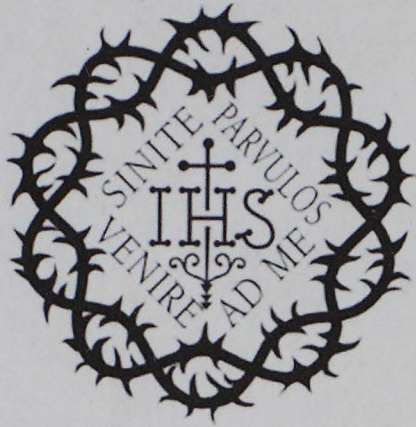


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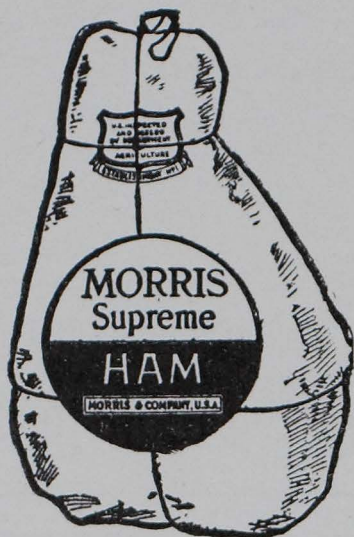
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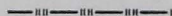
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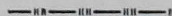
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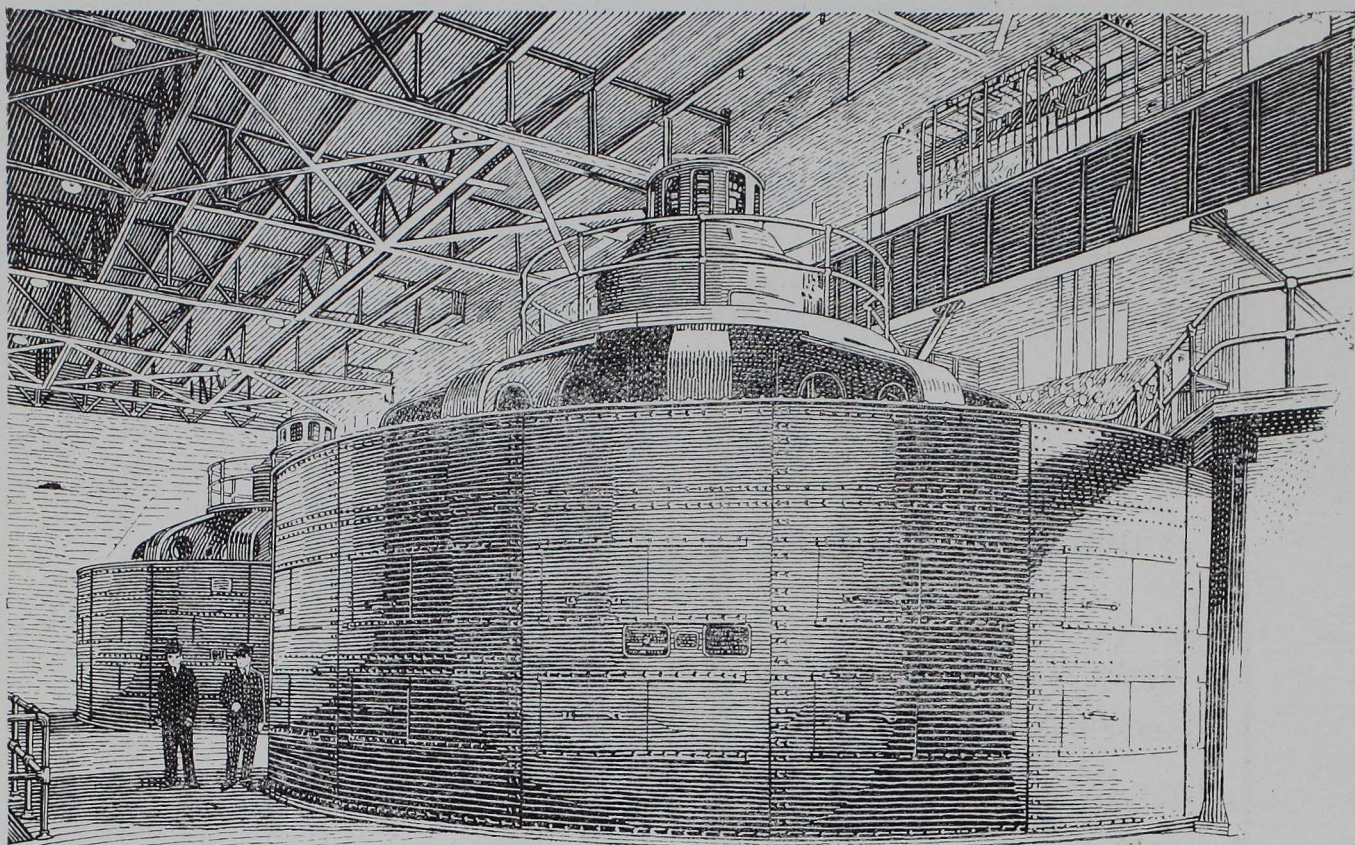
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# The Viatorian

FAC ET SPERA

Volume 43

Number 3

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## The Elizabethan Spirit

*E. M. Roy '27*

One fine morning England awoke. She awoke and flung back her head and laughed joyously, triumphantly! The long, dark dreams had passed like clouds away, and it was morning! Morning with its glimmering dew, its blue sky, its celestial freshness, its flowers, its birds—with its whole, shouting miracle of life. And as England stared with eager eyes on it all, and felt her exultant youth singing in her veins, she was intoxicated with the thought of her own glory in a glorious world. O, she must robe herself in gold, to match the golden beaming of the sun. She must dress herself in the colors of sunset and dawn to proclaim her exalted kingship with their beauty. She must deck herself with precious, shining jewels to match the shining streams and moons, to match the shining of her own radiant eyes, ay, to match the shining victorious gladness of her own soul. She was a Queen and everything was made for her. The world was her playground. She sailed its seas, climbed its mountains, searched out its far countries, strove to pierce the very mystery of its stars. And words for this young goddess were beautiful toys made for her delight. She juggled them in the dazzling sun of her imagination and laughed to see them glowing in a thousand different colored lights. She twisted them into a million beautiful shapes. She made them obey the deep magic of her soul's dream. "Ah," she cried in the exuberance of her joy, shaking her invincible locks—as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, "how sweet, how madly wonderful, it is to live!" And to keep her heart from breaking with sheer joy at the wonder of it all she loosed her great, glad passion in a rush of song, song that has the divine lyric freshness of a lark's in the dawn, song that breathes the spirit of Elizabethan England in the heights of its morning ecstasy—in all its "first fine, careless rapture." It is this superb love of living, this vast, childish, eager delight in the mere wonder and beauty of life that finds its voice in such songs as:

"Hey nonny no!

Men are fools that wish to die!

Is't not fine to dance and sing

When the bells of death do ring?

Is't not fine to swim in wine,

And turn upon the toe,

And sing hey, nonny no,

When the winds blow and the seas flow?

Hey nonny no!"



or,

"Spring the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing  
Cuckoo jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo."

If ever the very soul of fresh, innocent gayety, the very voice of the springtime with its melodious air of birds calls and its elusive fragrance of budding blooms spoke through the lines of a poet, it does in these of Nashe.

In such songs as these, we find the keynote of the glorious Elizabethan spirit—that same spirit that sent Drake to sail around the world, Raleigh to face peril, hunger and privation in the new world, Sidney to fling his life away in saving the English Army in Flanders; that spirit of eager delight which found its expression in an intense patriotism, in an irrepressible energy and in a determination to do, see, know and enjoy to the full.

The poetry of Sidney, Raleigh and other such men seems almost incidental to the poem of their heroic lives. And so, too, the poetry of the whole English nation seems incidental to the poetry of their lives. Imagine them in their gorgeous, glowing dress, painting the streets with delight. How they gleam beneath sparkling moons and stars, beneath the "yellow, waxen lights." How the sun catches fire in them and how the hearts of men kindle with joy at their beauty. It is out of the joyous activity, the zestful happiness of their lives that these songs grew. Not idly did the poet speak of "decking the night with mirth and music" for as one historian tells us: "High and low, everyone loved to sing, everyone was expected to take part, even in difficult songs; and the very barber kept in his shop lute, cittern or virginal for the amusement of waiting customers. Music was everywhere and everywhere were songs." England was in all truth a "nest of singing birds." The multitudinous voice of the whole nation could be heard singing in country and town.

What a gay, reckless holiday it all was. England was drunk with the sound of her own merry laughter. In her glee she shouts:

"Let's now take our time  
While we're in our prime  
And old, old age is afar off  
For the evil, evil days  
Will come on apace  
Before we can be aware of."

Fortune I adore thee  
Care, I despise thee  
Death, I defy thee."



But it should not for a moment be imagined that such songs arose out of merely empty, frivolous and pleasure mad hearts. They were mad for pleasure, for delight of sense and soul, but this desire arose not out of vanity and emptiness of spirit but out of an overwhelming greatness of spirit—a spirit that would seek out the graves of dead stars and the birth-place of unknown suns. They thirsted after the abundance of life. They wanted it in its greatest fullness—heavenly and earthly. As Greene tells us in his history: “Sidney or Raleigh lived not one but a dozen lives at once; the daring of the adventurer, the philosophy of the scholar, the passion of the lover, the fanaticism of the saint, towered into almost super-human grandeur.” It is characteristic of them, in this regard, that they should strive to kiss highest heaven with lips stained red with the earthly wine of lusty passion and mirth. Not that they succeeded. The perfect reconciliation of the sensual with the spiritual world was a task too high even for the mighty souled Elizabethan. And yet they failed, as they did all things, splendidly. See what faith and gallant, undaunted heroism breathe from “The Conclusion” of Raleigh.

“Even such is Time, that takes in trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with earth and dust;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days;  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust.”

And Sidney, the beloved, the “darling of court and camp,” the man who wore life, like a flower on his coat, to be tossed magnificently away for any lost cause, has the same story to tell.

“Leave me, O love, which reachest but to dust,  
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things!  
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;  
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.  
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might  
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;  
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light,  
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.  
O take fast hold! let that light be thy guide  
In this small course which birth draws out to death,  
And think how evil becometh him to slide  
Who seeketh Heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.  
Then farewell, world! thy uttermost I see:  
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me!”

Yes, it has been a fine holiday and Merry England had



lived it merrily and gloriously with all the ardent strength of youth and May. But alas, "Youth's a stuff will not endure."

"Golden lads and girls all must  
As chimney sweepers come to dust."

And no matter how gay the holiday may be, still deep through the merry waking and festivity "the bells of death do ring." They are continually ringing in the ears of the Elizabethan even in the midst of his most utter abandonment to joy. Indeed it is just because he does give himself so entirely to the delights of the world that the thought of death impresses him so poignantly. The man who lives close to this thought never hears those discordant bells sounding through the quiet happiness of his life. It is he who lives in the enchantment of his senses, who is enraptured with the beauties and delights of this world, who hears them always as a deep, low note of warning threat to his joy. "Delightful, wonderful, as all this is, it will end, it will end," they toll. "But," the bewildered Elizabethan cries out: "How, how can it end?" How could it be possible that such a wondrous world, that such triumphant, magnificent creatures as they could ever come to an end? Yet, even while their veins are throbbing with the madness of the living, while their eyes are flashing in delights, they realize in their inmost heart that:

"Strength stoops unto the grave  
Worms feed on Hector brave  
Swords may not fight with fate"

that,

"Beauty is but a flower  
Which wrinkles will devour  
Brightness falls from the air  
Queens have died young and fair  
Dust hath closed Helen's eye."

Thus reason and experience force them to accept what seems to their wild, young, eager blood, an impossibility. But this cannot daunt the greatness of their spirit. If death must come, it must. The invincible armour of their valor is proof against all its terrors. Nay

"Death be not proud, tho' some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so."

One short sleep past, we wake eternally  
And death shall be no more: Death thou shalt die!"

And on this high note I would close. For it is here I find the true significance and the immortal splendors of the Elizabethan Spirit. I mean their careless, exultant greatness of soul, their high poised heroic attitude toward life and their full, joyous godlike acceptance of it.



## HUMPTY DUMPTY

*Warren J. McClland, '28.*

For the same reason that people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones, people who climb garden walls shouldn't throw their hearts down to those on the other side. A wall will, to the sensible person, always bring to mind something that is forbidden, something that is either too beautiful for the common eye or else too sordid for public inspection. I have in mind just one particular wall which by the way did not hide from view anything that was too sordid for exposition. This wall was one constructed in those good old days when men were cavaliers and women were winsome. It seemed to breathe a whispered temptation for the trespassing feet of youth. It seemed to call to the dormant spirit of daring and cause it to rise in the youthful bosom. At least it had been that way with Philip. He had left the wicked environs of the big city in order to bury himself in his books and enjoy the beauty of the great open spaces. All the sunshine that he had ever known was of the sort that bounced against the pavement stones of the boulevards and then back upon the faces of the pedestrians making them uncomfortable and crabby. All the fresh air that he had ever breathed was generally blown through mechanical apparatuses in the picture shows of the bustling metropolis.

The only real life that he had ever lived consisted of the few hours in which he had poured over the pages of some startling tale narrated by the authors of fiction. He worked hard for the opportunity to get away from the ruck, he had hated the city with all the noise from the day of his birth. It had been his one desire to tear out his lungs in an effort to drown out the noise and clamor of the steel mills next door when he was a small boy, and ever since that time he had raised his voice in a perpetual outcry against the hand of fate which plagued him with existence in the city. He couldn't remember his mother or his father, both had died and left the responsibility of his education upon the shoulders of relatives who thought that if a boy went as far as grammar school, that he should thank the Lord, and get to work. When he was twenty-one he had refused to bring his entire pay check home to his relatives and they had offered him consolation in two commands, "Get out", and "Stay out." Philip decided to do both.

Eden had no prettier nook than the one to which Philip



became attached. Cleopatria, was one of the cosiest and homey little towns in seven states. The population was composed of the middle class, comfortably rich sort of people. Philip had found a man who was willing to pay twenty-five dollars a week for the privilege of staying home while a very competent and likable young man tended to his business. This same young man attracted the female trade from all over town to the store. The court records of Cleopatria carry no evidence which would lead to a belief that any of these young ladies ever thought of reading before Philip came to town. In spite of the evidence to the contrary the subscriptions for every magazine in the store had been doubled when the first week of Philip's stay was up. And also, each subscriber when asked if they wished their copy delivered had solemnly vowed that it would be no trouble at all to call for it. Such was the sad condition of Cleopatria in the summer of nineteen twenty-six.

Philip had always been a fellow who loved mystery and it was around the ancient home of the Dalmerings that he weaved his little romance of Cleopatria. He had heard the whisperings of the wall and they informed him that a very intelligent young lady resided within the bounds of the wall of temptation. The real answer to his problem came when he began to notice the books which were always ordered by the mistress of the house. They spoke of youth and fire, of loneliness and long nights, of wishes and hopes: and above all else they spoke of opportunity for Philip.

Philip was no fool, no one had ever accused him of being a fool. The chief trouble with Philip was that he had succumbed to the call of youthful love. He suddenly became fond of all the books that he presumed the young lady read and hastened to acquaint himself with the theme of every story that entered the mansion behind the wall. Summer brings madness and love forces it to public show. At last the curiosity of the Romeo came to a point where it must be satisfied, the night was clear, the moon was resplendent and seemed to scatter a hypnotic portion over all nature. The sleep of the young man was displaced by the restless longing to stroll beneath the glow of old Luna.

Philip walked whither he knew not, but at last he was brought to the conclusion that his footsteps could go no farther, for in front of him was the wall. A sudden temptation came to him to find out just what was on the other side. With the vigorous movement of one accustomed to performing the impossible he swung himself to the top of the forbidding parapet and perched in safety on the topmost slab. It seemed to him as though the curtain of a thousand dreams was suddenly withdrawn. The dainty paint-brush of the



moon tinted a picture so pleasing and entrancing that he longed with the heart of youth to embrace it. There reclining in the garden longingly gazing into the enchanting heavens sat a girl.

Philip became a part of the wall in more ways than one. He longed forever to protect her from all the rest of the world, and he also longed to be around her all of his days. He wanted to speak but feared that any demonstration on his part would only lessen his chances when the right time arrived. He wondered what she would think if she knew that he was watching her from the wall. It would probably be the last time he would ever see her if she found out about the affair of this evening. He resolved to have just one more minute of bliss before leaving. That minute was almost past when she started to sing. The wonderful strain of "Dream Daddy" seemed to Philip to be far superior to anything that the lark, thrush, or nightingale had ever warbled in their balmiest days. Philip wished that she would sing forever.

Music or no music a man could not be expected to set all cramped up in one position for an hour. He slowly began to feel his way around to some more comfortable resting place. The bricklayers who constructed the wall doubtlessly never considered, or even dreamed of the importance that would one day be placed upon the bricks of this particular section of the wall. Philip had just turned facing the garden when the brick beneath his feet suddenly crumbled, and he found himself pawing the air for support. Air was never meant to hold the bodies of rogues, Romeos or wall climbers, and the young gentleman picked himself up from the turf on the opposite side of the wall. He was blushing even in the dark and hurriedly turned to find some place where he would be secure from discovery.

Fate sometimes out-guesses the most wary suitor, at least in this instance she deemed it necessary to intrude. The young lady seemed to rise statue-like from the ground and station herself by his side as if demanding an explanation. Philip wasted no time in rising to his feet, but when it came to an explanation he could only stammer unintelligible gutterals.

At last the silence was broken, the young lady took one good look at Philip and spoke, "Pardon me, she asked, but aren't you the young man who works in the book store." The only thing that Philip could do was reply, "Yes," and then again resume the Sphinx-like attitude of the spell-bound prince. "Well," she continued, "I have heard a great deal about your accomplishments as a salesman but I certainly did not expect to find that you also were accustomed to wall-climb-



ing. Perhaps, it is your only means of obtaining exercise, if that be so, I will give you permission to climb the wall at any hour during the day that will meet with your approval. But as far as I am concerned, I would rather that you would refrain from violating the privacy of this garden at night. I was merely enjoying a few quiet moments of dreaming and your interruption was wholly uncalled for. I don't want to seem rude or commanding, but I think that I am within my rights as a woman in making this request. It may save you a great number of falls, if I would suggest, that you leave flying to the birds, they are so much more accomplished in the art of landing. I suppose you think that I am a cat for talking this way, but I assure you that if a sufficient alibi is produced I will listen to it. Have you any explanation to make that will alter the circumstances of this aerial demonstration."

Philip had never received a thorough whipping from any one; he had never been rebuked for anything that he had ever done or left undone. It would have been sufficient if she had merely looked cross at him, but to have this idol of a few minutes ago ridicule him about attempting to fly was more than he could stand. With a hurried, "Good Night", he departed just as hurriedly, although more gracefully than he had entered.

Two days passed in which the cash register never balanced. The boss called him on both occasions for giving away his merchandise. It could not be helped, Philip was the most downcast creature, the most forlorn man that ever lived. He had had an opportunity to make the acquaintance of the most wonderful girl that he ever hoped to meet and had allowed it to slip from his grasp. He had acted like a dolt, running away as he had, when the only gentlemanly thing that he could possibly have done would have been to offer an apology. Well, he wouldn't cry over spilt milk, he might just as well pack up and leave. Cleopatria had lost its attraction, it became terribly droll and uninteresting as the hours of the second day slowly passed by.

He tried to make up his mind to leave but it was impossible to depart without clearing himself with the girl. If he ever left without knowing her name how would he ever explain to her by writing. At last he resolved to approach her and have the thing out, but days passed and he couldn't bring himself to fulfill his resolution.

The same number of magazines kept coming in to the mansion behind the wall and always he read them with a feeling of unutterable despair. One day she ordered a certain one that he was certain she had never sent for before. He scanned the pages in search of what she might want to read in the



book. At last it dawned upon him, staring up at him from the pages of the book was the title, "The Man Outside the Wall" and the name Miss Iris Dalmering written beneath it. The store might just as well have closed down for the rest of the day. He read the story over and over and in the lines he found that the incident of the night had been cleverly spun into an amazing love tale. He felt better that evening and went for his first walk since the night of that escapade which had shattered all his hopes for the future. Underneath the clear sky, with another bright moon beaming, the stars discovered to him a means of telling her his troubles.

Two weeks passed in which Philip had been working and Iris had been waiting. The magazines brought from the book store contained a copy of the same issue that she had used to convey her sentiments to Philip. She wondered what his idea could have been in sending it with the others. At last she found the reason, in turning the pages she came to the story, "The Woman Inside the Wall" with the name "Just Philip" written below it. Clever fellow Philip, she had always dreamed of him since that night as being a lover of romance. Now she was sure that they would learn to know each other better. It seemed to her as if the medium employed to restore the friendship, which with her had began the night of his descent, might yet prove to be what it really was, a story.

Fate again lead Philip to the wall, but this time he came by way of the gate. The moon was glowing in even greater splendor than before. Philip walked slowly up the garden walk and paused, the soft, sweet melody of her voice brought to his ears the words of "Dream Daddy" and he answered with "Sole Mio". Iris heard and came forward to meet him singing, "Please Tell Me I'm Forgiven".

That was the beginning of a new and greater friendship between Philip and Iris. She always called him Humpty-Dumpty and he affirmed that all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put Humpty-Dumpty from the garden again.

The last issue of the magazine, which had played such an important part in their lives, carried in its pages the story of "Over the Wall" which will serve to explain better than I can the outcome of the little romance in which one man fell from a wall into love.



## A REPLY to "CATHOLICISM IN MASSACHUSETTS"

*Vincent J. Pfeffer, '26.*

An observant reader of the article in the Forum magazine of October and November cannot but note one amazing fault of the writer. She wrote a lengthy contribution, based upon a supposedly impartial investigation of the Catholic Church in state politics, but neglected to make the investigation. The first section of the article, which ran in two installments, is entitled, "The Investigation." Yet it contains no mention of the alleged survey,—either as to how it was undertaken, the time, or the territory covered. The second part is captioned, "The Results." Instead of discussing the findings of the examination supposed to have been made, its burden is principally the recitation of the details of a political scandal in which a prominent Catholic layman was involved, and of the much controverted school question. Both of these incidents are several years old and any journalist, including Mrs. Sargent, who lived in New England was naturally conversant with their details. The Proposed Child Labor Amendment agitation of last year is also brought into the argument, but any facts disclosed by the lady inquisitor pertinent to this subject give no hint of an exhaustive investigation. So considering the article as a whole, it is immediately evident, from all the internal evidences of the discussion, that its contents are not the result of an intensive survey, impartial or otherwise.

During these days of restoration, unrest, and religious animosities, excellent opportunities present themselves for observing the ramifications of bigotry. Bigots fall into three general classes. The first class is made up of the illiterate and very ignorant, and to them are told the stories of church basements crammed full of fire-arms, sinister influence of the Jesuits, and the like. The second class of bigots is repleted mostly from the middle-class people and their bait is the alleged political scheming of the Pope, the bogus K. of C. oath, and the little Red School House. The last class of bigots is made up of those who object to Catholic philosophy, doctrines or history. They are, as a rule, representatives of a more cultured group of citizens. One would naturally expect that the writer of the Forum article would concern her-



self with the objections held by those of the third rank, but strangely enough, she has become fascinated by the lure of the second rate bigots. Reference to just one phase of her argument indicates her line of attack. We read:

“Any movement toward improvement in public education hits the Church in three ways: it reinforces that control of education by civil authorities which is contrary to the Catholic ideal;—it develops a liberal thought which in every generation has proved a danger to the Church’s control over its followers;—and by raising the standard of the public schools, it constrains a like improvement in the parochial schools.”

To the Protestant, who cannot understand the great solicitude that the Church exercises over the education of her children, we grant an excuse for confusing the Church’s interest in school legislation. Experience has shown the Church that she must be ever on the alert to fight laws that would result in interference with the conduct of her own private schools.

It is the second reason advanced by the writer, namely, that the Church is opposed to liberal thought, that drags her from the realm of liberalism down to the crass company of the street lecturer and the handbill passer. Certainly Mrs. Sargent did not uncover that statement in her impartial investigation. In these days of general education and enlightenment, the purveyor of such an accusation is deemed unworthy of refutation, though the constant repetition of these threadbare charges becomes wearisome. That Mrs. Sargent should fail to distinguish between liberal and licentious thought is not so amazing as it is disappointing, especially when one is expecting something original.

Thirdly, this writer states that any movement toward improvement in public education, by raising the standard of the public schools, constrains a like improvement in the parochial schools. Now there is an inference in that declaration that the Catholic schools are inferior, or at least, never more than the equal of the public school, and also that Catholics do not favor a high standard of education in their schools. These thoughts are not expressly stated of course, but they are the impressions left with any reader. This practice of making remarks that carry a greater significance than is actually expressed, is the chief stock-in-trade of those who sizzle in little skillets. There is no justification for such constructions in an impartial survey, and hence there is an additional indication of a biased state of mind on the part of the correspondent. Certainly no writer has the temerity to criticise the discipline in our parochial schools in the light of the spectacle that is being enacted these days by boys and



girls in public high schools. If anyone doubts the educational quality of the Catholic schools, we simply refer him to the records made by students of parochial schools in contests of scholarship during the past year. These records do not of course establish the superiority of the latter schools but they do enhance their value as institutions of learning. However, we remind the enthusiasts that the public schools have never been proven superior to the parochial schools, so why should the burden of proof rest with us?

After having outlined the reasons for the Church's opposition to educational legislation in the foregoing manner, Mrs. Sargent continues as follows: "The non-Catholic citizen, who judges proposed measures on their merits alone, is frequently startled and astonished at the points where Roman Catholic opposition breaks out." Pray, what manner of man is our friend, the non-Catholic neighbor! Was he not born and reared in the same world as we were, does he not experience the same feelings of anger, joy, love, remorse and jealousy that we do? Where, therefore, did he acquire that rare faculty of being able to judge proposed measures *on their merits alone*? After some hesitation, we grant that such men as Lincoln probably possessed that endowment, but the ordinary individual lacks such a gift because he has not the intellectual scope, and because he cannot cast off so completely the influence of training and environment. By way of reference to a practical case, we might remind Mrs. Sargent that the Supreme Court of the United States, within the past year, found a school bill passed by the state of Oregon so unmerited as to be unconstitutional. But perhaps, according to the operations of Mrs. Sargent's mind, any and all legislation calculated to embarrass the parochial schools is of merit.

The part of the article dealing with the political situation in Boston abounds with half-truths. A typical instance can be cited from the part of the argument which states that Mayor Curley always received the solid Irish-Catholic vote of Boston, even though, according to Mrs. Sargent, he was known to be politically reprehensible. We read:

"For eight years now Boston has been getting Mayor Curley good and hard. It has not, apparently, changed its mind about what it wants, for when he ran for Governor last fall he carried that city, although defeated in the state totals." Although Curley did carry Boston last fall, the Boston vote was unanimously conceded to be the greatest blow in his political career. The city is normally Democratic by about 70,000 votes. Yet last fall Curley carried it by 38,000, while Walsh, of the same party, and running against Frederick H. Gillett, the Republican candidate endorsed by President Coolidge, carried Boston by about 76,000 votes. That Curley re-



ceived one half the majority in his own city that a man of the same party running for a state office received from the same town, would indicate a very evident change of mind to anyone but an investigator such as Mrs. Sargent.

In Boston, which by the writers own statement, is three-fifths Catholic in population, the protest is made that Catholics are in most of the offices, and that the city is an Irish-Catholic stronghold politically. We are absolutely unable to see anything unusual in that state of affairs so long as the principle of majority rule is the essence of our political system. Perhaps the correspondent has, in the course of her survey, discovered some locality with a three-fifths Protestant majority where Catholics hold more than half of the political positions. Her article contains the statement that one can live with a problem without realizing that it is a problem and that the Massachusetts Yankee has lived so long with his that he hardly sees it as such. Now, though it is not intended in that way, a very subtle compliment is paid the Catholics of Boston. There are communities in this country with a Protestant majority wherein Catholics are made to feel their numerical inferiority every day of their lives.

Granting the fact of the political strength of the Catholics of Boston, we wonder, however, upon what grounds the writer bases her claim that they rule the state of Massachusetts. Certainly the one assumption does not follow the other, especially when the state legislature is overwhelmingly Protestant. Furthermore, this legislature places many restrictions upon the mayor of Boston. For instance, his appointments must be passed upon by a state civil service board; he cannot succeed himself, and his conduct of the state's finance is subject to inspection by a state appointed finance commission. In fact, there are very few large American cities with less autonomy than Boston. So if the Catholic Church, whose Pope is held a prisoner in the Vatican, and who has seen her priests banished from France, a country with a Catholic majority, has decided to display its political strength in Massachusetts with only the foregoing results, it appears that Mrs. Sargent will not live to see a Papal invasion of the White House.

Somewhere in her survey, possibly in the files of the Forum, the correspondent discovered an issue of the Pilot containing an article which condemned in no uncertain terms, the Catholic who would be 'nice.' It referred to the Catholic who lacks the courage to express his religious convictions to men who believe differently; the kind of a man who readily compromises on points involving fundamental doctrines just to be a good fellow;—a spineless sort of creature who is despicable to his co-religionists and loathsome to those of oppo-



site faith. Mrs. Sargent, however, construes the article as an attack upon the Catholic who shows undue friendship to his Protestant neighbors, or a Catholic whom she chooses to term, "the liberal Roman Churchman." (How that word "liberal" does fascinate!) "Liberal" was never meant to be applied to hypocrisy or moral timidity.

But we are not going to refute the charge that the Catholic Church opposes friendly relations between Catholics and Protestants. We only suggest that Mrs. Sargent visit the leper colony in Louisiana that is taken care of by a Catholic Sisterhood and seek the opinion of one of the unfortunate patients on that subject. If she fears the risk that the nuns have taken, she might ask some patient in a Catholic hospital if he thinks that the Church is building hospitals to discourage happy relationship between Catholics and Protestants. Perhaps a visit to Marquette University's campus where one-half the students are non-Catholic and sixty-five per cent of the instructors are Protestant might change her attitude, but we doubt it very much because she has been too long exposed to the sinister influence of second-class bigotry.

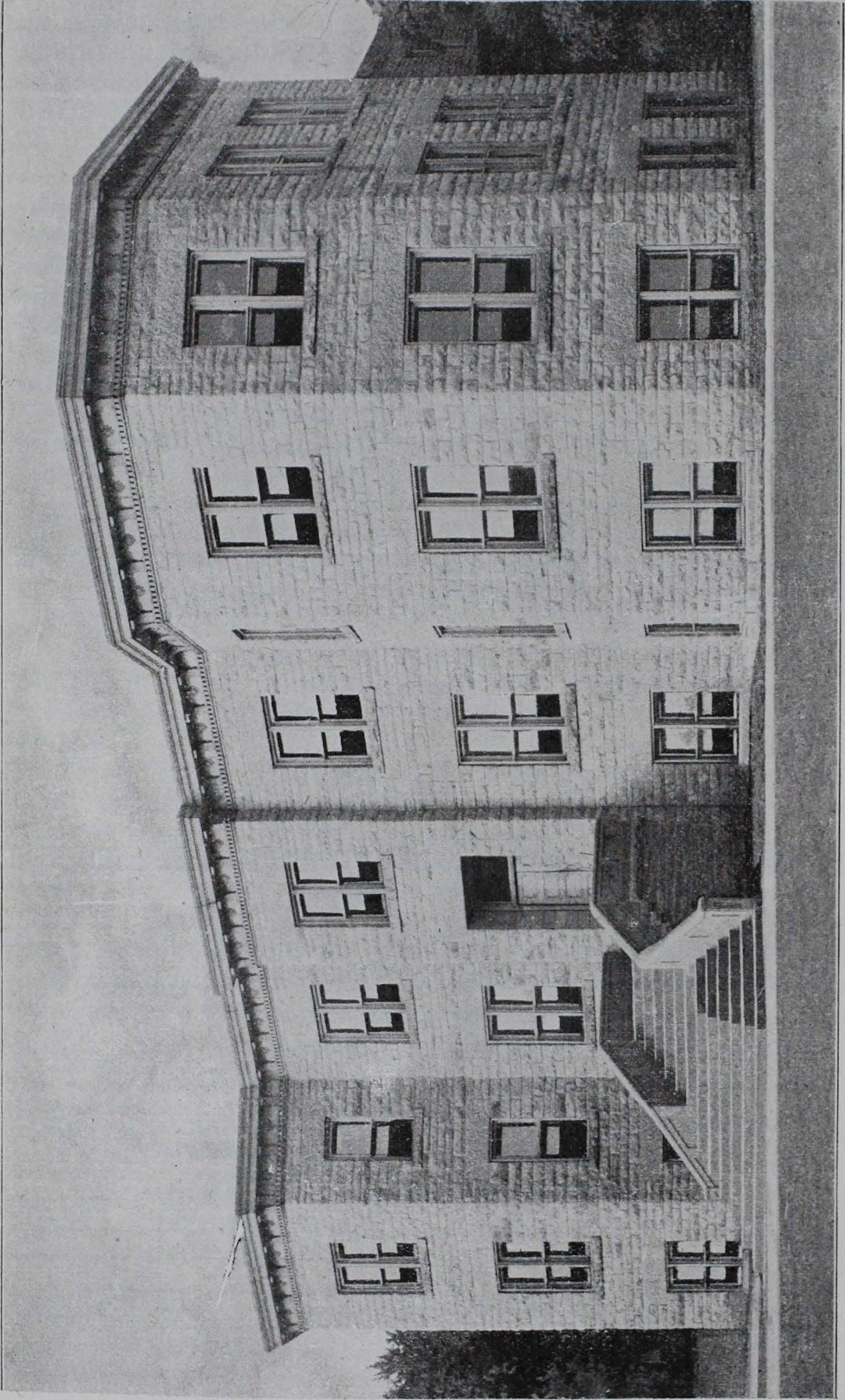
\* \* \* \*

### TO the DISBELIEVER in the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL

*And do you think, O Fool with tongue of dust  
That our dear God who is both good and just  
Would let great Plato with his wisdom lust  
And music heart of Shelley lie and rust,  
Whilst doltishly you strut across the earth  
And make wise men regret your very birth?  
And They with mouths forever, stopped with earth  
Who had a thousand million times your worth!*

E. M. R., '27.





Gymnasium destroyed by fire January Sixth, 1926



## IN MEMORIAM

Shrine of the manly sports,  
Wherein are knit as bands of steel  
The fibers of the human frame—made perfect,  
That there may dwell  
A fertile mind within a body sound.

J. A. W.

On Wednesday morning, January sixth, the gymnasium, which contained the kitchen, dining hall, auditorium, bowling alleys, pool rooms and music rooms, was razed to the ground by fire. The conflagration started at three o'clock in the morning. It was first discovered by William Kelly and Mike Delaney, two college students, who room in Roy Hall, just south of the gymnasium. They were awakened by the red glare and they quickly spread the alarm. The fire was shooting from one window, but by the time the students were aroused, the entire front of the building was in flames.

A fire brigade was immediately formed by the Rev. T. C. Harrison, and priests, brothers, students and firemen fought shoulder to shoulder. We have them to thank for the saving of the kitchen and many of the food supplies. Many students stationed themselves on the roof of the science hall, which is just east of the gymnasium, and also on the roof of St. Joseph Hall, just north of it, so that they could give the alarm in case those buildings caught fire. From three o'clock until seven, the fire department from Bourbonnais, Bradley and Kankakee, and the faculty and students fought most heroically to prevent the fire from spreading to the nearby buildings.

After the fire had abated somewhat, the doors of every Bourbonnais home were thrown open, and faculty and students were welcomed to share breakfast with the generous hearted villagers. The Sisters of Notre Dame Convent generously placed their dining hall and kitchen at the service of the college. For three days the good Sisters themselves prepared the food and waited upon the students. In relays of fifty, the boys marched to the Convent three times a day, and returned each time with greater praise of the good "eats" and the delicious cooking. The faculty were taken care of at the Church Rectory.



Meanwhile the college kitchen was being repaired and a refectory was made in the basement of Roy Hall. The same cafeteria system was installed, and although carrying the food from the kitchen is slightly inconvenient, it nevertheless works with marked success. This arrangement will remain until a new building is erected, and before closing time in June, we hope to be comfortably located in the new refectory. The architects who visited the college the first week in January proposed changing the course of the driveway and constructing the buildings in an east and west direction, since the college property extends farther east than south. This met with the approval of the college officials and as a result the dining hall will be built east of St. Joseph Hall.

A new gymnasium will be erected east of the dining hall, and will contain a natatorium with room enough for five lanes for swimming meets. There will also be a large balcony surrounding the entire building which can be used for track work. Besides this, there will be two basket-ball floors, club rooms and pool rooms. The other details cannot be given out yet, but architects are working on the plans, and we hope that by the second week in February some definite action will have taken place.

By way of history, it might be mentioned that the gymnasium was completed on October 21st., 1901. It's death at the age of twenty-five, we might say, is somewhat premature. The building's plans were drawn by the Rev. Brother S. Boisvert, and its construction was under his immediate supervision. It was pitiful to see the tear-dimmed eyes of the old brother as he saw the work of his lifetime devoured by flames.

Emmet M. Walsh, '28.

\* \* \* \*

### TO KEATS

*I've come to you because my heart is sore  
I'll list no more, no never never more  
To any vexing voice of care or pain  
I'll sit among the drooping, dropping leaves  
That murmur as they fall your sweetest name.  
No faery singing softly through the trees  
Did ever even sigh the name of pain  
And faery wise I'll hide me in the mist  
Of rose leaf words so steeped in sweet perfume  
Whilst all your dreams will softly round me drift  
So dimly in the purple hearted gloom.*

E. M. R., '27.



## A Student's Impression of the Gymnasium Fire

James A. Nolan, '29.

A disconcerting rumble, a far-distant crackling, weird murmurs, baffling whispers—now distinct shouts! What can it be? Jumping from my bed, I leaped to the window amid cries of bewilderment and exclamations of surprise which send shivers of fear through my trembling body. The sky is lurid with flames, reminding one of a scorching August sunset. Quickly I gasp, turn my head to the right, allow an Indian war-cry to escape my lips, and hurriedly drawing on my clothes, half dressed, I rush down the stairs and out into the cold January night.

The gymnasium, a massive stone structure, a colossal fortress keeping watch over her sleeping colleagues through the long, lonely hours of the night, is a strange intermixture of showers of starry sparks, sheets of hungry flames and driving clouds of murky smoke. Impulsively the flames start toward the darkened heavens, but, with a mischievous dart, downward they caper around their unwilling victim. For the fraction of a moment I stand aghast, I draw my hands over my eyes lest I be the victim of a delusion. Hastily buttoning the top of my coat, and recovering my senses, I run to the other side of the conflagration which has now burst forth as if to give vent to some irrepressible passion. Here are priests, brothers and students carrying articles of furniture; there a group of indiscernible figures dragging the fire hose; now someone is throwing boxes out of a broken, illuminated window; again two students ascend the high stone steps toward the entrance and direct torrents of water upon the hungry, living, destructive tongues of fire within.

I plunge into the work, now laboring with one crowd, now with another. Someone bemoans the fact that the fire department has not yet arrived; another savagely demands why there is no water pressure; yet a third hoarsely declares that the entire group of buildings will be in the control of the fire before the first pale streaks creep across the sky. The roof precipitates into an abyss of raging flames, which someone likens to hell fire, simultaneously crossing himself as if to ask Heaven to save him from such tortures. The walls shrivel, the floors yield to the overpowering weight, but as they crash to the ground new energy and life seems to be supplied the tireless workers.



All through the long weary hours the labor continues, and when dawn breaks, giving promise of a sanguine sunrise, only stark windowless walls enclose the smouldering ruins; the once sturdy beams made plastic by the terrific heat of a Vulcanic fire are fantastically bent and twisted as though by some Herculean force, the fallen tile walls mingle their once immaculate whiteness with the charred debris, blackened and crumbled. What a scene of desolation it is! Bit by bit the groups dissemble and when the majestic sun ascends his throne in all his winter glory, only one band of dejected and exhausted men remain to pay tribute to the work of their conqueror.

## The Reconstruction Plans

Scarcely had the smoke cleared away from the ruins of the old gymnasium when the College faculty and the provincial council of the Viatorian Order, were hard at work discussing the plans for reconstruction. The result of these deliberations has found expression in the architect's plan for two separate buildings, one a mess hall and the other a gymnasium. Both buildings will be absolutely fireproof and will be built on an avenue running East and West and cutting the present College drive at right angles where the old gymnasium stood. By thus shifting the axis of the building plan the college will have ample room for all future buildings, as well as adequate athletic fields, within the limits of the present campus.

The contract for these two buildings has been let to the Warner Construction Company of Chicago with the obligation of beginning building operations the first week in March and turning over the buildings completed by the first of September.

The gymnasium, built of brick and concrete, is a hundred and eighty feet long by one hundred and forty feet wide. The main floor will be ninety-two feet wide and one hundred and six feet long. It will have two practice basket-ball floors and one exhibition floor, full regulation size. All around this hall on the four sides will be a Billiard and Pool-Hall, Bowling-Alleys, Hand-Ball Court, Special Gymnastic-Room, Coaches Assembly-Room, Varsity-Room, a full regulation Swimming-Pool thirty by seventy-five feet, with shower-rooms and other accessories.



The mess hall, also built of brick and concrete, will be between the new gymnasium and the Science Hall facing South upon the athletic field. It will be a one-story building, that will have kitchen and dining hall facilities for five-hundred students.

A third building is absolutely necessary to meet the present development of the College. During the past three years the Viator Extension Club has been raising funds for a dormitory building. The organizer of this club Reverend J. P. O'Mahoney, Treasurer of the College, is now preparing a report of these funds which will be soon sent to the members of the Extension Club. There will be now a greater need than ever for more room accommodations as the present building program will offer more facilities and greater attraction for college students. The Resolution passed at the meeting of the officers of the Alumni Association and approved at the annual meeting shows that the Alumni are alive to the situation of St. Viator. The College Council and the Provincial Council of the Order in accordance with the request of the Alumni have appointed Father O'Mahoney, c. s. v., to conduct a campaign to finance the work of reconstruction. The Viatorian feels confident that the Alumni and friends of St. Viator will give a hearty response to the appeal to be made to them.





## Annual Alumni Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Alumni Association for the year 1926, took place at the Palmer House, Chicago, Tuesday evening, February 9th. The President, Frank G. Rainey, '09, and the following officers were present: John E. Cox, '17, Vice-president, Rev. F. F. Connor, '11, Vice-President, J. Glen Powers, '21, General Secretary, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., '01, Resident-Secretary, Lowell A. Lawson, '15, Treasurer, Trustee Very Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., '05, Rev. Louis M. O'Connor, '07, Rev. Patrick C. Conway, '84. About seventy-five members were present. After the adoption of the minutes of the previous meeting, the Chair appointed a nominating committee, Rev. Louis M. O'Connor, Francis Hangsterfer, and Joseph Bolger. A report of the meeting of the officers which took place at St. Viator College, January 11, 1926, was made, and the following resolution which had been adopted unanimously at the officers meeting was read and also adopted unanimously at this annual meeting: "Resolved that the officers of the Alumni Association, in behalf of the Alumni pledge to secure the physical, official, and professorial equipment of St. Viator College to meet the requirements for standardization of the Catholic Educational Association and the North Central Association. We further resolve in persuance of this to canvass the Alumni for contributions amounting to \$300,000.00. One hundred members should be solicited to give interest bearing notes, each for \$2,000.00 payable \$200.00 annually for ten years. The balance should be raised in cash. Be it further resolved that the Treasurer of St. Viator College, Father O'Mahoney, aided by other members of the Community and members of the Alumni Association, make this canvass within the next three months and report to the officers of the Alumni Association, April 12, 1926."

The College outlook at St. Viator was the topic discussed at this meeting. The Right Rev. G. M. Legris, D. D., the Very Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., Rev. P. C. Conway, Rev. J. McCarthy, '01, and Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, C. S. V., spoke on different aspects of this subject. All the speakers made an eloquent plea for higher Catholic education and emphasized the need that such institutions as St. Viator have, not only for the moral but even for the financial support of all those who believe in the religious education of youth, and especially of the alumni and friends of these institutions. Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., combined the Treasurer's report with the re-



port of the Viator Extension Club. This club now has five hundred and fifty-five (555) members, 314 former students of St. Viator and 241 other friends of the institution. The funds collected in this way will be used in the reconstruction which is now going on at the College.

The Committee on Nominations presented the following list and asked for the reelection of the present officers of the organization as a tribute to the good work which they have done during the past year:

Honorary President, The Right Rev. Alexander J. McGavick, '85.

President, Frank G. Rainey, '08, Chicago.

Vice Presidents, John E. Cox, '17, Chicago; Edward T. O'Connor, '16, Peoria, Rev. S. N. Moore, '98, Bloomington, Rev. F. F. Connor, '11, Rockford, Walter J. Nourie, '10, Kankakee, Thomas J. O'Reilly, '12, Springfield.

General Secretary, J. Glen Powers, '21, Chicago.

Resident Secretary, Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., '01, College.

Treasurer, Lowell A. Lawson, '15, Chicago.

Trustees Ex-Officio, Very Rev. T. J. Rice, C. S. V., '05, Frank G. Rainey, '08.

Trustees, 1925-'27, Very Rev. James J. Shannon, '83, Peoria, Rev. Louis M. O'Connor, '07, Urbana.

Trustees, 1925-'29, Rev. Patrick C. Conway, '84, Chicago, Hon. James G. Condon, '91, Chicago.

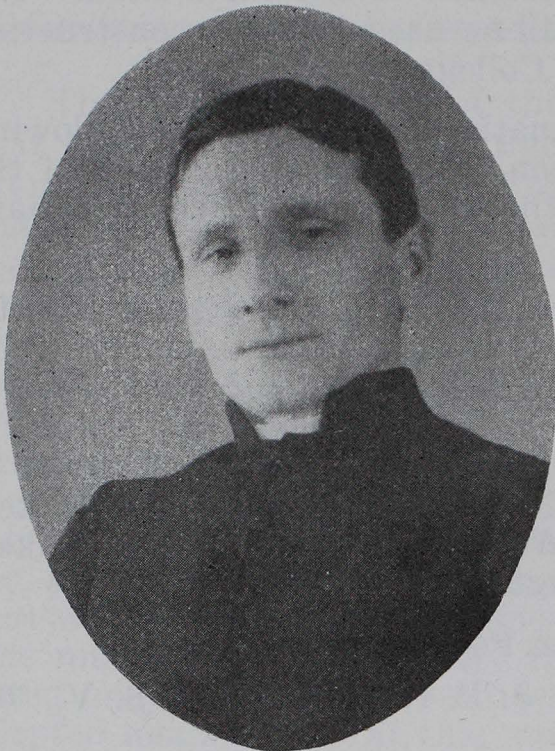
Frank Burke moved that the entire list of officers be elected as nominated by the committee. Rev. J. LaMarre seconded the motion and it was carried unanimously.

As a tribute to the old students Florence E. McAuliffe of the class of '81, the oldest alumnus present, was called upon to say a word for the good old times long long ago. He spoke most feelingly of the students and faculty of his day and he paid a beautiful tribute to the worth of Catholic college education. The musical part of the program was under the direction of John Monahan and to the tune of many an old college song, he transported his hearers back to the campus of old St. Viator. At eleven o'clock it was moved and seconded that the meeting adjourn to convene again at the call of the officers of the association. The motion was carried unanimously.

John P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., Resident Sec'y.



## AVE ATQUE VALE



The death of Rev. P. L. Leary, c. s. v., came as a shock to his community and many friends. His gentle soul passed to its eternal reward on Tuesday evening, February 9, 1926 at Pottsville, Pennsylvania. For a number of years Father Leary suffered very poor health and, after spending several weeks recently in the Alexian Brothers Hospital, Chicago, Illinois, he was given leave of absence by his superiors, to take a complete rest at the home of relatives in Pennsylvania.

The obsequies were held at Maternity Church, Bour-

bonnais, Illinois, on Monday morning, February 15, at 10:30 o'clock. The Solemn High Mass was sung by the Very Rev. W. J. Surprenant, c. s. v., the provincial of the Clerics of St. Viator. He was assisted by the Very Rev. T. J. Rice, c. s. v., president of St. Viator College as Deacon, and the Rev. F. E. Munsch, c. s. v., director of St. Bernard Hall, as Sub-deacon. A most touching and fitting eulogy was delivered by the Rev. W. J. Bergin, c. s. v. The remains were then borne to Maternity Cemetery, where they were laid with those of his confreres who have preceded him in death.

Father Leary was born at Mahanoy Plane, Pennsylvania, on November 19, 1880. He entered the Clerics of St. Viator in 1898 and in the following year he pronounced his vows. After his first vows, he was stationed at the Holy Name School, Chicago, Illinois, for six years. He then began his study of philosophy and theology at St. Viator College, and was ordained to the priesthood July 13, 1911. He was made Master of Novices and this position he filled with marked success and was for his novices always a shining example of genuine piety and saintliness. When his term of office expired, Father Leary was called to parish work at St. Edward Church, Chicago, Ill., and while here he was also Chaplain for the Municipal Tuberculosis Hospital. It was in this latter office especially, that Father Leary endeared himself to all those with whom and for whom he labored. The sick will never forget his kindly ministrations, his paternal love for them.

When Father Leary's health broke he was returned to St. Viator College with no assigned duties. He made a valiant effort to regain his health but to little avail as his powers were well nigh exhausted. Those who knew him best will remember him as a saintly and deeply spiritual religious and priest. May he rest in peace.



## Shakespeare and Jonson as Spectators of the Elizabethan Scene

*John J. Toohill, '27*

From our position in the world we may observe with an interest pregnant with curiosity the various activities which lend color to our century. "Pro" football and the secrets of the Charleston are matters which appear to hold more than their full share of interest for our American people. Tomorrow they will be memories. The affairs of "Tea Pot Dome" no longer have the prominence that the people as a whole gave them a short time ago. In the theatre, the attention of the people likewise is changing with a continuity that knows no bounds. Audiences have progressed from a state of incipient interest to one of a clamorous demand for the presentation on our modern stage of the society of yestercentury as depicted by George Bernard Shaw and Ibsen. Should today's public, in its course of changing thought, with its varying desire for knowledge of the life of the past ages, desire accurate information regarding the life and society of an historic and eventful period of English life—the Elizabethan day—it would behoove them to demand the production of Shakespeare's plays to be followed immediately by Jonson's dramatic productions. From the views of these two one could obtain a rather complete picture of Elizabethan England.

Both Shakespeare and Jonson are almost identical in some respects. The religious and political disturbances of the era did not affect these men as seriously as did the society of the day. By opposing the social structure, Jonson presents some definite ideas which when taken in their entirety cover broad areas in the field of politics and social endeavor. On the other hand, Shakespeare appears to have derived a keen edged pleasure from the social aspect of the time. Both men dealt with the problems which confront the men and women of today; love and hate, morals—all that which has paved the road of man through the centuries. They took but that portion of it that passed through Elizabethan life, examined its methods of construction, and then each in a different manner informed the world of their conclusions. They have mutually agreed that those men and women, who passed along this portion of the road, were "strong individual men and women moved by passions and interests that speak, and act without veiling their thoughts; they are people of words and deeds who enjoyed life to its full; scorn death,



ardent, revengeful, remorseless." Together they held the mirror up to society in such a way that very little failed to be reflected. What one missed the other seemed to visualize. When Shakespeare deprived his characters of the indulgence of tobacco in any form, Jonson leaves us proof that many of that period were quite adept in its use. But above all this apparent unity, these men were radically different in their ideas of the prevailing society. It is because of this that one should see one of Jonson's productions after enjoying one from Shakespeare. In the contrast lies the knowledge.

In the beginning of one of Jonson's plays the author has the following lines:

"Deeds, and language, such as men do use  
And persons, such as comedy would choose,  
When she would show an image of the times,  
And sport with human follies, not with crime."

To "show an image of the times" is to all appearance exactly what Jonson wished to do. He brings forth "persons, such as comedy would choose," but in his haste to inform the world of these "human follies" he overlooks his characters and fails to humanize them. True, there is the "braggart soldier, the clever servant, the avaricious and jealous husband, the gay young man and even the gulls"—all obviously suggested by the common types of the day. They all speak, but merely as puppets who are predestined for no other life than that of slaving in an effort to present to the world Jonson's "image of the times."

Just as Conrad traveled over the turbulent waters of many a forlorn sea in an ostensible effort to learn for himself the truth about the rage of the gale and the terrors of shipwreck, so did Johnson go out upon the crowded streets of busy London, ever tilting his mirror so that all details might be reflected for his scrutiny. He traveled the most prominent avenues ever peering to the right and left. Again his course sent him down an unfrequented alley; all paths led to the same thing. Whenever Jonson came upon something new, he detained it long enough to focus it in the field of his microscope. However the wells of his curiosity would not be filled, hence Jonson remained the scientific observer of the conditions of men and women to the end. The more data he obtained, the greater became his observations. But Jonson looked with the eyes of the historian and the scientific investigator alone. In his examinations of human beings, he so tore them apart that the appearances by which they were usually recognized became obliterated; he so robbed men of their natures that they became but mere foibles. When introducing them into the pages of his drama he employed his imagination to such a small degree that his characters bore



only the names of people. Their freedom of life might be likened to a victrola record; a few turns—a few words, and their purpose of existence has been fulfilled. Where Jonson, the dramatist, failed, Jonson, the true and thorough historian, flourished. He was primarily interested in the condition and not in the individual persons who created the events of which he wrote.

Jonson wastes little time in stripping from Elizabethan society all the imaginative and sentimental finery with which the chanting procession of centuries are wont to clothe it. In a contemplative attitude of cold reasoning the man undeniably joined the group of Elizabethan critics, whose object appears to have been the dragging forth of truth from behind the cloud of conventionalities which had been obscuring it. We know that Jonson hated conventions, and in observing them and writing of them he peers so far beyond the characters in his attempt to describe them that men become pigmies. In thus writing he avoids the common idiom and plunges into a stiff, quaint and harsh phraseology, with many words borrowed from the Latin. In his satire, of a deep-cutting nature, he overlooks nothing. It can truly be said that the greater portion of his several works deal not so much with the individual character as upon some particular phase of the time, which apparently becomes the sole object of his criticism. The scientific, the humanitarian, the historical, the military and the religious attitudes all receive their share of harping; the vice and folly in each is so satirized as to make them appear at least contemptible to Jonson. In his "Alchemist" he creates the character Mammon, one who is the "picture of concupiscence, of sensuous appetite, generally sublimed by the heat of imagination into something pathetic." He belittles everything from knighthood down to the then quite novel procedure of smoking a pipe. Yet, Jonson's comedies are no cruel reflection of English life; they are merely a moral—a satirical effort to reform manners. The explanation of this lies in the fact that Jonson stood and observed the time and its society from the outside, never mingling with it or feeling warmth thereof. Some critics say of him that "he mirrored what he saw of men and manners with untiring fidelity, heightening and coloring the picture with hearty and virile humor and interpreting it with sound and censorious morality." Sidney said that as a dramatist he failed to distinguish the dramatic fable from the narrative; that he did not mirror nature or imitate life, he merely told impossible stories. Yet, upon giving some of Jonson's works a close examination, Sidney should have admitted that the man has left some quite realistic comedies, with servants, drunkards, constables, and clowns, and the elbowing of the monarchs by humorous persons of



low life. The picture is at least a complete one. Quite true, some of his best contributions to dramatic literature are of the romantic, and are, therefore, naturally less realistic than his other works, but what is not romance has delighted us not in "heroisms, villianies, and aspirations of romantic vision, but in absurdity, frivolity, and grossness of the Elizabethan day." One critic uses many pages of manuscript harping on the lack of ethical or aesthetic aims of the clowns and kings who are made to mingle in the farce and action of the writer's tragedies. But then another immediately says that "Jonson wrote of little fishes, without making them talk like whales." It is doubtful if many of Jonson's characters in real life confused "scholarship with pedantry and verse with theory" as Jonson did when writing of them.

In speaking of Shakespeare Jonson himself said:

"He was not of an age, but for all times!" Truly enough Shakespeare did not write of one century; he wrote of "all time", but when writing of his own time he was at his best. "He wrote the text of modern life; the text of matters; he drew the men of England and Europe; the father of the man in America; he drew the man and described the day and what is done in it; he read the hearts of men and women; their probity, and their secret thoughts and wiles; the wiles of innocence, and the transitions by which virtues and vices retrograde or advance into their contraries; he knew the laws of repression which make the police of nature; and all the sweets and all the terrors of humanity lay in his mind as truly but as softly as a landscape on the eye." Before Shakespeare gained this knowledge he must needs have learned it; he learned it from the teacher of the times—from society, about which he loved to write. He puts this society into the pages of his dramas, not like Jonson with his satire, but through remarkable, though natural, characterization of the individuals who divulge the secrets of their time. Where Jonson denied imagination a place in the picture, Shakespeare never wrote without it; with it he filled in the scenes of his acts with living men and women. We see Dame Ford sending out her washing to have it laundered instead of having the servants attend to it in her own household. The frequent quaffings of wine alone with the bets and duels have an important place in the corners of every act; a man bets a dish of stewed prunes that he can defeat a rival at fencing; the same man also swears "by his gloves". Love-letters, displaced by the telegraph and telephone in our own time, were things of deliberation in the Elizabethan day. In Shakespeare there is a noticeable absence of any definite demarcation between nobility and gentry; the traditional distinction is apparently removed. Jonson also points this out.



Was it not Brandes who said; "No mortal man, from the time of the Renaissance to our own day, has caused such upheavals and revivals in the literatures of different nations. Intellectual revolutions have emanated from his outspoken boldness and his eternal youth, and have been quelled by his sanity, his moderation, and eternal wisdom?" In that sanity lies Shakespeare's power. Jonson was neglectful of those restrictions necessary for sanity in writing. But in that insanity of his writing, if it may be called that, like in the distorted conversations of his characters, he reveals to us the secrets of society. Shakespeare does not present characters other than the most natural but his revelation of the times is not a whit more shallow; it is deeper than that of Jonson. At any rate that is the methods of Ben Jonson and William Shakespeare in their endeavor to give us pictures of Elizabethan society.

In the pages of Jonson's plays there lies buried the teeming life of Elizabethan England with its secrets and with its pedantries, its short-lived hopes and frail desires, because in comedy Jonson did not select from the mass of social material; in truth absolute information about people and society was his ideal. The result is that to after ages he makes no profound human appeal. His characters speak not to men of the present generation, for they never lived in the soul of Jonson, to whom men and society were repugnant. The austere fastidiousness of the man shackled his genius from creating characters that would walk down the avenues of all generations speaking with a human voice and palpitating with a human heart. The reader today marvels at the man's social information, whilst the mind of the reader and his emotions remain unmoved. Shakespeare—the wizard—has as much social information as Jonson, he was part and parcel of his own London, but his artistic imagination and shaping power stirred the vari-colored waters of London society, so that sympathy was born in his soul for toiling man and jovial clown. This sympathy became the basis whereby Shakespeare toiled to leave us a picture of London society, that speaks to all times and days a human language and produces a human appeal. Shakespeare in comedy gives the life warmth and the light on the Elizabethan day, whilst Jonson gives but light.



## THE VERDICT

*James Evans '29*

A very tired young woman was trudging wearily homeward from her day's work. Mrs. Sandon was a maid for a very wealthy family and this day's work seemed to have been the most trying that she had ever had. As she passed under the glaring lights of Broadway, she appeared haggard and worn. Her face, however, though it appeared wan and pallid, retained traces of unusual beauty and strong character. Dark eyes that had lost their lustre seemed to require conscious effort to keep them from closing. Beneath her hat small dainty curls of chestnut-colored hair were visible. Clothes that were old were still worn with neatness and grace, while her small trim feet slowly paced along the street, tired and unsteady. It required all her strength to climb the rickety old stairs in the dilapidated tenement house which she called home. Reaching her apartment she sank exhausted upon a couch and fell into a fitful sleep. Had an observer been present, he would have perceived that Mrs. Sandon had been a lady of exceptional beauty, and though yet a young woman, fortune had been unkind to her and the world was using her cruelly.

In her uneasy sleep she dreamed that her son, Bobby, a thin, pale, and sickly child, had been sent to the country, and had grown strong and healthy. She dreamed that they possessed a cozy little home surrounded by beautiful gardens and blessed with love and happiness. Her Bobby had grown up strong and manly, and had become a great man of the world.

A startling cry dispelled these blissful visions. The mother rushed to the other room where she found her tiny son had fallen into a faint. She revived and soothed him and after giving him some weak tea put him to sleep with a few hours of story-telling. As he slept, she dropped to her knees hoping against hope that her recent dream would come true.

Hours passed and there was no improvement in Bobby. For weeks he had been slowly losing color, for weeks his weak and white little body had been wasting away. Lately Mrs. Sandon's faith and hope had been wavering and weakening. Heaven, she thought, was treating her coldly, allowing such heartache and sorrow to fall to her lot. Night after night she had been keeping vigil at the bedside of the only one on earth that she held dear. The agony of seeing her son sink further and further had a deadening influence and now she ceased to pour forth prayers as she dreamed of the happiness that seem-



ed ever more remote. Week after week she had gone to work tired and sullen, bearing a sad, pale and gloomy countenance.

Not the least of her worries was her inability to send Bobby to school and to equip him for life's stern battle. What chance had her son without an education and without health? The doctor had told her that the air of the uplands would save the boy. But how was she, now even worse than penniless, to acquire sufficient money for this purpose? As the night dragged wearily on Mrs. Sandon racked her mind to discover some method by which she could obtain a sum of money. She had already borrowed from friends who had been anxious to help her, but she knew she could not impose upon them any further. To extract any sizable amount of funds from her weekly salary was impossible and so the light of dawn, instead of hope, brought desperation into her soul. Hence, as she busied herself in preparing a meager breakfast, she was resolving to get money by the first means that presented itself, even though it would be necessary to stifle her conscience in the act. After nervously gulping a few bites of food which was all that constituted her morning meal, (due undoubtedly to the rash resolve she had evidently made), she hurried to the beautiful residence district where she worked. As the distracted woman reached her destination and entered the imposing structure of her mistress, her mind was occupied with dangerous thoughts by which she was comparing her own misery with the apparent wealth and happiness of others. Immediately going to her own dressing room she donned her servant's attire and proceeded about her daily tasks which carried her through most of the rooms in the palatial dwelling. To the cheerful greetings of the other maids, she vouchsafed no reply but continued mechanically with her duties. Such unwonted behavior on the part of one who had until lately been esteemed as a happy, generous and friendly woman aroused no little discussion among the frivolous maids who knew nothing of the anguish preying at the maternal heart of Mrs. Sandon.

Miss Paxton, a chambermaid, had always been Mrs. Sandon's closest companion. The two had worked together for many years and frequently visited at each other's homes. Miss Paxton had often helped Mrs. Sandon in her struggles with poverty and was naturally very much interested in her friend's unusual mood. So at the first opportunity she approached her and with a friendly arm about her shoulder, said,

"Good morning Dot! What seems to be the trouble, dear?" Mrs. Sandon looked at her through worried eyes and with a futile attempt toward a smile, informed her of the sorrow she was suffering, concluding with a sigh,



"I do not know what to do, I am afraid I will lose all on this earth that I have to live for,—my boy!"

"I have been unable to get any more money for you," her friend lamented after some thought, "but do you think that you could last it out until our mistress returns from Europe? She will help you I am certain."

"O! if she only would," explained Mrs. Sandon, in her dilemma grasping at any straw, "but when will she be back?"

"In three weeks, we had a letter from her this morning."

Three weeks! Were she to wait that long neither money nor care would restore Bobby. If she were to save Bobby, she must act now. The resolution must be carried out;—she would suppress the voice of conscience.

Miss Paxton, seeing that she could be of no assistance to her distressed companion, left the room, which happened to be the mistress's bedroom. Mrs. Sandon, in a distracted mood, and duster in hand, moved over to the dressing table. She paused a moment to survey herself in the mirror. The image of a tired and worried woman was reflected. Her face had begun to wrinkle and deep lines were already forming around her eyes. Cringing before the reflection, she absent-mindedly began arranging the things in the drawers. Suddenly she came to a startled pause. A necklace of pearls was clinging to her trembling fingers. What was making her so nervous? Why was her feverish brow cold with perspiration? She had gone through this selfsame task a thousand times before. Ah! this was the occasion to satisfy her desperate resolution. What was a piece of jewelry compared to the life of her son. With one wild glance toward the mirror she left the room. Fired with desperation, she dressed and hurriedly departed from the house, ignoring even Miss Paxton's anxious call as she rushed down the steps.

Waiting at the pawnbrokers, she displayed, even to an inexperienced observer, a very perturbed state of mind. But she was not thinking of herself; she was excited at the prospect of seeing her child out of death's shadow. The eyebrows of the quaint old fellow behind the counter nearly disappeared under the edge of his black skull-cap when the pearls were disclosed to his view. But he said nothing, however, and readily handed over the price that was asked.

Mrs. Sandon was not contemplating apprehension and so did not notice the tall, dark, muscularly built man of approximately forty years of age, who was loitering about the shop. A pair of shrewd dark eyes that caught every detail, shown from his tan clean-shaven face. His well-dressed appearance and manly carriage marked him as a gentleman. After Mrs. Sandon had entered and closed the door of her dwelling this same man could have been seen strolling leisurely by whistling softly to himself.



At 12:15 o'clock the next day a nervous lady and a sickly boy were at the Grand Central Station waiting for a train that would take them to Rowling, a small mountain resort. Mrs. Sandon's anxiety was caused not so much from fear of detection, but rather by the possibilities that the change of surroundings would hold for Bobby. As she was waiting her thoughts turned to the dismay that her rich employer would register when her pearls could not be located. Some disconcerting reactions were about to envelope the unfortunate woman but they were frustrated by a whimper from the sickly lad who was the unwilling cause of the whole situation. The train was called as he was quieted and the pair were lost to view as they were swept up by the crowd leaving the station. When the disturbance incident to train leaving had abated, a tall dark man was talking in an interested manner to the man at the window where Mrs. Sandon had purchased her tickets.

To all outward appearances health and happiness ruled at the little cottage in the mountains where the Sandons were domiciled. The balmy air and sunshine had almost worked miracles for Bobby. Three weeks in the open had already placed him well on the road to convalescence. Even Mrs. Sandon had profited by the change. The ruddy glow in her cheeks once more asserted itself. But withal, the change had failed to bring her complete happiness. Now that her fear for Bobby's life was gone, the knowledge of her theft began to gnaw at her conscience and gave birth to a thousand fears, presentiments and dreads.

The fourth Saturday after her arrival at Rowling was a day of uneasiness, filled with forebodings of the most varied character. After having put Bobby to bed she picked up a newspaper to divert her mind from the grim visions that were haunting her soul. With a startled cry she suddenly threw the paper from her, then snatched it up and read it intensely for a few moments. The discovery had come at last! The loss of the jewels was being broadcast over the country! The whereabouts of a maid who had disappeared from her work were being sought and her apprehension was hourly expected!

A paroxysm of fear and anxiety seized Mrs. Sandon. Her face turned pale and her eyes lost their brilliancy in an agony of fear. She was in frenzy of trepidation. The seriousness of her crime began to dawn upon her in its true light. If caught, she realized that punishment would be inevitable; she would be doomed to prison. But worse yet, the comfort and happiness that she had given her boy might at any moment be taken from him.

The loud ringing of the door bell at this instant was scarcely more than Mrs. Sandon expected. Nevertheless, she was very unsteady as she arose, wiped the tears from her eyes,



and went to the door. The tall dark man who entered politely nodded and handed her his card. Consternation filled Mrs. Sandon's soul as she read:

MR. F. A. CONDOR

DALLERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY

Mr. Condor's eyes covered every detail in the room and even rested a moment or two on the sleeping form of the child, visible through the door of the adjoining room. Then they came back to Mrs. Sandon and he lost no time in beginning his questioning. To his preliminary inquiries she replied directly and frankly. Then he asked,

"Mrs. Sandon, do you know anything more about the necklace theft than what you read in this evening's paper?"

The woman started to reply but her lips trembled pitifully and weakly bowing her head, she remained silent.

Mr. Condor would ordinarily have followed the policy that had been responsible for his reputation as a great detective, and fired questions and threats at his subject upon display of such a weakness which would have resulted in a complete confession. But he had a full understanding of Mrs. Sandon's life, due principally to the fact that she had made no effort to avoid detection since her robbery. Now as she stood before him defenseless and without any effort toward deceit, he was, perhaps for the first time in his career, touched deeply with pity. Certainly for the first time he found his vocation repulsive. But he was a man of character and he knew his duty. The huge reward offered in this case made his task appear more cruel.

The next day Mrs. Sandon's old neighbors were surprised to see her and her small son return to their old apartment in the tenement house. It was due to Mr. Condor's influence that they knew nothing of the crime that smirched her character. But further than that, Mr. Condor had promised Mrs. Sandon that he would procure a bondsman for her and that he would retain an attorney for her defense at the trial. She did not know that these benevolent acts had cost him far more than his salary and reward. During the time intervening between the apprehension and trial, Mr. Condor found occasion to call at the Sandon home a number of times in the interest of the approaching event. Mrs. Sandon of course could divulge nothing in regard to these visits so that there was small wonder that the neighbors were soon predicting a far more joyful occasion in the near future than the one that brought Mrs. Sandon to court.

Now Mr. Condor was one of those men who had never been in love and in this particular instance he was moved



solely by pity. He was too just a man to excuse crime, but his heart was touched by the trials and unhappiness that had been the fortune of Mrs. Sandon up until the time that she had taken the pearls. Now since that incident he felt that in an indirect way he was the cause of far greater trials besetting her for the remainder of her life. Surely, he thought, this woman was suffering far more than the penalty of one crime should decree. It was with such a thought that he secured the services of the best legal talent available in the hopes that her sentence would be lightened.

\* \* \* \* \*

The snowstorms of five winters have swept across the ranches of Colorado since the above event transpired. One of these great areas is owned by a tall dark man who, though characterized by his habitual silence of the past is always called upon for his opinion in disputes that arise among the cowboys because of his strict sense of justice. With him is a hardy lad of about ten years of age who seems to have the freedom of the ranch. He is called Bobby but is beginning to insist that he is just Bob. No one asks why or how he happens to be on that ranch for those questions are not asked in that country; but when he is twenty-one Mr. Condor will show him two newspaper clippings. One will tell of the trial of Mrs. Sandon with conviction and sentence of two years imprisonment for a theft of jewelry. It will also state that the verdict was pronounced chiefly on the basis of testimony given by Detective Condor.

The other article will mention the death of Mrs. Sandon in prison just three weeks before her sentence would have expired.








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**EDITOR**

Vincent J. Pfeffer, '26.

**ASSOCIATE EDITOR**

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**THE NEW ST. VIATOR** Like all Gaul, the history of St. Viator College is divided into three parts. There is first the period starting when the school was founded by the good brothers who laboriously erected the first structure from the natural supply of rock that lay at hand. For thirty years this school continued to grow until it consisted, as was the custom in those days, of one extensive building that included the chapel, dormitories, classrooms, refectory and recreation rooms. But one February night in 1906 a fire broke out during supper hour and the next morning, with only a partially constructed gymnasium for a beginning, the Viatorians launched into the second era of the College's history.

This time a more modern system of building was observed and the separate buildings that we see today were put up.



An atmosphere of virility permeated the campus and the college made even greater strides than during its first third of a century of existence. The last few years it became impossible to accommodate all the students who applied for entrance and sites were being measured for new halls. But the three hours fire that destroyed the gymnasium on the night of the sixth of January also destroyed these plans.

The regretted conflagration of several weeks ago ended these particular plans, it is true, but only to have far greater ones of a vastly more extensive nature already substituted in their place. As the Viator that sprung up from the debris of 1906 was greater than the original St. Viator College, so St. Viator College five years hence will surpass the present. We are making this assertion not so much because a new dining hall and gymnasium will be standing on the campus within ninety days and because the massive front of a third building devoted exclusively to the college department will shadow the main drive within a year or two, but because of approaching changes to occur in the policies of the institution. Indications unmistakably point to a complete separation of the high school from the college department to be effected before most of the students now in school have finished their courses, while returning alumni in 1936 will very likely be visiting St. Viator University where only college work will be offered. When we consider that a course in Commerce leading to degrees, pre-medics, and pre-engineering have been added to the curriculum in the last decade we feel that St. Viator is really out-growing the short-pants stage.

When we said that a new gymnasium was on the point of being erected we were careless in the selection of terms, for the structure that will face south toward the football field will be a Field House, a building that represents the latest idea in college branch of athletics. Anent this subject we might interest the reader further by divulging the information that the Athletic Department is at present seriously considering the adoption of the Freshmen Rule. Perhaps such a regulation is a little premature yet but eventually it will be put in force.

A writer in our last issue, referred to the college as we have known it as, 'the new St. Viator,'—a term quite appropriate at that time. But on January the sixth the dawn of another epoch in Viatorian history broke upon us, and while trials and inconveniences will beset us, let us hope that no one will allow discouragement to cloud his vision of The New St. Viator.



**“MAKING THE VIATORIAN”** On the editorial page of a well known newspaper, which, according to its own admission, is the world's greatest, there is a column of items furnished by interested readers. Only contributions that are of special merit, such as those with a satirical jab, a dash of humor, or a farcical interpretation, are printed. Considerable interest has been aroused by the conductor of the column and he is able to publish only a small percent of the daily contributions. The result is that a keen rivalry prevails among those submitting material, so that when a contributor sees his matter in the column he basks in self-satisfaction, for he can now number himself among those who have ‘made the line’.

In contrast to this spirit of active interest and effort on the part of the readers of the daily newspapers is the apathy which college students manifest toward their school magazines. Judging from comments in our exchanges, this paucity of interest is almost a universal characteristic in communities wherein ungovernable trouser legs and vicious neckties predominate. Why students can remain less impassioned toward their college magazine than the ordinary citizens does toward the public newspapers, can hardly be explained by anyone who has faith in school spirit.

After having somehow assembled the material for three issues of the Viatorian we are now in such a state, that, were an upper classman to present an unsolicited contribution, the shock would wreck the editorial chamber. Yet, there is as much school spirit at Viator as any other college, so why this scarcity of unsolicited support behind the Viatorian? We believe it is due to failure to appreciate the satisfaction that is experienced by a student when he sees the first piece of writing, absolutely his own, appear in print. Having once produced a paper that is worthy of publication, a fascinating sphere looms before the individual and he becomes as interested in ‘making the Viatorian’, as the scrub does in making the first squad.

The Viatorian, being a college organ published by students, has its literary standard limited accordingly. But we would not have anyone believe that all students produce writing that is acceptable to the Viatorian. By way of comparison we can point out that from fourteen to sixteen men are awarded letters in football and earning a letter is regarded no mean achievement. Yet there are not over a dozen students in the entire college whose writing could be accepted regularly by the Viatorian. So if a student can put an article in the Viatorian he is in a more select group than those are who wear the coveted “V”. But since mental achievement is of a higher order than physical accomplishment he is a luminary of a



more elevated sphere than the athletic star. Of course the latter receives the lion's share of all that appeals to us as collegians and personally we confess that, just while we are in school, we would rather make a touchdown than write a short story.

However, in later years we may gain solace in recalling that our name figured in the table of contents of the Viatorian at least a time or two, and in that we have incontestable evidence of at least average scholarship. So in making the football team you make it for a few years at the most, but when you make the Viatorian you have achieved something that will never slip from you.

V. P., '26.

\* \* \*

#### WHAT DID

#### MITCHELL DO?

After six weeks filled with many complex and weary ordeals of slow and tedious cross-examination, a trial, said to be the most remarkable of its kind in the annals of United States History, ended in the formal conviction of the defendant, Colonel Mitchell. Though the Colonel was found guilty of violating Article of War 96, which proscribes actions "to the prejudice of good order and military discipline", his sentence, as handed out by the jury, is supposed to have been one of leniency. Because of his outstanding military record during the recent World War, Mitchell was not ordered within the restraining walls of a prison, nor was he outwardly given a fine. Such measures as imprisonment or fines were not cherished by the War Department. To wrest all military authority from the Colonel was what that aggrieved body ostensibly desired most of all. In sentencing Mitchell "to be suspended from rank, command, and duty, with forfeiture of all pay and allowances for five years," the judges did what Secretary of War Weeks and his friends seemed to urge. Mitchell, without his martial authority can no longer "go nosing about" into the affairs of the Army Air Department or any other department of "that body most removed of all branches of the Government from the citizens," as Senator Capper so accurately stated when recently speaking of the Army.

This expulsion of Mitchell from the Army is the result of a year of exciting and heated arguments regarding the conduct of the United States Air Service. Upon his return from Europe, after a career of service replete with incidents of extraordinary bravery, and with the breast of his uniform hidden behind medals of war, Mitchell was appointed Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service and awarded the rank of Brigadier General by President Harding. In Europe he had risen from a private to the Chief of the Army Air Service participating in the St. Mihiel section, but had possessed only



temporary rank as Brigadier General. For three years following this appointment, there was apparently nothing but compatibility between the Assistant Air Chief and his superiors, but it has since been learned that he continually irritated the Army General Staff by attacking their pet ideas, and offering those of his own as something superior. On the fourth and final year in his office as Assistant Air Chief, the House of Representatives staged their little air-craft party, and it was here that Brigadier General Mitchell proceeded to impart the information that the U. S. Air program was so inferior to that of other countries that it amounted to nothing more than an expensive joke on the American people. The result was that when a few weeks later Mitchell's term of office expired, Secretary of War Weeks advised President Coolidge to appoint a new Assistant Air Chief. As his reason for such action Weeks said: "General Mitchell's whole course has been so lawless, so contrary to the building up of an efficient organization, so lacking in team work, so indicative of a desire for publicity at the expense of everyone with whom he is associated, that his actions make him unfit for a high administrative position such as he now holds. His record since the war has been such that he has forfeited the good opinion of those who are familiar with the facts and who desire to promote the best interests of national defense." Mitchell then lost his Brigadier Generalship and once more became a Colonel, and was stationed as air officer of the Eighth Army Corps at San Antonio.

At San Antonio Colonel Mitchell went about his duties in quiet and efficient manner—until early in September when the giant dirigible Shenandoah somersaulted from above the clouds back to earth with a heavy loss of life and over a million of the American tax-payer's dollars. This disastrous and tragic event gave the Colonel an opportunity to broadcast to the world what he thought was the real trouble with the air department. "These accidents", he said, "are a direct result of incompetence, criminal negligence, and almost treasonable administration of the national defense by the War and Navy Departments." Then it was that he was summoned before a court martial. The accusations directed against the Army and Navy by Colonel Mitchell were questionable to the people as a whole. Were all these charges empty hallucinations, or could these statements stand the fire of investigation? As the trial proceeded the more evident it became that the questioned charges were only too true. "Colonel Mitchell demonstrated the substantial accuracy of his charges that the Army air-craft force has been mismanaged and neglected, if not deliberately allowed to deteriorate. He produced conclusive evidence of the inexcusable and criminal hazards to which American Airmen are subjected because they are forced to use unfit



machines. He proved beyond successful contradiction that this country is so far behind other leading powers in the air that its flying defense is practically a joke."

When Mitchell was appointed assistant Chief of the Air forces it must not have been expected of him that he exercise any official authority for the betterment of the sorry conditions in the air forces. From what little the man did do or say the consequences have proved quite conclusively that it would have been much more beneficial for him to have sat still, observed nothing, and said nothing. Is that the manner in which men are destined to act in fulfilling the offices for the trusting public? The tax-payer must provide his living, but everything regarding the progress or deterioration of their departments is to be kept from him. Evidently, no one, not even Congress was supposed to know that our air force was in the least deficient.

Mitchell's protests have aroused many of the leaders of this country, and they are now inquiring more and more into this shady question of aviation. Martin B. Madden, Republican Congressman from Illinois, after a thorough study of the case, states that there has been inexcusable waste by the Army and Navy in the expenditure of appropriations for aviation. He charges that both the Army and Navy have squandered millions of dollars in purposeless, meaningless, experimental orgy in technical aircraft development; that appropriations made by Congress for support of Army and Navy air services were greater during the current year than similar appropriations made by England, France, and Japan. He declared that "we are spending \$86,000,000 a year for Army and Navy aviation, for which we are receiving nothing." No right thinking man, such as Mitchell gives evidence of being, could remain in connection with such a concern as the United States Air Department and allow such conditions to continue without at least attempting to point them out. What the United States Government needs is more of such men as Colonel Mitchell—not the men who are willing to sit back in their swivel chairs, draw their commissions, and do nothing for the country and people who place such trusts of importance in their hands. No doubt there would be many such men if it were not for the fact that as soon as they started to point out abuses, they would be silenced like a radio concert, which when it fails to please the listener is shut off and heard no more.

John Toohill, '27.



## EXCHANGES

"Oh-h-h, I've got a headache," said Myself.

"A headache on New Years morning is a proof of having stayed out all night the night before." I said, rather pleased with my own wit.

"Well, that proves I haven't a headache", answered Myself with maddening composure.

"But it doesn't prove you haven't stayed out all the night before."

"Certainly it does. You said a headache was the proof. I haven't a headache. There is no proof."

"But you just said you had a headache."

"That hasn't anything to do with what I'm saying now. Try to attend to the thing on hand. Don't let your brain wander."

"Well, a thing cannot both be and not be."

"Not at the same time. I had a headache. You proved to me that I had no headache, for which I am intensely grateful. I assure you it is a great relief."

"Oh, that's all nonsense. Now, tell me what you think—"

"I will render my valuable opinion on nothing until I have a cigarette."

"Sometimes I think you're the most conceited person in the world", I remarked as I handed him the camels, and then under my breath muttered, from sheer force of habit, "Why don't you buy yourself a cigarette once in a while?"

He took one with a thoughtful air and said: "No, not the most conceited. I hardly think I could claim that," he went on regretfully. "Besides George Moore might object."—"In answer to your last remark I would say that I always considered you more capable of dealing with animals than myself. I remember when you were young you wanted to be an animal trainer, and now—you have a pack of camels."

"That is certainly very poor wit. You don't suppose I'm going to put that in print?"

"It's no worse than some of the things already in print."

"What, for example?"

"Never say, 'what, for example'. It sounds learned and you're not. You give people a wrong impression."

"I didn't know you were so careful about giving correct impressions."

"I am. You notice I'm always careful to give people the impression that I'm conceited, because I am. But you're not



conceited and never could be conceited, (you haven't enough brains) and yet you're always trying to act conceited. It's extremely shallow of you to pretend to be what you aren't."

"Say, if you want to hear something really conceited listen to this. He beats you all hollow."

"Read away. Read away. My ear has never been deaf to the voice of true worth."

"Well, this is what some young critic with a Mencken complex and an Edgar Guest brain writes about Tennyson's "Tears, Idle Tears". You know,—

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair"—

"Yes, yes:—

"Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more."

"A beautiful bit of verse—though perhaps a trifle sentimental. Yet who has not known such tears?"

"Sentimental, I assure you it's much more than that. It's unscientific!

"Unscientific! But good heavens—"

"Did you ever stop to think that tears cannot rise in the heart?"

"But what—"

"No, no, listen! I won't subject you to the whole thing; but there's what he says about those tears:—

"Let me now call your attention to the phrase: "Tears from the depth of some divine despair." This is ridiculous, to say the very least, for the very fact that tears rise from anything, shows clearly that the thing is human. Who ever heard of anything divine really weeping! Even despair if it were divine would never know the fall of tears. And even if we were to admit that tears may actually have come what could the poet mean by saying that the tears rise in the heart? The heart pumps the blood for the arteries and its entire time is consumed in so doing'."

A muffled cry broke from Myself at this last sentence: "That's too awful! Nobody really wrote that. You're making it up."

"Indeed I didn't." I indignantly replied. "What do you take me for? But listen;" "It has no time to give to tears, and although it had the time, the tears have no possible way of getting into the heart. The fact that a person's eyes are usually bloodshot when he is weeping might have led the poet to believe that the tears really came from the heart and carried blood along with them but the latest cardiac theories are against this supposition."



Myself looked at me in a dazed fashion and then said: "Is,—is that supposed to be—funny?"

"Well, one would hardly think so. It bears the dignified title of 'Literary Criticism'."

"Literary crit—Oh, my—!", he broke off in feeble despair.

"Who is the madman that wrote it?"

"He evidently doesn't consider it safe to sign more than his initials; 'J. M.'".

"Don't expect me to say anything about that. It's too absurd to merit the dignity of condemnation. I would much rather talk about that really splendid article on Dante in the *New Rochelle College Quarterly*, or that quite charming little piece called "Blue Pearls" in *The Fleur de Lis*—"

"Wouldn't you like to talk about those studies of the Elizabethan songsters in *The Marywood College Bay Leaf*?" I broke in with malicious intent.

"I would not", he said emphatically. "No development; not the ghost of a relationship between paragraphs; not the glimmer of a sustained or central point of view—"

I held up my hand to stop him.

"That's enough. You've said all you're going to say in this issue. The Editor wants to give the space to somebody who's got something to say."

And I triumphantly walked out of the room with the papers in my hand, in the proud consciousness of having for once in my life scored one against Myself.



## THE PERISCOPE

*There is a class of human beings ranging from the near-greats down to the also-rans who, in their own fields, are the bustle creators. They are better known as the smaller fry,—the ones who splatter the most grease. Noisy display, which is after all nothing more than an insidious outcropping of vanity, is beneath truly great men. It is satisfying to note that at the convention of scientists held recently in Kansas City the eminent delegates were especially characterized by their unpretentious manner. An interesting example is afforded in the person of I. Pupin, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and professor of Electro-mechanics at Columbia, who has been described as a man of consummate simplicity and kindly humor.*

*The Dayton trial was a subject of general interest during the convention, being regarded as a conflict between the freedom of science and narrow Protestant Fundamentalism. That the Catholic Church remained aloof from the Scopes agitation was a fact that did not lessen the growing respect of scientists for the Church, a phenomenon that was apparent at the convention. Instead of reverting, for instance, to the so-called dark ages for examples of superstition, striking incidents were found in the more recent period of Puritan Witchcraft and in the sixteenth century German Protestant intolerance. It seems rather significant that the scientists should have discovered these facts before most historians have become aware of them.*

\* \* \*

*A Chinese missionary describes a Christmas dinner in the land of the cherry blossom as consisting of sea weed, birds' nest soup, shark fins, mushrooms, bamboo shoots, pigeon eggs, lotus soup, crabs, more sea weed and rice wine. Until we come to the last ingredient we thought that we were reading the recipe of a luscious American college dish familiarly known as soup. The American custom decrees that the spirituous component be reserved until after the evening repast.*

\* \* \*

*An advertisement of "The Coming Faith," a book by R. F. Foster, credits the author with the statement, "I have not the slightest desire to go to Heaven." We hasten to assure the gentleman that there is no reason to be exercised over this matter for we are sure that he will not be forced against his wishes.*



The aforementioned author is internationally known as an authority on bridge. The ad states that he is not a logician, then gives unwitting proof by quoting the writer to the effect that he cannot believe in an omnipotent God because, he says, if God were omnipotent from whom did He get the power of omnipotence? That a person could be omnipotent and yet depend upon some other source for that quality is a mental teaser we admit, but it is also a good example of the mishaps that befall the shoemaker when he leaves his last.

\* \* \*

An Italian philosopher, newly discovered, in the person of Celestino Fabietti who has been custodian of the Ante-Chamber of the Marriage Clerk in Rome's City Hall for twenty-three years, pronounces matrimony as the most difficult of all sciences and the finest of all arts. Now that marriage has come to be regarded as a science and an art, the next step will be to grant degrees to those who have gone through four years without flunking out via the divorce route.

\* \* \*

The VIDETTE in commenting upon the return of the basket ball players during Christmas vacation remarks, "Each one broke away from the joys and festivities of a New Year's celebration to prepare for the game, but alas—unknown to (Coach) Karnes, the game had been cancelled by Shurtleff so the hard floor artists put in the rest of their time on their studies". O, Polonius! How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!

\* \* \*

One of our most pleasant diversions during class periods is to listen to the novel and varied excuses given by students for tardiness. Professors will probably continue this form of indoor sport indefinitely but the co-ed need never be ruffled by necessity of a ready answer, for psychology has given her a permanent excuse. At John Hopkins by a series of tests it was shown that women were nearly 100 per cent in error in estimating time, while men showed a deficiency of only 45 per cent. In a part of the experiment which required that the woman sit still for a minute and a half, some of their estimates ran up to ten minutes compared with three and a half minutes which was the greatest error for the men. So after this when you walk up on her porch, trying to appear cool and unconcerned, though you nearly broke a leg getting there because you were at least a half hour late, you will have to believe her when she gushes, "Why John, you'll have to excuse me a minute, I didn't have any idea it was eight o'clock yet!"



## INTER ALIA

**Debating Team** The first inter-collegiate debate of the year will take place on March 11 when the Viator debaters will meet the St. Xaxier trio of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Viator team is directed by Father Maguire, and is composed of Laurence St. Amant, '26, John Toohill, '27, and Julian Lambert, '28. James Connors, '27, has been chosen as an alternate.

A comparatively large number of students are intensely interested and actively engaged in debating activities. Early in the year a debating class was formed by Father Maguire and since then a number of interesting debates have been staged. Previous to the selecting of the members of the College team a series of preliminary contests were held to determine those best fitted to represent St. Viator. The men chosen give great promise of maintaining the traditional and glorious record of Viator in this field of activity.

The second debate will be on April 7, with Wyoming University providing the opposition. Wyoming comes here with the record of having been the only team in the United States capable of conquering the University of Oxford's debaters when the latter group toured America last year. The subject of discussion in both debates will center around the proposed Twentieth Amendment. Father Maguire is attempting to secure a third debate to be held on a foreign stage. The Kankakee Knights of Columbus have been kind in offering the use of their auditorium for the staging of these debates in the absence of our gymnasium.

\* \* \*

**St. Bernard Hall Completed** For over a year the younger Brothers of St. Viator Community, with Rev. F. E. Munsch, C. S. V. as their director, have enjoyed the peaceful seclusion of their own home in St. Bernard's Hall, the Scholasticate, which stands across the street from the College. During this time Father Munsch has worked patiently and steadily to make this home comfortably and suitably equipped.

Father Munsch and the Brothers can now enjoy the completion of that work. The new addition has recently been



finished. It contains twelve nicely finished, well lighted, airy and cheerful rooms, which occupy two floors of the north wing. Each room opens on a wide corridor and is equipped with hot and cold running water. This wing is connected with the main building by the chapel which is a perfect gem. It is artistically built with a rounded ceiling which is supported by panelled pillisters against the side walls. An artistic moulding extends around the upper part of the side walls just above the long rounded windows, which open between the pillisters. The Chapel, which is dedicated to the Immaculate Conception, has a seating capacity of thirty members. A few details, such as the new altar and fourteen artistic Stations of the Cross are yet to be finished, but these will be installed in the very near future.

\* \* \*

#### **Knights of Mary Immaculate**

The initial meeting of 1926 was held January 12, when the Knights of Mary Immaculate re-organized for the coming year. Brother Koelzer is the director of the organization. He explained its purpose and then proceeded with a program which he had previously arranged. William Cassidy, president of the organization, read a chapter from St. Mark's Gospel, which was afterwards discussed and explained by Brother Koelzer. The meeting was closed with a short lecture on "the Beauty and Power of the Blessed Virgin Mary" by Rev. R. French, C. S. V.

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#### **Gastronomic Remembrances**

When the loss of our gymnasium by the recent fire destroyed all hopes of another meal in the old dining hall, the Sisters of Notre Dame Convent kindly offered their aid in that necessary department of good health. They offered the services of their refectory to the entire student body as long as the emergency required. For three days the students feasted on the abundance of well prepared and daintily served food, such as only the Good Sisters, with motherly art and care, can prepare. In appreciation of this sincere kindness on the part of the Sisters, the student body held a meeting at which it was resolved to send the Sisters a little gift as a humble token of gratitude for their unselfish assistance during our unfortunate time of distress.



**Green** Once more the Freshies are placed in that humiliat-  
**Caps** ing condition of subordination by the Sophomores. A custom instituted at Viator during the 1923-24 season by the class of '26 was revived last year and again renewed this year. Every Freshman is required, by laws laid down by the present Sophomore class, to wear a green cap. Whether or not the Freshman desires to wear the green cap is not a matter of his own personal discrimination. The custom must be followed according to certain rules or the offender will be brought to trial and punished by a student Court of Justice composed of upper classmen. The following iron clad rules must be obeyed:

1—Freshmen caps must be worn at all times and on all occasions on the campus and in town.

2—Freshmen will have a special section at all athletic events.

3—Freshmen must forfeit their seats to ladies and upper classmen on the street cars.

4—Freshmen will be punished according to their misdemeanors.

\* \* \*

**Academy** At a mass meeting of all the Academy students  
**Rooters' Club** Feb. 15, a new organization to be known as the Rooter's Club was formed. The purpose of the club is to concentrate organized support behind the Academy teams and student activities, and to secure fuller recognition of the merit of our high school athletes. The meeting was called to order by Joseph Meitzler, the chairman and prime mover of the project. After briefly explaining the aims of the proposed club he called upon the Very Reverend President. Father Rice heartily approved of the proposed club and urged the students to give it their full support. After Father Rice, Mr. Francis Barton, Acad., '26, outlined in detail the plans of the organization in the line of entertainments and other activities.

This is the first club of its kind in the history of the Academy department and owes its existence to a committee appointed by Thomas Ferris, President of the Fourth Year Class and headed by Joseph Meitzler. That the project is popular and promising is evidenced by the fact that within a few hours after adjournment the entire membership of the club was subscribed.



# ALUMNI

Dear Alumni:

The last time I wrote to you, on the occasion Father Marsaile's Jubilee, my letter was filled with as much joy and happiness as I could express. Little did I think, or little did any one of you think, that my next letter would be the extreme opposite, but such is the case. I had intended to tell you all about the fire, but as that is being treated of in another article, I will refrain.

There is one thing, however, I don't think will be mentioned in that article, and that is the cause of the fire. Everybody suggests this, that or something else, but they are all wrong. Personally, I believe it was a "put up job" by the Alumni Association, and I'll tell you why. You know the Rev. F. C. Conway was down here on Tuesday night, January the fifth, and early the next morning the gymnasium was burned down. As the "Wave," our popular high school weekly says, "Hardly had the embers cooled and old sol showed his golden locks over the distant horizon," before Father Conway had sent us a check for 1,000 dollars. You see he wanted to start the ball rolling. Of course there is a possibility of me being wrong, but don't you admit that it looks somewhat suspicious?

Before I go any further with this letter, I want to thank you in the name of the president, faculty and students, for the loyal support you have thus far given us. As we stood watching the fire on the morning of January sixth, we saw the labor of the early pioneers and the money of generous Christians devoured in the flames. As we looked into the faces of the officers of the college, a blue future loomed up before us in all hideousness. We suddenly became more thoughtful, and we tried to imagine what the outcome would be. But later on in the day, things began to represent themselves to us in a different light. Letters containing financial aid began to come in; the letters of spiritual assurance, and the letters of sympathy and encouragement spurred us on, and now we won't say "down." Gratitude for this encouragement, my dear Alumni, this spiritual and temporal assistance, as most people say, cannot be expressed in words, but I believe it can—Your charity is God-like.

I had intended to have all these cablegrams, telegrams and letters reprinted in this letter, but space will not permit. However, I will copy portions of some of them and you can see for yourselves this God-like charity I was speaking about. But first of all let me announce the goodness of the Sisters of Notre Dame Convent, Bourbonnais, Illinois. These nuns ever ready to sacrifice, most gladly and generously fed our students for several days while temporary preparations were being made to accommodate them at the college.

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The cablegram comes from the Very Rev. F. M. Roberge, c. s. v., superior general of the Clerics of St. Viator, located at Jette, St. Pierre, Belgium. It reads:

"The General-Direction profoundly regrets your catastrophe. We present our affectionate sympathies."



Th Rev. J. Charlebois, c. s. v., director of the Grande Seminaire, Joliette, P. Q., wires:

"I just heard that your gymnasium has been entirely destroyed by fire and I hasten to offer my deepest sympathy. Thank God there was no loss of life."

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An Alumnus of La Crosse, Wisconsin, sent a telegram as follows:  
"I deeply regret your loss. Do not lose courage."—Bishop A. J. McGavick.

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A telegram from Rockford is an encouraging one indeed:  
"Sincere sympathy from the Rockford Alumni. We are at your service."—Rev. M. J. Hoare.

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An erstwhile Spanish professor wires us from Chicago:  
"A sincere expression of deepest sympathy on such a trial."—Fidel V. Torres.

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"Accept my sincere regrets. The old gym will always hold revered memories. Am sure your loyal friends and Alumni will rally to the colors of the Brigidier-General in his hour of need. Yours for a bigger and better Viator." "Spike" O'Connor.

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One of the first letters to reach us was from Outremont, Quebec.  
"Dear Fr. O'Mahoney:  
The news brought by the telegram received this evening has deeply affected us all. I heartily sympathize with you, and I offer you the fraternal feelings of our Canadian province."—Rev. G. Dumas, c. s. v., Provincial.

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The first letter to reach us, as I mentioned before, is from the Rev. P. C. Conway of Chicago, Ill.  
"Dear Fr. Rice and All:

'That we may be proved so as by fire.' I send the enclosed check for one thousand dollars."—Rev. P. C. Conway.

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"My dear Fr. Rice:

To yourself and the Faculty I extend my sincere sympathy in the loss which has come to my Alma Mater.

But I feel that something bigger and better will rise from the ashes of the old building. Sometimes a thing which looks like an affliction is only a blessing in disguise.

I am sorry that I have not "some real money" on hand, but I am doing the next best thing in sending you the enclosed bond which, I know, is gilt-edge.

Take courage, and feel that the old boys will hold up your hands in the reconstruction work.

With best wishes to yourself and Faculty, I am'.—Rev. J. J. Morrissey."

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"Dear Fr. O'Mahoney:

Sorry to read in the morning press of your misfortune. But remember the old saying, 'The King is dead, long live the King.' So here is for the first shovel for a fire-proof building.

Yours for a generous success.—Rev. W. J. Kensella."



"My dear Fr. Rice:

Athough this letter may seem a rather belated expression of sympathy to you and your college in the great loss you recently sustained, it is none the less sincere. As you know I am not an Alumnus of St. Viator's, but somehow, because of the kindly friendship that has always existed between myself and all the executive officers of your College for the past thirty-seven years and especially because of you and your kindness, I feel obligated to help you rebuild. I wish I could give you a generous cheque, but I think you know I cannot afford it. I enclose what I can afford at the present, my cheque for one hundred dollars, (\$100.00).

Sincerely yours,—Rev. J. M. Scanlan."

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"Dear Fr. Rice:

I just read the brief statement of the heart-rending fire which, destroying the gym, set the progressive Viatorians back so much. I am certainly sorry for you.

The enclosed mite, necessarily limited, will be augmented from time to time to help drive away discouragement.

With sincere regrets that I am not in a position to be of more useful help, I am—Rev. M. J. Heeney."

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"My dear Fr. Rice:

Sad indeed was I when I learned of your conflagration. So many happy days and events in the old gym, never to be forgotten by me. I can scarcely realize that it would be possible for that building to burn. You and the dear old confreres have my genuine sympathy. No doubt there will be some concerted action on raising a fund to help you in this new trial. I am just above the water line myself, but am happy to send the meagre sum which I enclose. It is very small I know, but God knows it would be ten times the amount if I had it to give. In any case perhaps the check will enable you to lift a few bucketfuls of mortar to reconstruct the building which for all of us upon so many occasions furnished never to be forgotten games and plays. My sympathy to all.

Sincerely,—Rev. Francis Cleary."

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"My dear Fr. O'Mahoney:

Just this evening did I hear that you, dear friends, have suffered another fire. I truly feel for you all and you surely have my heartfelt sympathy.

I am told that it was the gym alone that burned, but I cannot see how that can be, as Roy Hall was no near. I hope and pray that my information is correct.

Would you send me any information you may have close at hand, a newspaper or anything that might have the correct account? And please pardon my asking it at this time when I know that you must be so busy.

I have not millions but I can double my subscription. I have longed to see you all in the old home and I can hardly bare to think the worse has happened. Accept my sympathy.

Yours,—Rev. V. U. Le Clair."

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"Dear Fr. Rice:

Please accept my heartfelt sympathy in your hour of trial. Also this small token as an expression of my good will.

Sincerely yours,—Rev. A. Mainville."



"My dear Fr. O'Mahoney:

A newspaper clipping from Kankakee has told me of your very disastrous fire. I am very sorry. I can imagine how badly you feel, and I wish it were in my power to replace the whole building.

I am enclosing a small check, I know it only a drop in the bucket, but I hope it can convey to you my good will, and express, although very inadequately, my sincere sympathy at this trying time.

Sincerely, Miss Mary Kennedy."

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"Dear Fr. Rice:

Fr. O'Mahoney's telegram came this morning. So shocking was the news it conveyed, that we all sat spell-bound. Needless to say we extend to you all our deepest sympathy. But Father, it is God's will and may His Holy Will be done. Though it is a bitter trial, it may be a blessing in disguise.

Enclosed find our little mite. It will pay for one bag of mortar for the new gymnasium which I hope will look out on a magnificent stadium on a not-distant date.

Fraternally yours in Xto,—Rev. J. V. Rheams."

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"Dear Fr. Rice:

You cannot know how saddened the Viator Alumni at Kenrick were when we heard of the recent disaster which overtook the old school. As a sign of appreciation to you, to my other teachers who were at Viator during my time, as a sign of my appreciation for what Viator has done for me, I enclose this little token, wishing it were bigger, and hoping that it will, in some little way, show how I love my second home.

Sincerely yours in Christ, Frank Casey."

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"Dear Fr. O'Mahoney:

To be sure it was with deepest sorrow that I learned of the fate that had befallen my dear Alma Mater. I wish to extend to all of the faculty at Viator my deepest sympathy. Yet, God's ways are wonderful. Though this has been a severe set back, yet I feel that it will be a benefit to the dear old college. I have heard of many other institutions that were completely demolished and they grew up again with marvelous results. Just look at Viator twenty years ago and look at her today. I feel quite confident that God has allowed this loss to befall us that He might in such a manner win for us more sympathetic hearts in the needs of Alma Mater. There is no doubt whatever that Viator will be the winner now. Those that cannot help in the financial way will feel so sympathetic that they will give generously of their spiritual stores. Others may be able to help in both ways, while others will come to the financial rescue with open hearts and purses. We must not be discouraged now but keep a stiff upper lip and trust to God. He is so good to us and tends to every need.

Education, and good sound education, the kind that can be found only in our Catholic institutions, is the crying need of the day. Viator has been doing her share for the past years and she will more than redouble her efforts now.

Enclosed you will please find the widow's mite. It is a bit toward the beginning of the new building fund. Kindly accept it as my first little share in the replacing of the old college walls. Would that I might help more in the financial way. But students are never so much at straits as when the call for money is issued. May this little portion of my Christmas cheer help to cheer up my dear ones at Viator.

Sincerely in Xto,—Edward Manski."



"Dear Fr. Rice:

Allow me to tender you in the name of the City of Kankakee an expression of deep sympathy for your terrible loss, which we feel is also ours.

We are confident that Viator spirit and courage will triumph over the present distress and gain for our college even greater heights of strength and efficiency.

Yours very truly,—Louis B. Beckman, Mayor."

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"My dear Fr. Rice:

It is with deep regret that the Kankakee Chamber of Commerce takes cognizance of the fact that the gymnasium and dining room of St. Viator College were destroyed by fire. This organization expresses the sentiment of its entire membership when it extends sympathy to you and the College.

St. Viator College is an important institution of the community of Kankakee, and the fire has not only caused a loss to the College, but a loss to the entire community. While this loss is to be regretted, it is well to keep in mind that the law of compensation works all things out for the best, and that the calamity may be the revelation of a brighter day.

Yours very sincerely,—Shirley E. Moisant, President."

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"Very Reverend and dear Fr. Rice:

Father Heffels has just returned to report to us the great disaster that has befallen you. At once I assure you that you have the profound sympathy of the whole household, especially of the Fathers, Brothers and professors here. If there are any services within our power to render, which you would have of us, please command us. At least, in every way possible to us we shall assist by prayer. I am posting bulletins reporting your trouble all over the house—in the Fathers', Brothers', and students' recreation rooms, and particularly in the vestibule of our Holy Ghost church. All in the house are asked to send up earnest and re-iterated impetrations for your relief, and for special manifestations too of the sure mercies of God while under this very severe trial.

Yours in truest sympathy in Xto., Rev. Bruno Hagspiel, S. V. D., Rector, St. Mary's Mission House, Techny, Ill.

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"Very Rev. and dear Fr. Rice:

You have all the sympathy of my heart in the distress which came to you yesterday. All the Fathers here at Loyola join with me in this sentiment. We are distressed in thoughts of not being able to open our doors to give you temporary relief in the cramping which will be necessary for the ensuing months, but if there is any other form of help consistent with our distance from Kankakee which you feel we could render, please let us know and we shall be glad to accord it.

Praying God our Lord to extend to you a very special providence in these distressing days, I am

Very devoutly yours in Christ,—Rev. W. H. Agnew, S. J., Pres."

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"Dear Fr. Rice:

I wish to tender my sincere sympathy to you in the loss of your gymnasium by fire.

Hoping, however, it will pave the way for an even greater St. Viator's, I remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ, Rev. J. J. Horsburgh, Director, The Confraternity for the Propagation of the Faith.



"Rev. and dear Father Rice:

It is with regret that I read of the disastrous fire at your institution destroying your magnificent gymnasium and its accessories. I heartily sympathize with you knowing how difficult it is to replace such losses, and the financial problem that must be faced in every Educational Institution such as yours and ours. I hope that you can see your way clear to rebuild at once, and that the many friends and Alumni of St. Viator will rally to your support.

Sincerely your in Christ,—Rev. C. J. Miller, O. S. B., Rector, St. Bede College, Peru, Illinois."

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"Dear Fr. Rice:

You have our prayers and sympathy in the great loss you and your community have sustained in the recent fire at St. Viator. May God grant you blessings that may soon compensate for your great loss. The whole community of Holy Cross join me in these expressions.

Sincerely yours,—Sister M. Albertine."

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"The Viatorian Fathers:

I know that your time is all taken up these days so I will be brief. Please accept my deepest regrets in your great loss—the destruction of the gymnasium.

Although it was most unfortunate, yet I think you are most grateful that it was not Marsile or Roy Hall as your lives would have been endangered.

My little class of forty-five offered up their prayers that this misfortune may truly be a benefit to S. V. C. in time to come.

Be assured you have been mentioned often in my prayers during the day and days to follow.

Asking God's blessing on all,

Sincerely,—Sister Frances Clare, O. S. D."

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"My dear Fr. O'Mahoney:

The news of your disastrous fire reached me through your secretary's letter. Since my interest at the college is so great, words cannot tell how grieved I am.

You must not get discouraged, because when God's work meets with opposition, it is the sign of Divine approval. Something good is sure to follow. Hoping Divine Providence will bestow on you the choicest blessings I am,

Your sincere friend,—Sr. John of St. Maxima."

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"Dear Father O'Mahoney:

In a few moments I shall be leaving for the depot to start my return trip to the seminary. I cannot but pause, though, to tell you that I am truly sorry to learn about your disastrous fire. The inconvenience will, no doubt, be great, but I trust that you will be able to rebuild immediately.

Again assuring you and the other members of the Community of my deep regret, I am

Yours very truly,—Francis Lawler."

---

"Dear Fr. Rice:

The hearts of all at the Cathedral are heavy over your great loss. You will be assisted by our prayers for encouragement and fortitude. Just as a greater Viator came forth from the ashes of 1906, I feel confident the same result will happen again. Be brave, and if I can do anything, please call on me.

Sincerely yours,—Rev. G. T. Bergan.



"Dear Father Rice:

My expression of sympathy for you and your devoted confreres is somewhat tardy but nevertheless sincere. I am busy at present building and furnishing our new and costly church. I seldom read more than the first page headlines of the daily press, and so this sad news reached me only through the Kankakee papers.

Just now I am, perforce of building and furnishing our church, the "takingest" pastor in Chicago, but when you start some movement to retrieve your losses, I shall be among the giving ones.

As always,—Rev. J. G. Bennett."

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"My dear Father Rice:

You have my deepest sympathy. I cannot tell you what a shock it was to me to read the news. I wanted to call up immediately, but I realized that it was no time even to express sympathy.

This morning I could not help but feel for all of you, meeting the emergency of feeding the troupes. I prayed a little that you would make it. Have courage—it's not easy, but I know you are all big enough.

Yours faithfully,—Rev. J. S. Finn."

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"My dear Fr. Rice:

Please accept my sincerest sympathy in the great calamity that has visited your administration. I know it will require a great deal of courage to face the situation, but I am confident of your faith and strong heart. It is hard to see the bright side of the cloud now, but God will provide through the generosity of the Alumni. Meanwhile you have the courageous bond of loyal confreres to sustain you amid the hardships occasioned by this mid-year disaster. I hope you will find means to take care of the students.

The sisters here extend their sympathy to you and your brave faculty, and their good prayers will help sustain you in the arduous work of carrying on Catholic education amidst difficulties that only faith in God can overcome. God help you.

Sincerely in sympathy,—Rev. G. P. Mulvaney."

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"Dear Fr. Rice:

Of course there is nothing to say about your recent disaster except that we were all extremely sorry to hear of it. The Alumni, I am sure will come to the rescue. There is no time like trouble to bring the family together you know.

Sincerely yours,—Rev. John Flanagan."

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"Dear Fr. Rice:

I have learned of the fire losses at St. Viators last week, and I wish to express my concern in such a misfortune. Although St. Viators does not happen to be an Alma Mater to me, I am interested, nevertheless in her activities and progress always.

Undoubtedly such a disaster will interfere with your work and add a burden to an endeavor which is not an easy one at the best. I hope that the ill effects of the disaster will be reduced to a minimum.

Sincerely,—Dan A. Gallagher."



"Dear Fr. Rice:

I was very sorry indeed to hear about your loss of the gym by fire. I trust it will not prove such a great loss after all.

This week brought me the "Marsile Jubilee Number of the Viatorian, and it surely was great reading for me. However, I could find the names of only two fellows I knew during my time at St. Viator. Please remember me to any of the old boys I might know.

Sincerely yours,—Charles Carney."

---

"Dear Father O'Mahoney:

Allow me to offer my sympathy to you and your community in the loss you have recently met with—your gymnasium and refectory. It was only a few days ago that I heard about it and I hope you will suffer no great loss except the inconvenience.

Yours sincerely in Christ,—Rev. M. J. Brennen."

---

"Dear Fr. Rice:

We were much surprised and keenly disappointed when the news of your loss reached us today. It certainly is too bad that such a misfortune should occur when everything was going so well and things began to look bright after your many trials.

The best luck, Father, to you and all at the school, and despite the bad luck, I hope the New Year will bring to you and to the College the best of luck.

Sincerely your Confrere,—Brother E. J. Williams."

---

"Dear Fr. O'Mahoney:

I was very sorry to learn of the fire that destroyed the dear old gym, and it surely must be distressing to see the building all in ruins. If only the equipment could have been saved, it would not have been so bad.

Sincerely yours,—Paul W. Meagher."

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"Dear Fr. Rice:

My heart goes out in sympathy to you and all the confreres who had to stand and watch the gymnasium—that monument of the whole past—fall into smouldering ruins at your feet. The loss is a severe one indeed, but the same spirit which set at naught the destruction of 1906, still glows in the hearts of your band, and already I see dreams of a greater Viator.

Fraternally yours,—Brother J. P. Lynch."

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"Dear Fr. Rice:

Mr. Hinckle and I extend our deepest sympathy to you and to all the priests, brothers and students of St. Viator in your recent loss.

Well we know the years of labor, sacrifices and self-denial you have made in order to be able to have this addition to your school, and which afforded so much real pleasure and happiness for the boys.

Assuring you of our sincere sorrow for you in your loss, we are  
Sincerely your friends,—Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Hinkle."



"Dear Fr. Rice:

We all regretted very much to read about the loss suffered from that terrible fire. It was so fortunate that no one was hurt.

Mr. McKenney and John join me in expression of sympathy, and also in extending kindest wishes for success and happiness.

Very sincerely,—Mrs. E. McKenney."

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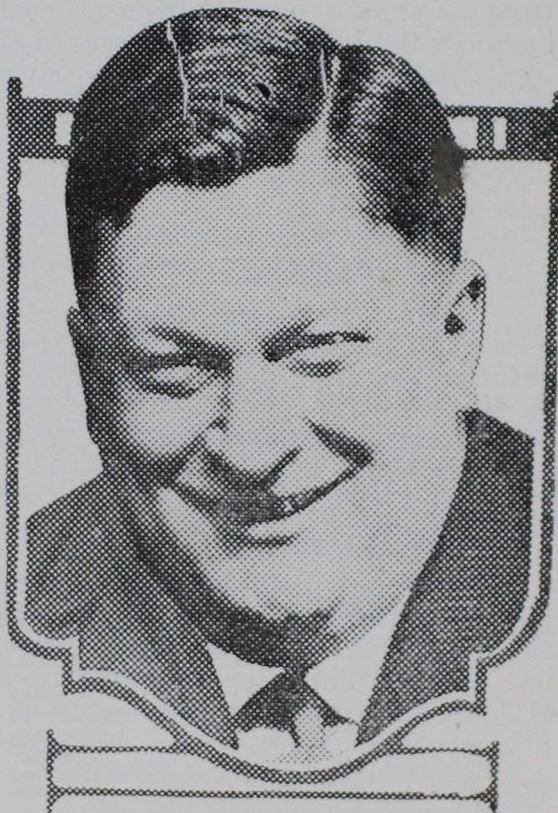
These, my dear alumni, are some of the expressions of sympathy that have been coming to us daily. It is such encouragement as this, that makes us grateful to our many loyal friends and benefactors. It is such financial aid as this which assures us that Catholic education will continue, and it is these prayers that are bringing down the grace of God upon our work, and already we see a greater St. Viator towering above the ruins.

The Alumni Editor.

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Well, well. You say you don't recognize this man? Very peculiar indeed. I'll bet if you showed this picture to any little kiddie in the United States, he could tell you all about the gentleman. There you have it! Of course it is. It's Uncle Bob, and did you know that he was an alumnus of St. Viator College? Yes sir, he used to go to school down here in 1898 and 1899.

His real name is Walter Schoeneck, but he assumed the name of Walter Wilson twenty years ago when he became a professional in the music business, and now it is "Uncle Bob". Quite a surprise isn't it? When calling on Walter, you will either find him at K. Y. W. with the kiddies or in Room 503, Loop End Building, 177 State Street, Chicago, Illinois.







LUX AETERNA LUCEAT EIS, DOMINE

**Rev. Ambrose F. Granger** The sweet and pious soul of the Rev. Ambrose Granger departed this life on Saturday morning, January second. Father Granger was born at St. George, Illinois in 1863, pursued his studies at St. Viator College and was ordained to the priesthood in 1889. After having served for five years as vicar at Notre Dame in Chicago, Father Granger was appointed pastor of St. Rose Church, Kankakee, Illinois in 1894. This position he faithfully fulfilled until the summer of 1924 when he retired to St. Mary's Hospital, of which he is the founder.

The Rev. William Granger, brother of the deceased, sang the Solemn High Mass, at the Church of St. Rose on January fifth. He was assisted by the Rev. P. T. Gelinas as Deacon and the Rev. C. A. Poissant as Sub-deacon. The English sermon was preached by the Rev. Z. P. Berard, and the French sermon was given by the Rev. J. E. Levasseur. The absolution was given by the Right Reverend E. F. Hoban, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago. The interment was made in Maternity Cemetery, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

The president, faculty and student body extend their expressions of prayerful sympathy to Father William Granger and the other near relatives of the deceased. May he rest in peace.

\* \* \*

**Mr. Homer Dandurand** Although the death of Mr. Homer Dandurand of Kankakee, father of Richard, was expected for almost three years, yet it was a shock when the news reached us. Mr. Dandurand died at his home on December the twenty-fifth, 1925, after an illness which was borne with truly Christian patience.

The obsequies were held at St. Rose Church on December the twenty-eighth, and the interment was made in Maternity



Cemetery, Bourbonnais, Illinois. At the Solemn High Mass, the Rev. P. J. Dufault was the celebrant, the Rev. G. C. Picard was the Deacon and the Rev. John Guisti was the Sub-deacon.

To the bereaved family, the president, faculty and students extend their expressions of prayerful sympathy.

\* \* \*

Our condolence is offered to the Very Rev. T. J. Rice, president of the college, in the death of his neice, and to the near relatives of Miss Ella McCoy. Miss McCoy died at her home in Joliet on Sunday, January 24th., after a long period of illness. The obsequies were held from St. Raymund's Church in Joliet on January 27th., and the interment was made in Mt. Olivet Cemetery. The Solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. F. E. Munsch, c. s. v., with the Very Rev. T. J. Rice as Deacon and the Rev. Fr. Barthusky, O. S. A. as Sub-deacon. The beautiful and touching sermon was delivered by the Very Rev. T. J. Rice. May she sweetly rest in peace.

\* \* \*

The prayerful sympathy of the president, faculty and students, goes out to John and William Farrell in the loss of their father, Mr. Bartholomew Farrell. Mr. Farrell died at his home in Chicago, Illinois on December 24th., 1925. The obsequies were held on December 28th., at St. Mathews Church, and the interment was made at Mt. Carmel Cemetery. May he rest in peace.

\* \* \*

We were much grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Bernard Coss, '11. "Bernie", as he was known while at Viator, died at his home in Mendota, Illinois, on January 12th., after a heart attack. He will be remembered particularly as the first Viator moundsman to defeat Notre Dame in base-ball. Coss' career after he left his Alma Mater was a very colorful one indeed. He earned for himself the reputation of being one of the most dangerous southpaws in this part of the country.

The funeral services were held for him on January 14th., at St. Mary's Church in Mendota. To his widow and two children we extend our deepest sympathy.





It is most difficult to explain the basketball situation at St. Viator. The sweeping victory over the Gary Owls gave every indication that St. Viator, though lacking the individual stars of former years, would make a representative showing. Haley at center gave promise of filling the gap caused by the departure of "Mick" Donnelly, and Sam McAllister's sterling performance at guard with Mel Ross doing the floor work convinced Coach Glaze that the defensive department would be well taken care of. Bowe and Dalrymple at forwards rounded out a seemingly well balanced organization capable of carrying the standards of Alma Mater to victory. McGrath, Neville, Herbert, O'Malley, Costigan and Meis, are men of exceptional talent, and were counted upon to relieve the regulars in the hard campaign on which they were about to embark.

Hardly had the season been under way when Ross, McGrath and McAllister went out of action because of injuries, and although these lads had made heroic efforts to play, their defective limbs proved the undoing of the Viator defense. Ross and McGrath each twisted an ankle, the latter being rendered hors du combat for what seems likely to be the rest of the season. In the mad scramble at Northwestern, McAllister played on courage alone during the entire second half of the game, his right knee becoming a swollen mass of pain. The boys carried on through the schedule with the able support of the remaining substitutes plus the fighting spirit of Dalrymple, Bowe and Haley, who fought bitterly and courageously to stave off defeat. The box score gives only a one-sided and unfair account of the remarkable showing the lads made in every encounter.

\* \* \*

**Indiana State Normal 32—Viator 26.**

Opening with Indiana State at the State Armory in



Kankakee, the Viator team started with a rush. Immediately when the tapoff was made, the home club shocked the invaders with three short lightning-like passes for the first score of the game. Indiana was fresh from a game with Purdue University, in which the latter only nosed out a victory after trailing up to the last few minutes of play. The lead alternated up to the close of the half when Cox began tossing field goals from beyond the foul line, putting his team in the lead at the half 19-14. Dalrymple came along with a rush in the next half but was unable to outdistance Cox who tossed in six field goals to five for the Viator captain.

Kalamazoo	F.G.	F.T.	P.	Viator	F.G.	F.T.	P.
Van Horn, f. ....	1	0	0	Dalrymple, f. ....	5	1	0
Cox, f. ....	6	0	1	Bowe, f. ....	2	0	0
Lammey, c. ....	4	0	0	Haley, c. ....	1	0	2
Piety, g. ....	2	1	2	McAllister ....	0	0	1
Albright, g. ....	0	0	1	Ross ....	2	0	1
Dorset ....	0	1	0	McGrath ....	2	1	1
Alterquist ....	2	0	1	O'Malley ....	0	0	1
				Neville ....	0	0	0

\* \* \*

### Millikin 30—St. Viator 21

The shooting of Art Long, forward for the Millikin University, practically spelled defeat for St. Viator. Seven field goals and a free throw is an evening's work for any individual. The work of Long was the more keenly felt in that this marksman was at one time a student of St. Viator Academy, graduating with the class of '23. Ross broke into the scoring column in this game and proved his superior ability as a forward than as a floor guard. Long made some remarkable field shots, leading with seven, while Ross turned in five and added a couple of points on fouls. Bowe and McAllister played a remarkably good offensive game, while within shooting distance of the Viatorian basket. Costigan broke into the lineup to relieve the much raced Haley, giving a very creditable account of himself at center.

Millikin	F.G.	F.T.	P.	Viator	F.G.	F.T.	P.
A. Long ....	7	1	2	Dalrymple ....	0	2	1
Millikin ....	3	0	0	Bowe ....	1	0	1
Walley ....	1	0	3	Haley ....	0	1	0
Bishop ....	1	0	4	McAllister ....	1	1	1
C. Long ....	1	1	1	Ross ....	5	2	0
Douglass ....	0	0	0	McGrath ....	0	0	0
Zalenas ....	1	0	0	Cosigan ....	0	0	0
Darkin ....	0	0	0	Neville ....	0	0	0
Hudson ....	0	0	0				
Bohowski ....	0	0	0				



## Kalamazoo 33—Viator 25

The trip into Michigan was indeed most distressing. Seven points in the first contest with Kalamazoo and three points from leadership in the second game was the scant margin by which our lads were out-classed. In basketball, where the scoring may suddenly burst into high numbers, such scores as these best express how evenly matched the teams were. In the Aggies' game the announcer at their broadcasting station paid a very excellent tribute to the fighting qualities of both teams, "particularly" these young lads from Illinois. They are fighting like mad men, racing all over the court, and may yet come out on top. Their sportsmanship and general all around ability have been applauded time and again by the crowd."

Kalamazoo Normal	F.G.	F.T.	P.	St. Viator	F.G.	F.T.	P.
Shrump .....	7	2	2	Dalrymple .....	3	1	0
Nestor .....	2	0	0	Bowe .....	4	2	0
Lee .....	2	0	3	Haley .....	0	1	0
Johnson .....	2	0	1	Ross .....	2	1	1
Bleyher .....	0	0	3	McAllister .....	0	0	2
Cornell .....	0	2	0	Neville .....	0	0	0
Avery .....	0	0	0	Costigan .....	1	0	0
Byrne .....	0	1	0	Herbert .....	0	0	0
Lundquist .....	0	1	0	McGrath .....	0	0	1
				O'Malley .....	0	1	0

Michigan Aggies	F.G.	F.T.	P.	St Viator	F.G.	F.T.	P.
Hackett .....	4	1	2	Ross .....	2	0	2
Cole .....	0	3	2	Dalrymple .....	3	1	1
O'Connor .....	0	0	1	Bowe .....	3	2	3
Colvin .....	2	0	0	McGrath .....	0	0	1
Drew .....	3	2	1	McAllister .....	0	0	1
Smith .....	0	2	1	Haley .....	1	0	3
Fredericks .....	1	2	1	Neville .....	1	0	4
				Herbert .....	0	0	0

Handicapped by the loss of the gymnasium, a marked breaking down of the team work was evidenced in the remaining games. The old dash and fighting spirit were there, the boys worked as furiously and industriously as earlier in the schedule, but the scoring formations did not seem to function, nor did the five man defense, that seemed to have been impenetrable in the first few games, get into action as quickly as necessary. Captain Dalrymple rallied his men time and again but the solution of the problem was beyond them. Coach Glaze made various switches in the lineup but to no avail.



Kalamazoo, 28				St. Viator, 22			
	F.G.	F.T.	P.		F.G.	F.T.	P.
Shrump .....	3	2	3	Dalrymple .....	2	5	4
Nestor .....	4	0	0	Bowe .....	4	0	1
Lee .....	3	1	1	Haley .....	1	0	2
Johnson .....	1	0	3	Neville .....	1	1	0
Elias .....	1	1	0	McAllister .....	0	0	0
Cornell .....	0	0	0	O'Malley .....	0	0	0
Byrne .....	0	0	1	Ross .....	0	0	1
Wagner .....	0	0	0				

Northwestern 43				St. Viator, 30			
	F.G.	F.T.	P.		F.G.	F.T.	P.
Poelson .....	6	3	1	Dalrymple .....	3	1	3
Lindeman .....	0	3	3	Neville .....	0	1	3
Reikman .....	8	0	3	Bowe .....	4	3	2
Waterwitz .....	2	1	0	Ross .....	2	3	0
Weitzman .....	0	0	1	McAllister .....	0	0	3
Sauer .....	1	2	1	Costigan .....	0	0	0
				O'Malley .....	1	0	2
				Haley .....	1	0	0
				Herbert .....	0	0	1
				Delaney .....	0	0	0
				Meis .....	0	0	0

Bradley, 35				St. Viator, 15			
	F.G.	F.T.	P.		F.G.	F.T.	P.
Poland .....	1	2	0	Ross .....	1	0	0
Cole .....	2	1	1	Dalrymple .....	1	0	1
Johnson .....	2	1	2	Bowe .....	1	0	1
DeCremer .....	3	1	1	Herbert .....	0	1	2
Becker .....	2	0	0	Delaney .....	0	0	3
Sweeney .....	0	0	1	Haley .....	0	0	1
Duke .....	1	0	0	Costigan .....	0	0	1
Woltzen .....	3	2	0	Neville .....	0	0	1
Zimmerman .....	0	0	1	O'Malley .....	1	0	1

Lombard, 38				St. Viator, 17			
	F.G.	F.T.	P.		F.G.	F.T.	P.
Murphy .....	4	0	0	Ross .....	1	0	2
Walsh .....	4	0	0	Dalrymple .....	1	2	0
Nicholaus .....	6	2	0	Bowe .....	5	1	0
Haivsemann .....	2	2	2	Delaney .....	0	0	0
Hall .....	0	0	1	Herbert .....	0	0	0
Mosher .....	0	0	0	Haley .....	0	0	1
Morgan .....	1	0	1	O'Malley .....	0	0	1
Coulter .....	0	0	1	Neville .....	0	0	0
Baxter .....	0	0	1				
Rice .....	0	0	0				



## HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

### De LaSalle, Joliet 21—Viator Academy 16 at Joliet

In the initial game of the season the Academy squad suffered a defeat from the hands of the De LaSalle quintet at Joliet. Captain Campbell, during the first half, could not make his combination work and as a result the opponents secured a lead, which the stellar work of our men in the second half could not entirely overcome.

\* \* \*

### Spalding 18—Viator Academy 21 at Peoria

The Academy quintet of basket tossers took a fast game from Spalding, the former Catholic Champs, on the Peoria floor, Saturday February the sixth. Early in the game Eddie Campbell's men took the lead and maintained it throughout the contest. The Peorians, however, kept our boys well aware of the fact that they were playing a real fighting club. Several times during the contest they threatened to overcome the Viator lead. Ed Walkoviak, the Viator high point man, together with "Si" Daley formed a combination which penetrated the opponents offensive time and time again. Tom Ferris, at the center position, played a remarkable game. Eddie Campbell and Fat Carroll at guards by their baffling and fighting defensive made victory impossible for the Peorians.

\* \* \*

### Spalding 16 Viator Academy 21 at Kankakee.

One of the most spectacular games of the season was offered to the spectators at the Kankakee Armory, Saturday February 13, when the Academy for the second time within eight days wrested victory from Spalding's strong and aggressive team. The locals established a firm lead right after the tip-off and the half ended 14-1 in their favor. During the first half the defensive of Coach Barret's men was the finest guarding ever seen on the Armory floor.

In the second half Spalding staged remarkable come-back tactics, scoring fifteen points and threatening to overcome the Viator lead. The Academy defense, however, tightened and the game ended 21-16 in favor of the Barret men. Walkoviak was the stellar performer of the Viator squad while McCarthy starred for Spalding.

Richard Dandurand, Acad., '26.





HIGH SCHOOL BASKET BALL TEAM



## VIATORIANA

If for no other reason than. Come with me my gentle reader and journey down the labyrinths of the ages and take a seat in the producing room where the first big fire scene of history was staged and filmed before a capacity house.

Mrs. Feminine Gender is patiently pounding the morning mush between two large stones. Mr. Masculine Gender is squatted on his haunches perusing the latest edition of the Stone Cutters Gazette. The peace of this typical home scene was shattered, malformed, busted and abused by a certain unheard of calamity. Mrs. Fem had been dealing the Mush a series of hefty punches when to her dismay a small spark flew from the two stones and caused the dry tinder about the open air cottage to become ignited. This my dear was the first fire of history and it had fatal results. The mixture of corn and water on the stone became what we now term biscuits. They represent the first offence of woman against the connubial happiness of the home.

The result of one fire was not sufficient. The fates saw fit to place in the hand of King Nero the makings of another historic conflagration.

A youth standing on a street corner jibbed King Nero about the length of his hair, calling him the Barbers-Revenge and telling him to get a hair-cut or buy a violin. Now Nero was very proud of his flowing locks, and therefore it behooved him to purchase a fiddle. He placed the circumstances of the case before the members of the Roman Senate and they resolved to furnish the aforesaid instrument. "It was at this time that the memorable shoe-tax was enforced and the good people of Rome went about the streets in their bare-feet in order to furnish the National Guards with ammunition to ward off the offensive sallies of a host of cats that chased Nero every time he played." Even this measure proved unsuccessful and the King called on the conductor of the Royal Symphony to ascertain the remedy for the trouble. The Conductor told him that he needed atmosphere. The King thought that he meant for him to take the air and was about to have the good man beheaded. He finally persuaded the king that he had meant no offense and detailed a plan whereby the execution of the king would be improved 100 per cent.

That night Nero walked right up into the business district and pulling a match from his jeans lit a cigarette and threw the match, still burning, into a pile of papyrus socks.



The flames soon spread over the whole darn town. As the blaze increased in fury the notes of Nero's violin wafted merrily along in the breeze and fell upon the ear of the statue of Jupiter Pluvius who happened to be standing on the Rostrum. Jupiter Pluvius started running around the streets and even the city sewers couldn't hold him. If it hadn't been for this fact the barometer would no doubt have read, "Forecast for Rome, Bare and Warmer," as it was, the paper read, "Wet".

Even in our modern day a fire destroyed the beautiful gymnasium which was one of the landmarks of St. Viator College and transformed the imposing monument to man's skill into a mere architectural clinker. If it had been summer and the lightning bugs about we would not have minded, but in the winter time the only solution lies in the fact that some outside agency lent a hand to create the less imposing but far more grewsome spectacle.

One solution offered is the fact that a white mouse lives in the Gym. It is believed by some that he had become intoxicated as a result of gnawing holes in the covering of the training table, the cloth of which was saturated by Alco-Rub, and then sallied forth to have a hot time. He whetted his appetite on a box of matches and a "hot time was had by all."

Other findings of special board proved that a cigarette might have caused the fire. Scientists hold that a Camel will fire more easily than a Lucky-Strike because strikes are toasted and therefore deprived of energy for heat. We believe it was a Camel for this reason; and because it crawled into such an out-of-way place under such dry conditions. Blah, Blah, Blah, etc. "Count Meout."

\* \* \*

Barnus said, "What is a circus without peanuts."

Jake says, "What is an examination without ponies."

\* \* \*

"You remember that story about the stag that went down to the river to drink."

"I know several Staggs who still do that sort of thing, but not down at the river."

\* \* \*

Stude: "Don't you think Mabel's a dear."

Prude: "Yeh! Everytime I take her to a dance she flirts with the STAGGS."

\* \* \*

They have organized a basketball team at Joliet Pen. They should be able to produce a couple of weaving forwards who will be able to make a lot of baskets.



I don't give a rap,  
 For a Freshman Cap,  
 I care not for the crown of green,  
 Thus quote the Soph,  
 With a hearty lawf,  
 That sounded both joyous and mean.

I don't give a darn,  
 For the green ball of yarn,  
 That covers the Freshman's head,  
 And with Junior pride,  
 He quite nobly sighed,  
 I wish he had brains there instead.

I'll counsel you kid,  
 To keep on the lid,  
 Said, the Senior with wisdom amazing,  
 Just do as I say,  
 You'll find it will pay,  
 For removal means nothing but hazing.

In this party of four,  
 The one nearest the door,  
 Was a Freshman all blue and dejected,  
 In utter despair,  
 He mumbled a prayer,  
 And murmured, "Just as I expected."

\* \* \*

After two years of dancing the Charleston, a young lady from Kankakee killed herself by taking arsenic. A letter found by the body stated that she no longer got any (kick) out of life.

\* \* \*

They call him lamb. He's stewed for meals.

\* \* \*

Stude: "Say, there's mud in this milk."  
 Waiter: "Naw, the glass is just dirty."  
 Student: "Oh! That's all right."

\* \* \*

Fr. Raymond: "Well Joe, Jim's had his last smoke. Hasn't he?"

Joe Harrington: "Jim who?"

Fr. Raymond: "Gymnasium."



Bourbonnais is so dead that the car pulls out at 7:30.

\* \* \*

He had hair like snow, but they shovelled it off.

\* \* \*

"What kind of game is this", said Red Dee as he bit into the chicken.

\* \* \*

One good thing about an Eskimo's home is they always have something on ice.

\* \* \*

Teacher: "Johnny, why don't you wash your hands."

Johnny: "Who do you think I am Oliver Twist."

Teacher: "No Johnny, Your Oliver Mud."

\* \* \*

Father: "Son you're one of the greatest sorrows of my life."

Son: "Why don't you drown your sorrows."

\* \* \*

Mack: "They arrested Ben Turpin the other day."

Butch: "What for?"

Mack: "Just because he looked crooked."

\* \* \*

It has always been a source of wonder to me why men take out marriage licenses to lead a dog's life.

\* \* \*

TWO NEGATIVES MAKE ONE AFFIRMATIVE.

Boy writing Home: "Dear Dad, I ain't got no money."

Father's answer: "Therefore you have some. Don't spend it foolishly."

\* \* \*

Mike: "I've an electric attachment on my typewriter that cost me twenty-five bucks."

Jake: "That's nothing I know a fellow who had one put on his car for five hundred dollars."

\* \* \*

Smaltz: "I would like to buy, one new house."

Glutz: "Something in the fireproof line."

Smaltz: "Say, what do you think I'm buying this house for anyhow."

\* \* \*

Bucket: A thing that is kicked.



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