".



PATRIOTISM

Edward O'Neil, Academy '25

In order to see patriotism more vividly and to understand it more clearly, we must know its meaning and definition. Patriotism may be defined as an inborn love for one's fatherland, and if necessary the offering of one's life for its defense, ideals and principles. Patriotism is the love of one's fatherland, which is as natural for the son of his native land as it is for a child to love its parent.

When life is breathed into our mortal bodies, with it, is patriotism. It is a little spark placed in the hearts of every individual; as we grow older in development, this little faint spark gradually expands into a raging flame of love for fatherland.

This little spark has the powers of leading men to go through physical suffering and mental strain, because deeply enplanted in their hearts is the unperishable love for their fatherland.

It was such a spark, such a flame, that lead Washington to suffer untold agonies in Valley Forge. It was such a flame that prompted Nathan Hale to renounce his life in defense of the secrets of his country. It was such a love for fatherland that prompted Kosiusko to drop on the battlefield in defending his country, Poland, and the poet to exclaim "Hope for a time bade the earth farewell; and freedom shrieked as Kosiusko fell". "Breathes there a man with soul so dead as never to himself has said, this is my own, my native land."

Without a shadow of doubt; a nation that has been so unfortunate as to lose its ideals, high principle, and inspiring traditions; that nation is dead.

Take away patriotism, and you remove from memory all the glories of heroic deeds on the battlefield, therefore you rob a nation of its very life, its very soul and all possibilities of regaining it. Take away patriotism and you deprive humanity of the opportunity of becoming heroes. It is in these characteristics that a nation lives, thrives and flourishes, because a nation has the power of living only in the unforgotten heroes whose memories will live on the pages of history and in the memories of its traditions. Take away our Revolutionary War and you tear out the sweetest pages of our history; obliterate our Civil War and you bury deep in oblivion the names of men who were willing to suffer and even die for the ideals in their hearts, the principles they thought to be true.

Patriotism does not only consist of love and devotion to one's fatherland, but also, it requires and demands sacrifice. It does not necessarily mean that a nation or country must be free and independent to be capable of enjoying the life of patriotism; history furnishes abundant proofs to the contrary. For instance, the Irish who, for the last eight hundred years, have been continually struggling for existence and independence, but still their name is unblemished by the Mighty Sword of John Bull. They united in their great sorrow, combined in their strength and the fires of patriotism, welded them into one united nation.

Ireland, fighting for its independence was a living nation. Ireland struggling against Mighty England held the attention of the world. Ireland oppressed, had the love and sympathy of the universe. Her sons were national heroes, her daughters and mothers patient heroines. No task was too arduous that was done for her advancement. No pain was too severe that was suffered for her cause and no sacrifice was too complete that was undergone for her freedom.

But when peace was given to them, this isle of saints, scholars and heroes, and the oppression of tyranny was removed, what happened then?

Her sons and daughters turned against each other. Discord and domestic strife tore apart the united Ireland of but a few days before. All the interest in her cause, all the love for her children was turned to cold disregard, nay, even bitter disdain for the heroes of yesterday. But remember, there is more honor attached in fighting for a just cause than gaining a victory, but there is dishonor in not having the backbone, the courage, the spirit to fight for the country that God gave you for your fatherland.

None of us will ever live beyond the short span of life that God has given us. Our earthly existence will be terminated by a short span of years. The failing clods of earth will be the knell of all our mortal deed, except those born of higher principles and heroic sacrifice.

"Man does not live by bread alone, but by every thought and action done for his God," his fellowman and his country. To live long after the grave has swallowed our mortal remains, we must do more than eat, and sleep, and exist. Perpetual life in this world, long remembrance in minds of peoples and cherished love of nation can only be attained by him who is willing to sacrifice his all for the good of his fellowman.

When, on the fatal night in Ford's Theatre, the pistol of Booth, spat forth death for Lincoln, it meant that it was the moment of his birth for the Ages, and Christ, if He had not hung

midway between earth and heaven on the cross and given His life for poor humanity, would not have been so beloved by a suffering world.

You must see my point: the battlefield is indeed a field of death, but it is also a cradle of birth. What Mother is there who does not glory in the death of her valiant soldier boy? What son, would be so base as not to be willing to die for his fatherland? And what nation would be so low as not to cherish the memory of that soldier boy who gave his life that his fatherland might live?

If such a mother does exist, if such a son is in our midst, and if the United States should forget her heroes, then let them adopt the principles of Pacifism, and seek out a love in which to live, where there is no flag, no history, no traditions, no patriotism, no God!

* * *

DESIRE

Could I, O Sacred Heart Divine,
But speak my souls desire
I'd tell the world, my love for Thee
In flaming words of fire.
Or could I make the canvas show
Thy tender care for me,
I'd paint it with a master's touch
That all the world might see.

Could I but mould my thoughts in song
I'd sing Thee psalms of praise,
Each one on wings of melody
For love of Thee I'd raise.
Could I but ply with magic skill
The sculptors wondrous art
I'd make the marble breathe a prayer
Unto thy Sacred Heart.

Or Could I build a temple grand
With vaulted dome and spire
I'd build a fane from earth to sky
To reach my souls desire.
But since my talents are so dull
And wondrous deeds not mine
I'll make my heart a trysting place
A place for Christ Divine.

J. A. W.

Quentin Durward

An Appreciation

Francis W. Barton, Jr., Acad. '25

Quentin Durward, is a romance novel, written by Sir Walter Scott, the great English novelist and story writer. This story deals with the days of Robin Hood and the period in which the nobles had such a great part in the formation of English history. It is a very splendid piece of work, in fact, it is a masterpiece in the light of a descriptive essay. His descriptions while at times, not historically correct, are indeed to be marveled at. While the settings of the different scenes seem to fit the types of characters found in the novel. He has not as strong a background for his novel as Dickens in his "Tale of Two Cities." He has by the proper manipulation of events and scenes, brought before the reader's mind a weird sort of a conception of the terrifying bandits and outlaws led by "The Boar of Ardennes." This conception to the reader seems to form a very weird and strong emotional background for the story itself.

The characters in this romance seemed to have been picked by Sir Scott with the greatest of care and thought. The hero of the work is described to us as a youth of a very tender age. In his descriptions of the youth, the author seems to have left absolutely nothing to the readers mind. He is to be highly complimented for the manner in which he brings forth the adventurous nature of the hero. He does this in wonderful descriptions such as, his swim across the stream, and his heroic work in the rescue of the king from the encounter with the wild boar in the woods. In these descriptions one may easily see the natural Scottish inclination for adventure so prominent in the character of the hero of this romance.

As to the story itself, I according to my own personal tastes, can not really say that I enjoyed it. To me there seemed to be a little too much description. The story really did not hold my attention as have other novels by the same author. There seemed to me to be too much unnecessary change of circumstances that did not have any very particular bearing on the plot itself. I am under the impression that the author for some purpose that I cannot comprehend, attempted to make "much ado about nothing", in other words I think that the plot of the story was a plot of more or less simple nature, and the author attempted an elaboration by using a large quantity of unnecessary descriptions. These descriptions were indeed splendid, but it is often said that "A good thing may become

harmful if abused", I believe that this old adage could well be applied to Quentin Durward. The novel was of some five-hundred pages in length and I believe that I can truthfully say that a third of the matter was descriptive matter. That is using too much of a good thing.

The story itself deals with a young Scottish lad, who has just come to England from his native land to seek his fortunes in new surroundings. He is compelled in his travels to cross a stream and in so doing he wins the admiration of a gentleman who has been watching Quentin's wonderful swim across the stream. This gentleman invites him to come with him to an Inn which is situated near the place of their meeting. After a long conversation with the gentleman Quentin informs him that he has an uncle in the Kings Scottish Archer and that he has aspirations of enlisting in the services of this far-famed organization. The gentleman tells Quentin of the trials and of the hardships encountered in the Scottish Guards but the former seems to ignore the lamentations of his new found friend. While staying at the Inn Quentin is surprised to see what a refined maiden is serving his gentleman friend. He makes an attempt to pay this young lady a visit but she spurns his kind offer.

A few months later we find Quentin in the services of the king in the capacity of a Scottish Archer. His uncle having been successful in obtaining permission from the king for his entry. Much to the surprise of the reader as well as to the surprise of Quentin Durward we find the king to be none other than the gentleman who a few months before befriended our young hero at the little Inn, and we find the lady who was serving the king to be Lady Isabelle Croye who is held a captive by the king for some reasons pertaining to the political and social relations between the king and the Bishop of Leige. The king however, decides to send the ladies to the Bishop and due to the fact that Quentin Durward has shown a great deal of valor in a thrilling rescue the day before, he appoints him to take command of the escort. Of course, Quentin is overjoyed when he hears of this as he has become highly infatuated with Lady Isabelle. The expedition is very successful, both as a means for Quentin to receive the admiration of the lady and as a means of the ladies to come under the protection of the good Bishop of Leige. A few weeks seige is made by the "Wild Boar of the Ardennes" and the Bishop is killed in the conflict. Soon the king offers to anyone as a reward for the death of the "Wild Boar", the hand of Lady Isabelle in marriage. Quentin is overjoyed to hear the offer and with the aid of some of his friends manages to bring about the "Wild Boars" death, and receives the reward.

Of course they all lived happy ever after.

The Yellow Jacket

John R. Daly, Acad. '24

To-day in America everyone is familiar with the doings of the so called rum-runners, bootleggers and hijackers. The officers of the government are continually "on the go" after them, resorting to every means to apprehend the guilty and bring them to justice. At a period twenty years ago, when rum-running was still in its infancy, there was a rebellion in China. This and other causes led the United States government to place an embargo upon silk, and to search the ships that were to land on the coasts, in their effort to check the wave of cheap Chinese laborers who were migrating to the United States.

It was in the small town of Matzek, Kansas, that a "correspondence" love affair was being carried on twixt a certain John Case and a Louise Y'Vette. They had been children when they first met but years of study and travel for both had made man and young lady of boy and girl.

The town of Matzek was at this time preparing to welcome home a wayward son, who had gone out into the world to make his fortune, and unlike most wayward sons, had succeeded in this. He had begun at the bottom and was now President of the Peoples Trust Bank of New York City. "He" was coming home and the whole country side for miles around was aware of the fact. It was to be a gala day. The town was gorgeously decorated; and banners and flags flying from every wire, building, and window, proclaimed to the world the fact that "He" was coming back.

The day arrived and the man also came. He was a tall, heavy set man of about fifty years, dressed modestly and comfortably. Another arrived who had not been expected. On this person was the gaze of John Case centered. She was short, slim, and pretty. Her clothes were of the latest Parisian mode and correctly displayed her astounding beauty. She and her father were helped into a waiting motor and driven through the town so that all might see the "Wayward Son."

That night in the dining salon of the Crystal Hotel was a banquet given in honor of Louise Y'Vette, who had returned. John was present and while not at the table with the banker and his daughter his gaze never wandered from that beautiful face and the cool, steady gaze of those gray eyes so perfectly set like jewels in the well-moulded head of the girl. Her eyes and face

seemed fairly to mesmerize the one on whom she deigned to cast the slightest glance.

It was the following day that John Case met Louise in front of his father's bank where he had been in conference with his father and the New York financier. He stopped to chat with Louise and after stopping for a short visit with her aunt took her to the "Brass Kettle Tea Room" for lunch. They then went out to the country club and played a round of golf. The day ended happily and John enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing he was to have her for his guest at the Masked Ball on the following Thursday.

It was on the following day that a large, high-powered car drove up the street and stopped in front of the Crystal Hotel. John saw the car and although he had never seen one before that resembled it, he was not perplexed by the fact that it contained a short, fat, almond-eyed gentleman of the Orient and his Chinese chauffeur.

He thought he had seen the man before and finally recognized him to have been a depositor in the Bank when he had been in the town before on short visits or business trips. His deposits had been made under the name of Ling So Moi. As Case waited for his mother to complete her shopping he noticed a black form being carried from the Hotel by four small 'chinks.' They lifted this bundle into the car and after bowing to Moi climbed in and at his word the car sped away. Case thought little of it until some ten minutes later when he encountered Mr. Y'Vette and was questioned whether or not he had seen Louise. Then almost immediately the facts seemed to dawn upon him. It was Louise who had been kidnapped.

It was the next day that a sorrowful father and a dejected young man sat in the former's private car on their way to New York City. John Case was to stop off in Washington and Y'Vette was to go on to New York and set a score of Burns detectives on the trail of Moi and his accomplices.

Three days after he arrived in Washington, John Case was on board the west-bound Century Limited. He conceived a plan and intended to see it through. He arrived in Los Angeles on the following Sunday and left immediately for the docks, where he boarded a sight-seeing boat for the famous Submarine Gardens of Catalina Island. Once on board Case carefully scrutinized every passenger of the boat, that he might be sure of the company with whom he was associated.

A tall, gangling man under a black derby was seated next to him in the boat. He introduced himself to Case as Mr. James Mitting of Newbech, Kansas, and the little lady on his right as, Mrs. Grey, his widowed sister. They both told him of their

purpose in traveling to California: to see the famous Submarine Gardens. Case little thought these people would later prove of great assistance to him.

In the far West, especially in California, one is not surprised to see Chinese and Jap laborers anywhere. On the float were a number of these men, who, although resembling strongly the coolie were dressed in American togs in a cheap but very comfortable manner. One of these 'chinks,' Case noticed, scrutinized him particularly well but he little imagined it to be Ling So Moi himself who had heard of his movements through his spies and felt that he could not miss the opportunity to get him out of the way.

The boat had traveled approximately half the distance to the Gardens when a ripping noise was heard and the pilot told everyone to get into their life vests. He headed the boat toward the nearest island and beached it on a coral reef about fifty feet from shore. The boat stood in about four feet of water. Case knew that the intervening space of water would be about twenty-five or more feet deep but he cared little. Tying a rope around his waist he dove into the water in an attempt to swim to the Island.

He had covered about half the distance when something grazed his legs; something sharp and cutting; something alive and moving at express train speed. He guessed it to have been a sharp stone that he had probably passed. Just then he rejoiced as he put down his feet and found they rested on solid ground or rather rock, the island having been built by that wonderful little animal, the Coral Polyp. Time and tide had aided in the building up of this small island which was now fertile with tropical vegetation. Case fastened the end of the rope onto a stump and after drawing it up tight signaled to the occupants of the boat to come ashore.

Mr. James Mitting came stumbling through the water bearing in his arms the small form of Mrs. Grey and gently placed her little body on the ground.

John Case started a fire of drift wood he had gathered while the party had been coming ashore. Walters, the pilot of the boat, had brought with him some dry clothes and some scanty provisions that were carried on each boat in case of such an accident. The pilot also brought with him a suit of greasy overalls for Case that he might not catch cold.

After the change had been accomplished all the party except Mrs. Grey set out to find, if possible, a spring from which to obtain water. They had built a fire but it was slowly dying out. Case, Mitting and Walters, the pilot had ascended the hill and turning saw Mrs. Grey replenish the fire with wood and

then lay down to sleep near its golden blanket of heat. The three then drew to keep the center of the island while Walters was to cut obliquely to the right and the first one to find water to return to the three oaks and whistle as loud as possible.

Walters had started and Case and Mitting had gone about five hundred yards when Mitting called a halt. He got his breath and the journey was again resumed. Of a sudden Case saw before him a small verdant valley covered thickly with underbrush. They turned to the right and presently found a trail. This path cut through the thicket and had been used up until lately, as was clearly shown by the foot prints that covered the damp clay path. They broke into an inclosure, in the midst of which was a small stream. To the right, near a large bush was a barrel partly sunken into the ground from which trickled cool, clear, and crystal water.

Case and Mitting then turned back and were met by Walters, near the three oaks. He had seated himself in the shade and from the expression on his face one could tell that he was sorely in need of sleep. As the other two came up he arose and told them of the sound that called him back to the meeting place. Just then Mitting, who had been looking about, called the attention of the other two to an apparent island or rather volcanic upheaval to the East. It resembled a large rock with a rounded top. He immediately gave it its name. The glare on the rock of the sun imparted to it a reddish hue and in fitting the words to the eyes he called it "Red Top."

The call Walters had heard was the steady chugging of the motor boat and thinking he might obtain passage for them on it he had hurried back, and tried to hail it as it passed far out at sea. It had contained three men but beyond that he could not tell anything. They then descended to the beach where they noticed the clothing to be scattered and upon investigating found Mrs. Grey to have been murdered. There was a hole through her neck. It was about the size of a lead pencil but square in shape. Mitting and Case examined it and came to the conclusion she had been stabbed. There was no footprints in the sand near the body and no knife could be found so that the theory of suicide could not be advanced. Meanwhile Walters had returned to the spring and was now returning with a can full of water for drinking purposes. He suggested that the body be buried and immediately designated a spot around a small jutting piece of rock, where a sandy plot was level enough and high at tide to keep it from being wet. They dug the shallow grave with shovel-shaped boards.

That night Case was startled in his sleep by a cry but on

arising could not find Mitting next to him where he had been asleep. He shook Walters who was laying on the right side of him not three feet away. Walters did not stir to the touch of Case's large hands and, when Case rolled him over he saw blood trickling from a wound in his neck. Walters, too, had been stabbed and, as Case thought, Mitting kidnapped.

He arose and began to pace up and down the beach like an infuriated beast held at bay by the dogs, until, when near the rock he thought he heard a cry, muffled, but nevertheless it was someone crying. He climbed around the rock and there he saw Mitting bending over the new grave weeping convulsively. He began to retrace his steps but a command from Mitting brought him to the little mound of sand under which reposed in its final sleep a human body.

Mitting, when told of the murder of Walters, asked Case if he had any firearms or weapons by means of which they might protect themselves. Case replied in the negative whereupon he told him the whole story and fixed a theory in Case's mind.

The person who had played the part of the old lady was George Mitting. It was his son, only twenty-four who was the most clever of all Secret Service Operators in disguising himself so as to relieve all suspicion. They had both been assigned to a smuggling case and had found their trail to terminate near Los Angeles. They had most probably been found out and were to be killed one by one to the last. Mitting then produced a pair of heavy 45's and handed Case the one that had been the means of protecting his son. He instructed Case to be careful and if he shot to make everyone count.

The theory Mitting told Case was: Walters and his son had been murdered by members of the smuggling gang. These men had gotten out of the motor boat to stab them while they slept. These murderers Mitting believed were Chinese from the weapon they had used. It was a long square dagger.

Case and Mitting then buried Walters and returned to the smouldering fire to sit, pistol in hand, until dawn when they went off to the spring to get water. They bathed their faces in the cool, refreshing waters and had filled the can when Mitting took both pistols and Case the can of water to carry back to the fire where they planned to have a cup of coffee.

The two had traveled to the spot marked by the three oaks when three small "Chinks" suddenly stepped out with rifles leveled and commanded them to halt. They did, and sat down. One of the men shot his rifle three times as a signal and after about three minutes they all heard the steady chugging of a motor, and a boat came into view. As it drew into the beach

a small man attired in dark knickers and a yellow silk jacket jumped out and came walking toward them up the hill. As he advanced Case identified him as Ling So Moi. He approached them and as Case figured, meant to search them.

Case had set his can of water on the ground and as Moi got within about five feet of him sprang for his legs. Moi went down, and together they fought for the upper position. When at last Case looked around for Mitting he was nowhere to be seen. Suddenly three shots rang out from the thicket and the three "Chinks" pitched, face forward, to the ground. Mitting then re-appeared carrying the smoking pistols and as he did, Case managed to extricate one arm and hit Moi a blow full in the face which stunned the "Chink." Mitting then bound Moi and together they carried him down to the boat. This they started and, determined to find out what "Red Top" really was, headed that way.

They were only about three hundred yards off shore when a splash indicated to them that their prisoner had escaped and plunged himself into the sea. Immediately the churning of the water told them Moi had been torn apart by the sharks that infested these waters. A circle of blood and numerous bubbles of air arose to mark momentarily the watery grave of Ling So Moi.

They neared the island and Mitting headed the nose of the boat eastward around it. Presently in the side of "Red Top" they saw a volcanic upheaval that had been hollowed out to serve as a storehouse for silks and opiates to be smuggled into the States.

Inside it resembled a huge warehouse. On one side of the canal the shelves were stacked high with silk and drums of opium and heroin. On the other a neat looking apartment, provided for those who stayed on the island. In this apartment Case found Louise Y'Vette. Thither she had been taken by Moi who had intended killing Case and then forcing her to marry him.

After a hasty survey of the cave the three got into the small launch and set out for Los Angeles. There Case disclosed to Mitting that he was a Secret Service Operative, who had been sent to find Louise Y'Vette.

Louise and Case were married that afternoon in the rectory of St. John's Church with James Mitting and his brother as witnesses.

Mitting had men sent out to blow up the island of "Red Top" and as soon as this was completed he and Mr. and Mrs. Case set out for the East on a combined honeymoon and business trip.

The Horrors of War

George W. Jones, Acad. '25

The general topic of today is Pacifism. This word has several meanings. One is: "To destroy all implements of war, scrap all navies and disband all armies, in fine(to abolish all warfare." Another definition is: "To settle all national differences by arbitration. Thereby lessening the possibility of even defensive warfare."

I am for peace. If you will have it so, I am a Pacifist. But it must be said that a peace loving man is not a real American? Am I to be considered less American, less loyal to my country and a moral coward simply because I believe that the differences of nations can and should be settled without the horrors of war? I think not. I am against war, because wars are accompanied by devastation, ruin and destruction. War is the source or cause of physical and mental pain to such a degree that Sherman's definition of war is only a shadow of the reality. I am against war, because it is unchristian, and is contrary to the teachings of Christ.

It is the spring of 1914, and we are over in Sunny France. The landscape has the appearance of one great masterpiece of art. In this picture we see many quiet and peaceful hamlets. Near one of these villages is an aged couple leisurely resting beside their cozy little cottage. Out in the field is their only son happily doing his work. There comes to our ears the faint tinkling of the bell of the grazing cattle. The background for all this is a blossoming orchard giving forth its sweet fragrance into the balmy air. What a scene of happiness and contentment? In this land, there are many cities. Here and there is activity, hustle and bustle. Every one is rushing back and forth. Many of the nations leading politicians may be seen here giving their best for their country. Farther on we see the factories and the working men coming and going. But there is yet much to be seen. The magnificent buildings and the cathedrals of exquisite designs. The most glorious of all is the Cathedral of Rheims. The masterpiece took men countless numbers of years of hard and delicate architectural work to complete. Throughout the land it is a scene of a thriving, happy and contented people.

We skip a year or two and stand upon the docks of New York in April, 1917, and what a different scene greets our eyes. Here an army is embarking for foreign shores. One hundred thousand and more have been called and have responded. These

are America's manhood, in prime of life, all stirred with life's ambitions. There are men here from every state of the Union. Men whose eyes had feasted upon the wonders of our golden west, whose ears had listened to the music of nature's sweet melodies, and to the voices of dear ones. Men in whose bodies there thrills the song of life's activity. These men; America's best are now parading down Broadway to the boats and they are given a rousing sendoff by a monstrous crowd, and well they deserve it, too, for it is they who are making the supreme sacrifice.

Time again flies and the storm clouds obscure the sunny skies of France, July, 1919. What a change has come over the scene of Sunny France. The peaceful hamlets are no more, for they are but a mass of ruins. The little cottage is only a shack for it too has been destroyed. The old couple are sad, weary and heartbroken as they kneel beside a white crossed grave with tears streaming down their wrinkled cheeks for the son who sleeps beneath the sod. The field where once he worked is now devastated and looks as if Mother Nature had been made angry and had tried in one great upheaval to destroy the nearby and surrounding land. The once beautiful orchard is now but a scene of charred and splintered stumps and no longer does it give forth its sweet fragrance to the air, but the stench of decaying unburied flesh. Where once there stood thriving factories, there remains but broken shattered and destroyed buildings. The majestic spires of the magnificent buildings and churches are but ruins now. The Cathedral of Rheims the masterpiece of all that took men countless number of years to build has been destroyed in but a few moments time by the merciless destructive God of War. The sight of all this destruction palls us and we return to our own dear native land, where nature still smiles and man's handicraft is unharmed by the demon war. What do we behold? The transports are docking at the wharfs and America's pride, America's hope, her manhood is returning from the fields of battle, after the war is won, and the world made safe for democracy. The world made safe for democracy, but Oh! God, at what a cost? Many of our men are returning helpless, unable to take care of themselves. Some will never again see the wonders that nature has performed or the golden faculty of listening to the music of nature's sweet melodies or again to the voices of their dear ones. Their souls no longer are filled with life's ambitions for they, like the Cathedral of Rheims stand on the battlefield, as gaunt spectres, testifying that war, the mighty demon of destruction, does not respect the temples of God, whether they be of stone or flesh. It is necessary for me to sadden you by reminding you that over 95,000 of our boys are sleeping in Flander's Field? Must I startle you by recalling that the best specimens of manhood, that the world has ever seen came back to us cripples, shell shocked,

armless, legless, and human derelicts, and why? Simply because with all the progress that man has made he has failed to learn the lesson of settling international disputes without war. God never intended it to be so. Man unlike the rest of animal life was not given claw, horns, or poisonous fangs, as a weapon of defense, but God made him a thinking, reasoning animal and endowed him with intellect and judgment the only and final force to settle argument. Christ came to teach the world the doctrine of happiness. He came to bring peace to the hearts of humanity and to the thrones of nations, and with a pathetic warning voice did he caution humanity: "He that taketh up the sword, shall perish by the sword." I have not the knowledge nor power to offer the world a substitute for war, but I believe that when humanity will have come to its senses and accepted the great Christian principles of peace, the great principle of justice, and the God-like faculty to forgive, will the world settle their differences without the destruction of land and homes, the shedding of human blood and the loss of life.

* * *

PARTING

It is the end.
We have come to a halt,
Have crossed another span,
Life stretching out before us,
Penseroso and Pan.
We come to the world's great vistas,
Cast moistened eyes ahead
To the rainbows and the laurels
Each visions for his head.
Those who gave us vision
And fashioned out the road
Remain behind to aid the new,
To lighten their youth's load
Of mind, their youthful wills unbend.
But for you and I and springtime—
It is the end.

W. N.

The Character of Macbeth

Thos. Meehan, Acad. '24

Macbeth was a general in the army of King Duncan, his cousin. He distinguished himself very brilliantly in a battle against the Thane of Cawdor. This act won for him the favor of his cousin, the King, who summoned him to the royal presence. While making the trip to the King's Palace, Macbeth and Banquo, another General, came upon three witches in a forest. The first of these hails him and says, "Hail Macbeth, Thane of Giants." The second hails him and says, "Hail Macbeth, Thane of Cawdor." The third says, "Hail Macbeth, who shall be King hereafter." They also hailed Banquo not as King but as a father of a long line of Kings.

Macbeth and Banquo continued their journey to the palace thinking not of what the witches had said. But when King Duncan made him Thane of Cawdor and Glamis he wondered if the last was to be fulfilled. He was a very ambitious man and desired to become King of all Scotland. But alas, his ambitions seemed to be shattered when the King appointed his son Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland, thereby making him heir apparent to the throne.

After the appointment of the Prince, Macbeth discusses the situation with his wife, who is almost as ambitious as he. It is here that they plot the murder of Duncan. Their plan is much benefitted by the King deciding to stay at Macbeth's castle for a night. Macbeth and his wife prepare for the coming of the King, and then dismiss all their attendants.

The King arrives and is graciously received by both Lord and Lady Macbeth. During the night Macbeth, after much deliberation, slays the King and his attendants. The whole country grieves over the death of Duncan and his two sons flee the country. Macbeth makes it appear that they committed the murder. He is then proclaimed King of Scotland.

He then becomes jealous of Banquo for the witches had said that Banquo would be the father 'of a long line of Kings.' He becomes so jealous that he plots the death of his best friend and his son. Banquo is killed but his son escapes death and later becomes King.

After a very harsh reign of about two years many of the noblemen became dissatisfied with Macbeth's rule and fled to

England. Among these was a certain Macduff whom Macbeth disliked. Macbeth ordered Macduff to be executed but finds he has fled the country. The wife and children of Macduff are slain. Macduff obtains aid in England and with the help of Malcolm returns to Scotland to conquer Macbeth. Upon hearing this Macbeth retreats to his large fortified castle at Dunsinane. The forces of Malcolm surround the castle, but Macbeth flees pursued by Macduff who challenges him to a duel. Macbeth is slain and Malcolm is crowned King. Thus ends the reign of a man who sought a great ambition by unlawful means.

Macbeth was a naturally good man but the influence of his wife together with his own ambitions far overweighed his good motives. This is easily seen when he is about to kill Duncan; his conscience tells him not to, but his wife overrules him saying, "You are too full of the milk of human kindness."

There are many points in favor of Macbeth, one of which is that he was the lawful heir to the throne as well as Duncan. The old King Duff had no sons but he had two daughters, one, the mother of Macbeth, the other, the mother of Duncan. When the King was killed in battle Duncan was voted successor to the throne although Macbeth had the better claim since he was the son of the eldest daughter. This aroused a natural jealousy in Macbeth toward Duncan, for he had usurped a throne which was rightfully Macbeth's. Macbeth did not forget this, and his wife, who was ambitious to become queen, constantly reminded him of this.

On the other hand Macbeth had many inexcusable failings. His worst and most vicious failing was that he was too ambitious, which influenced his heart in such a way that no obstacles, even murder could deter him from his maddening course. To have ambition is a good thing, but to disregard the rights of your fellow men in your attempt to gain your ambition, is fatal. This was Macbeth's great failing, for he disregarded the rights of his fellow men in his attempt to gain his end. The more power he received the more power he desired; even after he had murdered Duncan he was not satisfied. He craved greater power and distinction. His own castle at Inverness was no longer suitable for he built a larger one at Dunsinane, which he made the Scotch nobles pay for. He never regarded the rights of others but was always seeking for the betterment of himself.

He was very selfish for he expected the Scotch people to do everything for him, and to expect nothing in return for their gratitude. He was also very ungrateful. He showed this very plainly when Duncan made him Thane of Cawdor and Glamis, and in thanks he gave him death.

He was extremely superstitious for he believed what the three witches had said would surely come to pass. He also believed that no man would be able to kill him for he thought it impossible that any man could not be unless born of woman. He positively thought it improbable for Birnam Wood to come to Dunsinane, but the army of his bitterest enemy concealed by boughs of forest trees, were his undoing. He was superstitious to a fault and believed that the witches word would not fail.

Macbeth was a coward both morally and physically. This may be proven by the fact that he would always commit a crime to get out of another and shows that he was mentally weak because he was afraid to acknowledge his wrong and accept the blame for the wrong he had done. He was a weakling and when Macduff informed him that he was not born of woman, he gave up in despair and died as he had lived, an object of pity.

His was a hardened conscience for instead of repenting for this crime he had committed he would commit another to satisfy his fears and distractions, and if anyone dared to suspect his misdeeds to him he would have them killed. His will was wavering and irresolute for at times he would be a very kind King, but at another instant he would be overcome by his fancies and since his conscience was bowed down by countless numbers of crimes he lived in constant fear and suspicion and finally died in utter despair.

He was ambitious, ungrateful, selfish, and took little or no heed of his fellow men, and as he lived, so he died, followed by a remorseful few, hated by all, an example of the ruination of a soul, through the unrighteous desire to satisfy the cravings of unholy ambitions.



The Futility of War

John J. McAndrews, Acad. '25

As we read over the pages of history, we are astonished at the innumerable wars that have taken place. The cause of all these conflicts was that the very principle of war itself is unjust. Now go back as far as you wish, what disputes were ever settled by war? It might have crippled your enemy, or settled the affair for the time being, but sooner or later the bitter feelings enkindled by the demon war will burst out into flame.

War, the mighty monster, is the parent of hatred, which is continually reopening the sores of nations; for as soon as those oppressed, gain sufficient strength, they are going to join hands with the demon war and with hearts full of revenge they will hurl themselves against their mighty tyrant. History is constantly repeating itself. In the Franco-Prussian war, France suffered a terrible humiliation and was forced to pay a large indemnity to her mighty enemy, Germany. Nevertheless they did not change the opinion of France, but only implanted this cause deeper in her breast. The hatred that was inkindled by this war became so intense that in less than fifty years war again broke out between France and Germany over the same old affair. Furthermore, look at the enmity that exists between our own dear country and our motherland, and why? Because by the instrument of arms we obtained our freedom from Mighty England. Moreover, another example of the futility of force was shown in the World War. The Stars and Stripes entered into this great conflict in order to make the world safe for democracy; although the Caesarism was curbed, yet Europe is in more of a turmoil than ever. Now can it be truthfully said that the destruction of beautiful countries, the loss of property and life will justify the lesser evil: that of an imaginary national insult. Surely the life of the assassinated prince was not so precious and of such importance, that it required the lives of three million men to atone for it. Thus we might go on and on with such examples, but it is not necessary. But it can readily be seen that war, instead of bringing peace, rather sows the seed of discord, which usually reaps a plentiful harvest of racial hatred.

Since war has completely failed to cure or to abolish any worldly troubles, it cannot be considered a remedy for peace. For a prescription that is taken to cure a lesser evil but results in a greater evil is no remedy at all. Nevertheless the civilized nations of today are blindly staggering from peace rather than

towards it, in their attempt to apply the old remedy: "Might makes Right".

Now those that adhere to war or those who rely upon the sword to maintain their rights shall perish by that very sword, for this only verifies the statement of Christ, Our Lord, who has said: "He that taketh the sword shall perish by that very sword." Take, for instance, Babylon, Greece, Rome, all these have conquered by the sword and at one time or another ruled the world with an iron hand, so much so that all the nations bowed before them, yet all these have perished. Furthermore history tells us that instead of Peace and happiness reigning in the midst of these great empires, that they were continually in an uproar with rebellion. This constant uprising was due to the fact that these mighty tyrants were forever infringing or encroaching upon the rights of smaller, helpless nations, so much so that these little countries were continually throwing off their heavy yoke to the mighty tyrant "Might is not Always Right". Now there is an old adage that says "By physical stress you can compel a man to do a thing, yet you cannot make him think as you do". Moral persuasion only can make a man see and acknowledge the truth.

It surely is not complimentary to a man's intelligence for him to say, "I am mighty and powerful, and with my muscles and hands alone do I prove and obtain my rights". So it is with nations, war is a physical contest between two forces and it is only logical to say that the stronger overcometh the weaker. But does it necessarily say that the weaker has been in the wrong? Emphatically NO. If this was so then hats off to Germany for she had the right idea that the world should be governed by militarism. Moreover, according to this then, the poor little unfortunate nations such as Ireland, Switzerland, and Belgium have no power and are always in the wrong, but mighty England can subdue or vanquish any of these, yet she is always right. Furthermore, what chance have these little, insignificant nations if their differences are to be settled by the stern arbitrator, war. Just because a powerful army and a wonderful navy is supreme on land and seas, it does not follow that she is infallible. Nations are like individuals who can and do swell up with importance. Furthermore, the mighty are easily offended, but the smaller nations have to accept all kinds of insults and injustice simply because they're too weak and too small to defend themselves. Since only the mighty can have rights, then God help the poor little fellow. Now with a nation it should not be "How big or how powerful I am", but rather "How right and just I am". Strength counts nothing, for we all know that the baby in the cradle, although helpless, has as many rights as the giant who strides o'er the earth.

The best conclusion that can then be drawn from war is that it is the principle method of pre-historic man who, to settle his differences and to assert his rights, used his club instead of his head.

Moreover, war is not only useless, but also self destructive. In the World War, property and lives had no value whatsoever, whole nations were completely wiped out, while thousands and thousands in the bloom of humanity were mowed down like weeds. All Europe was left in such a turmoil that it will never completely recover from this great disaster. Now since war is only a false prescription for peace, we are bound in conscience to use the only true remedy which is to appeal to man's reason. It would be far better for nations to suffer a little humiliation rather than to exterminate one another. The average individual of today is forced to hang his head in shame at the way civilized nations of the present time settle their disputes. Oh, God! If men would only use their reason they would soon find out that the pen is mightier than the sword and that it is far nobler to settle their disputes by arbitration rather than by brutal warfare. What a shame it is to think that the gift of reason with which God has crowned His masterpiece is so useless.

O War! War, thou hideous monster that scorces this fair world with thy poisonous breath; that comes stalking among men, destroying the happiness and prosperity of nations, and breaking homes and hearts, transforming bridal veils into widow's weeds. When, oh when will thy gluttonous desire for blood be satiated? Must all the marrowed-bones be whitened in their graves and the warm, red blood of youth be flowed, before thou are appeased? God forbid. Oh, Prince of Peace, look down upon thy children and instill into their hearts, those sentiments which will give glory to God and peace to men of good will.



ET CETERA

WHY STUDY THE CLASSICS?

J. Edwin Foster, Acad. '25

Nearly every student of High School English seems to have an aversion for the Study of Classic Literature, whether it be in the form of the novel, poetry, or the drama. They think that there is neither sense nor utility in this particular study, either because it is old or lacking in "the blood and thunder plot". It is probable that the very fact of Class study causes them to lose a true appreciation of the works of Shakespeare, Dickens, Longfellow, or any other author whose works are held up to us as models. Let us briefly consider a few of the practical benefits that high school students derive from a thorough acquaintance with the masters of the pen.

The study of the classic in general means the reading of the more polished or artistic kind of written compositions; and the study of Classic Literature is limited to prose works and poems that are worthy of being handed down to future ages. By reading these works of both modern and ancient times we become acquainted with history and we are brought into contact with the noblest characters of the past. Besides forming a friendship with the children of imagination, we imbibe the noble ideals of the great minds who created them. This close contact with such characters has a powerful influence over the mind of the reader because of his natural tendency to imitate what he sees or reads.

From the study of classic literature we not only learn to appreciate the works of the best authors, but by them broaden our education, and facilitate our powers of conversation. Besides this, there is also to be considered the great pleasures derived from our reading. We are delighted with the beautiful thought therein expressed and the pictures so graphically drawn before the imagination. We suffer ourselves to be carried to the places where the principle scenes have taken place, drinking in all their interest and beauty. We study the characters of the imaginary persons about whom we read, and for the time being, we live their lives, share their joys and sympathize with their sorrows. Unless their ideals are of a high and elevating type, we shall not be benefitted by studying them.

We may mould our own undeveloped character after some noble ideal, by carefully studying and reading their lives. We

often ask ourselves why things cannot be as they are pictured in some beautiful poem. Take *Evangeline*, for instance. How beautiful and inspiring are the characters described in this classic poem! When reading it, we feel inclined to imitate the noble conduct of these brave men and true-hearted women.

Another very beautiful poem is Tennyson's "*Idylls of the King*." The different types of characters described in this poem form a very interesting and useful study. We find various kinds of people described, and in fact almost every type that we are likely to meet in real life. Some are pure and holy, others proud and haughty, while others again are struggling with many and bitter temptations. The thoughts throughout, are expressed in cultured language and ornamented by many vivid figures of speech.

In Shakespeare's lofty characters we find that many are eminently worthy of imitation; and especially those that represent the history of the time in which they lived. On reading of their noble lives and valiant deeds, we feel an ambition to imitate the many exalted virtues which they are supposed to have practised. As we glance backward over the past ages and consider lives of the celebrated writers who have left us such a rich inheritance in the writings called classic literature, we fully realize the truth of those words: "Souls grow greater looking toward the past."

THE FIVE O'CLOCK RUSH

Only those who have been in the business district of a large city between four and six o'clock can appreciate the meaning of "the five-o'clock rush". Let us stand on the platform of a "loop" station of the Chicago elevated as the clocks of that city approach the hour of five. The clang of the cashier's register is faintly audible as the thousands of men and women thrust their fares in the pigeon-hole and scurry out on the platform. Yes, scurry, like a multitude of rats, because it is impossible to walk leisurely and there is not space enough in which to run. As the train noisily rushes in and its doors are flung open, the eager home-seekers force their way or are forced into the car. The guard adds sanction to his smothered cry, "That'll be all," with a slam of the doors and a sharp tug at the signal bell. The over-crowded train immediately whirls away with its daily load of homeward-bound passengers, hungry, tired and foot-sore. Such is one phase of "the five-o'clock rush."

—George R. Ohlheiser, Acad. '25.

WHAT I CONSIDER THE GREATEST INVENTION

For several centuries the world has given birth to an almost indefinite number of marvelous inventions, many of which have influenced the tide of civilization beyond all conception. The question often arises, which of all these inventions is the most important. Which has the greatest effect on the present times? If such a question were asked of me, without much hesitation I would reply that the automobile is the masterpiece of man's inventive genius. I believe that besides being the invention of inventions, it has a more tremendous influence upon present day conditions than any other.

We shall consider the automobile, first of all, as an invention disregarding all of its advantages as a means of conveyance and the enormous part it plays in the gigantic game of commerce and industry. I say that as an invention the automobile is such a masterpiece because its construction embraces every law and principle of the science of physics. We know that physics consists of five divisions, mechanics, heat, electricity, sound and light.

Let us peer into the structure of the motor-car and endeavor to verify the above statements. Commencing with the first division, mechanics, we find that the most essential parts of the vehicle, the wheels, fall under this heading. But what, in addition to the engine causes the wheels to rotate? The gears, which have a great mechanical advantage for increasing or reducing the speed of the motor. Now we ask ourselves the question that if these gears can propel the car at such a great velocity what will sufficiently overcome this speed and power to stop the car? Surely all the strength of man could not perform such a feat. No, it could not, but by means of compound levers one is able to bring the car to a complete standstill with very small amount of effort. There may be likewise listed under the heading of mechanics all of the machines pumps, cranks, belts, chains and levers. Time and space does not permit me to discuss them now.

Under the heading of heat we shall study the engine and cooling-system. We know that the engine is driven by the burning or the exploding of a liquid fuel. This fuel is atomized or mixed with air; then by putting it under high compression it is heated to a relatively high temperature. When the mixture is ignited a great amount of heat is passed on to the cylinder walls. In a very short time this heat would destroy the entire motor were it not for a cooling system. The front of the motor is furnished with a radiator and water tank. Water from this tank circulates around the cylinder walls and absorbs

the heat evolved by the combustion of the fuel. The water then returns to the radiator where it is cooled by the air which the fan draws in. It again flows back to the cylinders where the same operation is repeated.

We now turn to the electrical apparatus of the automobile. Except for a storage battery from which the starting motor receives its current, the automobile generates all of its own electricity, and even replenishes its storage battery. Therefore it is in itself a complete electric power plant. The primary function of the electric unit is to ignite the fuel. This is done by means of a spark plug and timing chain. Besides the ignition system, many other devices of the motor vehicle are operated by electricity, such as the lights, the horn, and in limousines, the telephone and the cigar lighter.

There are two divisions remaining, sound and light; but as it is very difficult for one who knows so little about them to give even a brief explanation, I will merely state what falls under these two headings. Under sound there is the horn and the muffler; and under light the lamps, their reflectors and lenses.

Although we have just given the automobile a mere glance, we have not failed to see a great number of wonderful inventions, all of which combine to make it the one great "invention of inventions." Now let us see the results of this invention upon present-day conditions, especially in the United States.

No invention of the past half century has affected the tide of civilization to such an extent as that of the automobile. When the motor car first made its appearance about twenty-five or thirty years ago it was a novelty and a curiosity. After a few years it has developed into luxury, but today we find that it is an absolute necessity. It is our modern surrey colt and heavy-duty truck horse, without which we would be at an unfathomable loss.

Let us pause to think of the tremendous industry it has built up for America in such a short period of time. Some of its manufacturing plants are cities in themselves, operating their own railroads, foundries, coal mines and even schools and hospitals. In addition to this industry there is a sub-industry which contents itself with the manufacturing of accessories and supplies. Some claim that the accessory branch is even larger than that of the main industry.

Bearing a few of the foregoing statements in mind, I deem myself fully justified in considering the automobile the greatest of all inventions.

—Geo. Ohlheiser, Acad. '25.

MY FAVORITE MOVIE

"Little Old New York"

In my opinion, a good picture is one that educates the audience as well as entertains it. The present-day movies aim to please by amusing the audience in a practical manner. As a result, an interesting picture attracts a large audience whether it contains an elevating plot or not. The average show is merely a series of incidental episodes developed to the least degree, regardless of their relation to the story. The most handsome or most beautiful person must be considered the main character. Anyone using discretion would prefer more enlightening pictures to those ordinarily exhibited. As a result a few directors realize that success lies in a production that is both educational and amusing.

Most of the movie plays follow or build up on a set plot, that is, from happiness to difficulties and then contentment. Others, such as western romances and most detective stories are often uninteresting because of the climax can be foreseen and is expected. Another fault is that the over-developed incidents distract attention from the main plot. By involving vast impossibilities of human and material nature, the interesting episodes are often so exaggerated that the play becomes uninteresting, even as far as amusement is concerned. Taking these flaws into consideration, the public demands that more attention be given to the plot and less to the unimportant incidents. As a result of their requisitions, directors devote attention to the plot of each picture and a well-developed story is the consequence. Considering the ordinary demands, I regard the picture, "Little Old New York" as the best movie I have ever seen.

Though it is a pre-Revolutionary picture, its entertaining qualities unconsciously carry the audience back to the time of its action. The historical basis is so carefully directed that one is informed most thoroughly of the life of the pioneers of the eastern states. The acting is superb for the cast is of famous professionals. Marion Davies, as Patricia O'Day is the main character of the story.

The story opens in New York at the reading of the deceased Michael O'Day's will. He was a rich merchant who died leaving two million dollars and a large estate. Being the only known relative of the deceased, John Laren and all his friends believe that he is the certain heir to the wealth left by his stepfather. Contrary to these expectations, the entire fortune is consigned to the son of Patrick O'Day, Michael's brother. In case the benefactor is not found within a year of the reading of the will, the riches are to be given to Laren.

Pat O'Day lives in Ireland in poverty and is ignorant of these riches. His son and heir, Pat O'Day, Junior, is seriously ill and is not expected to live. The sick boy's sister, Patricia, is a beautiful young maiden who is also forced to bear the financial oppression. Having not been able to pay the regular rent dues, the family has been previously admonished that unless these debts are eliminated they will be forced to leave their rude living quarters. Just at the time that they are being compelled to abandon their small cottage, a man appears who informs them of their fortune. Immediately Pat O'Day swears vengeance upon Michael and his descendants for having to live in poverty when his brother was a rich millionaire.

The family thereupon sets out for New York to claim their fortune. One night while crossing the rough and stormy Atlantic, Pat O'Day, Junior, suddenly dies. The old man, enraged by the loss of the riches forces his daughter to disguise herself as her brother and to make known that she had died during the night. Her supposed body is thrown overboard to its watery grave with very little ceremony on the following morning.

Upon arriving in New York, they go to Laren's home and find him giving a large party for the next day he will receive the O'Day millions. He is surrounded by a host of friends, among whom is Madame Geuitneau, a very aristocratic person. She is endeavoring to gain Laren chiefly on account of the wealth which probably will soon be his. Until the present time he has been so positive of inheriting the fortune that he has squandered everything except the house in which he lives. Upon the arrival of the O'Days he instantly becomes angry at the heir, but because of his culture he directs them to a room.

From then on Laren is very much vexed at the fortune of the O'Days. He openly expresses his indignation in the presence of Pat O'Day by taking advantage of her because of his superior strength. He cannot, however, help but admire the true character of the young Irishman. Consequently Pat is introduced to his friends who are very reckless but sociable. After many failures at attempting to acquire the habits of the rich, Pat gives up in despair, but remains in society where she is affectionately treated on account of her wealth.

While Pat was thus becoming accustomed to the habits of Americans, Pat O'Day, senior, was taken ill and died. On his death bed he made his daughter promise that she would remain in disguise and that she would administer vengeance to the Michael O'Day family in every possible way. Though it was against her wishes to do so, she consented to fulfill her father's dying requests. The main obstacle in carrying out these wishes was her intimate regard for Laren.

After the death of her father Pat began realizing that she alone in the world. Days of intense sorrow followed. Solitude, she found, afforded comfort so she restrained herself as much as possible from society. Whenever her sorrow was on the verge of overcoming her, she sought relief for her melancholy by playing on a harp and singing old Irish songs. Because of her well-developed voice, her singing attracted the attention of many. Observing this queer quality and many others, Laren often hinted to her, as a friend, that she often showed feminine characteristics and that he wished she would change. Naturally, their affections for each other increased.

Madame Guitneau, after hearing of the change in plans in regard to the O'Day millions, went to Europe. Upon returning, a large party was given in her honor and by the indifference in her actions she made clear her dislike for Laren. At the same time affection increased between Laren and Pat. This was shown by her alert attentiveness in regard to the Fulton steamboat. Here she willingly loaned ten thousand dollars to him for a third interest in the folly.

At the time of the journey of Fulton's steamboat, many interesting scenes were displayed. The people's regard for the invention was seen to be mere folly for they were convinced that such a contraption was impossible. Their amazement was vividly characterized at the time when the boat began to move.

The ten thousand which Pat loaned to Laren was due in thirty days. Being in desperate means Laren was willing to do almost anything to pay back this sum. Twenty-nine days had rolled by and no method of acquiring the desired amount could be designed. Thus there is little wonder why he should willingly wager his home against the desired sum on a boxing match. The contenders were the Hoboken Terror and Battling Billy Brewster of New York on whom Laren placed his lot. The fight was exhibited in a fire house. At that time, minors were not permitted to attend prize fights so Pat O'Day was forbidden by law to go to it. She knew, however, of the impossibility there was for Laren's winning and that he was thereby losing the last he possessed. Being anxious to witness the match she managed to creep into the building unobserved. She went to the bell tower of the fire house from which she could see the fight.

The crowds poured into the big room in which the fight was to be staged. Being unable to accommodate all, the officials had to close the doors against many enthusiasts.

After much delay, the fight finally started, the Hoboken Terror winning continually. The first round was undoubtedly in favor of the visiting opponent for Billy Brewster was badly

beaten. The second round showed a considerable change for the pride of New York won by a slight margin. The third and fatal round, however, was to decide for both contestants were nearly exhausted. Billy Brewster vainly attempted to win but was gradually being overcome. One could readily see that he was going to lose. Realizing that it was the only thing she could do to save her friend's wealth, Pat clanged the fire bell sounding the alarm. The people, angered and excited, instantly left the large room and ran in every direction in quest of the fire. Taking advantage of their absence, Pat tried to escape but was seen by Laren and his friends, who after reprimanding her for her actions escorted her home.

Shortly after they arrived at the large home, Pat told Laren why she rang the alarm. Scarcely had she finished relating this when the men with whom Laren had wagered the bet appeared accusing Pat of many crimes. They were followed by a mob of people who had paid to see the match. The riotous crowd was being led by the Hoboken Terror. Upon hearing their demands Laren rushed to them declaring that he had sounded the alarm. Pat, because she loved him and fearing the treatment that might befall him in the hands of the mob, came immediately after him and confessed to the angry band. Before either was given another chance to speak, the Hoboken Terror snatched Pat and carried her on his shoulders to a whipping post.

In the meantime Laren had assembled his friends to rescue Pat. She was tied to the scaffold and the huge prize fighter began pounding her with the stinging lashes of a raw-hide whip. After enduring much of this treatment she gradually lost her strength and she was hanging by her hands at the feet of the Hoboken Terror. He disregarded her pleas for mercy and never once slackened his beatings. Nor was he alone in administering the torture for the people continued to jeer at the victim.

Overcome by the torture she grew steadily weaker and was on the verge of fainting when she finally forced herself to confess in a long breathless series of short whispers that it was a girl they were punishing. The bewildered mob stood motionless. The burly prize fighter hesitated for a second and then he stepped aside. Then, as if by impulse, everyone demanded to know how it happened that she was the heir of the O'Day estate. Again they became angry and the fury was on the verge of starting anew when Patricia fainted.

By this time Laren with his small army of friends appeared and began beating off the mob. After much disorder and confusion some one of Laren's friends rescued the unconscious Patricia from the arms of the Hoboken Terror. They took her home where she recovered and rested.

The next day Patricia O'Day was magnificently attired in feminine garments. When Laren saw her thus dressed, he failed to control his senses and declared his love for her. Then, to impede their contentment, a policeman knocked at the door, showing a court summons for Patricia. She was accused of unlawfully impersonating her brother in order to acquire the O'Day wealth.

When Patricia appeared at the court house, court was already in session. The judge informed her that the penalty for the crime was death. She then related her story and by her tears and sympathetic pleas moved the jury to pardon her. Nor was she guilty for she was forced by the will of her father to act in this manner.

After the trial was over, Laren advised Patricia to go to London until gossip concerning her had ceased. The parting of these two was very sad. Laren, in a very melancholy mood, stated that the house, servants and everyone would miss her while she was away. He then added that he, too, would miss her very much. After a brief hesitation, she answered that she would miss them and him. Laren, hearing these words, decided then and there that he would not only go to London with her but through life. She consented.

This picture, in my opinion, is the best produced because of its entertaining qualities, well-developed plot and educational incidents. The manner in which Pat was introduced to the habits and customs of New York is most humorous. The whole story is very interesting. The plot is so well-developed that one is never swayed from the main idea by incidents. The numerous episodes are so relatively connected to the plot that they form an important part of the story. The customs, conditions, habits and history of the pre-Revolutionary days are presented to the audience most vividly. Historical incidents such as the story of Fulton's steamboat are made interesting by seeing them on the screen.

—B. G. Mulyaney, Acad. '23.



AN OLD STUDENT'S RETURN

I was sitting musingly at my desk in the office of the Standard Oil Co. of Mexico on the day before I was to start on my trip to Europe. Memories of the past crowded my mind. How I yearned to go back in fancy's dream! How I wished time were twenty years younger! It was now that I saw how the inexorable minute, hour, day, year, sped by, without any break, awaiting no one. I realized now what a fool I had been when, back in my schooldays, I longed for the years to go faster, the future to come sooner.

Six o'clock a. m., the following day, found me at the railroad station. I had scarcely entered a car when the train started to roll northward. The principal object of my trip was to visit some of the famous European cities. But more than all this, I wanted to see my old school, St. Viator College in the States. Fifteen short years had elapsed since I left there. I wondered how the old place looked. Would I know anyone? Was it possible that some of my old pals were teaching there? I could plainly see the gym, the beautiful campus, and the hand-ball alley! "Heavens," I thought, "how did I happen to neglect the old school all these years! Come what may, time or no time, I must stop for a short visit at Bourbonnais."

I reached the College on the seventeenth of May, 1939. As I was passing before what unmistakably was the College Chapel, I met a priest who was attentively reading his Divine Office. Naturally I stole a searching glance at him, hoping to find some familiar trace in his features. Whom do you imagine it was, but my old classmate, Rev. Father James Meara! This was a promising beginning for my little visit. Father Meara gave me a real Viatorian welcome and then we started our tour of inspection by showing me the beautiful new Chapel.

After we had made a short visit to the new Temple of God, Father Meara took me to the "Community Room"—which had been established in 1924. There I met several priests and brothers playing some games which were popular as the Chinese Mah Jong fifteen years before. After a pleasant little visit we went to supper, as it was approximately six o'clock. I thought I knew where the refectory was, but I was completely wrong. I entered what a long time ago used to be the dining room but found that it now was the College store-house. My guide enjoyed the situation as he led me to the new dining hall at the south end of the campus.

After we had eaten a hearty supper, I was brought to the new Recreation Parlor of the College. This consisted of a very large room containing bowling alleys, billiard and pool tables,

card tables and candy store. I felt quite at home among this rollicking crowd. We took part in all forms of recreation until about ten o'clock that night.

As I had wished, the first thing I did the next morning, was to hear Mass in the beautiful Chapel. Soon afterwards, I took breakfast with Father O'Loughlin, Father Stafford and Brother Manning. As soon as we had finished, Father Meara came back from his class and we decided upon a stroll about the grounds. How different everything was! The beautiful campus was twice as big as in years before; there were two hand-ball alleys now; and what I thought best of all, a well equipped and out-door gymnasium. Every boy in the College looked happy and healthy. Why shouldn't he?

The varsity players had a real baseball diamond on the new athletic field. They were getting the field ready for an afternoon game. Among the little crowd I saw two persons whose features looked somewhat familiar to me. Moved by curiosity, I asked Father Meara about them.

"Those two young men," he answered, "are John Brophy, the baseball coach, and Mr. Joe de la Fuente, our Spanish teacher. Remember them?"

"Of course I remember them."

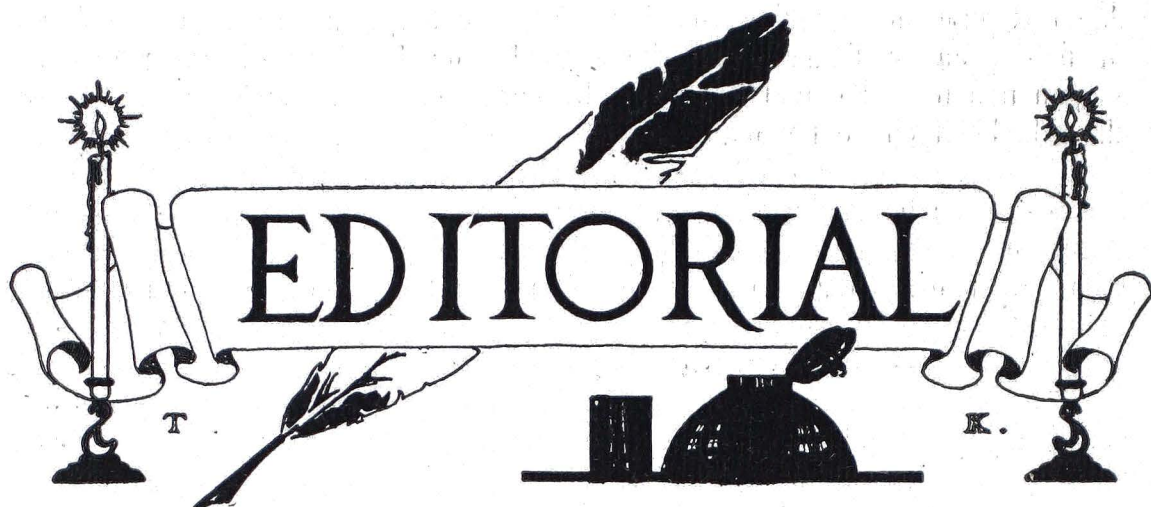
Their official positions did not surprise me a bit for I knew that Brophy had always been enthusiastic about baseball and that Joe had intentions of becoming a Spanish teacher.

We called them and talked about old times. We recalled the wonderful players and thrilling games of years before.

We had been talking for only five or ten minutes when a little boy, sent by Father Stafford, came to tell me that the taxi which I had called was waiting.

Reluctantly I bade good-bye to Brophy and Joe. To the first I wished good luck with his team and to the latter I said a few words in Spanish which closed our little interview. My most enjoyable visit was all too brief but I promised to keep in closer touch with Alma Mater in the future.

—Albert Cuellar, Acad. '25.



Date of Issue, July 1, 1924

FACULTY DIRECTOR

Rev. J. A. Williams, A. M.

EDITOR

Warren Nolan, '26

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Alumni.....Homer Knoblauch, '25	Inter Alia.....Edward Gallahue, '27
Athletics.....John Ryan, '26	Our Book Shelf....Edw. Manski, '24
Exchanges.....John O'Connor, '26	Viatoriana.....Walter Fitzgerald, '24
Bus. Mgr.....Joseph Harrington, '27Lawrence St. Amant, '25

Academy '24 This is written by a college student, a friendly observer and sometime aid of high school students for two years. It is written in a serious vein, and is addressed to high school students who are graduated this June.

Firstly, you should go to college if it is humanly possible. Edison and his ilk say many unpleasant things, and Forbes continues to extoll the self-made man in the Hearst newspapers, but the fact remains that there is still a premium on college men and that only one percent of the population of America ever got near a college degree. You may "get somewhere" in life, but you have ten times as many chances if you are supported by a college education. The writer was "out of school" for four years and he and a friend resigned remunerative positions to secure a college education, after realizing the advantages thereof.

Secondly, if you are able to go to college, you should come right back and start here at St. Viator's. There is a great transition between high school and college, often a crucial and even cruel transition, and it is best performed in sympathetic, familiar circumstances, a homelike environment and among old friends,

Also, there is not the need to accompany the difficult studies of first year college with the usual social activity precedent to acquaintanceship with your classmates; you will know more than half of them to begin with.

Thirdly, when you go to college, do not think that it is a pleasant, light, entertaining four years. You are doing it with a purpose, or you should not do it. You seek to add to your store of knowledge, but more than that you seek to train your mind, to train it as Jack Dempsey trains his body, so that when you enter the ring of life to do battle with all the intellectual and moral Jess Willards and Carpentiers who will face you, you will have the feeling of confidence which comes from a knowledge that one is equipped to meet the emergency, that one possesses the brain trained to suit the mental attitude and reactions to the presented difficulty, and solve it according to one's philosophy. Like a soldier feels when his gun is taken away, like Dempsey with those great hands cut off at the wrists, like Babe Ruth with a golf club instead of a forty-two ounce bat in a World's Series game, so is the student whose mind is untrained, whose thoughts float about aimlessly, whose mental equipment is wholly inadequate to cope with anything beyond the realm of mere mechanical memory.

Lastly, when you think, think for yourself. Develop the ideal judgment, the unbiased critical attitude, with the power to judge of a thing on its merits, without thought of its personal effect on you; and of people for their good and bad points, not their reaction on you. Accept no man's thoughts as dogma when they are opinions; discard what you honestly deem chaff, absorb what seems wheat to your mind. Live your own mental life and do not merely mirror a teacher's.

College is different from the academy; a man is not a boy.

W. N.

* * *

Together five hundred of us have walked along another year's highway, together we entered the arena, battled with the bookish lions, and now we either strike triumphantly to the queen for garlands or permit our remains to be sacrificed on the altar of intellectual advancement. In the latter case we have always the biological hope of regeneration. Fortitude, hope and optimism will aid in resuscitating next year. Scholastic accomplishments to the winds, the five hundred have come to know each other, to sing and play and work and quarrel and make up among themselves. In parting, many of these acquaintanceships will forever end; others may develop into life friendships. "My old college chum" is in many cases more than a catch-phrase. During

the happy days of Commencement, when the conquering heroes parade the forum, their laurel wreaths jauntily cocked on side of head, their coffers swelled with public adulations and family benefactions, will those heroes think of the end, of the period to the year's sentence? Though the quotation mark be the termination for many and the exclamation point for others, for most of us it is just a period, a terminal point, to be followed by other sentences, longer and shorter, in life's paragraph. Consider that punctuation mark when you receive your diploma, when you find yourself awakened by a mother instead of a priest or brother of the religious life, when you stroll down to breakfast with a sister and a little brother instead of hundreds of red-blooded young men like yourself, alive and doing and enthused with life, unconcerned with its mysteries, complexities and diplomas. Think of the end of the sentence. Then the next may be a decided exclamation point, a startling end, and epochal end.

Which ends the rantings of the 1924 Editor.

W. N.

* * *

**The Great
"Wah"**

It was with much regret that the boys bid farewell to one of the most illustrious of its members. Warren Nolan went back East to stay, and as he himself expressed it "I have learned to appreciate what we have back there." His two years at Viator was a colorful and exciting as any book hero ever deigned to be. He was a leader in every activity that prompted the social life of his associates, and a remarkable student as well. We have all learned a great deal from Nolan, and would gladly welcome his return to our midst.

As editor of the Viatorian, only those closely associated with him understood the many hours he devoted to it, and the labor of love it was to him at all times. He gave us the Periscope; in his fertile brain generated the idea of the literary, historical, and freshman numbers. Our gratitude to him is best expressed in the volume of commendatory notices brother and sister colleges in every part of the country gave to the Viatorian. Good Luck, Nolan! Your success will always be a source of joy to us. Let your letters be soon and frequent.

THE PERISCOPE

The Class of '24 which leaves St. Viator Academy this June numbers many "regulars" in its rank: students who have spent their whole four years at Bourbonnais. Many will return for College, but owing to special courses, in Law, Engineering and other bents, which they must pursue, others will enter the ranks of the Viator Alumni. They all have the good-will of their school, of their College seniors, of their teachers. With one acclaim, all cry, "Forward into a broader world! You pass from boy to man!"

* * *

For all the wonder of caps and gowns and degrees, the real joy among graduations come when the high school hands you a diploma. The student is at the most impressionable, the most sentimental age then. He remembers it forever and ever. There is usually a mother just turning gray, who crys a little in her joy; a little brother who wants to see the football players; an older sister, who views it all with a superior, nonchalant air, and speaks of "my little brother";—and a teacher who has been stern all year and suddenly waxes human and affectionate.

* * *

Donald Zunkel, President of the Academy Class, is one of the most unusual youths (for his size) that the High School has ever graduated. He possesses leadership, personality, savoir faire, strength of purpose and a sense of humor. He has always been a real character on the campus.

* * *

Thoughts on leaving school: Well, I'll soon be home at the old stand again. Guess I'll call up Mary and see about a date for the night I get home. It will be good to get home and see the folks and the old sights again—Hate to leave the old place, though. After all, I did have a good time. Nice fellows.—those meals were good and wholesome, plenty of it, too.—They did give me good treatment around there, all right.—Gee, that night Father Kelly wouldn't give me per, but he laughed and gave it to me next day.—Hate to leave, I do.—Ought to call up the girl down town and tell her I'm leaving.—Gee, I wonder what Red and Jack and Bill are doin' this summer?—Wonder if they hate to leave, too?—Oh, well, have to go I suppose.—Gee, what's this?—Only girls cry—S'long, gang! S'long! See you Homecoming! Goodbye, Father! S'long.—

A. Juliano.

One of the most prominent members of the Alumni, in a recent speech, defined the alumni spirit, as "the affectionate attachment with the school you call your own which makes it worth while in after years".

* * *

Prophecies as to future athletic lights in the Academy: Hank Haggerty, Johnnie Bowe, Rip Kellar, Pete Harrington, John Brophy, Frank Hogan. And others.

* * *

There are former students of St. Viator Academy at Yale, Harvard, Georgetown, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Notre Dame and other large universities. But the greater majority come right back to Viator for College.

* * *

At this writing the Faculty Advisor of the Academy Class of '24 is ill in the hospital. The class as individual friends and as an entity have asked that their wishes be expressed for a speedy recovery. Father Williams has been popular with the boys, his genial nature multiplying friendships.

* * *

This is the season wherein elders ask: What are you going to be when you grow up? What are you studying for? Where are you taking your college course? Don't you just hate to leave it all?

* * *

Will those who are leaving sometime think of the ones who stay behind and meet the oncoming generations of students, or will they go forth into the world and forget the men whose lives are devoted to the cause of education, the nutrition of the young idea? Men who have left the world have souls and ambitions which they strive as do none others to divert to the right channels. They see thousands each year go into the world with eyes just opening, some with eyes closed. They must at least ruminate at commencement time.

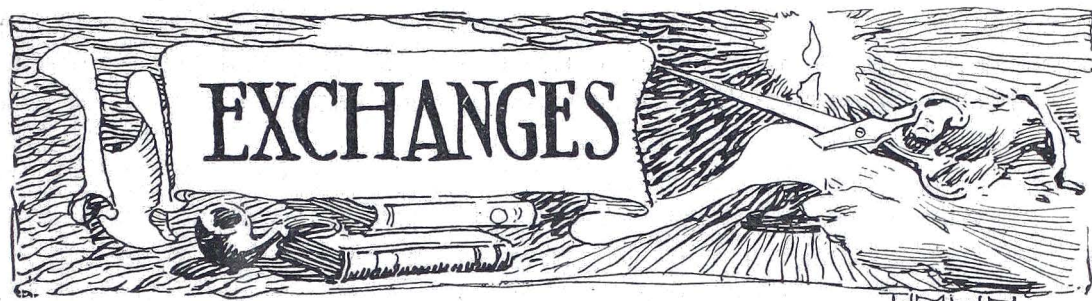
* * *

Will somebody please tell the chap who borrowed the cufflinks that he may keep them? Everyone gets sentimental about this time.

* * *

As the final word of the Periscope during the fiscal and physical and metaphiscal year 1923-24, may we not express a personal hope for the success of each and every Academy graduate? We hope they will remember that they learned the size of the world at St. Viator's, that their view was broadened, their contact with fellow-men increased. Success! Hail and farewell!

W. N. '26.



Further comments upon the 1924 Viatorian:

La Petit Seminaire, Quigley Seminary, Chicago, Ill. Few of our exchanges have such uniformly good prose as *The Viatorian*. In most cases a simple, forceful style characterizes the essays. "The Secret of Kipling's Power" is a well-knit and smoothly-running essay, giving us a clear-cut picture of Kipling and a worthwhile appreciation of his style. The style is admirable. The criticism of "Carlyle's Essay on Burns" is another commendable article. In fact each essay shows a thorough understanding of the matter and a skillful presentation of it. Among the poems, "When Winter Comes" is outstanding. The book reviews are comprehensive and intelligible. The Literary Number is the most excellent issue of the *Viatorian* that has reached our desk.

The Megaphone, Cathedral School, Indianapolis, Ind. The various interests and activities of collegians are covered in a newsy, informing way. Its departments are almost perfectly balanced and edited. "The Greatest Thing in Life," a prize story, is more than a story. "The Periscope", a department, has a wide outlook—pity it is not longer as well. The *Viatorian* is in its forty-first year, being antedated in Catholic magazines only by the *Georgetown College Journal*, *The Fordham Monthly* and the *Notre Dame Scholastic*.

The Periscope, Subiaco College, Subiaco, Ark. In the Literary Number, the *Viatorian* has achieved something exceptional, even for a publication of its unquestionably high rank. To label an issue "literary" is venturesome; it certainly tends to put the critical reader on his guard. We candidly admit our suspicion that the perusal would be disappointing; and we gladly add that the suspicion proved to be a rash judgment. The contents were read with much more interest than those of the Historical Number, valuable though the latter must have been to the patrons of the school. The leading essay, "Romeo and Juliet", was charmingly done. It shows that novel, or at least novelly presented, lights can always be thrown on an old masterpiece. It further shows what an incentive to appreciative study the seeing of such a masterpiece creditably acted can be to the student. Carlyle on Burns and the "Philosophy of Pater"

were other exceptionally good ventures in criticism. The writer of "Construction or Destruction?" seems among otherwise judicious observations, to have overstated the tendency toward destructive criticism in our times. The leaning seems rather toward leniency in the book reviews, and also, we think, in books of criticism, except perhaps where the writer's pet theories are disregarded. "When Winter Comes" is decidedly our pick of the poems. It is really a notable composition, one which in meditative construction (not in style) smacks Wordsworth. But the title, though appropriate, loses effect from recent over-use. In small space and with crisp and telling sentences, the Viatorian renders justice to its many exchanges. We deem the humor section inferior to the rest of the issue. The jokes are not more than commonly funny; some few are too labored. Yet it must also be said that there are a few real gems which greatly advance the average of the aggregate.

The Wag, Routt College, Jacksonville, Ill. The Viatorian is well planned and quite literary. In our criticism of the Viatorian last year, we remarked: "not so literary, but possessing more of the school spirit". This year, however, the mixture seems to be in the right proportion. We were sorry the Literary Number excluded fiction. The choice of subjects in the issue was, perhaps, open to criticism, but the articles were handled in a very erudite manner. Although the article on "Divorce" must have required extensive research, we question the literary value of the statistics. The writer of "Carlyle's Essay on Burns" understands his subject and writes his appreciation in an intelligent manner. Verse is good and abundant. The most interesting department is "The Periscope". It was even better in the Historical Number. Its conductor is evidently the possessor of a keen observation and a fluent style, but also seems to be afflicted with Pessimism. "Viatoriana" seemed to contain some original and rather clever nonsense. 'Fac et spera'. Hoc Fecimus et speramus optimum.

Fleur de Lis, St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. The November issue of the Viatorian, the literary magazine of St. Viator's marks a new innovation in the policy of this publication. The magazine is smaller in size, appears monthly and devotes more space to college and campus activities. The change in policy was adopted only after the matter had been thoroughly discussed by those concerned.

The Purple and Gold, St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt. We have at hand a copy of the Viatorian which comes to us from Bourbonnais, Ill. It is in our opinion, worthy

of much praise, its only fault being that it seems a little too serious. The insertion of a few short stories would make a better balanced magazine, we think. We found in the Viatorian several essays of merit. "The Secret of Kipling's Power" and "Carlyle's Essay on Burns" represent the cream of the collection. "Maneuver," and "When Winter Comes," two poems by J. A. W. appealed to us very much. A snappy humorous column brightens up what we term the wee bit too serious atmosphere of the magazine.

St. Cyril Oriflamme, St. Cyril College, Chicago, Ill. There are many contributions of real literary merit in the Viatorian. Chief among these are: "Romeo and Juliet", a skilfully written, convincing discussion of the dramatic worth of Juliet; the "Secret of Kipling's Power", an orderly and logical presentation of the reasons for the enjoyment the author derived from the reading of Kipling's short stories; the "Philosophy of Pater", which by reason of its polish and charm, we rank first among the contributions in this issue. The humor is not so humorous in this issue but the other departments are well handled. On the whole this number confirms our opinion that the Viatorian is one of the most literary and well written magazines on our exchange list.

The Cascian, St. Rita College, Chicago, Ill. December issue—"The Viatorian" presents a neatly arranged magazine of high standing. The make of the edition is very pleasing. The tribute to Francis Thompson does honor to the author of "The Hound of Heaven." We would suggest that more space be devoted to fiction and poetry. Perhaps, too much of the "chronicle" would render the magazine uninteresting to those not directly connected with the school. We were pleased with The Viatorian and hope to see it continue its good work.

January issue—We have the Christmas number of the Viatorian, a fine specimen of College journalism. "The Greatest Thing in Life" is indeed an excellent story. We believe it is one of the best we have had in school work. Perhaps there is too little space devoted to fiction in the contents. Christmas Day exhibits a truly Christian sentiment. "Our Own All-American Selection" was novel and amusing.



Msgr. Shiel beloved son of Viator, returned to his old home on **Festivities** Tuesday evening, May 20, when he received one of the greatest ovations ever accorded an alumnus or officer of the College. A committee of the faculty, including the President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary of the College, met his train and a motor parade from the station in Kankakee to the College ensued. Torches lined either side of the main roadway to Marsile Hall and behind the torches stood thick lines of students assembled to pay homage to one of another decade whose heart was still with them. As the limousines bearing the honored guest and his party swung into the driveway, salvos of applause re-echoed against the still night air. The newly-created Monsignor's face was wreathed in smiles as he waved to the boys, and his voice choked with the genuine feeling in his heart when he began his brief acknowledgment from the portico of Marsile Hall. "I thank you, boys, I thank you. It is like being home, being back among you," he said. Then he paused, emotion welling up in his breast. "I love St. Viator's and all its people. I am glad to be with you again", he concluded.

Father Sheridan and the College Band rendered appropriate selections, as the party entered and during the brief exercises. Cheers were given for the Monsignor by the students, for another distinguished guest, Father Kirley, former President of the College; and for the absent Father Bergin, dangerously ill in a hospital at the time. Father Kirley thanked the boys and congratulated them on having the Monsignor with them again.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the College Chapel on the following morning, Monsignor Sheil being the celebrant Father Fred Connor, pastor of St. Peter's Church, Rockford, Ill.,

the deacon; and Father Jeremiah O'Mahoney, of the Church Extension Society, New York City, sub-deacon. Father J. W. R. Maguire, Vice-President of the College, delivered a eulogistic sermon on the Monsignor's life and accomplishments at St. Viator, offering him the congratulations of his Alma Mater upon the honor conferred by Our Holy Father upon the occasion of the creation of Archbishop Mundelein as Cardinal.

Following the Mass, a testimonial dinner was tendered the guest by the President of the College. The college dining halls were decorated by the students, a large face photo of the Monsignor featuring the beflowered wall at rear of his seat. Father Rice acted as toastmaster, and speeches by Father T. McDevitt, Father P. C. Conway, Father J. P. O'Mahoney, Father Stephen MacMahon and other noted ecclesiastical alumni were made. Edmund O'Connor, '24, President of the Senior College Class, read a student testimonial to the guest. In his humorous, modest way, Msgr. Shiel expressed his gratitude. Enthusiastic applause from the students greeted his rising and his close.

During the afternoon, owing to a misunderstanding with Loyola University athletic authorities, there was no baseball game. An impromptu game was organized between Alumni and Varsity. The Monsignor pitched four innings for the former; it was brought back to the minds of all present that on another occasion he had pitched for a Viator team,—when he defeated the University of Illinois balltossers years ago. Among the players were Father Louis M. O'Connor, President of the Alumni Association, Father Martin, Father Connor, Walter J. Nourie and others.

During the course of the afternoon two fliers from the United States Government Training Field at Rantoul flew to the College and performed various "stunts", which thrilled and sometimes perturbed the spectators. The fliers were later presented to the Monsignor.

After the evening meal, the guest was escorted away, amidst the most vociferous of all demonstrations accorded him during his stay. As he nodded and waved, his smile-enwreather features seemed to say, "I am 'Benny', boys, always 'Benny' to you!"

* * *

Band Concert On Monday evening, May 19th, the College Band, recently organized by Father Sheridan, gave a most enjoyable concert. The program consisted of both classical and popular numbers and the thirty-five members of the band surprised and delighted the large audience with their skill. Playing with a masterful technic, beautiful tonal quality, precise attack and consistent modulation, the young musicians rendered their pleasing program like veterans of many years practice. Between the musical numbers four of the mem-

bers of Father Sheridan's English classes delivered stirring speeches on Pacifism. Although handicapped by youth and inexperience these neophitic orators covered themselves with glory. Miss Catherine Duffin of Chicago sang several character songs in a most delightful manner. Without doubt the most enjoyable number of the evening was Mr. George Freeberg, xylophone soloist of the Scotch Highlander Band. He played several numbers, and judging from the enthusiasm of the audience and his wonderful skill he could be justly styled, "the hit of the evening."

* * *

Musical Concert Under the direction of Prof. Leslie J. Roch, of the Music Department, the advanced piano students competed for the annual Music Medal in the College Auditorium on Wednesday evening, May 21. Ralph Garza, a student from Saltillo, Mexico, was first prize winner, his selections comprising three from Chopin and one of Greig. John Stafford, of Chicago, placed second, his compositions being drawn from the American composer, Edward MacDowell. Leo Larkin, also of Chicago, was third, playing words of Brahms and Moszkowski. The judges in the Music Medal contest were Miss Beatrice Bergeron, daughter of Dr. Bergeron, of Bourbonnais, and Miss Constance E. Granger, daughter of Hon. A. L. Granger, of Kankakee, both talented artists and prominent in Chicago music circles; Rev. J. R. Plante, Dean of Studies of the College; Rev. F. A. Sheridan, Director of the Music Department and Rev. Brother J. E. Surprenant, College organist.

Augmenting the efforts of the youthful pianists, were the vocal selections of Charles Donnelly and Joseph Ambrosius, soloists in the College Choir. Mr. Donnelly sang "Just to Hear You Whisper," and "Rememb'ring." Mr. Ambrosius was in good voice in "Linger Awhile" and "When Lights Are Low," the latter being accompanied by appropriate scenic affects.

James Corbet and John Stafford opened the evening with "Dawn," from Nevin's "Venetian Suite," in an arrangement for two pianos, and Ralph Garza, Leo Larkin, and John Stafford played a three piano arrangement of "Good-Night" also from the same suite, as a finale. Announcement of the judges' choice was made by Father Sheridan, chairman of the Board, after the program. Father Sheridan took the opportunity to congratulate Professor Roch upon his success in his initial year at St. Viator's as Professor of piano, and to thank the friends of the college and patrons of music who attended the musicale for their generous encouragement throughout the year.

Mission At Springfield At the request of Bishop Griffin of the Springfield, Ill., diocese, Viatorian fathers gave a successful mission during the month of May in that city. Father Frank Moisant of Chicago and Father Maguire, Dean of the Sociology Department, conducted the mission.

* * *

Freshman Dinner The official parting of the ways for the Class of '27 occurred when they gave their farewell dinner at McBroom's Cafe on the evening of May 21. This private dinner was the crowning social event of the scholastic year for the frosh. It outrivaled their holiday function, which was also a pronounced success. It is the wish of the Class of '27 to have all succeeding freshman classes at Viator declare this event a precedent which shall be copied every year and made the greatest intramural activity of the campus.

* * *

Altar Boys Picnic Brother John Ryan and Brother Lawrence St. Amant conducted the Annual Altar Boys' Picnic to Rock Creek on May 24. A full membership of almost fifty boys enjoyed the outing. Games and a dinner and fire in the open were features of the day.

* * *

Condolences: We offer our sincere sympathy to George Gubbins on the loss of a sister.

Condolences are extended by the student body and faculty to Robert and Edward Potthof in the loss of a father and to Charles Catoldo in the recent death of his uncle.

* * *

Campus Lights Led by their diminutive President, Donald Zunkel, the Academy Class of '24 have been digging deep into the earth about the campus, under the mathematical eye of Professor Kennedy of the Science Department, preparatory to the installation of the six boulevard lights which shall constitute the gift of the Academy class of this year to Alma Mater on the completion of their four years' work.

* * *

Father Bergin The latest news on faculty members in hospital gives us the encouraging information that both are well on the way to recovery. Father Bergin has turned the dangerous corner and is walking the broad highway to complete recovery and Father Williams, despite the loss of some avoirdupois (which he owns he does not overmuch miss!) is once again his jovial self. Both Fathers endured considerable physical pain during their illnesses

THE VIATORIAN

Seniors' Memorial Day Service

In remembrance of the Nation's dead and especially in honor of the eighteen Viatorians who have given their lives in the service of their country, memorial services were conducted the morning of Decoration Day. With the flag at half-mast an appropriate program was given at the base of the flag staff in the presence of the Faculty and student body. Paul Clifford, '24, spoke and at the conclusion of his short oration the members of the Community recited the De Profundis.

In his talk Mr. Clifford pleaded for the return of peace amongst the powers of the earth. "Those who lie in France, he said, their graves all but obliterated save for a fragile cross, ask the living to desist from the frightful practice of war." "A return to Christian ideals is the means by which the appalling calamity of war can be averted," Mr. Clifford said, in concluding his talk.

The practice of honoring the soldier dead of the land on Decoration Day was begun at the College in 1922, before the bronze statue of the Sacred Heart placed on a pedestal at the entrance to the college grounds. Since that date, yearly services have been conducted and prayers have been offered for those who have been killed in war service.

The custom was inaugurated by the Class of 1922, under the leadership of Francis Laule, who served with the A. E. F. in France during the entire war. Since then, whenever possible, a member of the graduating class, who has seen service, is chosen to deliver the eulogy. In 1923 Mr. Pat Creel, who served with the Medical Corp, gave the oration. It is to be hoped that the beautiful custom of honoring Viator's Heroic Dead may be a permanent Memorial Day feature.

St. Viator's Heroic Dead

Lieut. J. P. Munday, '05, Chaplain.	Capt. H. W. Burns, '10.
Lieut. A. A. Gunderlack, '09.	Francis L. Adkins, '15.
Peter F. Boyle, '14.	Samuel N. Calkins, '13.
Edw. B. Crane, '09.	Bernard Gordon, '09.
Joseph E. Harmon, '08.	John M. Heeney, '18.
Elroy N. Langlois, '12.	Max J. Legris, '13.
Frank J. Lynch, '12.	James V. Lyons, '15.
D. J. McCarthy, '13.	Francis D. Seybert, '18.
	Maurice O'Connor, '12.

"Sweet be your rest! Our task is done;
The tramp of armies, boom of gun
And furious cry of savage Hun
Are silent now. The victory's won!
Peace to your souls! The victory's won
In Flanders Fields."

Oratory Medal A great ovation that should last long in his memory was given Jo Harrington when it was announced that he had taken down the oratory medal for 1924.

Through some tangled arrangement a very unpleasant situation was overcome by fate. Two judges declared the tall New Yorker as the best speaker of the evening, while one judged him to run third to E. M. Roy and Sarto Legris. E. M. Roy drew two seconds in addition to a best choice. This made the score of 5 points for E. M. Roy and J. A. Harrington. Two of the judges had decided in favor of the latter, while only one decided upon Roy, but the rules of the contest nullified the majority ruling, and Fate played its hand in drawing that decided the issue. Much credit must be given to each one of the entrants; Neil Maginiss, '24 gave an example of Tennessee Fire in decrying the Dollar Bill. William Neville, '26, spoke brilliantly and carried much of the dash and determination that characterized his football days; his plea for Personal Rights merited the distinction of being a close second. Sarto Legris appeared to the intellect in his presentation of a penetrating analysis of the evils that are undermining the virility of the American social structure.

* * *

Score One for Uncle Sam College wags who love to test their subtle wiles on the unsuspecting populace generally find a master when they practice their art on Uncle Sam.

It remained for R. C. Maddux a student at Washington & Lee University, Lexington, Va., to match wits with the Post Office Department recently—and he gracefully admits an overwhelming rout. So overpowering is Maddux's admiration, even in ignominious defeat, that with sportsmanlike generosity he tells the world of his own downfall.

A few weeks ago, Maddux, in a burst of creative tom-foolery, sat him down and after a few preliminary puffs at a cigarette of current popularity, addressed and mailed an envelope to:

They Satisfy
U. S. A.

Twenty-two hours later, a calm and unruffled mailman casually dropped the missive on the mail desk of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., at their Fifth Avenue office, New York City. It's all in the day's work, say the postoffice boys!

In Retrospect During the past school year, the following members of the various College classes contributed articles or were represented on departments of the Viatorian:

Class of '24: Walter Fitzgerald, Edward Manski, W. Hirst, Edmund O'Connor, J. J. McEnroe, H. Hirst.

Class of '25: Lawrence St. Amant, Homer Knoblauch, J. E. Surprenant.

Class of '26: Warren Nolan, John Ryan, John O'Connor, Soran Leahy, Vincent Pfeffer, Murel Vogel, Francis Pfeffer.

Class of '27: Joseph Harrington, William McGuirk, E. M. Roy, John T. Ellis, William Lane, Edward Gallahue, Thomas H. Sullivan, Francis Harbauer.

The following members of the faculty contributed book reviews or special articles on technical subjects:

Bro. Thomas. J. Lynch, Prof. Joseph J. Perez, Bro. Leslie J. Roch, Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, Rev. F. A. Sheridan, Rev. Richard J. French, Bro. B. L. Kirby and Rev. James A. Williams.

The following of the Academy: J. McGovern, E. O'Niel, F. Barton, J. Daly, G. Jones, T. Meehan, J. McAndrews, E. Foster, G. Ohlheiser, B. Mulvaney and A. Cuellar.

* * *

**Father Charles
Fraternity**

Perhaps there is no better way to enjoy a Holiday than to go picnicking with a bunch of boys, just free from school. As we stood at the window of our little domicile and waved a "S'long Bro" to the ever smiling St. Amant, we felt our heart travel right out to the noisy crowd of youngsters, and all day long we were with them in spirit. Then evening came, we had forgotten the picnic; a low murmuring that grew to the rythm of well regulated cheers reached our ears. All hands stood by to welcome Brother St. Amant and the finest group of youngsters that ever graced the campus. Let us listen to the good Brother's enthusiastic account:


A beautiful sunshiny day; a long white road stretching into the distance; the crunch of heavy wheels on crushed stone; a hay rack of happy youngsters; a car load of eats! What means all this? Why it's just the F. C. F.'s picnic to Rock Creek, the climax of a wonderful year's social program.

A memorable climax it was. From the exciting combat with the water mocassin which disputed our right to enjoy the water, until our safe return to the college campus, it was one


grand and glorious day. The fishermen enjoyed themselves even though the fish read between the lines. The athletes, too, had their day. The message relay was the most interesting and exciting game of the day. The boys were divided into four groups. At a starting signal leaders of each group were directed to "Carry the Message to Garcia." The purpose of the game was to instruct the boys to carry a message exactly as given and to make speed despite the obstacles placed in their way. Ritter's group came home first, but failed to bring the right message. Larkin's anchor man reached home and wrote on the sand "Is it a dago or a dagger, Yes?" which was the correct intelligence. In their haste the boys mistook the whispering of their relaying partners for the most absurd constructions of the original message. One group so distorted the original message that his side returned with "Is he a boarder or a day dodger."

To Mr. George Lehman, artist, of Cleveland, Ohio, goes the thanks of the boys for his efforts to make the party successful. Father Plant, Londroche, and Swikoski, Brothers Surprenant, Sees, Ryan McEnroe, Harbauer, Hurst and Williams were honorary guest. The Royal Mercury L. P. S. and the High Inquisitor A. O. were very conspicuous throughout the day. All the boys gave "Nine Yells" for Viator, and took a vow, if it so pleased God, they would be back to school and to the F. C. F. next year. It was a beautiful climax to one of the most successful social organizations in the school.





ALUMNI



ALUMNI; READ AND ACT

The closing of this school year of 1923-24 brings to an end the athletic careers of eight men who, for four years, have been an exceedingly prominent group in sports on field and court. They are men who have striven to perpetuate that spirit of fight that has ever been characteristic of St. Viator teams and has made them feared in victory and respected in defeat. These men "Spike" O'Connor, Tommy Jordan, John Barrett, Neal McGinnis, Bill Barrett, Wally Fitzgerald, Emmie Murphy and "Ding" Winterhalter need no eulogies to mark their departure from these halls; their deeds of courage and valor and sacrifice are the most impressive testimony of their worth.

But to convey more vividly the enormity of the loss that the athletic resources of Viator suffer it will be well to sketch in brief the achievements of these eight true Viatorians.

"Spike" O'Connor—Four years varsity football; Captain football in 1922.

Tommy Jordan—Three years varsity football; three years varsity baseball; Captain, baseball in 1924.

Neal McGinnis—Two years varsity baseball; Three years varsity football.

John Barrett—Three years varsity baseball.

Wally Fitzgerald—Three years varsity football; Four years varsity baseball.

Bill Barrett—Four years varsity football; Four years varsity basketball; All-State running guard in 1924; Interstate running guard in 1924.

Emmie Murphy—Four years varsity football; Captain, football in 1923; One year varsity baseball.

"Ding" Winterhalter—Four years varsity football; Four years varsity basketball; All-State forward in 1922.

With the largest class in the history of the College graduating this spring it is high time that Viator advantages and Viator achievements both scholastic and athletic were made known to young men of college age. St. Viator has a record in all branches of collegiate activity of which all may well be proud. Our debating teams in years past have scored notable triumphs

over Notre Dame, Detroit University and Morningside and ambitious plans are nearing completion to revive this activity next year. Our faculty numbers men of standing in their particular fields; our equipment, which is constantly being improved, ranks with the finest possessed by any mid-western Catholic college. And in the realm of sport Viator has attained heights that should impress prospective college students. Five Little Nineteen diamond championships have been won in the last six years; a record of fifty three games of baseball won out of sixty-three games played has been made; the middle west Catholic football title was won from Columbia last fall at White Sox park; grid games were staged in '21 and '22 with Lombard for the state championship.

These achievements speak for themselves; they are certain to make an impression on Catholic youths who contemplate enrolling in college next fall. Students must be obtained if Viator is to grow and progress and some method must be adopted whereby a determined drive can be made. A partial means of attaining this end is being utilized in the form of an organized student body which will disperse thruout the middle west this summer with the slogan, "Bring back a student" imprinted upon their memory. Great results should be obtained by this effort but the most effective force, namely the alumni, has never been adequately organized to carry on this work. To those hundreds of former Viatorians now out in the world this message is directed. You, the alumni of St. Viator represent a power that wielded properly would place Viator on a par with the best colleges in the middle west. During the summer months you must interest yourself in youths of college age and acquaint them with the advantages for mental and physical development that are available at St. Viator. Numbers of them must be persuaded to matriculate here next fall. Those of you who are financially situated to do so have contributed generously to the support of your Alma Mater but we call on you to do even a higher service, one that all can take part in regardless of their financial status, and that is to SEND A STUDENT TO ST. VIATOR NEXT FALL SO THAT THIS COLLEGE MAY GROW AND THRIVE AND SPREAD CATHOLIC EDUCATION AMONGST THE YOUTHS OF THE LAND.

* * *

A week or so ago we received a visit from Richmond Allen, '92. Mr. Allen is at present engaged in the mining business in Brazil, S. A., where no such bothersome things as Eighteenth Amendments, Three Mile Limits, etc., exist. Certainly must be a nice place. While here he was the guest of Father J. D. Laplante, who was a classmate thirty-two years ago.

Residents of Streator and vicinity were inexpressibly shocked and grieved to learn of the death of Raymond J. Berry, '10-'11, who died at the Detention Hospital, northwest of Streator. Mr. Berry was attacked with a bad case of scarlet fever, which coupled with a long automobile ride from Crystal Lake, necessitated by the absence of a detention hospital at the latter place, proved fatal. His passing has brought sorrow to both young and old, for they miss the cheery smile and hearty word he had for all. He grew to manhood in Streator, having been forced on account of illness, to discontinue his studies at St. Viator. He gave up farming about a year ago and since then he has attained success as a bond salesman. Besides his wife and three children, Carroll, Beverly and Raymond, Jr., he leaves his brothers, Charles of Streator and Alfred J. of Eagle, and three sisters, Mrs. John Flahaven, Mrs. Willard Flahaven, and Mrs. Otto Baier. "May his soul and all the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace."

* * *

Paul W. Meagher's friends will be glad to hear that he is swiftly recuperating from a recent operation upon his shinbone. The operation was performed at Augustana Hospital, Chicago, after skilled surgeons had agreed that Paul would have to discontinue his studies for the present at least. Paul had been obliged to repair to the Kankakee Emergency Hospital late last fall on account of his leg, and later to his home in Ottawa. He returned to school in December but was forced to leave for an operation in March. Many charming verses have appeared in the Viatorian under his name, classing Paul as one of the leaders among our College poets.

* * *

Patrick "Buzz" Sweeney, '22, former star pitcher for St. Viator, and Edward Cody, H. S. '23, drove up for the Notre Dame game from their native Peoria. They stayed for a few days and Sweeney saw Gus Dundin repeat the trick he had himself done two years before: beat Notre Dame's baseball team.

* * *

We were glad to see Arthur McGrath, '15, drop in for a short visit. He came down with his wife and mother and talked over the "good old times" with several of his classmates. "Mac" is engaged in the lithographing business. He lives in River Forest.

* * *

Lowell Lawson, '14, is with the law firm of Ryan, Condon, Livingston and Co., of Chicago. Reports are to the effect that he is getting to be a brilliant barrister.

"Cy" Campe, '13, is doing well in the real estate business, with offices at Sheridan Road and Wilson Ave., Chicago. He has now half a dozen employes.

* * *

John Cassidy, Academy '13, is helping to build a bigger and better Chicago, as an efficient contractor. Success, John!

* * *

Hugh A. O'Donnell, '92, of The New York Times, recently had an audience with President Coolidge, Secretary Weeks, Senator Smoot and other officials of the national government.

* * *

Lloyd Harrington '13, is now engaged in the real estate business with his brother. They have offices in the First National Bank Building in Chicago.

* * *

Charles Carney, '03, a real "old timer", drove up from Paducah, Ky., in one of Henry Ford's "atrocities", the machine bearing a large placard inscribed, "another — Ford". Mr. Carney is manager of the Colonial Theatre in Paducah.

* * *

Dr. William J. Foley, 4754 Washington Blvd., Chicago, recently announced the removal of his office from the above address to 4801 West Madison St.

* * *

Rev. Jeremiah P. O'Mahoney, in charge of the Seminary Department of the Church Extension Society, addressed Cardinal Mundelein on the Chapel Car, representing the forty-five Belated Vocation students he now has placed under instruction. The Cardinal was well pleased with the address and said in response "I gave the work my inspiration; I now give it my blessing."

* * *

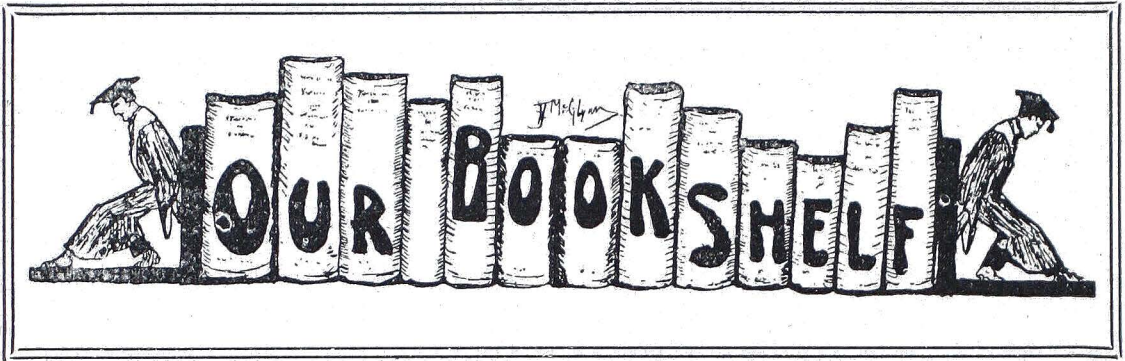
It should be of interest to all Alumni to know that Cardinal Mundelein's first mass in America was said in the Chapel Car and was served by two Viatorian alumni, Monseigneur Sheil and Father Jeremiah O'Mahoney.

* * *

Emmett Conway, formerly of Sioux City, Ia., who has been connected with the advertising staff of the Herald at Rochester, N. Y., has opened an advertising agency with H. Lyman Hart, at Rochester, according to word received by Mr. Conway's mother, Mrs. P. J. Conway, 2608 Douglas Street. Mr. Conway spent several years in magazine work in New York City before going to Rochester.

* * *

The Very Rev. W. J. Suprenant C. S. V. Provincial of the American Province of the Clerics of St. Viator, and Very Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., president of the College, represented the Viatorians on the Reception Committee at the arrival of His Eminence George Cardinal Mundelein in New York.



THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK, by Edward Bok. Published in a new popular edition by Scribner's.

Edward Bok's retirement from active journalism and his subsequent announcement of his peace plan offer brought forth much mocking and cajoling on the part of spectators and well-wishers of the famous Hollander-American, at last thoroughly Americanized, according to his own statement. Being a public-spirited altruist, Mr. Bok has had to pay the price; public misunderstanding and laughter. The well-intentioned Henry Ford was similarly victimized when the Oscar II sailed for Europe. Woodrow Wilson was another conquest for the selfish egoisticals who comprise most of the human race. However, Mr. Bok's famous autobiography has been accepted by the populace and has run into the third decade of editions. It is his monument, his hostage to posterity. Written in the third person as it is, it leaves none of the bad taste of the personal pronoun with the reader. Written with a born journalist's "nose for news" permeating the pages, the interest is maintained at an even pitch throughout, never lagging. So many of the great in our America were intimates of Bok that the volume is like unto one of those thick red "Who's Who in America" annuals. Everybody who is anybody comes in for a mention: Longfellow, Emerson, Roosevelt, Beecher, Grant, Cleveland, Wilson, Taft, Phillips Brooks, and Seth Low among the list. Rather than the Americanization of Edward Bok, the title might well have been: Famous Americans I Have Known Intimately. Yet the author shows the influences of these men upon his acclimation to American ideals and standards, so his unity is safe.

Though it be an extreme mede of applause, the writer would say that every high school in the country should have the Americanization of Edward Bok on its list for compulsory supplementary reading, because in the book there is none of the narrow nationalism of the jingo, the cosmopolitan mind of the author ever holding the broader concept of humanity in its view.

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT WINGS; WELDED, by Eugene O'Neil. Two plays in one volume, published by Boni & Liv eright.

Eugene O'Neil has been shocking staid Americans by his problem plays for several years. He has been a consistent Pulitzer Prize winner and is popularly called America's foremost playwright, a title which seems justified thus far. His "Hairy Ape" was directed at class distinction; his "Anna Christie" at unchristian intolerance of the morally weak; his "Emperor Jones" and "Beyond the Horizon" at other depressing phases of American social and economic life. Now comes the worst shock of all. American playwrights have dared to give us problem plays with sex as a theme, or social reform, or moral questions or right and wrong, or prison systems; but only Mr. O'Neil, the dreamy youth who was asked to leave Princeton because he just read books and never attend to his assigned studies, has dared to draw forth the family skeleton and ask: What shall we do about this negro problem of ours? He does not solve the problem, merely reminding us that it still exists, as much as when Lincoln made the now-recognized error of suddenly releasing to freedom millions who were not prepared. A white woman loves a colored man. They marry and come back to his people. The whites will have nothing to do with them, nor will the blacks. Mr. O'Neil is admittedly right in that, if he is reflecting life. Experience has proven it to be so. The colored protagonist is, like the "Hairy Ape," unable to think. He is a descendant of mentally-untrained progenitors,, so he fails in bar examinations which a white man with even half a brain would eventually pass. Mr. O'Neil is telling us that the negro will not fail if he is educated in the mass; by having the white woman dislike the thought of her black husband passing those examinations, the dramatist seems to be saying that whites do not want the blacks to become their equals: the old theory of the philosophy of possession. In a climatic final scene the love and the inherent animosities of her white blood struggle within the woman. The love, strong as it is, can not eradicate the traditions in her subconscious mind and in her mania she calls him "a dirty nigger", though in conscious, calm intervals she loves him.

The play has brought forth much discussion. Mayor Hylan forbade the children to act in the first scene and so the prologue had to be read aloud when the play was first presented at the Provincetown Playhouse in Greenwich Village, New York City. This dreaming youth has dared things in the field of drama which your delicate-fingered, polite society playwright

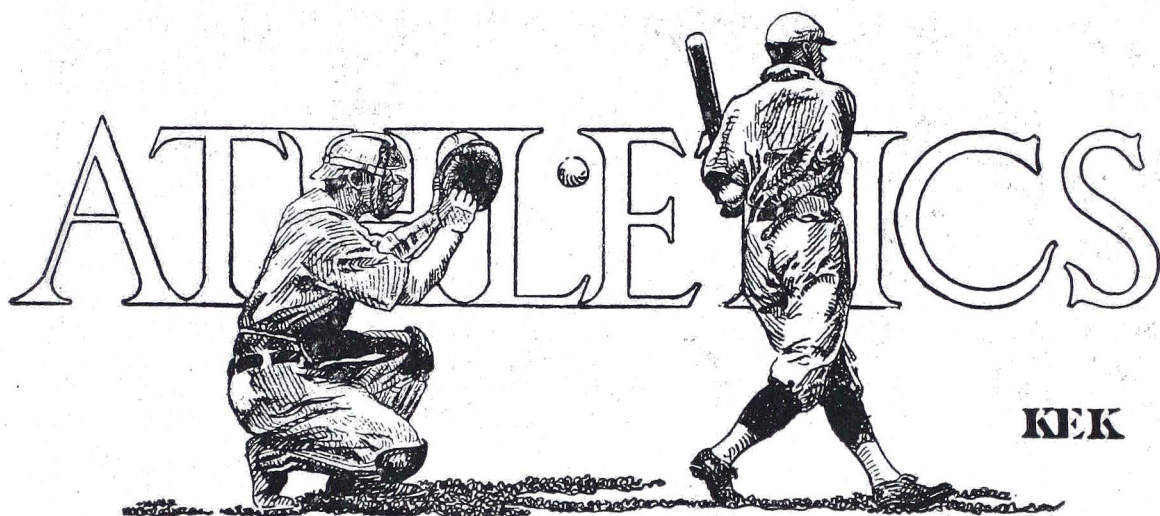
lets alone. Ignoring a problem is not settling it, and we must some day settle the problem of miscegenation. O'Neil may not live in dramatic posterity, but in our present day life he is a potent influence, a radical who has done more than shout at the portals of the Castle of Indolence. He has ridden upon the drawbridge and already knights and ladies of the fine court are falling (or being pushed?) into the moat on all sides of him.

* * *

THE LEAP YEAR GIRL, by Berta Ruck. Published by Appleton.

At last we have a Victorian girl in a modern novel! She is properly reticent with her "young men" and she does not smoke or feel the necessity of being blase and sophisticated. Nesta Pritchard manages to be none of these and yet quite human. She is the essence of femininity and old-fashioned womanhood, though a natural, loving (and finally loved) and sweet girl. Her trouble started when a twentieth century girl friend told her that if she loved a man she would tell him so, rather than lose him. Nesta did. And Hal Hewitt knew not what to make of it all. Far away at sea he realized his affection and began violent court, by correspondence. By chance they meet and spend a week as guests at the same country estate, each thinking the other is made angry and so recording it in diary form. Of course, the very gentle reader is aware from their first meeting that they are predisposed for each other by the author, but the coquettries and the pleasantries, plus the silly little difficulties which block their ultimate union make a light, pleasing tale. The naivete of Nesta is unique and highly amusing; she resembles your modern miss about as much as the eminent Mr. John Harrison Dempsey resembles Francis X. Bushman. It is the refreshing simplicity of Nesta which makes the book so good. Young girls experiencing their first loves and young men who have finally decided that they have found "the right girl" will enjoy *The Leap Year Girl* very much.

—W. W.



ST. VIATOR, 8; DE PAUL UNIVERSITY, 1
May 13th.

Due to the exceptionally well done job of twirling that Gus Dundon provided, the Viatorians weathered their first encounter in the Windy City in perfect style, administering an 8 to 1 defeat to De Paul University.

Next year's Captain-elect, Gus Dundon, was quite the most important man in the days proceedings. He wielded his sturdy mace in the sixth so vigorously that he ambled to second with ease and he officiated on the mound so effectively that but two De Paul batters connected safely and twelve went out on strikes.

The Viatorians, particularly McGinnis and "Ding" Winterhalter, pounded the ball with amazing persistency. In all, ten hits were made and four of these were delivered by McGinnis and "Winnie". And to add to the merit of "Ding's" swatting record it may be remembered that both of his blows were for the circuit.

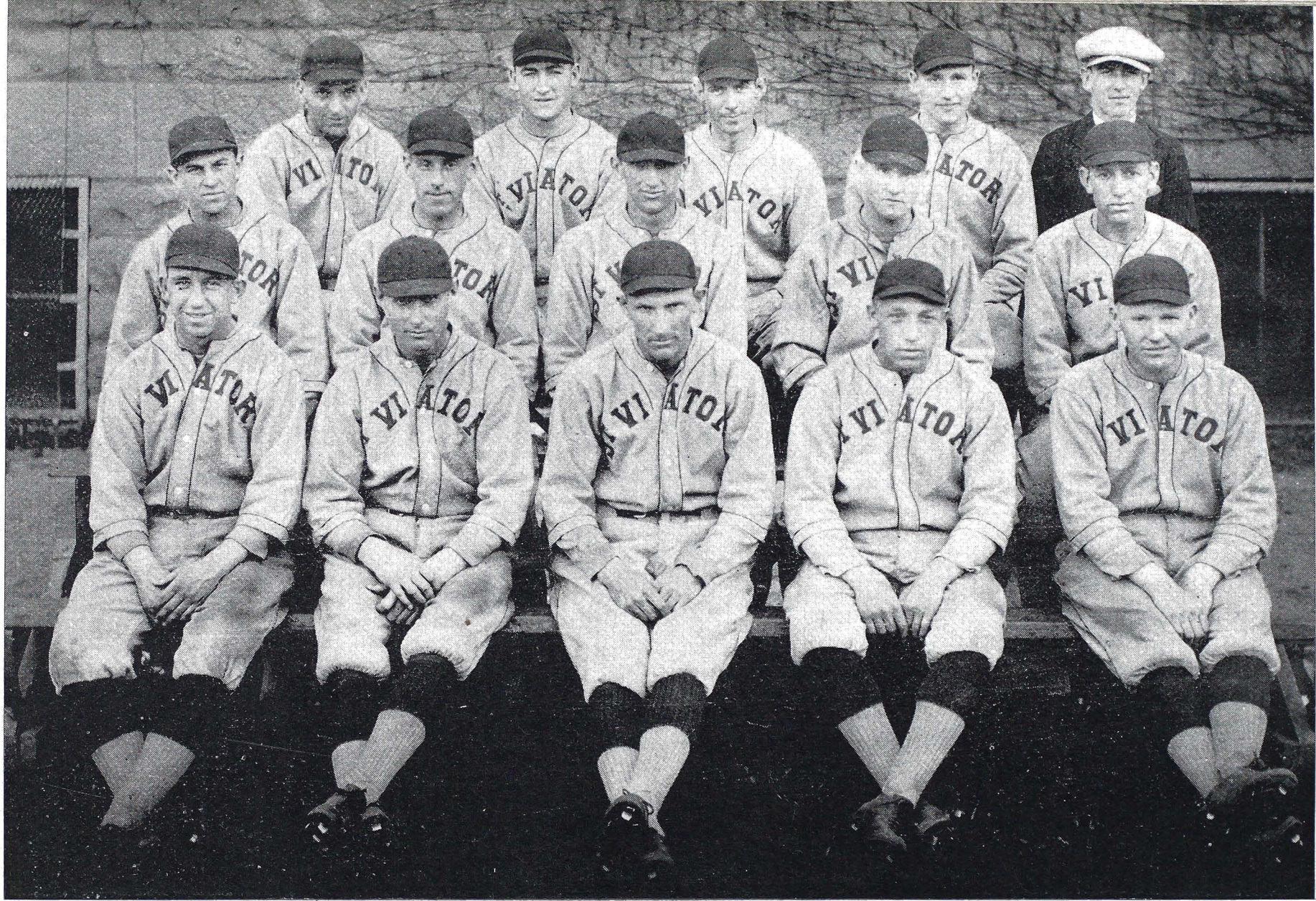
		R	H	E
St. Viator	002 020 40X	8	10	0
De Paul	010 000 000	1	2	1

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 12; LOYOLA UNIVERSITY, 13.

Two slugging ball clubs congregated in Chicago the day following the De Paul fracas. As it happened the one that connected with the least number of hits combined that talent with the happy faculty of making them count. The result was that Viator's sixteen hits gained but twelve counters while Loyola, with one less hit, shoved over thirteen.

The locals were leading 8 to 4 in the sixth but Loyola batting rallies in successive innings tied the count and forced McAllister to relenquish the hurling duties to Donnelly. "Mick" fared well and with neither team fomenting trouble the game straggled on till the 13th frame. Viator siege guns unbuckled



VARSITY BASEBALL SQUAD

Top Row: Fr. Dundon, p; V. Pfeffer, p; C. Donnelly, p; S. McAllister, p; W. Barrett, (Manager).
Second Row: J. Dalrymple, ss; F. Bell, c; E. Murphy, 3b; N. McTimmis, cf; J. Winterhalter, 1b.
Bottom Row: E. Farrell, f; R. Turner, f; T. Jordan, 2b, (Captain); W. Fitzgerald, lf; P. Leahy, c.

in that section of the joust with two runs being bagged. Victory seemed assured as the Viatorians took the field with a two run lead. An error permitted the first Loyola batsman to gain base and a fullisade of hits, consisting of two singles and a double, enabled the Chicagoans to sneak over three runs that deprived the locals of what seemed a certain win.

Stellar stickwork was furnished by Jimmy Dalrymple, Neal McGinnis and L. Winterhalter, each of whom rammed the enemy tossing for three blows. The agile Dalrymple likewise starred afield, his scintillating work on hard hit balls burglarizing hostile stickmen out of seemingly safe swats.

						R	H	E
St. Viator	004	103	010	000	2	12	16	1
Loyola	121	002	300	000	3	13	15	2
	*	*	*					

ST. VIATOR, 0; VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY, 4.

Failing to hit opportunely the Viatorians dropped an Interstate Conference match to Valpo, 4 to 0. Hiltpold, for the Hoosiers, pitched effectively thruout and held the gang to three blows.

With his teammates floundering in the face of Hiltpold's deft left handed curving, Donnelly was unable to stem the tide. In both the 4th and 6th sections the Valpoites manufactured a run on one hit and it was only in the last two frames that they earned markers on clean blows.

Feature sticking was contributed by Harris of the hostiles who banged three safe ones amid which were two doubles. Surface was the only other Hoosier to exceed one safe blow, his two hits coming at appropriate times in the 4th and 6th to shove over tallies.

St. Viator	000	000	000	0	3	1
Valparaiso	000	101	11X	4	8	1
	*	*	*			

St. Viator 7—Northwestern College 1

May 15th

Lusty Mace weilding and "Billy" Donnelly's able flinging advanced the Viatorians in the Little Nineteen race when nine innings of diamonding resulted in Northwestern College of Naperville emerging on the lean end of a 7 to 1 score.

It was all executed right briskly with the "Irish" ramming the w. k. pellet for eleven punishing blows. Not wan, sickly hits that dribbled through the infield but husky, roaring blows that totalled many bases. Captain Tommy Jordan set the pace in the fifth, the inning in which the Viatorians broke the scoreless tie that had existed until that frame, when he massaged one for the circuit and thereafter the batting bacilli worked overtime. The fat fourth that brought four runs to the Viator credit was due, in addition to Jordan's wallop, two singles by McGinnis,

and J. Winterhalter, while Northwestern fielding faults permitted the "Irish" batsmen to gain base.

The most extensive hitting campaign was launched in the sixth when Murphy and Fitzgerald tripled in succession and pinch-hitter Dundon and Bell singled. The Viatorian chalked up two runs as a result of this spree and they closed shop for the day by pushing across another counter in the eighth, when Donnelly tripled and scored on Jordan's single.

Mighty nifty stickwork was displayed but it was not a whit more glittering than the defensive work the locals contributed. One lone misplay was committed and that never did any harm. It was on base knocks, two of them, and a sacrifice fly that the visitors counted and not on Viator fielding faults. Combining two of their meager five blows in the eighth, with Hof's sacrifice fly the Northwesterners chased across a single tally.

The game marked the Viatorians third consecutive Little Nineteen victory and placed them on the top of the I. I. A. C. diamond heap.

		R	H	E
Northwestern	000 000 010	1	5	4
St. Viator	000 042 01X	7	11	1
Batteries: Halter, Miller and Zimmerman; Donnelly and Bell.				



St. Viator 11—Notre Dame University 6 May 17th.

Notre Dame University, conquerors of five Big Ten teams and fresh from a 7 to 0 victory over the University of Illinois, faltered before Fred "Gus" Dundon's deceptive portside delivery and sank beneath a batting barage of fifteen Viator hits by an 11 to 6 count.

It was too much Dundon that spelt the downfall of the Hoosier university diamond machine, the slim portsider hurling invincible ball after the fourth, allowing but one hit in the last five frames and striking out eleven men. In the early sections of the joust the Notre Dame tribe hopped on him for six runs that put them out ahead, but a determined batting rally in the fourth shoved five runs over and these coupled with the three scored in the first inning elevated the locals to a lead that Dundon thereafter maintained by as heroic exhibition of mound work as was ever fashioned on the Viatorian's diamond.

Those courageous Kellymen, undaunted by the formidable array of notable teams that the invaders had conquered, played the stellar games of their careers hitting opportunely and negotiating the runways with dexterity while the defensive work they turned in was of the most satisfying type.

Jimmy Dalrymple was the premier stick artist of the fray, with three hits for a total of four bases. Fitzgerald and McGin-

nis cracked out three ply swats and J. Winterhalter blasted a home run blow in the seventh.

Three exceedingly rotund innings accounted for the Viator scoring a total of eleven runs. In both the first and seventh chapters they tallied three runs and they went on a batting rampage in the fourth which added five more. Such healthy smacking doomed McGrath a short life as the initial Notre Dame moundsman and in the fourth he evacuated to be replaced by Stange who subdued the Viatorians until the seventh.

Only in the early portions of the combat did the Notre Dame athletes appear troublesome. They scored in the second, third and fourth, batting out one, three and two runs in those frames. A pass and a hit mixed with a passed ball and Dundon's wild pitch gave them their tally in the second; four singles, a passed ball and an error gave them three in the third and the last bit of activity, their two runs in the fourth, resulted from Dunne's triple, Vergera's single and a base on balls to Sheean.

To "Gus" Dundon and his trusty left arm goes the credit for toppling a team that had upset the best college combinations in the country. Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Purdue fell before the Notre Dame tribe but Father Kelly's tosser's led by Dundon fought like champions to achieve the greatest diamond victory of the year.

			R	H	E
Notre Dame	013 200 000	6	9	2
St. Viator	300 500 30X	11	15	2

Batteries;—McGrath, Stange and Silver; Dundon and Bell.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 12: LOYOLA UNIVERSITY, 2.

May 22nd.

Further evidence of the terrific hitting power of the Viatorian's was apparent when Loyola University crumbled before a 14 hit assault led by Emmie Murphy and Neal McGinnis by a 12 to 2 count.

With Sam McAllister twirling effectively and holding the Chicagoans to four hits the Viatorians exerted themselves to the extent of 14 knocks amidst which were home runs socks by Murphy and "Ding" Winterhalter, a triple by Emmie Murphy and a double by Neal McGinnis. Both Murphy and McGinnis connected for three clean hoists while Jordon, J. Winterhalter and Fitzgerald rammed out two each.

It was a close battle until the fourth with neither team able to shove over a counter but Murphy's home run with two on in the fourth started the locals off to a scoring session that continued in the sixth and eighth. Three runs scored in the sixth were but a preparation for the bombardment that was unlocked in the eighth that gave the locals six runs. It was in this clos-

ing canto that "Ding" Winterhalter boosted his four base smash out to deep left and Fitzgerald, Murphy, Jordan and McGinnis helped along the cause with singles.

A home run by Adams in the fifth with McGraw on base as the result of a single gave the visitors their two runs. Save for this frame the Loyolaites never threatened as McAllister, backed by snappy support, maintained his mastery throughout the fray.

		R	H	E
Loyola	000 020 000	2	4	4
St. Viator	000 303 06X	12	14	3

Batteries—McGraw, Dooley and Deagan; McAllister and Bell.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 14; ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, 1.

When the curtain rolled down on the last home game of the season Viator had elevated themselves a notch higher in the Little Nineteen flag marathon by hammering out a walk away 14 to 1 victory over Illinois Wesleyan University.

It was a case of too much Viator hitting power for the locals cracked out fourteen lusty base wallops during the pastiming and amidst this deluge of blows, Wally Fitzgerald two home runs and a triple and Jimmy Dalrymple said adieu to the local lot for this season by catching a hold of one Imig's tossers for a circuit nudge in the eighth with three teammates ornamenting the paths.

With such a profusion of base knocks and "Mickey" Donnelly's right clever hurling, which held the invaders to four hits, the Kelly clan had a pleasant afternoon elevating themselves in the I. I. A. C. pennant chase.

On the strength of one of the scanty four blows they made, Wesleyan counted in the fourth. It was Emmie Murphy's muff of a ground ball that put Knox on base and Treager's hit followed by Donnelly's one wild heave of the tilt put Knox over. But that was only a temporary letup in the steady Viator defense. Thereafter they fielded spotlessly and gave Donnelly some sensational support in crucial moments. Fitzgerald endeared himself to the multitude in the eighth when he nose dived to gather in a line drive from the bat of Dunham. Other glittering fielding stunts were provided by Tommy Jordan at second and one double play was keenly fashioned by Dalrymple, Jordan and J. Winterhalter.

		R	H	E
Wesleyan	000 100 000	1	4	7
St. Viator	500 030 15X	14	14	5

Batteries; Imig and Knox, Zinzer; Donnelly and Bell.

ST. VIATOR, 7; MICHIGAN AGGIES, 8.**May 26th**

It was "Gus" Dundon's misfortune to be nominated for curving duty this afternoon that the Viatorians were in a generous, expansive mood. "Gus" toiled strenuously and effectively, restraining the hostiles to eight blows but the spendthrift tendencies of his baseball pals enabled the Michigan Aggies to unbuckle two rallies in the closing innings for the markers that upset the locals 8 to 7.

Aiding and abetting the prodigal Viatorians was his majesty "the umps". A few injudicious decisions on his part coupled with the charitable manner in which the "Irish" tossed away admirable opportunities to nick the platter deprived Dundon of a win that was rightfully his.

The way the gang started it looked like they would win with ease. Six runs ambled in after three innings of pastiming while the "ruralites" had only annexed one marker. This six to one lead evaporated though in the face of Aggie attacks in the closing frames and a vicious rally in the enemy portion of the ninth elevated the hostiles into a one run lead and victory.

Captain Jordan was an exceedingly prominent young man with the mace. Able weilding of the willow enabled him to crash out three hits during the frolic and of these two were for extra bases. Others of the Viatorians were successful with the stick. So much so that ten knocks were registered during the fray. But the boys nullified their expert performances at the plate with careless and wasteful work on the runways.

Two double executions attest to the deftness of the Viatorian's defense. Not an error was recorded against the locals and a number of phenomenal stops were completed to add spice to the performance. Had they been as expert in judgment as they were in the mechanical processes of stopping and throwing a much more encouraging story might be our lot to relate.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 13; MT. PLEASANT NORMAL, 4.**May 27th.**

With the "nitro-glycerine" bats very much in evidence the locals traveled to Mt. Pleasant the day following the Aggie game at Lansing and battered their way to a 13 to 4 walkaway.

After the last inning, in which two runs were chased across, there was little doubt in the minds of the natives that the invaders were might expert stickmen. They had seen every member of the Viator outfit crash the ball for one or more hits and they had witnessed the premier slugger of the days battling, John Winterhalter, pummel the ball for four solid knocks. Likewise they had seen Captain Tommy Jordan duplicate his feat of the day previous by hitting three safe ones. Amidst Tommy's col-

lection of blows one, a triple, stood out as one of the hardest knocks of the day. Wally Fitzgerald and "Ding" Winterhalter achieved distinction by connecting for triples and Jimmy Dalrymple provided the climax swat by parking one for the circuit.

Though the finest brand of twirling wasn't needed to keep the Normalites from threatening, Sam McAllister made the Viatorians shine in all departments by tossing a four hit game. These were kept well scattered but were mixed with the lone Viatorian bobble and in one instance a base on balls was injected to give the home team the stimulus required to chalk up their four runs.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 14; BRADLEY, 4.

In the final game of the season the gang accomplished a number of notable things. They maintained their spotless Little Nineteen diamond standing, thereby tying for honors Lombard; they added to the team batting average by cracking out eighteen safe hits and "Gus" Dundon attained distinction by tossing a three hit game.

And lastly, they upset a rival of many years standing by the overwhelming score of 14 to 4.

Everyone hit during the contest, some more than others. Those who excelled in the swatfest were Dalrymple and Bell, each of whom made three hits and Bell was accorded long distance hitting honors along with John Winterhalter, as both of them hoisted balls beyond the confines of the ball diamond.

Though Dundon allowed the Peorians but three hits he was exceptionally liberal otherwise as eleven Tractor City athletes were presented free transportation. His wildness though was of a periodical variety and when he possessed control he used it so effectively that seventeen men went out on strikes. In the fourth and eighth frames he retired the side on strikeouts and there was never an inning in the game that did not gain him at least one strikeout. The slim portsider rounded out the days work by connecting safely on two occasions.

ACADEMY BASKETBALL SEASON

St. Viator Academy 1923 basketball team completed a most successful season under the able coaching of Jack Crangle and to him all honor is due, because of his tactful handling and hard work, for the reputation the Academy five made during the past season. Here is the schedule, with results:

ST. VIATOR		OPPONENT
39	Donovan	13
22	St. Mel	21
43	Chebanse	9
24	Kankakee	20
41	Reddick	8
34	St. Mary's	6
9	Loyola	21
15	St. Mel	14
15	Quigley	13
14	Spaulding	22

After the close of the schedule, Coach Crangle took his youthful warriors to the Mid-West Preparatory Schools Tournament, held at St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Ia., and after playing a hard schedule, the Viator team came off with second honors.

ST. VIATORS		OPPONENT
9	St. Bede	6
22	Corpus Christi	14
13	St. Ambrose	21

After the Tournament the boys elected Harry Kellar, Acad. '25, for captain-elect for the next year term. The letter men of the Academy '24 team are: Joseph Cardosi, Captain, Kankakee, Ill; John Bowe, Chicago, Ill; Frank Haggerty, Chicago, Ill; William Fitzgerald, Gary, Ind; John Herbert, Gifford, Ill; Harry Kellar, Chicago, Ill; Joseph Haley, Gary, Ind.



"ACADEMY BASKETEERS"

Top—J. McKecknie, Manager; J. Enright, c.; W. Fitzgerald, c.; G. Gubbins, g.; Coach Crangle.

Bottom—H. Kellar, f.; J. Bowe, f.; J. Cardosi, g., Captain; F. Haggarty, f.; J. Herbert, g.



We have culled a bouquet of other men's flowers; all we own, is the string 'at ties them.

* * *

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
"X : ! X XXX XXZZYYY!!!!?" "The Chimes."

* * *

Math Prof—"Now watch the board while I go through it again."

* * *

Smitten Swain—"Do you know what is uppermost in my heart, girlie?"

Practical Damsel—"The Auricles, you dumb-bell. Why don't you read up on your physiology?"

St. Vincent College Journal.

* * *

Ted—Does your father play golf?

Kate—No, not any more. The doctor said the next stroke would be fatal.—The Columbiad.

* * *

RAW! RAW!

Cook—How do you like your steak, Willie?

Father Knight—Well done, thou good and faithful servant.
The Wag.

* * *

SIT ON YOUR TRUNKS BOYS.

New Student—"I took things pretty easy in the last school
! ent to."

Old-timer—"It's different here—they keep things locked up."
Anselmian.

McMahon—I went to the dog show last night.

Burke—Win any prizes?

* * *

McCarthy—"Sir, I wish to ask a question concerning a tragedy."

Registrar—"Well?"

McCarthy—"What is my grade in Physics?"

Ambrosian.

* * *

"What would you say," began the voluble prophet of woe, "if I were to tell you in a very short space of time all the rivers will dry up?"

"I would say," replied the patient man, "Go thou and do likewise."—The Eureka College Pegasus.

* * *

Sancta Bos!

Chully—What were your father's last words?

Molly—He didn't have any. Mother was with him to the end.—St. Cyril Oreflamme.

* * *

Think This Over

Definition of a zebra—A zebra is a sport model jackass..

St. Cyril Oriflamme.

* * *

Soph—"I want the life of Caesar."

Librarian—"Sorry, but Brutus was ahead of you."

* * *

She—"I want you to come to our house party with me."

He—"Thanks. Is it formal, or shall I wear my own clothes?"

The Clipper.

* * *

Cohen—My clothing store! My clothing store!

Friend—What happened to your clothing store—burned down?

Cohen—No, I sat on a nail. My clothing's tore! My clothing's tore!—The Red and Blue.

* * *

Steve—Stick around, Bill, I'm going to open a keg of nails.

Hillmert—Thanks, I've had my iron today.—The Cascian.

* * *

Two little Coons on a bridge a sittin,
Two little dice back and forth a flittin,
Hole in the bridge where a knot was missin,
Paradise Lost.

Alvenia

Applicant—"I would like to hire as a laborer in your factory."

Manager—"We have no vacancies just now."

Applicant—"I'm no College graduate."

Manager—"Report for duty to morrow morning at seven-thirty."—St. Vincent College Journal.

* * *

Snobbish Stude—Sir, my ancerstors came over on the Mayflower!

Practical Peter—'Sa good thing. They have stricter immigration laws now.—Villa Sancta Scholastica.

* * *

Truth Will Out

Prof—"What did America get out of the war?"

Brigh Stude (with bone rimmed glasses)—"Prohibition, influenza and proof that Barnum was right."

* * *

Our Idea Of Nothing At All

When a class of girls vote on the "prettiest member," it is a lucky girl that gets two votes.—Anselmian.

* * *

Jane—"Nice frat ring you have."

Maxine—"Yes, it's nice; Jack gave it to me."

Jane—"Yes, it's pretty, but I'm afraid it will blacken your finger. It did mine."—The Academia.

* * *

Prof.—"This is the last time I am going to tell you to stop talking."

Student—"Thank goodness! Now I can talk without being bothered."

* * *

Old Lady (at busy crossing, to policeman)—"Officer, do people often get killed here?"

Policeman—"No, ma'am, only once."—The Blue & Gold.

* * *

Father—"What end have you in view by going out on Saturday afternoon?"

Daughter—"He's not an end, Dad, he's a half-back.

Duquesne Monthly.

* * *

J. A. M. says, "I saw a beautiful girl at the revolving doors and although I didn't know her I started going around with her immediately.—Sigma.

* * *

Morgan and LeBaron were bragging about big game killing at long range. Shucks! remarked Cazentre at last, that rifle of mine will shoot so far that I have to put salt on the bullet to preserve the meat until I get there—The Springhillian.

Parent—"Son, this is your new tutor."

Son—"How do you blow it?"—St. Vincent College Journal.

* * *

Club News

The Shoota Gamma Krap boys visited the Mu Kows at the Eata Bita Pi fraternity house at Dam Phi No, near U Hoo, to discuss the Gonna Slugga Kop proposition.

* * *

Munzak—"Loan me a dime, Bolly."

Pawvilsak—"I'd like to, Munzy, but I'm so broke that if battle ships were selling for five cents I couldn't buy the echo of the whistle."—St. Vincents College Journal.

* * *

No. 113—"My face is all breaking out."

No. 75—"Push it back in."—Olivia.

* * *

The Village Wit.

Hiram—"One of them city-slickers tried to sell me the Woolworth Building last week, but I fooled him."

Squirim—"What did you do?"

Hiram—"I said—'All right, young feller, wrap it up. I'll take it.'"—Anselmian.

* * *

Keep that schoolgirl complexion—off the lapel of your dancing partner's coat.—The Cansius Monthly.

* * *

Soph—"I was over to her house last night when some sap threw a brick through the window and hit the poor girl in the ribs."

Fresh—"Did it hurt her?"

Soph—"No, but it broke three of my fingers."

Pardon me, professor, but last night your daughter accepted my proposal of marriage. Now, I want to know if there's any insanity in your family.

There must be!—Sigma.

* * *

Philosophy Prof.—"Mr. Peter Flynn, how would you distinguish the major?"

Peter Flynn—"Sure an' I'd pin a medal on 'is chest."

Niagara Index.

* * *

Fourth Saturday Privilege

Father (calling downstairs)—Say, Helen, is that young man going to stay all night?

Daughter (after a slight pause)—He says he will pa, if there's plenty of room. Where'll I put him?

The U. of Dayton Exponent.

McNeil—"Does an effect ever go before a cause?"

Newton—"Sure."

Mac—"For instance?"

Newton—"Well, if I pushed a wheel-barrow—"

Mac—"Aw, go sit on a tack."

The Comment.

* * *

Christopher Had a Thirst

L. A. Fitzgerald, '24

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Before him only shoreless seas;
Of course a sea must have some shores,—
Where would the blame thing start to freeze?
The mate came in. "What shall we do?"
He said, "Think! Admiral, think!"
"I can't," said Chris, "How about you?
Are we too close to take a drink?"

The Megaphone.

* * *

She—"Would you like to take a nice, long walk?"

He—"You bet."

She—"Then, dont let me keep you."

Blue and Gold.

* * *

Thornton—Say, Boedecker, what is that white stuff they are scattering out there on the hill?

Boedecker—Why, you stiff, that's fertilizer.

Thornton—For the land's sake!

Boedecker—Yes, exactly.—The Morning Star.

* * *

Father (sternly)—Two o'clock! Why when I was your age I was always in bed by eleven.

Son (writing in book)—Thanks for the tip, Pop. When I am your age I'll pull that one, too.—The Fordham Monthly.

* * *

Stude (currying favor)—"Education is a great benefit. I have the highest reverence for the man of learning."

Prof. (coldly)—"I see. You are one of those who 'worship from afar'."—The Periscope.

* * *

"My man, to what end has your life's work been directed?"

"The top end," replied the barber.—Recorder.

* * *

S'long and a Happy Vacation!!!

“What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make!”



—*all the difference*
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.