

The Viatorian

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The Viatorian

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LEST WE FORGET

O Motherland, be not content
To rear a marble monument,
Or soulless temple be upraised
That Freedom's champions be praised;
Lest cruel Ingratitude's base tongue
Leave their valorous deeds unsung
And lest the skeptic's arrogance
Cast thereon a questioning glance.

But let the rostrum's staid repute
Be heard in cadence of the lute,
Let loud the bard's undying song
Echo through the ages long,
And let the Muse's wondrous spell
Thrill the places where they fell
And may Columbia ever sing
The glory of her ransoming.

J. A. W.

WHY?

M.

Within a few weeks the Irish people will commemorate the fifth anniversary of the birth of their Republic. They may commemorate it amid fire and blood; unless imperialism changes its tactics, they most probably will. The smoke, arising from a once harmless village will bring back to the mind of the peasant of West Kerry his race coming out of the smudge of centuries; the flame leaping up from a city shop will recall to the citizen of Dublin a people purified in the fire of sacrifice; the pangs of famine, gnawing the vitals, will whisper to the homeless laborer on the hills outside the blackened ruins of Cork the story of a nation long satisfied with the fleshpots of slavery made to hunger for the bread of freedom; the unburied corpses of his kin, lying under the misty, grey sky will speak eloquently to the fisherman of bleak Connemara of a national life born of heroic death. Five years ago it was born and since the day of its birth, the Irish Republic has been the object of murderous assault.

Escaping strangulation at birth, it has suffered the daily lash of a brute ever since. Would it not have been better for the poor, unfortunate people had it never been born? Peace of body or mind they have not known even for one short day, and all because they dare dream to be free. Burned out of their homes like rats, with animals, forced to seek shelter from the elements in mountain caves, their men hunted and shot as game, their women sacrificed to the passions of lustful swine, their babes born dead or brought into the world horribly disfigured because mother's constantly trembled lest a bullet crash into the little brain of the unborn life in their wombs. Good God, what an awful punishment visited upon an innocent people,—a pack of vicious dogs let loose upon a weak but righteous race. Would it not have been better had Easter, 1916, never come? To some alas, to the majority perhaps, of the world at large the existence of an Irish Republic is worse than its non-existence but to the Irish people, who are willing to suffer, the truth that existence in any form is better than non-existence is eternal, not to be changed by time or circumstance. That they should prefer misery in freedom to peace in slavery is not a question to the Irish people but that their existence as a free people has not yet been recognized by free nations is a problem they cannot solve and that problem is the unmasking of a long misrepresented world part and parcel of which stands freedom loving America.

Why has America, who for two centuries and a half has been known as the champion of the weak, stood idly by and turned a deaf ear to the oppressed struggling for life? Why? Why? We turn everywhere for an answer but there is none to speak. Those who have heralded most loudly her greatness and nobility are now most silent. Their ideal, and it was truly a sublime ideal,

"That shone like a star on life's wave
Is wrecked on the shore of the real
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

Why does our government hold its peace. Why will it not recognize the government of Ireland? "That eternal question," I hear the white livered fop and the narrow-brained "pure American (?)" disgustedly utter. Yes, the eternal question and it shall be eternal until some answer more satisfactory than the sneer of the bigot and the ridicule of the scoffer is given.

Why does not the great Republic of the United States recognize the infant Republic of Ireland? Is it because the democratic form of government is opposed to our ideal of government? The question needs but to be stated to receive a thundering "no." Democracy is the very rock upon which the structure of this government was builded, the very blood that makes up our national life. Two and a half centuries ago thirteen colonies scattered along the Atlantic seaboard and at their back unexplored forests where danger ever lurked in the form of savage and beast, conceived such a love of democracy, that they were willing with firm reliance on the protection of Divine

Providence to pledge their fortunes and their lives in order to secure it for themselves and their posterity; and in the indelible characters of their blood and their children's blood they carved its meaning deep in the heart of the nation. In every part of the country they left monuments, records to the price they paid lest some might forget. So purely did they cherish it in their hearts that around the government they constituted, they threw away restraint that would lend itself as a safeguard to the rights of a free people. Long and bitter experience had taught them the value of the prize they had won and they would spare no means to make its possession unassailable. It cannot be, therefore, that the Irish form of government is opposed to the American ideal that America will not recognize it. What is it then that makes her hold her peace? Is it American tradition? Again the question needs but to be stated to receive an answer decidedly negative. Go back to its very beginning and trace the tradition of our people down to the present and find, if you can, a single break in the chain of official action that would not demand the recognition of the Irish Republic struggling to be free. Identical in the cause of conception, surrounded by like circumstances of birth and moved by the same sympathies in the actions of life, the Republic of the United States and the Republic of Ireland are offsprings of the same parentage. On July 4, 1776, the Fathers of the American Republic standing at the cradle of our nation and declaring the cause of its conception said: "We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness,—That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted amongst Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundations of such principles and organizing its power in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.—But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under Absolute Despotism, it is their right, *it is their duty*, to throw off such government and to provide new Guards for their future security." For exactly the same causes the Republic of Ireland was conceived, and to make the conditions of both nations more closely knit, the Despotism both threw off is the same. No less close are the circumstances of the birth of both governments. Brought forth and baptized in blood both Republics for the first few years of their existence were nurtured with the blood of their children who were determined to be free. Yet more, the American Republic because it is older, has never yet failed to grant full recognition, and in many cases assured protection, to every people that were strong enough to throw off the yoke of serfdom and oppression.

Tradition, then, does not prevent America from recognizing the Irish Republic, on the contrary it seems to demand it. Is there another reason, and if there is what is it? Is it that the people of America do not want their government to recognize the Irish Republic? Were this true, it would determine without the possibility of dispute America's policy in the Irish Cause, for, the people of this land are, at least they are by right if not in fact, the ultimate court of appeal. By virtue of its constitution the government derives its power from them and from them alone. Upon their will its policy, domestic and foreign, wholly depends and not upon the dictates of kings or emperors. To them and them only is it answerable for the action it pursues and not to imperial parliaments or minority chambers. With this fundamental truth not forgotten, what is their will as they have expressed it in regard to the Republic of Ireland? Between thirty and forty millions of the citizens from whom our legislature and executive are supposed to take orders have insistently and persistently demanded time and again and in manners most urgent that the government recognize the Republic of Ireland. The representatives of that Republic have been heartily acclaimed in every part of the Union by millions whilst they have been refused official welcome by the few at Washington. Are the few at Washington, servants of the people, more powerful than the source whence they derive all their power? The truth of this is an evident absurdity. What then? Is it that the principle that "governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed" has outlived its truth and exists now only as a fable? To affirm that is to concede that truth is not eternal, that what is true today may be false tomorrow. Is it that powers of the government are no longer just since it no longer respects the "consent of the governed"? One fears to make answer. Here is the fact. Between thirty and forty millions of the citizens of the country have made direct demand on our legislative and executive bodies that they recognize the Irish Republic. Added millions would agree with them if asked their opinion and yet these bodies have ignored their request, have ignored the will of those to whom they owe their power and very existence. These millions evidently are too small a group to be considered by the much smaller group in Washington, their voice in a government of a people is too weak to be heard, their part in a government by the people is merely to cast a vote on election day and then to answer to the crack of the whip in the hands of the men they have elected. The will of the people, as far as it has been expressed, is decidedly in favor of recognizing the Irish Republic, no group has expressed a wish to the contrary; the highest court of appeal in America has recognized it but its servant refuses to obey the mandate.

Can it be that policy restrains our government from acting? What policy? The policy of fear? Fear of what? England? What have we to fear of a power that owes its preservation to us? What have we to fear of a government so indebted to us financially that

on bended knees it pleads for forgiveness of the debt? England is the one to fear and England does fear. She fears to make a single move without sounding the attitude of America and she would fear a great deal more were she not of the opinion that she can hoodwink American presidents into the belief that compromise is more honorable than strict adherence to just principles. If policy means anything, it would urge the payment of a debt we owe to the Irish people who at all times in the history of our nation have lent a generous purse, a courageous heart and a strong arm to its upbuilding. If we are to be guided by policy, we should not forget the policy that forced us into war and exacted from us a toll of seventy thousand dead. Our policy is too closely bound up with the phrases, "self-determination," "freedom for all nations great and small," "to make the world safe for democracy," etc., to have been forgotten so soon.

Is there anything that should prevent the Republic of the United States from recognizing the Republic of Ireland? That seems to be a simple question and a fair one. Where will we find its answer? Not in the ideals to which this nation has been dedicated since its conception and birth, not in the will of the people from which it takes its being, not from the policy that has always prompted it to do the right as God gave it to see the right, not in the tradition that has glorified it for two centuries and a half. None of these deter it, all urge it forward. What, then, holds it back? Since the government refuses to give a reason one is forced to judge from appearances and it appears that only reason why America will not recognize Ireland is that Ireland is poor. Nations, it seems, as well as men are courtiers to Mammon and support him on his throne. In the present order of the universe where the chosen people are the elect only because they have worldly wealth and where the high priest of hypocrisy is granted the honor of entering the holy of holies to worship his god of gold, Ireland despised as a sinner must stand in the court of the Gentiles. In the court of the nations where the supreme judge is might and the standard of justice is money, Ireland must be condemned to the prison house of subjection. Ireland is poor. Had she gold and wealth untold her plea might be heard; impoverished and weak her voice must echo down the ages as one crying in the wilderness and America's attitude of apathy must always remain a question unanswered.

M.

"Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one friend drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness."—Anon.

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

An Appreciation of Walter Pater

Paul H. Kurzynski, '23

To the modern student the present-day effort to revive the poetry and the excellences of the Georgian poets is an idea that cannot be accepted without question. For the student of today, a spectator of the modern world, is struck by the fact that this modern world is unpenetrated by beauty. The artistic nature demands enjoyment of life for its complete development; the fact of the matter is, some poets have often seemed to exaggerate their pleas for happiness. Yet there never was a time when the outer experience, the enjoyment of life, would accord less with the inward vision of beauty, the poet's thought, than the present. In proof of this we have before us the instance of Pater, which, in so far as he was a typical artist, lies at the very crossroads of that thought, the according of the inner vision with the outer experience. Already he belongs to a past generation, yet he summarizes the difficulties and triumphs of the artist beset by a utilitarian world.

It has been objected to Pater that what he sought was a state of mind rather than a motive for beneficent action; that he would rather live out his life as some disciple of Nirvana, seeking to attain the infinite in preference to take his proper station in the finite. The student of his life will hardly controvert this statement. The very eventlessness of this life was characteristic of him, as effective a personal trait as was Prosper Merimee's impersonality of style. Like his own Marius, it was his custom "to take flight in time from any too disturbing passion." He declined marriage and the graver responsibilities; and it is even recorded of him that he would at once leave a hotel in which anyone spoke to him.

These peculiarities exhibit the man's attempts to assume a covering or mantle of thought, which would remove him from the sordid world. But he needed an object for his meditations; so he expended his imaginative affections upon the past and retained a profound distrust for the age in which he lived. Pater stood for the humanities, as opposed to the utilities and the expediencies; and in an age like the present, his indeed would be a voice crying in the wilderness. The academic type of mind, of which he is the greatest example, is tending more and more to eclipse; even the older universities are hardly withstanding the attacks of those who desire education to become practical. The pressure of competition is urging the adaptation of business principles in every department of life; the term "business" is becoming the fetish of the twentieth century as "evolu-

tion" was of the later nineteenth. That such preoccupations are antagonistic to the preservation of the ideal element in human nature is an obvious truth; and as a result we see a universal sacrifice of beauty to the lust for gain, and an ever-increasing worship of Mammon. The brutal standard of results is superseding one of the most gracious traditions of educated man, the judgment of his fellow creatures according to their individual powers. That men are either efficient or inefficient is the doctrine of the man of business; and scorn, not tolerance, should be meted out to the inefficient. The chance of failure being more admirable than success has passed out of the sphere of practical life; and Pater was distinctly not of the practical sphere.

The artist has always tended to live within himself, but he fetched from the world the stuff from which his dream are made, and never did one standing at his watch-tower gaze into such darkness as did Pater in his search for inspiration. His was a soul which insisted upon inspiration, or its very existence was threatened. For this reason Pater sought inspiration from the past, among those ages where the outer life had some correspondence with the inner vision. But in him, as in all who live remote from the actual world, and are debarred from participation in its duties, there is a certain unreality. His style is fundamentally sincere, and the emotions which he derives from the past are genuine, but they give light without warmth. The fact is that he often works in light and shade; but the legendary and historical scenes which he restores to us lie as in the unaccustomed glow of a midnight sun.

After a brief sojourn in this mystical glow, which possesses light without warmth, and to which we may compare Pater's works, if we pause to review our impressions, we find them exceedingly complex. We view him, above all, as an artist; secondarily, critic, biographer, philosopher. Our emotions are the ultimate pleasures to be derived from his writings, but the chain of thought which leads to them and binds them together is so surrounded by what seems to be acquired knowledge that a casual touch may not reveal it to be electric. In an earlier day a purer form of this thought may have suited Pater's genius; but in this age when both form and content are subject to criticism, there is some want of balance between the two. No where is this trait more salient than in those passages which are autobiographical. His soul comes to us in intellectual semblance, as the goddesses of his beloved Greek mythology veil their beauty in the disguises of old women. Emotion is generated by the movement of the intellect—we must think in order to feel—and the meaning yields its sweetness in proportion to the reader's thought. In the chapter of Marius The Epicurean, "The Will as Vision," it is revealed to Marius that he had not for one moment been left spiritually alone in the world, but an unfailing companion had always been by his side. One half regrets that this singularly wistful idea was not disported from some of its intellectual dress and exhibited in the

outer courts of the Temple, where it might have increased Pater's disciples a thousand-fold. Carlyle compared the Illiad to a star, growing brighter as it grows more distant; and if we watch the process of the mind in reading, shall we say, Fielding and Thackeray, who, with many points of resemblance, belong to different ages, we see that in the case of Fielding the emotion takes longer to reach us, as his star has receded through time. Even so Pater does not speak to us quite in our own language. The guest is gone before we discover that we have unawares entertained an angel.

Let us try the experiment; let us take a stroll through this land of the midnight sun. Under the title "Appreciations," which is given to Pater's slenderest volume the greater portion of his critical work might have been included. One feels that between Pater and his subject there is a deeper subconscious affinity than is usual with criticism. The reason is partly his own happy gift in selecting a kindred nature, for it is said he never wasted time in experimental reading; and it may also be traced to the period of "brooding" before composition which he exacted of himself. He quotes with approval the ten years meditation through which Sir Thomas Browne passed before writing "Urn Burial." Hence, while seeming most impersonal, Pater is often the reverse, and, while apparently absorbed in his subject, he is unconsciously self-analytic. It is hard to write of him, because he has himself made some of the best criticisms on his own work. He tells us that Wordsworth's object was "impassioned contemplation"; that Leonardo expressed the art of "tracking the sources of expression to their subtlest retreats"; that Plato had "a sort of sensuous love of the unseen"; that Botticelli "accepts that middle world in which men take no side in great conflicts, and decide no great issues, and make great refusals."

This habit of protracted meditation, which has made the greater part of Pater's work a kind of disguised autobiography, has left its imprint on his style. We can with all diffidence put forward the query, Whether this excellent habit cannot be overdone? We get, it is true, an exact transcript of his thought; but is the thought still alive by the time it reaches the reader after so long a sojourn in the chambers of the brain? Is not the reader called upon to make too great an effort towards its reanimation? A writer usually starts upon his subject with a certain number of ideas, and the effort which the brain makes to co-ordinate these generates further ideas. One feels with Pater that he has waited till the process of generation is complete, and only when the descendants of the parent ideas have become infertile does he mark out the genealogical tree. At its worst an air of exhaustion hangs over his page and no where is there the sudden delight of spontaneous generation from the chance meeting of wandering thoughts.

The separate parts of the structure have been previously completed in Pater's mind and noiselessly joined together so that the Temple rises to no sound of ax or hammer. The reader, by his

power to be strongly moved by certain phrases or even single words, may test the solidity of the foundation in his interest. Such is the term "narcotic" applied to the flowers most appropriately used at the worship of Demeter, or the oft repeated comparison to the homesickness of man's thought of death. Another means of compelling attention is peculiarly his. The essayist was wont to greet us in our own language and speak of topics which we knew well as a means of compelling attention, but in the slow fire of Pater's long choosing mind all earthly particles have perished; and he conducts us to the upper chamber of his thought not by the common stairway of sense. His message thus seems detached from experience and the impression resembles that of a vivid dream.

And yet, considering the difficulties of a modern writer working upon ancient material, this attitude of Pater's, of leading us to comprehension by devious by-paths, of introducing us to new fashions of thought and expression, seems the only possible one. It was not exclusively the Athenian who demanded some new thing. When Candide arrived in the El Dorado country he picked up the gold that was laying by the wayside and offered it for payment at an inn, which gold was returned to him with good-natured laughter. Such treatment would be accorded now to the writer, who dealt in the simpler rhythm and emotions of the older poets. For even the greatest poetry falls less resonantly on the ears of a later generation; it has become part of the common language, and as thousands speak it who never consciously perused it, the shock of novelty is gone. We may hear

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing"

more frequently from the lips of the untutored man, who mumbles the words without due appreciation of their beauty, than from the pedagogue, who painfully understands them; for the former most probably does not know, or, what is more, does not care, who the author is. The rarity of the line has vanished.

Thus an intense subjectivity must distinguish a literature in its old age. In form and content it reflects the author's dread of besieging his reader's ears with a thrice-told tale. And one like Pater, in his anxiety of expending a single word that should draw the reader's attention from his own impression into the wider areas of settled thought, disguises, twists, alternates his meaning to a point that recalls the garment that could be seen only by the virtuous. It advances with an imperceptibility that brings despair to a wandering mind. In glancing back over a paragraph or sentence, it is almost impossible to say at what moment his meaning has been delivered, or which is the word that has converted us. The older writers, except in their most perfervid moments, were content to use words which a reader might transform according to his associations; but the more severe taste of modern times requires an author to abjure totally this language of the market-place. No word or even portion of its meaning must lie outside the radius of his personality. The

simplicity which a style of this kind gains is not in accordance with our usual understanding of the word. It is the simplicity of age rather than of youth; of one who has small knowledge of books, but who has read deeply, and, of set purpose, refrains from expressing his thought in the terms that recall men's accumulated wisdom. Pater does not use commonplace words in speaking of beauty; he defines it in words that are the essence of abstraction.

Whatever else one may say of Pater, however, one may like or dislike him, he stands in the complex, elusive nineteenth century as a clear sign of something fixed and known. But he performs this office not as a critic, as he is commonly reckoned; of the critical mind, strictly speaking, he had little, being at once something more and something less than this. It is, of course, legitimate to take the expression of life as it comes from the critic in literature, and from this to develop a philosophy and vision of the critic's own; and this, rather than any relative weighing of values, was the intention of Pater. Such an aim is entirely justifiable, but it is not justifiable to misunderstand or falsify the material of which the critic's own fabric is to be woven. If he is a true critic, his first concern must be the right interpretation of the doctrines before him; and whatever else he may have to offer must proceed from primary veracity of intention or vision. Just here Pater fails or is at least delinquent. He has much to say that is interesting, even persuasive, about the great leaders and movements of the past, but too often his interpretation, when the spirit of his manner is broken, will be found essentially perverted.

This may seem a harsh judgment to pass on a writer who has been one of the main influences in later nineteenth century literature, but it can be easily substantiated. In two of his greatest works, *Marius The Epicurean*, and *The Renaissance*, Pater has dealt with two crises of history; and in each case he has gravely, though in varying degrees, falsified the reality. In the former his portrayal of the relation of the Pagan philosophies and Christianity was psychologically right, but his portrayal of Christianity itself one is compelled to condemn, because one feels that here is no picture of a militant faith in training for the conquest of the world, of a sect looking for struggle and moral regeneration, but rather of a pleasant company where the eye is charmed and the ear soothed by subdued and languid loveliness.

Turning to *The Renaissance*, there is again a reading of Paterism into the past, but without the offensiveness that is felt in his treatment of Christianity. Not a little of the Romanticism from which Pater drew his philosophy may be traced to the Italy of Botticelli and Leonardo da Vinci; but the tone, the energy, the force, are changed. The nature of the change cannot be better displayed than in the famous description of *La Gioconda*, in the essay on Leonardo da Vinci, which is too familiar for quotation. Now I shall not criti-

cise this passage for its treatment of plain facts; yet, even viewed in the light that he was analyzing the impression made upon him by this picture, and trying to reach through it a definition of the chief elements of Leonardo's genius, the description rings false—not as false as his interpretation of Christianity, but still perverse of truth.

The simple truth is that Pater was in no proper sense of the word a critic at all. History was only an extension of his own ego, and he saw himself whithersoever he turned his eyes. To form any just estimate of Pater's work, we must forget the critical form in which so much of his writing is couched, and regard the substance of his own philosophy apart from any apparent relation to the period or person to which it is transferred. And here we are aided by the singular consistency of his nature. In his works all is of a piece, and all is the perfectly lucid outgrowth of an unvarying design and of a single attitude toward the world.

Pater's limitations and defects are as obvious as his strength, and the attempt to organize those who find pleasure in his work into a cult and to place him among the great writers is doomed to failure. He belongs to the "little masters," to use a French classification. At its best his style has eloquence and elegance; at its worst, as in the essay on "Style", it is involved and heavy. He is sometimes affected and given to "preciosity," a fastidious refinement in his words, and his work lacks a fiber and manliness of tone. His contribution to the literature of the time, however, was neither small nor unimportant. He was always serious, nearly always charming, at times penetrating and luminous.

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

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

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

Unseen Nobility

P. J. G.

Big Dave, the leader of the "black gang," straightened his straining back to wipe the grimy perspiration from his eyes and ease his numbed and tired muscles. Through the open fire-box door the lurid flare of the boiler flame glared upon the sweaty, heavily muscled shoulders, chest and back of the powerful stoker and threw into bold relief the scowling face, topped by a mass of matted hair. The face was not a type of physical beauty but such a one as might be expected to harmonize with the narrow confines of a stoke hold of a great trans-Atlantic liner. The narrowness of the brow was intensified by the small beady eyes set in deep sockets and the mutilated nose, deprived by many seaman's brawls of its bridge, lay flat against the face. The firm mouth, with the unusual feature of regular teeth, revealed something of the brutal and yet was not altogether repulsive. A livid scar and a small red blotch, the mark of a scald, were evidence sufficient that their owner had any but a life of ease. The years had brought to Big Dave nothing but the oppressive heat and exhausting labor of the stoke hold, the brawls of shore leave, the coarseness and brutality of forecastle companionship and mere physical strength. His fire, his boiler, his wage, his few days on shore and the few creature comforts his hard life permitted were the only problems of his life. The maintenance of this little world and its interests engaged every waking moment of this burly fireman and with the brusque brutality of ignorance and the cunning of a starved mind he fought any danger that threatened their existence.

The fetid stoke hold and the roaring boilers were Dave's only loves and he cherished them with a jealousy and passion as heated as their own fiery hearts. Dave was the champion fireman of a great steamship company, a tried stoker who had kept his boiler to a full head of steam in all weather and in every bottom the line controlled from the smallest harbor tug to the great Clyde marine boilers of the huge liner flagship. His lack of education and his starved life had denied him advancement and so to the giant fireman the record he had established in the fireroom, a record many failed to emulate, was the one bright spot in his monotonous and hard life. In his jealousy, he saw in every fireman, who entered the holds at the many ports, a menace. The experienced loomed up as rivals for his honors; in the green hand, always turned over to him, he scented conspiracy. In his ignorance he could not see that the record he had made had marked him as the most efficient mate for the green hand. To Dave the rookie was a hamper, placed on him purposely to slow his firing

and bring down his boiler score. These supposed enemies he met with the only means in his power, physical strength or cunning. A shifted weight on an ash bar, a rapidly swung scoop and a missed foothold on the slipper floorplates and such little covert acts broke the spirit of the green hand and sent him to the decks. A loosened grate bar, a tampered gauge or water feed hampered the experienced man and sent the fire boss's cry, "Roust out Dave," ringing through the crew's quarters. That cry was music to Dave's soul, if such a soul that was attuned only to the clang of a shovel could be said to respond to a more delicate vibration, a cry that sent him exultant to the heated fire room he had left but a short time before in search of rest. He ruled his small world with uncouth dignity and sheer physical strength, ever on guard against just such rookies as this stranger beside him, which, it seemed, the fire room's fitness of things demanded every port should unload on him.

Big Dave, the slave of his record and his jealous fear, must again labor with redoubled effort to offset the blundering work of this stranger, whom the boss fireman had assigned him. The coming six days stretched before him a redoubled ordeal in the sweltering "black hole" and the prospect of added labor and fear of his record were slowly stirring up Dave's surliness. The green foreman beside him worked on oblivious of the rising storm. His grimy hands, scarred and reddened by blister and burn, wrapped in vaseline soaked bandages, clenched the sweaty handle of the scoop and bandage and sweat added to the difficulty of shoveling. The slight, athletic body responded, by sheer strength of will, to the tedium and muscle aching task, but the broiling heat, the jangle of scoop, the dripping water, the blinding steam, the fumes of ash and clinker, and the slippery footing were gradually sapping the strength of the man. The blue eyes were puffed and swollen and bloodshot and about the lips were blotches of grey where the streaming perspiration had furrowed through the grime and coal dust. The lean face, the high brow, and stooped form were sadly out of keeping with the burly frames and hardened, surly faces of the fire room force. As Dave silently and sullenly watched the almost pathetic effort and the utter weariness of the stranger he cursed him silently and eloquently for a "high brow" and a weakling. The heat of the iron crawling up to his palm cut him short hand for the moment all thought of the rooky was forgotten in the immediate business of firing. But a short half hour and the watch would relieve Big Dave to his cool splashing in a bucket of sea water and the stranger to the sleep of exhaustion.

Some hours later during the early morning watch, a bursted gauge head had given Dave a badly scalded forearm. The perfunctory examination of a ship surgeon, off to make his morning rounds among the more interesting victims of sea sickness among the first class passengers and with little time to spend on a dirty member of the "black gang," had brought little relief. It is strange how men of Dave's type shrink from physical pain. It would seem that those

men, big and strong of body, would be affected least by bodily suffering, and yet when one considers what constitutes pain it is not so strange. Pain, after all, is in a sense relative to the development of man's higher faculties. The child whose life is made up of physical experiences only, knows only bodily suffering. So too it is with the man whose mind is stunted and intellect untrained. He has never known the pleasure of enjoying the higher things of life and hence will never experience the grief of their loss. Hence it was that Dave shrunk from a pain which his physically weaker but more delicately souled partner in the boiler room would regard as nothing in comparison with the disillusionment of an ideal that Dave's soul could never conceive. The only mental worry Dave was capable of knowing was that his firing was hampered and his precious record must suffer. When the stranger entered the forecandle to crawl wearily into his bunk he found the muttering Dave sprawled out full length. His inquiry elicited a stream of querulous, almost whining, cursing against himself, the doctor and the pain. Without a word the stranger quickly brought some gauze and a few phials from his sea bag. The carelessly bound arm soon deftly rebandaged with a soothing lotion and Big Dave soon enjoyed relief from the pain while the sight of his mate struggling against heavy sleep had robbed the big fellow of his wonted surliness and brusqueness.

It was merely an incident but it brought the giant stoker food for thought. From time to time he paused, in the weary round of firing, to gaze with puzzled eyes at the stranger and to smile awkwardly when caught. The hostile attitude of the fire room vanished and they became fast friends. Dave had made the first advance, awkwardly and roughly for fear that unwonted geniality be mistaken for weakness. The rebandaging that followed each shift and the little lifts Dave gave the stranger in the fire room went far in creating a silent understanding. The aroused sympathy of the stranger for the rough fireman and in return the warm and profane appreciation of Big Dave were sufficient.

When not sleeping, the stranger spent most of his spare time reading the small volumes he carried in his sea bag or standing at an open port hole looking abstractedly over the sea. He spoke but little of himself and his meagre accounts of himself aroused little curiosity in Dave. "John Summerhill" was the sum and substance of his personal history but it was not his secretiveness but the absorption in his books that was the source of much disquiet to Dave, who had little respect for books and their readers. But this trait of his new found friend was gradually breaking down Dave's prejudice towards the clan and awakened a grudging interest in the possible contents of the books. Then opened an amazing period for the big fellow. Hour upon hour he listened to the strange language of the books, his mind agog and weakly struggling to ferret out some familiar thought or expression. He had to admit defeat and sheer inability to

grasp this stranger's thought drove him to rude scoffing but the lumbering ridicule masked a deep respect for the younger man.

They were returning from an enforced shift for trouble in the boiler room had slowed the great liner and a double fire room force had been stationed to regain the lost time. The younger man was completely exhausted and as he lay on his back with Dave's big hulk towering over him, the giant fireman abruptly asked, "Wat in hell ever brot ya into dis job?" The stranger started up and glanced quickly at the neighboring bunks. "Why do you ask?"

"Aw hell! ya ain't got de making of de black gang in ya. Lukit yer mitts," he scoffed, "yer buks, yer chatter on all dem damn-fool things ya jaw at me. I watched ya in de hole when ya come on and I cussed ya for a damned rooky. Now we're frens. Watcha doin' here anyway? Cops? Folks? Shanghai?"

The stranger searched keenly the face of his friend, but the troubled eyes assured him. "You seem interested," he smiled.

"Aw if I ain't in de knowin' I ain't. But luk ot ya. Yure all in, ya can't go the gaff. Ya can't tell me ya belong to do bruderhood of stokers and dock bums."

The big man turned away thinking the unwritten law of the brotherhood of those who go to sea under shadow demanded the termination of the conversation but at the invitation of the man in the bunk, he strode back to and sat beside him. The younger man was silent for a moment but suddenly he patted the big fellow assuredly on the knee and began to speak in a lack luster way as though the mind had suddenly gone as weary as the body.

"I'll tell you why I am here. True, I am no beachcomber or dock roustabout nor am I seeking any amusement or adventure in the 'hole.' Cops? No, not those of the port I shipped from, perhaps in another port where we touch, but not the way you mean; not on a criminal charge." The lean face paled and the eyes sparkled for a moment only to die again leaving only the pallor of the cheeks.

"My folks? God amercy on them, I have no folks. I am none of your pampered sons hiding from disgrace. My mother, my father—they were murdered."

The breathing quickened and the muscles of the jaws quivered in their nervous intensity. Big Dave started at the change in his friend but he could only listen breathlessly to the words of his companion and the tone in which they were uttered.

"Shanghaied, you ask? It was an honest mission that brought me to the States and it compels me to return in the stoke hold. No "broker" or whiskey is the cause of my rating on board but the secret service of an enemy and the pressing need of my government. No, I'm no spy nor the hero of a newspaper story of scheming agents. I merely act in the service of my country."

Dave was puzzled. Here was a new specimen of rooky, quite different from the general class with their tales of rough living, police records, chance livelihood or dissipation. There was mystery

in this new man's story; not police but detectives and veiled references to secret missions.

"Dave, I am an Irishman." Here he paused as though that simple statement were sufficient explanation for all his actions, and so it was except to Dave and his class outside the stoke hold type who never want to understand the Irishman. No light, that might show he grasped the situation, brightened Dave's face, the stranger went on." My name is not "John Summerhill," the listener grunted. "Yes, I know you never believed it. What my true name is can be of little interest to you. To make matters clear I must tell you a little history. You may not understand, you may call me a fool and if you do, you will not have been the first to use that term. Millions who are supposed to be more cultured than you have called and are calling Irishmen fools because they don't understand us. There was a time, but a few years ago, when I looked to the future with no thought other than tilling my Irish acres with my father and brothers and settling down to the happy, peaceful life of an Irish country home. For many years there had been peace between my land and the British crown. Save for a few fights with the police the people had settled down to the humdrum existence content to see the fight restricted to the Commons and Lords. We had learned the lesson "of dodging the lash and flattering the overseer" and we practiced it. I and my father and oldest brother were content so long as the police did not interfere with our peaceful occupations and step by step our sense of wrong and of resistance were being numbed. We had permitted the little things of life, our smug comfort, and material considerations to drown our nationalism. And we were of the general run of Irishmen." The voice was low and the man seemed lost in memories. He resumed, "About this time my younger brother went to Dublin to finish his education. He was to be a priest and he was the light and joy of our little home circle. While in Dublin he learned a lesson as old as our race but almost forgotten by our generation, a lesson we knew we should learn again but which we feared because it meant loss of those trivial things which we, God help us, had come to value too highly. Often when he was home on vacations he talked strange things to us about "the national soul" and the gaining of independence for our land. His words awakened us but we did not act. And one day angry at our indifference he said that some day some one would die to save us and he hoped he might lay down his life to awake the souls in us."

The stranger paused. The puzzled look in Dave's face grew with every word but he was silent, bidden to respect the restrained grief and tenderness in the stranger's tone.

"It was his last holiday he said this and a few short months later he was dead. You have heard of the insurrection in Ireland at Easter time in 1916?" Dave nodded. "Well he died then, died fighting, with a bullet in his brain and on a city street in the cool Easter Morn. His death was a terrible blow to our mother and for

many weeks we brooded over his death, his last hope ringing in our ears—he had said he hoped some day to die for us,” a reverend pause and again the strained voice continued. “But he did not die for us alone. His death linked with those of his heroic leaders and friends awakened every heart and soul and freed them from the little things of life. We were Irishmen again, roused to the defence of our country and eager to win our liberty. Sein Fein sprung up and bound all to its cause. My eldest brother and I became active in the movement. We were soon hounded by the police and later by the Black and Tans. The election had given us a government like that of the States and my brother and I fought in its defense. One day a military mission called us from our home. We thought the old folks secure but a police guard entered the village and asked the whereabouts of the home of———, the rebel, our dead brother. They entered and searched the house and because my old father would not tell of our destination they shot him for the father of Irish dogs and rebels. They drove my mother from the house and burned our home to the ground. Some neighbors saved my father’s body from mutilation and cared for my heart-broken mother. Two days after our return she died.”

The sentence faded away in a faint sob. Big Dave was very uncomfortable. He felt a strange emotion, deeper than sympathy, which he could not explain. But the story held him and gazing aimlessly about him to cover his embarrassment and to avoid his friend’s grief-stricken face, he began to curse softly to himself. The stranger continued.

“Over the graves of our father and mother my brother and I renewed our oath of allegiance to our country and swore to fight to the death in its defense. A few weeks later my brother was killed in an attack on the military. I fought on in the ranks until my superiors saw fit to send me to America. The tragic history of my family and my many months of active service in the reprisal districts made my testimony the more valuable and I came to testify before the Irish Commission. I am a marked man. The government that murdered my father and mother and brothers have marked me for death because I have proven dangerous, not alone as a private in the ranks, but dangerous to their two-faced policy in other countries. We Irish who have shown her true colors before an impartial judge are more to be feared than the men who are actively engaged in the fighting and are to be run down. The British have robbed my country for many weary centuries and because we have had the courage to demand our just rights they have followed our exiles to every country with their malicious slander. This propaganda is their most effective weapon and they cannot afford to have it taken from them. My country—but why say more? I cannot say more, Dave for the recital of our history would take a much longer time than our few days together.”

Dave murmured something incoherent. He could not enter into

the feeling of the stranger for the call of country was lost to him as his long years at sea have robbed him of all save a faint sentiment towards the States. The stranger was speaking again.

"The British know the nature of my mission and I had to cross as a stowaway. I have beaten them, but now I must return as an outlaw and with a price upon my head, must return in the stoke-hold to escape arrest for a few days to carry valuable information to my government. They will find me, I suppose, because in obeying the command of the Republic, I am a murderer and an outcast and well known to the police. I suppose," the man was speaking very quietly, "it means an English gaol and an English gibbet."

The speaker paused and Big Dave looked at this strange friend in amazement and incredulity, his brain agog with the insanity of this man. His muttering broke into a shout.

"Ya mean they'll bump ya off? And yer goin' back to be caught? Wot the ——"

The sentence was lost in a flow of inarticulate words and cursing. Here was a man going to his death as surely as though he sat in the death cell. The burly stoker grasped the full import of the situation and he was dumb. He shivered slightly as though one sat in the presence of something so fine that it was fearful.

"But why? Whatcha goin' back fer? Can't ya shake the Bobbies? Dere's lotsa birds like ya and day makes a getaway. Ya don't mean to say ya wants to get kilt?"

Somehow the voice had lost its harsh note and the thought of lurking evil threatening the life of his friend had sunk it to a whisper. The stranger with the determined face and the sad eyes had found his smile and his body was again stooped under its weariness.

"Yes, Dave, they will get me. No, I don't like to die. But I am no scoundrel as they charge, but a soldier, and must obey my superiors. I cannot allow personal safety to stand in the way of duty. You may think me a fool, as many think us fools but it is not so, though I may never make you understand why I must go back. Why do you slave to keep your boiler room record? It is everything in life for you and you are killing yourself slowly to preserve it. An expedient world needed your great body for this task, to keep the ships on the seas. This world starved you and gave you merely physical strength and by its training and to keep you here in this dogged life has set up the little god, your record, for you to worship. You cannot know the better things of life because the world needs firemen and to keep you it has given you this ideal. It is selfish, dreadfully selfish, but the world is based on selfishness and it fosters it. I myself was content with the little circle life outlined for me and where it strove to keep me by blinding my soul and exaggerating smug ideals. Why? Because my country was necessary to the preservation of a great empire and the

world must deny my country and protect that empire because that selfishness of the world must be protected. The vision came almost too late, but I saw it and followed. It may come too late to you, it may come when your record engrosses you, as it has come to many, and may pass you by. There are thousands who must go through life content with their little world, as I almost did."

His Dave was silent. "His fire room record," how small that sounded now, but why he could not say, he merely sensed it. It brought silent understanding. He looked back over his long years of slavish work in the "black hole" and it helped him to see. He rose quietly. The younger man was speaking.

"You must keep this a secret, Dave, for——"

"Wot yer take me fer?" was all the burly fireman could bark in return.

Early the following morning they entered the stoke-hold for the last time. The great liner was in the river and would be warped into dock that evening. The stokers worked feverishly to keep up the roaring boilers. Big Dave worked like a machine, but he was worried, for he sensed boiler trouble. The supply of coal at the bunker hole was coming too slowly and he entered the bunker to drag at the loosening pile. As he entered the stranger turned to close the fire-box and the crazy antics of the needle of the gauge stopped him. He called the fire-room boss, who cast one frightened look at the needle and shouted: "Beat it—number three is going out." The firemen rushed in panic for the iron ladders, but the stranger stood by his fire. He had seen one boiler go out and he knew that the fire and boiling water would be shot straight for the open bunker door where his mate worked unconscious of the danger. Quickly he turned to the bunker and banged the iron door shut. With the clang of the door, number three went out with the roar of a gun and the fireman was enveloped with the rush of live steam, boiling water and ash.

The great liner was deserted and Dave stood in the darkened fore-castle looking down on the few scattered possessions of his rooky. An awed and silent Dave had followed the dead stranger to the little grave in the plot owned by the company. He had been the only mourner for the man had died and carried his secret with him. His few possessions disclosed nothing and the sea bag bore only the stenciled name "John Summerhill" and that name on the simple wooden cross was the only record he left. Perhaps, in the future, he would be missed, but his end would always remain a mystery, for Dave alone knew his story and the big fellow had remained silent. And now Dave stood in the dark quarters, his grief unstifled and unashamed, his friend's story ringing in his ears. The story was the last word he had spoken with Dave other than a few commonplaces and now the strangeness and tragic strain that Dave sensed but could not understand was intensified. He only knew that the lonely grave, in this foreign soil, seemed to him a last

supreme act of sacrifice for this strange man who had been going to his death so calmly and unafraid. The big stoker fought for the light to see and know the ideal that prompted such sacrifice. But he could not measure it in terms of his everyday life and Dave gave up the struggle.

The following week the great liner made the return voyage and Dave was back in the hold. The grimy hold recalled his friend, but when New York was reached Dave had almost forgotten. When next he saw the city of Liverpool he thought of his strange rooky buried in the nameless grave. But he sailed again and was transferred shortly after to the Pacific line. A few months and Dave was again fighting to maintain his record. He had returned to his old way from which the little incident of his transatlantic days had momentarily drawn him. He went back to his old life, his record, his boiler and his stoke-hold. And there are thousands upon thousands of Daves outside the grimy hold to bear him company.

CHRIST IS PASSING BY

Pause, ye heedless men of earth—
Still thy laughter, quell thy mirth.
Come aside from Pleasure's way,
Fly the haunts of revelers gay.
Christ is passing by

Halt, ye minions of the world,
'Neath Sin's banner high unfurl'd;
Come, come away from Folly's path,
A contrite heart will conquer wrath—
Christ is passing by

Stop, sin-laden souls and see
Christ in conquering majesty;
Cast thy burdens at His feet,
Come and taste His graces sweet—
For Christ is passing by.

Fly, ye sinners, to Him fly;
He will hear your doleful cry,
He will cleanse the leprous spot,
Thy foul sins will be forgot—
Come, Christ is passing by.

J. A. W.

A Glimpse of Joyce Kilmer

W. J. Ryan, '21

In trying to determine Joyce Kilmer's ultimate position among the writers of his generation, it is befitting and quite appropriate that we cast a retrospective glance over his writings that have reflected so much honor and glory on God, his country and fellow-men.

As a writer, Joyce Kilmer possessed the two great qualities which Cardinal Newman maintains every writer should possess, "the mastery of the two-fold Logos, the thought and the word," and hence, his writings are enjoyable and instructive. He arrays thought, inspiring, nay sublime, in a vesture of purest and most radiant beauty and under his deft touch "the darkness of falsehood vanishes before the noonday splendor of truth as clouds do before the rays of the sun." The lucidity of his expression, transparent in its gorgeousness and splendor, the sublimity of conception, easily merit a prominent position for him among the great litterateurs of today. The profundity of thought evidenced in his essays and poems entitles him to rank as a philosopher and thinker; the reverence and feeling he evinces for sacred things make him as an essential religious writer; the broad view he had of men and things shows a liberality with things of practical every-day importance. He is a poet highly esteemed by the best critics, and as an essayist he is of the first order.

Kilmer as a poet has grand and uncommon beauties that awaken our keen interest and elicit our admiration. For poet, indeed, he was whose lips had been purified by the fire of true poetry, and whose soul was burning with an ardent faith. Therein is the secret of his marvelous genius; he sang only of what was in his soul. His poems are but the natural outpourings of a heart overflowing with Divine love. And from this, too, sprang that pre-eminent characteristic of Kilmer, his startling imagery. An essential requisite for true poetry which brings into play all the superior faculties of poetic genius, an element which more than any other stamps his work with true merit and immortalizes a poet, which not only affords lucrative and beneficial recreation for the mind but also is admirably suited for reflection and the derivation of inspiring lessons. Poetry is poetry in so far as it embodies this factor. Therefore the excellence of a poem should be judged according to this standard. In the introduction to his "Dreams and Images," he says, "This is a book of reflections of the Beauty which mortal

eyes can see only in reflection, a book of dreams of that Truth which one day we shall waking understand. A book of images it is, too, containing representations carved by those who worked by the aid of memory, the strange memory of men living in Faith."

His imagination was peculiarly quick and original. Throughout his works we find few subjects that are new, for they have but one common purpose, the glorification of the commonplace. He finds something beautiful and appealing in the most trivial happenings of everyday life and points out the reflection of humanity in the most material or commercial things. Few people will fail to feel the delight of recognition in the experience of which "Gates and Doors" is a record. His poems: "Pennies," "The Twelve-Forty-Five," "Houses," "Delicatessen," and other exquisite poems verify the following lines of Shakespeare, regarding the duty of a poet:

"The poet's eye in a frenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to every nothing
A local habitation and a name."

What things are more commonplace than Pennies or Houses? Yet, there are few poets who could manifest the same genius as Kilmer in developing these subjects, in such a sublime poetic manner. For pieces of poetry which present well adapted comparisons, similes and figures give the mind a wide range of action, so that in soaring in a wide expanse of imaginatively perfumed atmosphere, it feels itself elevated and dilated in pleasurable emotions.

Nature, the handmaid of God, greatly attracted Kilmer, but his love of nature was not Wordsworthian, nor yet Shelleian. Into his poetic ear nature had whispered her sweetest harmonies, and poet as he was, he was powerless to check the outburst of his gift divine. Here is one of his nature pictures:

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree,

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks to God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain."

From nature his thoughts ascended heavenward and what more true, what more beautiful sacrament of thought could a poet have uttered than the following:

“Our Lady bows her head, and is ashamed;
She has a Bridegroom Who may not be named,
Her mortal flesh bears Him Who conquers death.
Now in the dust her spirit groveleth;
Too bright a Sun before her eyes has flamed,
Too fair a herald joy too high proclaimed,
And human lips have trembled in God’s breath.”

Here, indeed, we see a great mystery of religion, a sublime truth, a cherished dogma of the Church, clearly presented by one stroke of a master’s pen. What profound truths and mysteries are contained in these few short words? Never was the story of the Incarnation told more beautifully than in these opening lines. Here at once in simple words in their subtlety and subtle in their simplicity, Kilmer has most beautifully portrayed the most exalted and precious prerogatives of Mary, the two grand attributes of woman, maternity and virginity, which attributes have won for the Mother, Daughter and Spouse of God, the highest honor and worship in Heaven after the Blessed Trinity. How strikingly does the poet in the fourth and following lines impress us with the idea of the humility of Mary, when he tells us, “human lips have trembled in God’s breath.”

Besides this gift of burning and soul-making verse, Joyce Kilmer is an essayist of high rank, possessing an unusually wide acquaintance with the complex problems and difficulties of this hour. Most remarkable is his sureness of touch, for when treating of “Great Nickel Adventure,” he does not fail to seize an opportunity to discredit the falsity of the tenets of rationalism. “Once there lived on West One Hundred and Eighty-second Street a man of uncompromising practicality, a stern rationalist. He was as advanced as anything! He believed in the materialistic interpretation of history, economic determinism and radium; this, he said, with some pride, was his creed. . . . ‘Faith is stupidity,’ he would say. . . . Yet every day this man would give himself up to the subway with a sweet and childlike faith. As he sat in the speeding car, he could not see his way, he had no chance of directing it. He trusted that the train would keep to its route, that it would stop at Fourteenth Street and let him off. He could not keep it from taking him under the river and hurling him out into some strange Brooklyn desert. When he started for home in the evening, he read the words ‘Dyckman Street’ on the car window with mediaeval simplicity, and on the guarantee of these printed words, placed there by minions of the capitalist class, he gave up the privilege of directing his course. So the subway . . . made him, for a time, really a human being.”

Many a fair thing, many a noble thing, many an aspect of truth does Kilmer make us see in the golden sprays of thought which render his essays charming and delightful. For he takes occasion to introduce sane and practical philosophy in developing his equally novel-like essays, "The Circus," "Noon-Hour Adventuring," "An Alarm Clock," and other most seemingly commonplace occurrences, making them not only very interesting, but serve also as an understanding of human nature however variously circumstanced.

Kilmer is marked throughout by a naturalness and simplicity which enhances the interest evoked by the most seemingly commonplace events, making them translucent with itself. Nor are his works pure phantasms of the imagination, but some are founded on actual daily occurrences, especially his unique essays, "The Circus and Other Essays." There is a vitality and power to this unpretentious book which pure fancy cannot give, and there is a complete mastery of the various shades of human life and its conditions so thorough as to display a keenness of observation and an accurate assimilation of facts. Thus in "The Circus" he shows how this "great canvas monster" demands the exercise of that greatest religious virtue, faith. "The circus audience gets its pleasure chiefly from its wholly illogical belief that the performer will not fall and be dashed to pieces; that is from the exercise of faith. . . . They give their money gladly, not to find that the poster was wrong, but because they have faith that it is right. There are no rationalists at the circus."

Kilmer's descriptive powers are of high order and when he essays description, his facility is so felicitous as to render the places and persons noted interesting and the reading pleasant. It is almost unnecessary to speak of the rich silvery gems of humor, sparkling and scintillating like the stars in the firmament of more serious discourse. Frank and bright he is, mirthful, serious, too, with the seriousness that can break into mirth, the mirth of the answer to the call of human joy; the seriousness that knows well whence the great issues of life come and whither they must tend.

Kilmer's career was short but noble and his singularly beautiful character stands out the more in all its magnificence when we realize that this valiant young man gave up the plaudits and honors of a grateful nation ready to bedeck him with the laureate of success and "went out to the wars and died, because he carried in his soul the courage of his song," "one true man dead for liberty is worth a thousand men."

The poems and letters which he sent from war-swept France are redolent with such a noble spirit of courage, patriotism and scorn of death, expressing unmistakably a brave Catholic soldier's mind and heart. It was at Holy Mass and in fervent prayer that Sergeant Kilmer found the strength to live every day the life of heroic self-sacrifice he had resolutely set for himself. "Pray that I may love God more," he writes to a Nun, "it seems to me that

if I can learn to love God more passionately, more constantly, without distractions, that absolutely nothing else can matter. Except while we are in the trenches I receive Holy Communion every morning, so it ought to be all the easier for me to attain this object of my prayers. I got faith, you know, by praying for it. I hope to get love the same way." The glowing tributes of his comrades and the testimonies of those who knew him best, proclaim Sergeant Kilmer to have attained the high ideal set for himself as a journalist, lecturer, poet, soldier and Christian father.

"From humble home and first beginning,
Out to the undiscovered end,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning
Save laughter and the love of friends."

—Kilmer.

A Barber's Dilemma

R. L. Russell, '21

"Good morning, sir. Fine day today."

"Yes, it is very pleasant."

It was the time-worn salutation with which Ed Calhoun, the village barber, had already greeted four earlier customers and with which he had greeted innumerable others in the days past as they would enter his humble parlor. His salutation always expressed the temper of the weather. But in spite of his poverty of salutations, Ed was rich in other jewels of conversation. He knew every man, woman and child in the thriving little town of ————. His talk was inexhaustible. It mattered not what the subject might be—gossip, news, election returns, war news, rumors and rumors of rumors, he could discuss them all and talk sagely and eloquently as well. No sheriff was ever elected, no police force deposed, no vagabond proven a disguised millionaire that Ed did not know of it beforehand. He would punctuate the sweep of the razor and the click of the scissors with "I told you so," or "I knew it would come sooner or later." The male inhabitants liked Ed and venerated his wisdom by clinching all arguments and disputes with an "Ed said so."

Now, there were times when Ed's talk of elections, scandals, marriages, and general prospects of the future would lag. There was one thought and one subject—a real, tangible subject, which could never exhaust Ed's flow of oratory. During the course of his career as village sage and tonsorial artist, as he delighted to call himself; he had by patient labor and much experiment concocted a most wonderful elixir, that possessed qualities no less startling than its ingredients. A few drops of this wonderful lotion (according to Ed) was sufficient to grow a crop of hair on the most shining head. Its magic powers had often been praised, lauded and beatified; but only by Ed, for he was its only champion. His patrons humored him but never permitted him to go beyond that limit.

Ed had just finished sweeping up Friday's indication of a thriving business and had begun to sharpen his razors in preparation for the usual Saturday's rush when the stranger entered and Ed extended his morning greeting. Five of the town's wise men, those mental giants who solve the most intricate difficulties of economic and social government, had already convened in Ed's shop and were enjoying a game of draughts. As the stranger entered, they paused, scrutinizing him long enough to gather sufficient subject matter for a discussion on his possible history, occupation and

general make-up as evidenced by shade of sock, cut of clothes, et cetera, and then indifferently resumed their game. There was nothing about the stranger that would indicate he was other than an ordinary individual save the fine crop of dark, wavy hair. Old Deans, the retired storekeeper, later remarked that "he never afore seed such a hed a hair." The stranger quietly seated himself in the chair and calmly said, "Cut it all off, please." Here was the opportunity for which Ed had long prayed, a stranger for a patron. He set about his task as though the destiny of nations hung upon the finished cut. The clippers seemed to mutter of fame as Ed busily set about his task. The stranger was soon a stranger to himself. Ed was profuse in the praise of his hair tonic but not more profuse in its praise as he was lavish in its ministration.

Not much was said for the remainder of the day. The waste of Ed's precious hair tonic was humorously commented upon, but aside from that the usual conversation prevailed. At the scheduled hour all hands were in Ed's shop. It seemed as though the entire male population of the town had found its way to the barber shop. Ed didn't care. He was in his glory, talk was cheap and it flowed freely. He felt as though he had conquered the world, his tongue wagged incessantly. Just as he finished Squire Donothen's shave the door opened and lo, who should enter but the stranger of the morning.

"Good evening, stranger," volunteered Ed. The stranger answered cheerfully and quietly removing hat and coat hung them on the rack near the door and sought a seat at the other side of the room. Dead silence suddenly fell upon the room—the eyes of all were turned to the stranger's head. He became uneasy and unable to account for the interest in himself went to the last chair. The silly stare of the patrons and the amazement were a mystery to him. Ed never worked faster since he left off peddling patent medicine to care for the pates of the village. The scissors clicked until they sparkled like two pieces of flint being struck together; the razor tore the lather off of face after face, like the wind sweeping the hills of snowdrifts. The stranger's turn came and he approached the chair with more of an apologizing air than a nervous tremor.

"Hair cut, please," he said.

This was Ed's hour of triumph. All the labor and the sweat of the past were now being turned into gems of joy and diamonds of glittering fame. He hurriedly adjusted the cloth around the stranger and reached for the implements of his art. As he reached he glanced into the dusty mirror that hung before his counter of business. He silently complimented his reflection and while in this exhilarating mood, he saw the reflection transformed to that of a fine handsome man, in dress suit and white shirt, a diamond stud glittering in his tie. Ed was worshiping at the shrine of Edward J. Calhoun, the millionaire Hair Tonic King.

The vision quickly vanished. Ed came to himself with a jerk. He turned to the motley audience and lifting up his voice he said in a tone of supreme satisfaction:

"Boys, you are all my friends. You have known me long and I have found you loyal. Your joys have been my joys, your sorrows, mine, and I want my joy to be yours. I will not forget you in this my hour of triumph. This morning this stranger came here for attention as regards his hair. I shaved his head as smooth as a billiard ball. I bathed it in the cooling font of my own discovered hair tonic, that same tonic you have despised and made a byword. And now, the stranger returns, in the evening of the very day of the application of the hair tonic for a second hair-cut. This is my hour of success (here his voice rose to such a pitch it shook the walls of the little shop and almost lifted the stranger from his seat) my hour of million-dollar fame. You have all confided in me and had faith in me, except in one thing, my hair tonic. I made it myself, boys, but you would not recognize its virtue. You called me a 'nut' and said 'not today, Eddie, maybe tomorrow.' But tomorrow never came till today. Here sits the evidence of its powerful magic."

The stranger by this time was sorely perplexed. He was convinced he had fallen into an assembly of mild lunatics and was gazing about for a means of escape when a sudden smile illumined his face.

"This morning, boys," Ed continued, "this head was as bald as a stone. Now look at it. This prodigy is due to my wonderful tonic."

The audience was amazed. They stared at Ed and glared at the stranger. Ed calmly set about his task and with a swish of the cloth he called "Next." As the stranger was preparing to leave Ed begged of him his picture that he might use it in the advertisement of his "Magic Hair Restorer." The crowd gaped with wonder as they awaited the answer. The stranger hurriedly replied:

"You will have to ask my twin brother, for he keeps all our pictures."

He then turned and beat a hasty retreat down the street.



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Almost every day the large newspapers of the country reserve the headlines of the first page for some bulletin on Irish affairs.

An
Omen

"British pour new army into Ireland!" "English Black and Tans wipe out Irish village!" "British turn machine guns on Irish women!" These are the common announcements, in fact so common are they that one sometimes wonders that there are any towns or cities or men and women in Ireland to keep an imperial army busy. Yet that army is kept busy and incidentally American newspapers that thrive best on human misery are not facing a news famine because the German Empire has been crushed.

What seems to be the trouble with Britain's great army that is not more efficient in its favorite pastime of exterminating weak nations? We were told it was most effective against the great military machine of Emperor Wilhelm and yet it is surprisingly weak against President De Valera's little force. In short, why is it that the Government of the Irish Republic and its little army is making an empire and its great military organization look foolish.

As an example, Eamon De Valera, the most sought after man in two continents, a man who kept engaged a large part of England's Scotland Yard and Secret Service, eluded the British agents, left New York and passed through the British Fleet that surrounds Ireland, escaped an army of a quarter of a million, counting soldiers and secret service men, arrived in Ireland and is safely settled there in presidential quarters (it matters not that they are not in a White House) conducting matters of state. We must suppose either of two things. Either the British Government did not know De Valera had left New York and was on his way home or else it was fully aware of it. If the first hypothesis is true, then what we say of the efficiency of the "famous" Scotland Yard, of Britannia that rules the waves and the Tommy who victimized the Boche? In that case the secret service of the little Republic compares quite favorably with Scotland Yard, and it does not matter a whit to De Valera and scores of other Irish officials who rules the waves, and the Irish Volunteer is not frightened by the Tommy's war record. If the second hypothesis is to be credited, and England was aware of De Valera's actions, as she must say she was to save her reputation as an experienced government, then we must suppose England dared not interfere with the Irish president, in which case the Irish people is a power to be treated carefully and a handful of men are not to be brushed aside with the wave of an imperial hand, especially when the handful of men are Irishmen and the imperial hand is an English hand. Whatever explanation one chooses he is bound to be not very complimentary to England.

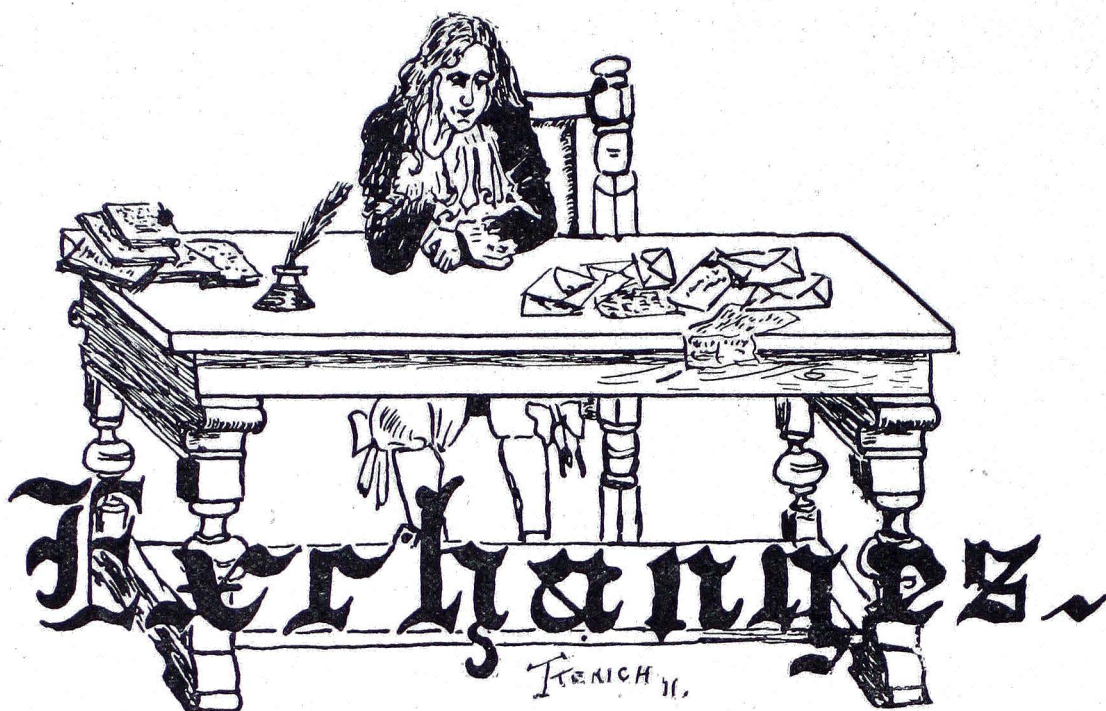
The sum and substance of the whole spectacle of a comparatively inconsiderable band of men holding out for five years against a veteran imperial army, is that right after all makes might, and the outlook points to an Irish Republic functioning peacefully taking the place of an Irish Republic functioning with some little inconvenience.

The present is the heyday of the professional reformer and since the enforcement of the prohibition act the activities of this clan have become insufferable. The reform element now seeks to enforce a stringent and stiff-necked petty morality upon a protesting public. If they succeed they brand religion a weak and abortive force in shaping public morals and will establish a dangerous precedent. They will pave the way to legislative enforcement and interpretation of the moral code, an office that should be, and is, vested in the Church alone as a right. When the public moral sense becomes so absolutely deadened that civil legislation alone can recall men to the performance of moral duties, then mankind is beyond all reform and the method of the professional reformer becomes a travesty and a farce. It is a slap in the face of Christian

**The Blue
Laws**

ideals which are thus branded as a failure and scrapped. This may seem a hard saying in the light of mere Sunday observance agitation, but it is not so when the possible consequences of the passage of such legislation in effecting further civil interference are considered. Wherein lies the justification of even such mild moral enforcement as Sunday observance? God rested on Sunday and He expects His creatures to do the same. He has set, through the medium of His Church, the requirements of Sunday worship and has left the interpretation of rest to the individual with the only restriction that it is not a violation of the moral code and essentially sinful. If a man, after meeting his religious obligations, desires to enjoy a motor ride on Sunday, why should he be prevented? Why should he be compelled to submit to the interpretation of another on something that is perfectly arbitrary?

We, as Catholics, stand determinedly against this movement because of its dangerous tendency to interfere in more grave religious matters. But we should not stand alone for, it seems. Protestantism with its basic theory of individual interpretation of religious practice and principle should be bitterly opposed to this presumptuous attempt of a small group to dictate the religious observance of a vast majority. If a man has no religion, his political ideal should urge him to act for an unalienable right is being infringed upon and the will of the minority enforced upon a protesting majority.



"Savanarola" traces with a glowing clearness the eventful career of the great Florentine Reformer and how the ever-fickle rabble urged on by his enemies demanded his torture and death. It is, of course, instructive to make known the supreme struggle that Savanarola made for justice in the courts, purity of life among the people, and separation of the Church and State, but to the Exman, it appears that consideration of this famous man would be still more instructive if the narrowminded charges of bigoted historians, that Savanarola was the forerunner of the Protestant Reformation and the Rennaissantic father of Luther, were refuted. As the article is written, it is but a gentle meditation on a fiery reformer, who, though treacherously represented to the Church for which he was laboring, still submitted to her commands. The style is characterized by naturalness, ease of expression and graceful transition from thought to thought. "The College Man's Call" is an appeal for Social Service as a vocation for college men. After introductory remarks on the primal purpose of all government and the part the Jeffersonian policy has played in the realization of this ideal, a graphic picture of the abject misery of the laboring class is presented. We are allowed a few moments in which to view this harrowing picture and then are told that some remedy is needed to cure this social cancer. The remedy, the brilliant author informs us, is the trained thinking of the college graduate. This is partly true, but why not emphasize more strongly the part that Catholic college graduates and not merely the college graduate is to play in effecting this cure? Trained thinking alone will not suffice, but trained thinking moulded by sound Christian morals. What is

The Pacific
Star

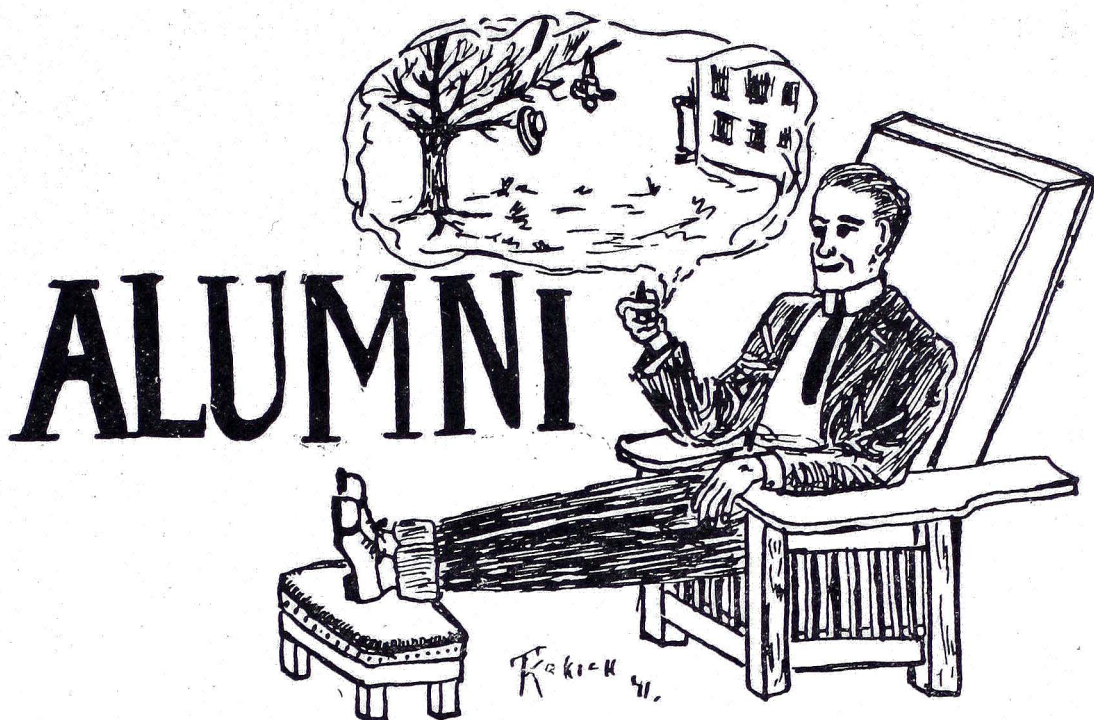
to hinder a college graduate of one of our large state institutions from dishonest business transactions, political deception, subversion of the primary principles of justice since his Alma Mater taught him to interpret religion and morality for himself and consequently to change his code of moral conduct to meet every varying disposition of mind? The author merely mentions this. The article would be stronger and more forceful if it were slightly extended by a thoughtful consideration of the pressing danger to society by the present-day contempt of morality. "Come On Red," is a delightful comedy in one act. The reading of "Faust" must certainly have been a bad habit with "Abraham Johnson" and the Exman wonders, if very many "good old colored gentlemen of the South," who were born and reared in slavery, passed their time in picking cotton and reading the German masters. But the dramatic movement must be started by some spark, and why not this one? It is well written, the conversational tone natural and the thought well expressed. The short stories are much akin to O. Henry in style. They deserve the praise of unique plot but should not be spared the criticism of rather weak arrangement of instances. "Satan Sanderson" is slightly more detailed than "Willow Center Gossip," and inferior to the latter in interest. Sanderson's complete forgetfulness for his father is not as gross an error as that of failing to mention what became of Sylvia. The magazine is well balanced but there is a marked tendency to crowd it with too many short and poorly developed articles. Remember our address.

"The Realm of Delusion" is a forceful condemnation of the spiritualist. The author penetrates into the Realm of Delusion He notes its character and that is necessary to the full development of his theme—the deluded spiritualist. With glowing clearness and precision of expression, he shows that "the voice from a suspended horn cannot silence the voice of conscience, the contradictory messages scrawled by automatic pencils cannot supplant the decalogue engraven on the two tablets of man's mind and heart." The treachery of spiritualism is exposed and its evil effects made known more so by the article's suggestiveness than by its direct expression. It is the type of article we should like to see more frequently in our exchanges. "The Little Red School House" nails the un-American and bigoted spirit of the Smith-Towner Bill. The American people have been deceived too frequently by "sweet words, low-crooked courtesies," and it is time they were awakening to the base treachery of those renegade statesmen who are endeavoring to undermine fundamental and unalienable rights of the citizens. Articles like "The Little Red School House" will do honorable service in disclosing the real principles which prompt these

**The
Borromean**

propagandists who are flaunting their un-American innovations even in the houses of Congress. The author is to be complimented on his strong and forceful logic and his clear presentation of facts.

The short stories are unique in plot, well told and full of interest. "The Man of Motley" is a story of base deception and a foul criminal act. It is a warning to those who would seek ease and comfort by fraud and violence. "Hilton Writes a Story" narrates the trials and worries of a short story writer, whom no one, save his mother, appreciated. "Light in Darkness" traces the adventure of a derelict who plays the role of a double only to find himself in a maze of perplexities. "The Man in Motley" is unquestionably the most fascinating but "Hilton Writes a Story" is superior to it and "Light in Darkness" is best for lively interest and expression. The Exman, however, is at a loss to understand the reason which could prompt a man to rob himself, and why in "Light in Darkness" some cause for the sudden blindness of Mr. Ashley is not given. We hope to see you frequently.



Rev. Harris A. Darche, '06, one of the many sons of St. Viator to win distinction in the World War, has received the Distinguished Service Cross from the President of the United States in recognition of his extreme gallantry in action at Belleau Woods with the Sixth Regiment of Marines. Father Darche's splendid record in the service of the men at the front has won undying honor, not only for himself, but for his Church as well. Just previous to his return from France he was decorated by the French Government with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, the Medaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre with palm. Accompanying the latest decoration were the following letter and citation: "The President of the United States takes great pleasure in presenting the Navy Cross to Lieutenant Harris A. Darche, Chaplain Corps U. S. N., for services during the war as set forth in the following citation:

The Citation

"For extraordinary heroism in rendering service difficult to measure in the operations against the enemy in Belleau Woods from June 1 to June 18, 1918, when his efforts in searching for and burying the dead, in giving spiritual comfort to the fighting troops, in handling working parties and in aiding the surgeons, were tireless.

(Signed) JOSEPHUS DANIELS,
Secretary of the Navy.

On New Year's Day Rev. Dudley eHaley was ordained to be holy priesthood by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon at the pro-Cathedral, Rockford. Word also reaches us that Rev. William Daly was ordained in the Cathedral at Des Moines. The VIATORIAN unites

with the many friends of these young levites in wishing them God's most abundant blessing.

On January 4 the solemn and impressive ceremony of profession was held at the Viatorian Motherhouse, Chicago. Brother Edward Fitzpatrick pronounced his final vows, Brother St. Amant pronounced first vows and Brother Walter Fitzgerald was invested in the habit of the Community. Brothers Fitzpatrick and St. Amant have returned to the College where they are permanently stationed while Brother Fitzgerald will remain at the Motherhouse to complete his novitiate.

The return of Fathers Monahan, Vincent Green and Tom Harrison was a gala day for the student body. The visitors were tendered a little reception by the student body. Each of the reverend visitors expressed his happiness to be at the old school, if only for a few days, and spoke to the students on the necessity of true college spirit and what it would mean to them in later life. Father Monahan, who has just resigned his commission in the Navy, told many interesting stories of his experiences while in the service.

Former students will be pleased to hear that Oscar Byron is steadily improving and announces that he will soon be able to open his business in Bourbonnais. He is now convalescing at St. John's Sanitarium, Springfield, Ill.

Jawn Madden and Pat Meegan recently motored down from the "Windy." They report success in their respective field of labor(?). Pat's partner, Gus Doyle, wields a mean scoop for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and could not make the trip down.

The VIATORIAN regrets to chronicle the departure of Mr. Daniel McCann, who for many years has been located at St. Viator. Mr. McCann has been compelled to give up his work because of ill-health and will make his home in Chicago at the residence of his daughter. The VIATORIAN, the recipient of many favors from Mr. McCann, takes this occasion to thank him and to wish him every blessing.

During the Christmas and mid-year vacation many former students, now enrolled in different seminaries, spent a few days at the college. From Kendrick Seminary came John Braddock and Ted Demerais; from St. Mary's, Baltimore, Bernard Mombteau. The St. Paul delegation—Ed Kelly, Tom Kelly, Louis Dougherty, Ernest Graveline and H. B. Causey—was by far the largest.

James Gallahue spent a few pleasant hours with old friends at the college. James still teaches in the Piper City district school and seems to be prospering.

Father Ed Dillon dropped in from Chicago to enroll a new student and spend a few hours with old friends.

During the Christmas holidays Coach Schissler, director of athletics in '17 and '18, stopped at the college for a short visit. Coach Schissler is now head coach of the basketball team at the University of Nebraska.

Among the clerical changes affecting former students are the following: Rev. F. A. Connors has been appointed Chancellor of the Rockford Diocese; Rev. William I. Murray has been transferred from St. Philip Neri to St. Theodore's, Chicago, where he will replace Rev. James J. Daly, transferred to Nativity, Chicago.

From Notre Dame University comes the news that Pio Montenegro H. S. '19, has been chosen president of the Notre Dame branch of the Filipino Students' Federation of America.

Among recent visitors at the college were Rev. James Fitzgerald, Farmer City, Ill.; Rev. Louis O'Connor, Urbana, Ill.; Rev. J. J. Corbett, C. S. V., St. Edward's, Chicago; Rev. Thomas Welsh, St. Charles, Ill.; Rev. A. Savary, Ascension, Chicago; Rev. Timothy Rowan, St. Thomas Aquinas, Chicago; Rev. Joseph Legris, C. S. S. R., St. Anne de Beaupre, Quebec, Canada; Rev. J. J. Bennett, St. Basil's, Chicago; Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., and Rev. J. E. Belair, G. S. V., St. Viator Normal Institute, Chicago; Rev. J. F. Ryan, C. S. V., St. Viator Parish, Chicago; Rev. J. Drummy, Rantoul, Ill.; Rev. P. Conway, St. Pius, Chicago; Rev. W. Hayden, Wapella, Ill.; Rev. Ed Dunn, Ottawa, Ill.; Rev. W. Keefe, Clinton, Ind.; Rev. P. Parker, Dwight, Ill.; Rev. Edward Keogh, Mitchell, S. D.; Rev. J. McMullin, Gibson City, Ill.; Rev. George Lambert, Martintown, Ill.; William Azukas, Anthony O'Mahoney, J. A. Ryan, John and Richard Kissane.



SENIOR-JUNIOR BANQUET

On Tuesday, February 1st, the Junior Class was tendered a banquet by the Seniors. Rev. W. J. Bergin c. s. v., President of the College, was the honored guest. Mr. J. G. Powers, '21, presiding as toastmaster, welcomed the guests of the evening. Mr. Sweeny, acting President of the Class of '22 in the absence of Mr. Kenny, responded. Mr. J. P. Lynch, '21, in a short talk, urged the necessity of College spirit and greater co-operation among the upper classmen. An interesting talk was delivered by Mr. Frank Lawler, '22, who recounted some of his experiences overseas. Father Bergin, in the closing speech of the evening, spoke on "The Duties of the College Man in Later Life."

THE COLLEGE CLUB

A meeting of the College Club was called on February 2 by Mr. T. J. Cavanagh, president of the organization. The purpose of the meeting was to discuss social activities for the last semester. Foremost of these will be a banquet to be held on Monday evening, February 14. The affair will be the most elaborate of any yet attempted and will be the crowning event of the year. All arrangements are in the hands of a committee who are working unstintedly for the success of the affair.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Under the able direction of Father Sheridan, the College Department will stage several scenes from Shakespere's "Julius Caesar" on the night of February 11. The leading roles will be played by Mr. T. J. Cavanagh as Antony; Mr. T. S. Brunnick as Caesar and Mr. R. L. Russell as Brutus.

JUDGE MARCUS KAVANAGH

The first of a series of lectures to be given during the winter months was delivered by Judge Marcus Kavanagh of the Criminal Court of Chicago. Judge gave an interesting and scholarly address upon the life and times of Henry Grattan, the great Irish leader. His masterly presentation of fact and his earnest appeal to our innate Americanism and sense of justice and fair play will long be remembered. The student body shall not forget the beautiful lessons he drew from his subject.

JUDGE HUGO PAM

At the invitation of Father Maguire, Professor of Sociology at the College, Judge Hugo Pam of the Criminal Court of Chicago addressed the students on the subject of "Crime and its Prevention." His lecture, based upon wide experience and thorough knowledge of the Probation System, brought out aspects of the cause and prevalence of crime, which, though generally known, are not given the serious thought they warrant. His appeal lay not alone in the logical and forceful remedies he advocated but in his wholesouled sincerity as well.

MR. SYDNEY LANDON

The worth and beauty of our American Literature was strongly impressed upon the student body by the scholarly and appreciative presentation of Mr. Sydney Landon. Mr. Landon gave a splendid interpretation of the great classics of our literature and told a number of anecdotes from the lives of the more famous American literary men. The change from the kindly and gentle expression of Longfellow to the despair of Poe, so admirably presented by Mr. Landon, marks him as one who has made, not only an intensive, but sympathetic study of American literature. "Anabelle Lee" and "God's Acre" were especially well rendered.

THE MOVIES

As of old, the weekly movies are attended in great numbers. Some of the best plays of the year are on our schedule and the few remaining winter months promise to pass rapidly and pleasantly.

NEWS BITS

"KEVIN BARRY"

It is only fitting that the memory of Kevin Barry, the young Irish patriot recently murdered by the British Government, should be perpetuated. Rev. F. A. Sheridan c. s. v. has recently completed his play which will honor this young martyr. The play is woven around the life of Kevin Barry and many of the persons with whom he was associated, Canon Magner, Mrs. Ellen Quinn, are introduced

in the production. The play has been submitted to the local branch of the American Association for the Recognition of the Irish Republic and will be staged sometime in March.

Father Sheridan is the author of a number of very successful plays and his works have won the admiration and praise of all who have been privileged to witness them. Chief among these are "The Call" and "The Irish Rose."

STUDENTS' RETREAT

The student retreat began immediately after the mid-year examinations and closed three days after on the opening day of the new semester. The retreat was preached by Father Ignatius, of the Passionists' Monastery, Norwood Park. The great number of daily communicants and the perfect attendance at the exercises showed the earnestness with which the boys entered into the spirit of the good work.

R. O. T. C.

The Cadet Officers selected to lead our Unit of the Reserve Officers Training Corps for the final Semester are as follows:
Battalion Headquarters

	Major Frank C. Kilcrece, Commanding.
	Captain Harry Moore, Adjutant.
	Vincent Van Ness, Bn. Sergeant Major.
Band	1st Lieut. Edward Cody, Band Master.
Company A	Captain Loan Drolet
	1st Lieut. Omer Tetreault.
	2nd Lieut. Harry Stull.
Company B	Captain John Quinn.
	1st Lieut. Dale Walsh.
	2nd Lieut. Joseph Clancy.
Company C	Captain George Steger.
	1st Lieut. Edw. Gallahue.
	2nd Lieut. Joe Meiss.
Company D	Captain Harry Moore.
	1st Lieut. Harry Marchi.
	2nd Lieut. Vincent Lundy.
	2nd Lieut. Murel Vogel.

Our Unit was organized on February 3, 1919, and the second anniversary of its organization was celebrated by B Company with a smoker in the Gymnasium. Miss Catton and Miss Kruse were the only outside celebrities present for the entertainment and were at their best, which means *the* best. Company B is composed of our "old timers" and for this reason did the honors. The party was such a success that it will hereafter be an annual ROTC event.

Sergeant Rufus C. Seale reported as assistant to the Professor of Military Science and Tactics, on January 22nd, relieving Sergeant Yankus who was returned to the Field Artillery. Sergeant Seale enlisted in the Army way back in 1908 and is just the type of Non-Commissioned Officer the Army can be proud of and that we need. He was an officer during the war and reported here from Fort Logan, Colorado.

READY ON THE RIGHT. READY ON THE LEFT.
READY ON THE FIRING LINE.

The mass gallery rifle competition for the Sixth Corps Area will be shot off before February 26th. The Sixth Corps Area comprises the states of Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan in which are some of the biggest schools and Colleges in the country. Every member of the ROTC in these states will fire in this match, and the Unit with the highest average score will bring home the big silver cup, to hold until lost. Our new gallery range on the bowling alleys with three firing points, our new Winchester muskets and expert coaching, give us as good a chance as any, and if we can "Keep your eyes on that bull" St. Viator will add one more trophy.

The five high men to compose our team for the team match have not been finally selected.

More than 200 of our Unit have joined the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps and we are after that bushel of medals, Captain Burnett says we will win.

Work on the range over on the river has been held up by the weather but will soon be under way again. The iron carriages for the targets are here and when spring arrives, we will be ready for range practice with the service rifles.

Father Darche of Bradley is the most distinguished soldier alumnus of St. Viator and no college can boast a truer hero. For extraordinary heroism under fire with the 6th Marines in Belleau Wood he has been awarded the United States Distinguished Service Cross, the French Croix de Guerre, with Palm, Legion of Honor, and Medaille Militaire. Has any college more right to be proud of any of her sons?

Father Darche spoke to the Unit on January 8th in the Gymnasium about what it takes to make a soldier and why. He ought to know. He is an ideal for us to follow. We cannot all be like him, but there is no need for us to fall as far short as we all do. And the ROTC is going to furnish the officers for another war. There always has been "another war." Where do you stand?

On St. Patrick's Day, Father Darche will receive a parade and review the Unit, and in the presence of the assembled faculty, alumni, and friends of his Alma Mater, be decorated with the D. S. C.—the second highest award of the Nation to a soldier for bravery. The decoration will probably be presented by Col. W. D. Chitty, in charge of the ROTC affairs in this corps area, from Fort Sheridan.

The ROTC Summer Training Camp will be held at Fort Sheridan this year, commencing about the middle of June and lasting for a period of six weeks. The Government pays 5 cents per mile each way for transportation and one dollar per meal en route. Sheridan is an ideal location for a Summer ROTC Camp where equal emphasis is laid on work and recreation. It is right on Lake Michigan with a fine beach for swimming and has fine facilities for all forms of outdoor exercise. Although the minimum age limit is sixteen years, most of the members of our Unit are eligible and St. Viator will be well represented. The big advantage of a camp at Fort Sheridan is the fact that General Leonard Wood, the father of the civilian training camps, is our commanding general, and under him an unsuccessful camp would not be possible.

Everyone is talking about the R. O. T. C. Military Ball to be given in Kankakee, after Lent, under the auspices of the K. C. S.



St. Viator has passed another milestone in her football history and the curtain is rung down on probably one of the most successful seasons in that history. The team that battled the strong Augustana outfit to a 6-0 classic was one of the finest scoring machines and perfectly trained aggregations that this school has seen in many moons. They may have lacked the beef of the "good old days" but they were a powerful aggregation with a shifty, aggressive line and a hard-hitting, long-headed backfield. It enjoys the unique distinction of being the first all-college man aggregation that has ever represented St. Viator for the teams of former years have had a fair share of Academy huskies. The new conference ruling denies the high school man to place on a 'Varsity outfit in the major sports. St. Viator finished third in the conferenec rating and proved itself one of the strongest outfits in Illinois Collegiate Ball. Besides the team's general high rating, a number of our men were chosen for individual honors on the All-State lineups.

St. Viator ended her season with the Augustana fracas a few days before the Thanksgiving holidays. The Swedes won the tussle by a narrow margin of 6-0 with a spurt in the first few minutes of play that netted the only scoring of the game. After the first tally the two outfits settled down to hard, fast ball that kept the oval in the middle section for a greater part of the game. Spectacular passing, Captain McCarthy to Bushell, and the slashing off-tackle smashes of Francis, O'Connor and MacLain brought the ball deep in Augustana's territory, but the breaks were with the visitors and costly fumbles and penalties robbed us of the advantages. The game settled down to a waiting game with MacLain dividing punting honors with the up-state performer. Connors, at guard for Viator, played a wonderful game, smashing up the Swedes' offense and even nabbing a forward pass for a long gain that started a desperate

rally in the last few minutes of play, but a penalty fizzled this last spurt and the game ended in mid-field. Captain McCarthy, MacLain, Francis and Bushell played wonderful ball and are spoken of as All-State possibilities. Connors' stellar exhibition clinched his berth on the mystical eleven.

Once again the VIATORIAN has the pleasure of chronicling the athletic achievements of one Catch Finnegan who will give Viator a championship basketball outfit this season. Scarcely had the grime of the gridiron been cleared away and the battered footballers back on their feet when Coach Finnegan issued a call for basketball possibilities. The initial call brought out about twelve candidates. Captain Clancy, Bushell, MacLain, McCarthy, Langton were the only veteran back on the floor but they are the last year's whirlwind bunch, almost intact. With this goodly chunk of last season's "Minor Division Championship Crew" as a nucleus the gang started to work. Among the new lights Winterhalter, Barrett and Healy loom up a sure-fire forward material, with Farrell, L. Murphy, Lynch flooding the guard reserves. It's a fine lineup of talent and the "Vi" wishes Coach Finnegan every success for the coming season.

ST. VIATOR VS. CRANE JUNIOR COLLEGE

On December 17, Coach Finnegan's proteges gave Crane College of Chicago the count for the opening win of the season. Crane put up a great fight and showed class that surprised the local fans. The locals played ragged ball but clinched the argument by the individual brilliance of the crew. Clancy and Bushell came up to the most optimistic of early season expectations and gave a great demonstration. Winterhalter, a new man, was a pleasant surprise and the fans are watching him.

ST. VIATOR VS. MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY

"The game with Marquette university on last Saturday night proved beyond all doubt that the old never-say-die spirit still finds a home at the local camp." The above extract from the write-up of a local scribe hits the game to perfection. Marquette U, just from the south with the scalp of Vanderbilt "U" the southern champs as a souvenir, and under the tutelage of Prof. Murray, our basketball mentor of '18, invaded the local floor and clinched the argument. Their team work and lack of buck fever, they were playing their eighth game, gave them the advantage and the big end of a hard earned score and closely fought battle. Winterhalter and Clancy did some remarkable floor-work and were the class of the field.

St. Viator 18

Marquette "U" 26

Bushell.....	R. F.....	Dunn
Winterhalter	L. F.....	Karst
Clancy (Capt).....	C.	Ratchen
MacLain.....	R. G.....	Dufford
McCarthy.....	L. G.....	O'Malley (Capt)

Field Goals: Dunn, 5; Karst, 3; O'Malley, 1; Winterhalter, 3; Clancy, 2; Bushell, 1. Free throws: Bushell, 6; Karst, 8. Referee: Milard.

ST. VIATOR VS. KANKAKEE Y. M. C. A.

In a vain endeavor to make the citizenry of the nearby metropolis interested in the game the Varsity ambled down town to play the self-lauded Y. M. C. A. Even though Coach pulled his regulars out of the play early, the "Y" couldn't do anything against the collegians. The game ended with Viator running wild at the big end of a 45-19 score, and still going. Winterhalter was the three-ring circus for the natives and kept the crowd on their toes most of the time by his footwork and basket tossing. Captain Clancy enjoyed the evening immensely and interspersed his meanderings about the floor by tossing in eight counters from the well known field. MacLain and McCarthy had the time of their young lives spilling the "Y" athletes and chasing them around the floor. The two Mac's are a great combination and the "Y" had an awful time trying to locate them when they were set for their try's.

ST. VIATOR VS. LOYOLA UNIVERSITY.

On January 22, the Varsity chalked up 29 points and chased the Chicago gang home with 10. They were lucky to get the ten. The team work of the locals was the finest exhibition of the year up to date and the passing was more deft and sure. McCarthy and MacLain, at guards, kept the Loyola to long and hurried shots and did some remarkably fast close quarter blanketing. Healey, playing for Bushell, did good work and loomed up as a strong contender for attention. Simonick starred for Loyola.

St. Viator 29

Loyola "U" 10

Winterhalter	R. F.....	Simonick (Capt.)
Healey, Barrett.....	L. F.....	Lauerman
Clancy (Capt.).....	C.	Vloedman, Cramer
MacLain.....	R. G.....	Erickson
McCarthy.....	L. G.....	Dee

Field Goals: Winterhalter, 6; Healey, 2; Clancy, 3; MacLain, 1; McCarthy, 1; Simonick, 3; Lauerman, 1. Free throws: Clancy, 3; Simonick, 2.

ST. VIATOR VS. CHARLESTON NORMAL

Playing their third game in three days the Varsity increased its average by defeating Eastern Illinois State Normal by a 47-10 score. Charleston was never dangerous and the first session ended with the score standing 17-5 in the locals' favor. In the second period Finny's proteges stepped away from the downstate crew. Winterhalter clinched his floor honors and Capt. Clancy played a beautiful game that kept the fans on their toes. Capt. did the scoring honors and kept his aggregation well in hand in the passing and team work. MacLain and McCarthy played together like a pair of long lost brothers and were a considerable worry to the lads from Charleston. This game is the first Conference tussle on the season's card and the showing argues well for the team's rating in the Conference ranks.

St. Viator 47		Charleston 10
Winterhalter.....	R. F.....	Fawley
Barrett, Healey.....	L. F.....	McCall
Clancy.....	C.	Swope, Roland
MacLain.....	R. G.....	Dunn
McCarthy.....	L. G.....	Leathers
Field goals: Winterhalter, 7; Clancy, 8; McCarthy, 1; MacLain, 1; Healey, 2; Fawley, 2; Roland, 1. Free throws: Clancy, 5; Fawley, 4. Referee: Millard.		

ACADEMY BASKETBALL

We have with us "Johnny" Lyons, the Wilkes-Barre Tornado, as coach of the High School. Inquires have kept Jawn of the Varsity so far this season, but as John thinks that basketball is the greatest thing in the world outside of fried eggs, and as it is hard to keep a good man down, we find him handing out the knowledge to the Academy warriors. Coach Jawn has whipped his 22 candidates into fine form, that is, those who survived his weeding, and now has a scrappy outfit that is a credit to the Academy and the School. "Dode" Walsh, Bill Doyle, since elected captain, and "Bobby" Heintz are the luminaries from last year's crowd. With these vets and his fine string of new candidates, Jawn is getting results. Jim McKenna is a pivot man, who scintillates brilliantly. He has proven himself mighty dependable and a clever floor man. The other new men are playing good ball and Coach Lyons expects to cut an awful swath through the academy ranks of the section. Howard Kenny is managing the crew.

ST. VIATOR ACADEMY VS. KANKAKEE HIGH SCHOOL

Coach Lyon's tusslers opened the season with a win over the youths of Kankakee, who managed to gather in 6 while the collegians were chalking up 28. The effects of Lyon's drilling were evident and

speak well of his coaching talent. Every man on the squad was given a tryout and all had the edge on the "city" lads. The exhibition of the Walsh-Doyle combination was the outstanding feature and it grabbed most of the tallies.

ST. VIATOR ACADEMY VS. QUIGLEY PREP

The next victim of the High School screw was Quigley Prep. Coming out of Chicago with a splendid record and an abundance of confidence, they were not in the running with the local peace-makers. The 43-11 score is "nuf said." The Academy lads had the edge on the Preps in every department and the Preps were never dangerous.

ST. VIATOR ACADEMY VS. ST. BEDE'S

The last outfit to add their scalps to the local collection was St. Bede's. Coach Lyons took his outfit down state for a little outing and staged a little tussle with the St. Bede aggregation. The Academy after trailing for the greater part of the second half, headed by Doyle staged a comeback and landed a 22-20 win. Heintz played a flashing game at guard and kept the opponents to long shots. Bowe went in a new man and helped to put over the comeback in the last few seconds of play.

ST. VIATOR ACADEMY VS. ST. BEDE'S

St. Bede's traveled Viator wards to regain their lost honors but struck a snag. Doyle led his crew by his clever floorwork and his accurate snagging while McKenna, though nursing an injured back, was the mainstay of the defence and a dangerous man in the scoring department. The Visitors couldn't pierce the locals defense for any substantial lead and were never dangerous after the second period was well under way.

THE SENIOR LEAGUE

Due to the untiring and unflagging interest of Brother Fitzpatrick a five-team basketball league was formed, in the Senior department, with Gallahue, Clogan, McGinnis, Marvel and Barrett acting captains and almost every evening a tussle is staged in the gym. At present writing Gallahue and McGinnis are leading the field and the other teams are close after them.

ACADEMIC ACTIVITIES

Immediately after the Christmas holidays came to a close the Acs gathered in their study hall and elected captains for a basketball league. M. Artery, J. Thulis, L. Meis, and A. Long were chosen. After a few days strenuous practice under the tutelege of High School and Varsity stars, the league schedule opened. To date seven games have been played and so bitterly fought and so close the scores that the leaders cannot be considered to have the superior aggregations.

The teams :

Camels	Tigers	Bad Pennies	Bulldogs
Thulis (Capt)	M.Artery (Cap)	Mies (Capt)	Long (Capt)
Somers	Morrissey	T. Hannigan	A. Hannigan
Galanti	McDonald	Vogel	Boisen
Marchi	Dooley	J. Artery	Bowe
Ferris	Potthoff	Burkhart	Kissane
Arenoff	Schiller	Welsh	Nourie
Greene	Huebner	Keeley	Moxley
Harrington	Gilligan	Brady	Boedeker

The standings :

Bulldogs	Won 3 ; Lost 0	Pct. 1.000
Bad Pennies	Won 2 ; Lost 2	Pct. .500
Tigers	Won 2 ; Lost 2	Pct. .500
Camels	Won 0 ; Lost 3	Pct. .000

MINIM LEAGUE

On January 17, those who because of their size were unable to secure a position on the Academic teams organized a Minim League. E. Maley, W. McGraw, E. Gallagher, and K. Gregory were elected to chose and pilot the teams. The lack in size is more than made up in spirit as the games played thus far show.

The teams :

Battlers	Cubs	Indians	Cyclones
McGray (Capt)	Gregory (Capt)	Maloy (Capt)	Gallagher (Cpt)
Cleary	Barry	Smith	Smedley
McLean	Stafford	Zunkel	Marshall
Menden	R. Boedeker	Cassidy	Morris
Ledwell	Schwerin	Tectonius	G. A. Sullivan
McGlynn	Wentworth	L. Riordan	Spreitzer
Connolly	Zang	Costigan	Fahey
G. F. Sullivan	H. Renaud	Aubertin	Morrissey

The standings :

Cyclones	Won 2 ; Lost 0	Pct. 1.000
Indians	Won 2 ; Lost 1	Pct. .666
Cubs	Won 1 ; Lost 1	Pct. .500
Battlers	Won 0 ; Lost 3	Pct. .000

THE "ACS"

Those who showed unusual ability in the league were picked to form the representative team for the department. This aggregation composed of Thulis, M. Artery, Bowe and Marchi at forward ; Long at center ; Mies, Morrissey and Boisen alternating at the guards give the department a team which everyone feels assured will creditably uphold the honor of the Acs against all comers.

ACS VS. BOURBONNAIS

The first game was played in foreign fields. Although but recently organized the Acs succeeded in holding the heavier Bourbonnais All-Stars to a tie score. After two over-time periods had been played and the teams were still deadlocked it was mutually agreed to postpone the contest until a later date.

EX-ACS 20—ACS 22

The second tussle gave the Acs a victory and they won handily from the "Alumni" of the department, the old Acs of former years who were now important Seniors. The game was hard fought and only the superior team work and passing of the youngster gave them the long end of the score.

ACS 24—KANKAKEE Y. M. C. A. 14

The Kankakee "Y" sent their young hopes out here to take the College kids into camp and they went back to look for another organization to turn the trick. The Aces so far outclassed them, gave such a strong demonstration of superior team work and accurate shooting that the poor "Y" was never dangerous after the first few minutes of play. The Acs played great ball with no individual star but the entire team coming into a generous share of praise for its team work.

THE MIDGETS

The midgets have played three games, one with Bourbonnais and two with the youngsters at the "Y". They played all around the Bourbonnais outfit but they have had to share the honors with the "Y" in the two games to date.

OBITUARIES

MRS. SARAH CUNNINGHAM

On Sunday morning, December 19, 1920, Mrs. Sarah Cunningham, mother of Leonard and Allen Cunningham of the High School department, was called to her eternal rest. Death resulted after a short illness. To her sons and to the other bereaved relatives of the family the VIATORIAN extend its sincerest condolences.

MRS. JOHN R. DUNN

On December 9, 1920, Mrs. John R. Dunn of Morris, Illinois, was summoned to her eternal reward. She was the beloved mother of Vincent and Thomas Dunn of the High School and John and Arthur Dunn former students. To the family and friends of this devoted woman we extend our heartfelt sympathies and prayers.

THOMAS PHILLIPS

Too late for publication in the last VIATORIAN came the news of the death of Mr. Thomas Phillips, father of Brother Leo T. Phillips, of the college faculty. His death was sudden and unexpected. A faithful and devout catholic his life exemplified the teachings in his religion. To Brother Phillips the VIATORIAN extends its kindest sympathies and promises of fervent prayers.

MRS. P. K. HANLEY

In the death of Mrs. P. K. Hanley of Kankakee, Illinois, St. Viator has lost one of her staunchest supporters and benefactors. Her beneficence toward every project undertaken by St. Viator College has won her a place among the benefactors of this institution who will be perpetually remembered in all the prayers and labors of the men who are striving to place St. Viator College among the great institutions of the country. Her generous charity toward every good work, her saintly patience in almost constant suffering and her saintly Christian life will stand as a lasting tribute to her memory. To the bereaved husband and relatives the VIATORIAN wishes to extend the heartfelt sympathy of faculty and student body.



VIATORIANA

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids strained and worn
 A student sits in the choistered halls,
 Plying his pen and his ink
 Work! Work! Work!
 The exams are heavy and stiff
 The questions come and the questions go
 But he never gets the drift.

Think! Think! Think!
 While the time is waning by.
 And crib, crib, crib,
 It's his only chance to get by.
 It's h—— to take an exam
 With a thick and wooden dome,
 But 'tis not all—here's the awful slam
 When the notes go rolling home.

 VIATOR YOUTH AWARDED FOR MILITARY SERVICE!!

News of the promotion of Leon Drolet to a captaincy was welcomed by the entire student body. The promotion is the reward of five years of intensive training under different drill masters.

News is current about the College that an Anti-Hamburger Union is to be formed. Might we not suggest a slogan, "We wanna chew our own."

They trudged away, while bright and red
 Uprose the morning sun.
 And Johnny looked at Yutch and said:
 "The prefect's will be done."



"I am monarch of all I survey
 My right there is none to dispute."

Pillow—"Webster's Academic: "Anything to support the head of one reposing." However some studes have uses for pillows, other than those mentioned.

THE TEACHERS' DILEMMA

Oft times when teachers sit correcting papers
A task that holds no joy for them, be sure,
They pause and ponder o'er suspicious capers,
Performed by students bright, but not demure.

Here is a sonnet that might be Miltonic
And here a verse that Shakespere's name has graced,
Then, here's this theme that surely is Baconic
While from this "comp" Macauley's not effaced.

What is the Prof to do? It is a problem
To get the credit where the credit goes.
If to the dead he's true and does not rob them,
The student's ire disturbs his calm repose.

Macauley, Milton, and you other sages,
If from your graves you counsel and direct,
Be to his mind a guide when pilfered papers
Are given to a teacher to correct.



Needles and pins,
Needles and pins,
If Kurzy plays hard
He's bound to get thin.

Answer to the tenth question in the first exam in biology: "The three most important forms of Protozaic colonies are: muscles, fibres and tissues."

FOLLOWERS OF JOHN BURROUGHS!!!!

Red (In 5 and 10, seeing dahlia bulbs on counter) : Wee, lookout the onions.

Coot (with scorn and air of superiority) : Huh! them ain't onions, that's garlic.

Have you any pet peeves? Here are a few which may be classed as general:

Why do they persist in holding down the entrance of the pew and make you do an "Eddie Polo" to get in?

Why do the first two corner all the crackers and then pass the soup around?

Why do they always hit for the third door after 10 P. M. and wake up the whole corridor?

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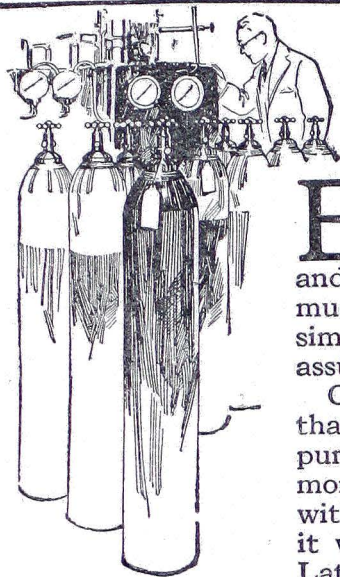
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One great English chemist, Lord Rayleigh, found that the nitrogen obtained from the air was never so pure as that obtained from some compound like ammonia. What was the "impurity"? In co-operation with another prominent chemist, Sir William Ramsay, it was discovered in an entirely new gas—"argon." Later came the discovery of other rare gases in the atmosphere. The air we breathe contains about a dozen gases and gaseous compounds.

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A few years ago the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company began to study the destruction of filaments in exhausted lamps in order to ascertain how this happened. It was a purely scientific undertaking. It was found that the filament evaporated—boiled away, like so much water.

Pressure will check boiling or evaporation. If the pressure within a boiler is very high, it will take more heat than ordinarily to boil the water. Would a gas under pressure prevent filaments from boiling away? If so, what gas? It must be a gas that will not combine chemically with the filament. The filament would burn in oxygen; hydrogen would conduct the heat away too rapidly. Nitrogen is a useful gas in this case. It does form a few compounds, however. Better still is *argon*. It forms no compounds at all.

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Sometimes years must elapse before the practical application of a discovery becomes apparent, as in the case of argon; sometimes a practical application follows from the mere answering of a "theoretical" question, as in the case of a gas-filled lamp. But no substantial progress can be made unless research is conducted for the purpose of discovering new facts.

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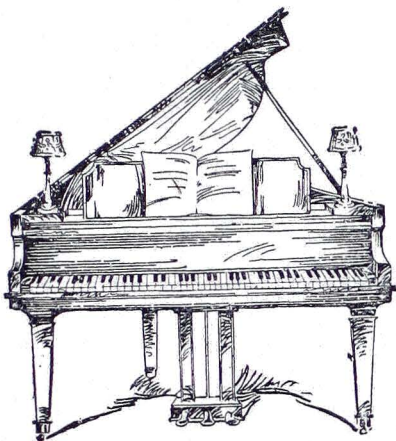
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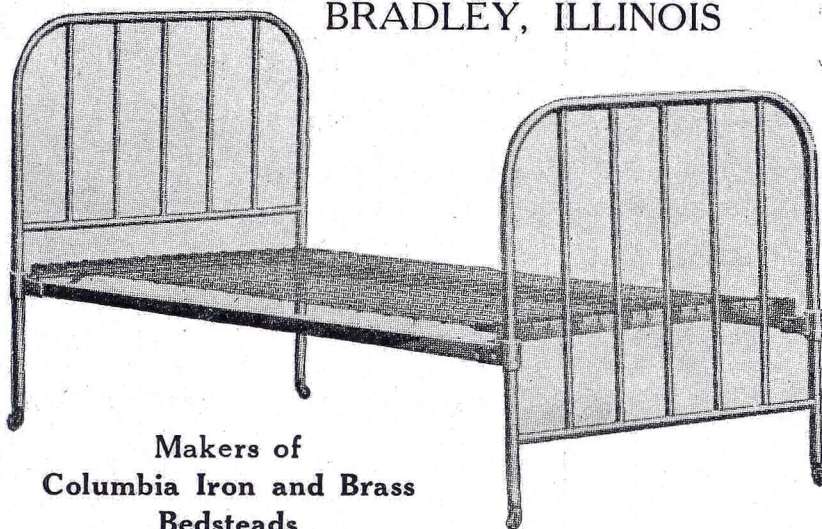
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