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HOLY NIGHT

Christmas Night.

Sweet upon the plain there rang
A song of joy serene,
When one of Heaven's host
Abobe the vale had sung
Of Heaven's King and Queen.
Then all the matchless beauties
That lie concealed beyond
Broke forth upon the eye
Of those who humbly watched
Their flocks on Bethl'hem's hills,
And with a melody
That still awakes the earth
To dreams of endless bliss
Angelic choirs sang
Loud hosannas to their King.

Again to-night there rings
O'er hill and dale and stream
The echoes of that song
That sounded long ago.
To-night there comes a sense
Of hope and joy as with
Angelic voices we
Unite to praise our King.
To-night there seems to be
An end to all the mad,
Dread race for things of earth,
While souls doth soar abobe
In quest of Him, who gave
His all for love, the love
Of us, who ransomed are.

—Eugene Suprenant '25

Carlyle the Historian

History, as it is portrayed in Carlyle's *French Revolution*, is an interpretation of men and not the narration of facts as found in the works of so many professional historians. While Carlyle fully realized that wars, treaties between nations, great oratorical debates of parliamentary representatives, and intrigues within the chambers of kings were facts that contained historical material, yet he did not content himself with this data but aimed to make his "*French Revolution*", a book of personal revelation. Before writing, he studied the events of the time, the facts about men from the greatest to the least, and the political and social influences which surrounded their lives. He looked into their biographies and tried to formulate a clear understanding of their lives from a just, yet sympathetic viewpoint. After assembling all these details, Carlyle then allowed them to remain in his mind for some time so that they might become a part of his own life. They became immersed in his very soul, so that, when he wrote, these facts assumed a glow of life. They spoke and became living things; even the smallest fact became radiant in profound tragedy.

Hence the history of the French Revolution becomes living. It treats of the soul of the nation. It is the ideals, struggles, joys and sorrows of a people, viewed from the standpoint of their religious propensities, that constitute the essence of this genuine historical work. Many historians relate facts about wars and battles, about science and discoveries, about the rise and fall of empires, about all the events that help to enlighten the reader concerning the past; but these, in Carlyle's opinion, are the cold and lifeless chronology of the gazeteer, and not the mild softness of subdued shadows, nor the brilliant glare of the high-lights of the enthusiastic, sympathetic and sincere historian.

Most historians, in their treatment of history, concentrate their attention on the outstanding chronological facts of the past and omit the more important principle of dealing with men in the mass. Can a historian be sincere and think of men merely as things of clay, so bereft of the spark of life, which some call the soul, that their movements are just so many revolutions of a machine? Are the emotions, struggles, tears and smiles of men simply the scraping of

a loosened bolt, or the grinding of a broken thread to be replaced and cast aside? By no means. On the contrary, men are born into this world possessing more than physical characteristics. They are endowed with a soul, which gives the body a divine element. They are sensible to all pain and sufferings, all the joys and sorrows connected with the struggle for life. They cry out in the misery of vengeance against tyrannical oppression, or, they are peaceful and contented under the just treatment of a wise and democratic government. These are the facts which Carlyle stresses in his treatment of history, for he uses every word man utters, every act he performs as the fundamental principle of his writing. And this not only of the great men, the men of rank or position, the statesman or the literary man, but of every man who breathes upon this earth.

Influenced by his struggle for righteousness according to the dictates of his conscience, man gives expression in one form or another to his acceptance or rejection of his environment. These expressions need not necessarily be in the form of profound writings, nor need they be shouted to the world in great orations. In fact, some of the greatest endowments of historical truth, which posterity has inherited from the past, are those achievements of the common people. Gothic architecture stretches forth her stately towers into the heavens,—the rounded domes of the Roman-Greek design display the broad scope of Humanism,—and the artist's canvas portrays man's power to express the beauty of his spiritual being. All these things are the living expressions of the ideals of men. They are their work and their play, their thoughts and their aspirations. This is the soul of a nation that spoke to Carlyle by means of stone and canvas.

No history is a true history unless it contains this living interpretation of the men who made nations. True, it must be founded upon facts, but facts made living. This is one of the greatest characteristics found in Carlyle's French Revolution. There, facts are not paraded before the reader as something cut and dried. Rather, they are made to stand out vividly as a living drama enacted for the readers benefit. He becomes an eyewitness to one of the world's greatest struggles. It was impossible to take each citizen of France and treat of his individual influence on the time, so Carlyle selected certain characters as representatives of the peoples emotions. Foulon. Besenval, De Launay, Mirabeau, Marie Antoinette, Louis XVI; all these represent the passions, sufferings, hate, lust, and desires of every class. Not in a cold blooded manner are these personages portrayed by Carlyle, but with all the zest and the vigor of one narrating a story on the streets.

Neither is there anything second-hand about the story. Each event of the lives of these men, their actions, words, or emotions, no matter how trifling, are made a reality, a vivid something, seen and heard, which quickens the blood and stirs the heart from pity to hate. The bits of fact are hung out in all their gay, grimy or bloodstained colors, either floating on air or trailing in the mud. What Carlyle believed to be wild and savage, he made it appear as such. As in his words to Sterling, he says: "It is the most savage thing ever written." And again he writes to Emerson, "I know no method except in believing and being sincere in honoring facts."

But to be truthful one must believe in that about which he is writing. Like every man, Carlyle had his own philosophy of life. "If you set aside truth for convenient lies, or, if you prefer pleasures, your own will, and ambition to purity, manliness, justice and submission to the Maker's commands, then God will send whirlwinds to blow you to atoms." A brief reflection into the past reveals the truth of this most effectively. The Philistines and Babylonians were whips over the Israelites. The tribes of Huns and Germans swooped down upon and swept away Roman sensualism, and in no lesser degree does modern society breed in her own heart instruments of her own destruction. Carlyle, therefore, believed in the French Revolution. To him, it was a living manifestation of the truths he held dear. It was the folly of the age, the loathsomeness of rotten institutions, the reeling frenzy of misguided multitudes. It was a hungry, injured people taking up arms to destroy oppressive institutions.

By reason of Carlyle's great faith and sympathy in his subject, he had the power so to identify his feelings with those of the actors in his history that the reader feels himself a witness to the action. Carlyle used his imagination to the extent that he thought himself a spectator while the entire revolution passed in reality before his eyes. He looked upon his characters from a spiritual standpoint. He saw in their every movement the work of God. To him the spiritual ideal of any people is that which is closest to their hearts, it is the fundamental principle from which the ideal of a people may be interpreted. The French Revolution was made up of rich and poor, common men and great men. It took in a whole nation in its entirety and Carlyle wrote about it to bring out the soul of a people, the soul of the revolution.

Through his highly imaginative power, Carlyle re-creates the past and makes it live in real action, in genuine places, and in actual events. For he adheres closely to the period of time and to the people about whom he is writing. In this way the past is brought into the present and into it, a soul

is breathed. Carlyle is somewhat like Scott in whose romances the reader can sense all the excitement of the jousts of the tournaments, or smell the smoke of battle on the castle ramparts. In such strength of imagination lies Carlyle's greatness, for out of the past he can draw history as something human. It is this which makes the French Revolution so animated, a thing of lights and shadows, a heavy blackness penetrated by flashes of lightning. The blood of a living people can be felt pulsating through it with tragic intensity like the seam of blood running through Shakespeare's tragedy, Macbeth.

LESLIE J. ROCH, '27.

* * *

ARMISTICE DAY

*In Flanders' field, your bodies lie
Beneath the vaulted, blue-domed sky
In eternal peace. Short days ago
You felt the battle's deathly blow
And died, that freedom's flickering glow
Might not die out. Forever stilled
Your earthly form, by death's touch chilled
In Flanders field.*

*Today in silent prayer we stand
Our bodies here, in a foreign land
Our souls! 'Neath yesterday's murky sun,
We fought with you the savage Hun
We faced with you the enemy's gun,
And though the bloody task is done,
We are with you still.
Our bodies separate by rolling seas,
By expanse of land, and fate's decrees,
Our souls waft back on the morning breeze
And with yours unite, in your hero-tombs
In Flanders' field.*

M. R. VOGEL, '26.

The Attitude of Macauley and Carlyle as Literary Critics

In a comparative study of Macauley and Carlyle as literary critics, their respective attitudes towards literary works and men they criticised first command our attention. Let us first consider Macauley who was a dogmatic critic. He viewed literature as a thing purely mechanical. He drew up for himself a set of rules for the various types of literature, and he judged all works only in so far as they met the requirements of these set and definite rules. To him, literature was something dead, a thing to be measured and judged by a rule. It was a mass of facts presented for men to read, and unless it gave facts it was a failure. He had absolutely no value of the spiritual in his writings, but narrowed his vision down to the things he could see or perceive. His view of any work was thus purely materialistic, and allowed of none of those ecstatic flights of the imagination that carried so many great writers to the very door of heaven itself. Literature must be built on a solid, earthly basis, and not on the dreams or visions of those who were so intoxicated by the beauties around them that they became lost in ecstasy, and who wrote inspiringly of the ideal world in which their dreams took place. He despised the beauties of literature produced by such poets as Shelley, Wordsworth, and Keats and denied their compositions a place among the great literary works of the age. His mind was so steeped in the real that all things ideal were choked out of it, and consequently his writings were material works with no spiritual worth in them whatsoever. Thus we find that while Macauley had a fine knowledge of the things around him, he fell short in judging those works that were built on spiritual values.

Carlyle, on the other hand, estimated a work by the spiritual value it contained. He was one of the greatest moral factors of the Victorian Age. He sought for the spiritual in every work he read, and if he did not find it he thought the work was devoid of merit. He believed and acted on the principle that the spiritual should predominate in literature just as it does in our lives. This spirituality, however, did not consist in following any dogmatic rules, but in genuine sincerity of purpose. He believed that men should determine

their work in life, and follow it unswervingly. They must be sincere to themselves, to their vocation, and to their fellow-man. His estimate of all great men was the sincerity they showed in their words and actions, for he held that no man could be sincere and at the same time be untrue to his morals and spiritual life. Above all things else, spiritual value was opposed to hypocrisy and cant. His indictment of the eighteenth century because of its scepticism was at all times bitter and furious. He says of this scepticism that it means "not intellectual doubt alone, but moral doubt, all kinds of infidelity, insincerity, and spiritual paralysis." He saw that the utilitarianism of the eighteenth century was destroying the spiritual in life, and he attacked it at every point possible. He condemned the modern philosophy because it dealt with our superficial needs, and not with our essential or religious needs. The world was the embodiment of a Divine Idea, and not a mere machine. He detested the materialism of Macauley and said that "if the Universe become a dead mechanical steam engine, it would, like poor Philaris, sit miserable dying of its own contrivance." To him, religion was the life giving principle of the world, and he fought against the evils of his age in the same manner as the Hebrew prophets did of old, by advocating a return to the spiritual things of life. He indicts all literature that is lacking in spiritual content, and thus stands directly opposed to Macauley who based all his criticism on a materialistic foundation.

The effect of the opposing attitudes taken by Macauley and Carlyle is easily seen in their works. Macauley is peculiarly at home when writing about men who dealt with material things. He writes clearly and brilliantly when criticising Bacon who had not a grain of spirituality in him. But when Macauley endeavors to interpret a work possessing spiritual merit he is a failure, because he has no proper understanding of the value of the work. This is shown in his essay on Milton which is dim and obscure. Carlyle, however, is quite the opposite. He did not think materialistic writing worth criticising except to censure it. This is proven in his indictment of the philosophy of the eighteenth century found in "Past and Present." However, when he writes of works that have spiritual content, he becomes sympathetic with his subject and he then writes brilliantly, interestingly, and acutely. Thus in his essay on Burns, he seems to catch part of the divine flame that inspired Burns himself, and he gives us a criticism that is proportionate to the greatness of the man of whom he is treating. He writes with a zeal and an understanding that lights up for us the true character of Burn's works. This is his atmosphere, and he is able to present it

in its true meaning. Thus, the ability of Macauley and Carlyle to judge certain works is proportionate to the point of view taken by them towards the subject matter of these works.

But a more striking effort of their difference of attitude is the manner in which they treat the works they criticized. Macauley gives us a history of the man who produced the works; Carlyle gives us a character study of him. Macauley arrays before our eyes a mass of facts concerning the events that took place in the life of the man, the date of these events, what works they wrote, and other incidents about them that gives us a record of their lives. Carlyle, likewise, gives the events in their lives, but these are not mere historical notes. They are the incidents which, though small in themselves, had a grave influence in molding the thoughts or actions of the writer whom he criticised. He shows us the innermost soul of the man, and he tells only those incidents that effect their souls. He narrates events in their lives, but only to show the obstacles they have to overcome, the effect they had on these obstacles, or that the obstacles had on them. Where Macauley gives us the creature, Carlyle shows us the man. As a result, Macauley's criticism, even in his most learned passages, leave us cold and unimpassioned. We take men as he views them, as mere matters-of-facts. Carlyle, however, stirs our emotions, and causes our souls to warm in sympathy with the men of whom he wrote. Macauley is cold and brittle, Carlyle is warm and pliable. From the one, we get information; from the other, knowledge and understanding. Macauley praises the triumphs of practicality; Carlyle lauds the nobleness of religion. From the former, we get a closer view of our own pitiable world; from the latter we secure a view of the universe whose perspective is lost in the dim, distant mazes of spiritual depth and grandeur. The doctrines of one breed scepticism and agnosticism; those of the other betray faith and spiritual nobility. In short, Macauley's criticism are the natural products of his material point of view; while Carlyle's are the fitting result of his high appreciation of religious and spiritual values.

M. R. VOGEL, '26.

American Ideals

Oration delivered in Public Speaking Class by
Lyford Kern, '28.

Six years ago, the entire world was overwhelmed with joy at the news of the signing of the Armistice, the Armistice which brought to an end that bloody conflict which for four long years had been raging on the battlefields of Europe, spreading death and destruction in its wake. When, in the early spring of 1917, the leader of this great Republic called on the sons and daughters of America to come to the defense of their mother Democracy, the country was one in its answer to his appeal. From the woods of Maine, from the golden gate, from the old plantations of Virginia, from the deserts of Arizona, from the far reaching prairies in the Valley of the Mississippi and from the broad plateaux of the Rockies they came to fight for those principles which had called their forefathers to brave the dangers of the Atlantic in their attempt to settle a land for the free and make it a home for the brave.

For centuries God hid this great continent from the ken of men, as though he were holding it in reserve for those sturdy pioneers who were to come to hew their homes from the primeval forest and gain their livelihood from the virgin prairies that they might escape tyrānny. When at last it was given to Columbus to open the path to this master-piece of God's hand, where the aborigines and the buffalo and bison roamed at will, nations sent their armies, established trading posts and vied with one another for the control over the newly discovered world. Was this to be the fate of the new land? Was it to be merely the cause of more wars? No, there were others who settled here besides those seeking material wealth. Down the Gulf of St. Lawrence, across the Great Lakes, and down the Mississippi, yea, even penetrating every navigable stream and the dark forests which line their banks, came French missionaries to teach the uncivilized Red man of Him who created all things and to bring the message of Love which His Divine Son had brought to mankind hundreds of years before. To the bleak coasts of New England came the Pilgrims from Great Britain who could no longer worship their God in their European home according to the dictates of their conscience. Up the Chesapeake Bay came another band of Englishmen under the leadership of Lord Baltimore. Like those of New England, these pilgrims came to seek a refuge

in the New World where they might worship their God as they had been taught to worship Him by Holy Church. To insure this God-given right, they declared it a law in their colony, a law which was later to be one of the corner stones of the new Republic, that no one professing faith in Jesus Christ would have this faith questioned, nor would he be denied the right to worship God as his conscience dictated. As years went on the Colonies along the Atlantic Coast grew in number until they were thirteen. The hardy pioneers pushed further into the western wilderness, and they suffered long and severe winters, lack of food, sickness, and in many cases death, all for the sake of Liberty.

While the Colonies were thus growing, industries were springing up. Years before Dutch traders from New Amsterdam had created a thriving trade by importing black men from Africa and selling them as slaves to work in the tobacco and cotton fields of the South. The evil of this slave traffic was not realized and it was sure to cause trouble later. As yet, the colonists were not independent. Still under the wing of Mother England they paid taxes to the King, although they did not have representatives in Parliament, and English soldiers were sent over to see that they were governed properly. Among the great leaders of the colonists, Patrick Henry of Virginia was probably the most passionate in his denunciation of this tyranny and his famous speech will ever continue to ring in the hearts of Americans: "I am not a Virginian, but an American. I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death." Relations between the colonists and their King were becoming more and more strained and in April 1775, the first shot was fired which was the outbreak of open warfare; the shot which was heard round the world,—not thundering death and doom, but booming forth that beautiful word,—Liberty. The Continental Congress decided that it was time to take steps towards Independence and it fell to the lot of Thomas Jefferson to pen the famous Declaration. Nowhere are the principles of free government, the principles of the American government, so well expressed as in these words of the famous statesman: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.—That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." When on July 4th, 1776 the Declaration of Independence was adopted, later to be signed by the members of Congress, and the Liberty Bell rang forth its notes of freedom, thrilling the hearts of men and

welding them into a Union that could not be broken, every American, regardless of the country that had been his native land or the creed which he professed, every American who loved Liberty, rallied under the leadership of General Washington and crimsoned the battlefields of the East with his life's blood that his children might be free and equal before the law; that every man might have a chance; that government of the people, by the people, and for the people might come to bless this earth. This is the noble heritage they bequeathed this nation, and this is the heritage we must preserve at all costs.

Years later when the first thirteen colonies had grown into thirty-one states and the country had recovered from the War of Independence, many of the leaders of the country, particularly in the North, saw that there remained another big problem to be solved. There was a cancer consuming the very vitals of the Republic, and that cancer was Slavery. Slavery had been abolished in Europe for some time and America saw that if she were to remain true to her slogan—that all men are created free and equal—she must rid herself of this blot. This indeed was a very critical situation, because in the South, all the wealth of the states and the vast fortunes of the cotton and tobacco planters depended upon the slaves and slave-traffic. The affair could not be settled peacefully, and again the country was thrown into war, this time under the leadership of Abraham Lincoln. By his immortal Emancipation-Proclamation, all the slaves in the United States were set free and were later made citizens of this country by constitutional amendment. Thus another stone was laid in the foundation of American Ideals.

Today America is a great Republic that has taken her place as a leading power among the nations of the earth, the one to which the eyes of hope are turned from every corner of the globe. God has blessed us with wealth and prosperity. Our fertile prairies, our mountains and valleys, our rivers and lakes are all sources of unlimited riches; our Flag is respected wherever it flies. We are great, but are we remaining true to those exalted ideals of our Fathers, Washington and Lincoln? Today we are divided. On the one hand are those who still look to those ideals for which Washington and Lincoln so bravely fought and died. On the other hand are those whose minds are paralysed by ignorance and bigotry. They call themselves Americans, yet they would cast aside those noble principles for which their forefathers fought and died, and deny their fellow citizens the right to worship God as they were taught to worship Him; they would deny parents the right to educate their children in religion and in moral

truths, and thus make them more progenitors of youth as did the old Roman Empire in the days of Augustus. They go further than this. They would deny those from other climes who seek a haven where they might receive in full their heritage,—the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—admission to these shores. This is very well demonstrated by the passage of the congressional act not so very long ago, which placed a stamp of racial inferiority on the land which gave to the world a Dante, a Michel Angelo, a Raphael and a Columbus, a land, the souls of whose children are attuned to everything artistic and beautiful, the land that has contributed more perhaps than any other nation to the intellectual, artistic and spiritual advancement of the world. Likewise, these un-American idealists place a stamp of inferiority on the most ancient race of civilization, a chosen people of Jehovah, from whom came Moses, the law giver, David the psalm-singer, the priests who offered daily sacrifice pleasing in the sight of the Lord.

A few months age I stood in the Library of Congress in Washington in what seemed to me to be a sacred chapel, dedicated to American Ideals. Before me was a shrine of Liberty. Above the stand in which was encased the original Constitution of the United States, was exposed for veneration the most sacred of all American Documents, the original Declaration of Independence. On either side of this shrine were cases containing portraits of the signers of these documents and of other famous men of early American History. Here to this shine, Americans can come to worship American ideals. Here they can venerate those men who immortalized themselves by dedicating their property, their honor, and their lives to the sacred principles of truth, justice and freedom. From the inspiration of their example every true American will draw his patriotism and thus America will remain true to her destiny.



The Glory of the Commonplace

To him who does great deeds honor is due. The conqueror, the successful statesman, the great financier, the literary genius are deserving of praise. But this praise should not be the highest, for the good they do is mingled with much evil. The warrior tramples over mangled and torn bodies, and wades to glory through blood; too often the statesman's triumph means the loss of the peoples' freedom and peace; the financier attains success through the sufferings of those who serve him; and oftentimes the author wins fame by the ruin of souls. The actions that make them great are not unmarred with much evil. Their success is sometimes based on the degradation of the common weal.

It is entirely proper that such greatness is usually paid an adulation that is fitful and fickle, seldom whole souled and lasting. While the soldier, the statesman, the banker, or the intellectualist occupies our attention, we applaud and cheer. We for the moment forget that the warrior's boots are stained with the blood of the innocent, that the statesman's intrigues forge the chains for multitudes; we hear not the lamentations of those whom the financier oppresses; we think not of the souls the author has destroyed. We see not, and hear not and think not. Perhaps it is well. For, as we enthusiastically cheer, they pass on and vanish like phantom lights. Like falling stars, their brilliance momentarily sears the night, and then perishes in the darkness of oblivion. After they are gone, no tears, no whispered memory, no sweet thought of them arises. Still, when their names are mentioned, we exclaim: "They were great."

If this is true glory and its rightful reward, then is glory only an "ignis fatuus." But are these the rewards and the goals to which true glory leads? If this be so, justly has the poet written: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." There in that final home, be it the humble pine box or the magnificent mausoleum, there with the crumbling bones glory fades and is forgotten. It grows ever fainter as the centuries roll onward, and other succeeding lights rise to fall like fireflies o'er the dank marshes of some dark, dismal swamp.

But this is not the reward of true glory, for in these there is not true glory. These are but imitations which like hypocritical skeletons don the mail of giants and stalk abroad, accounting themselves to be that which they are not. Real glory is not a sham or hypocrisy. It springs from the very

nature of a good act well performed, even though that deed be the most commonplace. It is something that lives after us, inspiring others to do good. Unfortunately such acts are not universally noticed. They are like pebbles cast into the sea. No one sees or notes them or their effect. But as the pebble imparts motion to the water into which it is thrown, so a good act gives others an impetus to do good. Such deeds are not extolled by this world, for the world sees only the outstanding act. The doer of such acts accomplishes his task, and then, unhonored and unsung, passes on. For him we sing no song; and thus we neglect valor and real merit. It is more difficult to act nobly when there are none to witness what we do than when a world is ready to eulogize our success. When we see others about us doing heroic things; when a country acclaims us great; when one success has already been commended, and others are at hand; when ambition stirs us, there is great incentive to act. But we have not that inspiration to act nobly when we must act alone, with none to approve our deeds, and perhaps with failure and obscurity as the almost certain rewards of our activities. To keep faith and courage and to act well under such circumstances is truly noble and worthy of the world's adulation.

The world should recognize the glory of men who act thus, for theirs is a heroism greater than that of the warrior or statesman; theirs is a greatness greater than that of building empires. We should laud these of whom Gray writes:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

These are seeming failures in that they do only little acts; yet they are really the ones who are noble and great.

The hero whom we ought to cheer is he who, while we stand to applaud the warriors or statesman, stands among us to cheer with us. Perhaps he is old and gray, just commonplace and poor. You have seen him hundreds of times. You pass him by in the street, and, in the exultation of your splendid young physique, you pass him by a bit scornfully, yet more pityingly, for you see only his stooped figure. You see only the physical effects of his toil; you do not see his greatness. Once he was even as you are. Will you, when you will be as old as he is now, be able to say as he can say: "I have done my duty."

We can read his fidelity to duty, the real source of his greatness in his furrowed brow, in his stooped figure. That makes his greatness. He is no conqueror, no hero in the

ordinary sense of the word. But he is a "Cromwell innocent of his country's blood." Day after day he has gone at his task at the plow, or in the factory, or in the office. Day after day, as surely as the statesman he has been building an empire. No extraordinary feat pleads glory for him; but he has done his duty. He has raised his children to fine young manhood and womanhood. They are a joy to him, and an honor to the country they serve. Others combine the elements of empires and hold them together by force; he makes an empire by his service and the service of his children. The nation that boasts of such men and such children will live forever. Then let men such as he be praised.

ANDREW O'LAUGHLIN, '25.

FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE

Pilgrims wandering,
All the day,
Weary, weary,
Weary way.

Starlets twinkling—
Anxious sky,
Angelic choirs
Hovering nigh.

Journey ending—
Lowly shed,
Strawy manger,
Jesus' bed.

Shepherds watching
Flocks afar,
Breathless night
Wondrous star.

Maid rejoicing,
Mary mild,
Baby smiling—
Holy Child.

Heralds chanting,
Joyous song,
Gladness sounding
Hills among.

Loud proclaiming
Saviour's birth—
'Glory to God—
Peace on earth.'

REV. J. A. WILLIAMS



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	Vincent Pfeffer, '26	Circulating Mgr. Senior Richey,	
Bus. Mgr	Joseph Harrington, '27	Acad., '25	

Life has often been compared to a stage whereon "The Play's we, the actors, come before the audience for the The Thing" little performance of our lives; where we receive perhaps, if our performance is exceedingly good, a curtain-call or two, and then make our final exit. And such seems to be the case. We are born; we spend a third or more of our lives learning the parts that we must recite without faltering before the most exacting audience in existence,—the World. Those that have more natural gifts than others carry the leading parts. The rest of us are destined to exist merely for the purpose of accentuating the qualities of these leading men. But even the great actors, those who have been applauded and whose renown is a by-word, are jerked off the stage when the curtain falls. They are like meteors that rise high in the heavens, throw off a shower of sparks and are brilliant for an instant, then disappear forever in eternity. They live only in memory, and that fades like a cheap colored garment. The rest of us, the commonplace, are unnoticeable in the malestrom of existence.

"The play's the thing" is humanity's cry. Just as the unwritten law behind the scenes in a theatre demands that the acting be finished no matter what happens, so also it is understood that we must "carry on" in spite of all difficulties and obstacles, must do our bit before the curtain falls. We must not disappoint our audience; we must keep up appearances no matter what anguish is in our breasts, no matter what sorrow pierces our hearts. Our part *must* be given! We have but a few short years of life, a few years that seem but an instant in the vastness of Infinity. We must hurry if we are to finish before the curtain—Death, catches us before we are done. We must use the brief span of our existence to good advantage while we are behind the footlights. Soon all will end for us, but the play continues. Fresh actors step into the places we have abandoned and carry on the part from where we left off. In turn they are succeeded by others, and so the endless procession goes on. All that Life has in store for us is a place on the stage, a place left vacant but a little while ago by others such as we. Our existence is but a matter of entrances and exits, a few stereotyped phrases, proper cues, and then—the final curtain.

Since "The play's the thing", let us put ourselves heart and soul into the play. Let us make the best use of the time that we have so that we may imprint our names alongside those who have been great actors. Each second lost is gone forever, never to be recovered. If we waste the time that has been allotted to us for the learning of our parts, we shall stumble and falter in their giving. Our hesitation will be fatal to us, for Stage Manager Destiny permits no poor actors to take up the time of the busy world. Out shall come the hook and we shall be taken off-stage,—a Failure. The moments that we have now are golden, and their gold is not to be squandered. Learn well your parts now for your appearance later, for we shall find that "The play's the thing," and the only thing important.

H. K. '25.

Again and again * * * we have heard that time-worn The Athletic cry, "Athletics are a drawback to the student." Student The common opinion is, that the bookworm is the student, while he who chases the pigskin up and down the field is fascinating but dumb. However the old opinion is beginning to wane. No longer is the athlete looked upon as a loafer or a detriment to the school. Now he has become a necessity. Today the athlete is the idol of his fellow-students in all the colleges of the country.

What has brought about this change? Nothing else than the realization that athletics are an asset rather than a lia-

bility to a college. Athletics develop the brain-power of the student and athletic competition gives him a great lesson in self-control. A student that has gone through four years of this competition comes out of college a better as well as a more physically fit citizen.

Proofs of the fact that athletics help rather than hinder the student are to be found in the splendid type of student-athletes America has produced. With few exceptions the most brilliant football stars are equally brilliant students. A particular proof, and one with which we are familiar, can be found in our own graduating class of last year. Who can charge that such men as McGinnis, L. Winterhalter, Jordan, Murphy, O'Connor, or in fact, any of the athletes in that class, were not among the best students in the college? Who can claim that they were not also the cream of our athletes? Answer these questions for yourselves, and in the remarkable laurels that they have acquired both in the athletic and scholastic field, you will find the solution of the question "Can a student engage in athletics and still make a mark in his classes?"

J. R. D., '27.

PAX AMICITIATE

I've seen the placid peace of mountain pools.
Far hidden in titanic, deep-gashed gorge
From the tortured haunts of petty men, who forge
In anger's furnace hate for other Fools.
I've felt the silent wonder when spring weaves
The verdant vesture of a thousand hills,
And twilight stills the whispers of the leaves.

I've heard the liquid laughter of the rills,
As they dance from mountain's side to Ocean's waves.
I've known the mystic peace of desert sands,
The voiceless emptiness of giant caves,
The awful solitude of lonely lands
These speak of peace; but from your gentle heart
The fount of peace, Kind Love, must surely start.

S. U. N.

THE PERISCOPE

Many of the colleges and universities in America ascertained the political affiliation of their student bodies by taking a straw vote before the presidential election. The results were published in The New Student, an Inter-Collegiate News Service representing over six hundred colleges and universities. The majority swung decisively Republican, as did the nation. St. Viator's straw-vote, however, favored Davis and Bryan, with the Republican nominees a close second. The Progressive Party also received a comparative large number of votes. Now that the leaders of the nation have been elected, we can have four more years of peace, thank goodness.

* * *

It may be that the 'poor' working man is not as badly off as a certain beloved member of our faculty would like to have us believe. A visitor to the college during the time Viator was undergoing a metamorphosis in the line of building improvements was heard to exclaim: "My, but these college boys must have a lot of money to spend! Why just look at the automobiles". She could have been toppled with a feather when she was sadly informed that those autos belonged, not to the students, but to the 'poor day-laborers' who were struggling along on a mere pittance of \$60.00 for a five-and-a-half-day-week. At quitting time the exodus of cars resembled nothing so much as that of the fans on their return home after a Big-League game or a like scene at a county fair. We hasten to add, however, that envy, and not malice, inspired this quip.

* * *

Let us doff our hats for a moment in memory of one of the greatest football coaches that ever stepped on a grid-iron. We have not the space to eulogize Percy Houghton as he deserves, but we will forever remember this man as one who performed wonders in systematizing football and in helping to make it what it is today—one of the greatest games in the world. Columbia will never find a successor that can completely fill the famous "P. D.'s" shoes.

* * *

Four Viator Students, adventurously inclined, published a newspaper of the "Anything but the truth" variety to be sold at the Grant Park Stadium, Chicago, during the St.

Viator-Columbia Football classic. The four students, L. Bolt-
inghouse, F. Bell, J. Riley, and the Ed, had brilliant prospects
of making a small fortune from their modest investment but
a miserable, rainy day ruined the crowd and the project went
on the rocks. It is said that a like idea fell flat at the N. D.-
Nebraska game at which there was an enormous crowd, so
we have some consolation in our loss.

* * *

*More power to the pens of our "contribs"! They have
generously answered our plea, and a torrent of poetry and
articles has swept our way. We appreciate these contributions
because they show an increasing interest in the publication
that exists mainly on the effort of the student body. We hope
that the literary deluge will keep on flooding our sanctum.
It is as welcome as rain in a drought.*

* * *

An admirable example of true sportsmanship was recently
given by Harold Grange, whose wonderful playing has recently
been the talk of the country. In the Michigan game, in the
Iowa game, and in the Chicago game, he was a miracle man,
the phantom of football. But in the Minnesota game he was
decisively stopped. The Gophers tore through the Illini line
as though it were tissue paper and time after time broke up
Grange's plays. Finally after the crowd had been thoroughly
disappointed, Grange was taken out of the game, injured and
beaten, his laurels trailing in the dust. After the dust of battle
had settled, a flock of eager reporters gathered around the fallen
hero and asked him if he thought that Minnesota had inten-
tionall used any means to put him out of the game. Here was
an opportunity for alibis, a chance to 'cover up' his defeat. But
Grange told these reporters that as far as he knew, no unneces-
sary roughness had been used against him. "Football is like
the game of life," he said, "We must expect defeat as well as
victory." A charming lesson in sportsmanship for the world
lies in Grange's words. Would that America had more men that
can accept failure as stoically as he.





The November issue of the BOSTON COLLEGE STYLUS is a finished product. The general appearance and makeup of the magazine appeals to one's sense of propriety. The contents reveal a wealth of serious and clear thought presented in a style that becomes a magazine published by college trained men. We especially, liked the editorial section and enjoyed the streaks of droll humor in the story entitled "*The Elopment.*"

* * *

THE LOYOLA, Loyola High School, Baltimore, Md., presents an attractive magazine containing a considerable variety of thought and displaying a nice selection of material. "*Autumn*" a poem, and the short story "*Diamond or Glass*" are easily the features.

* * *

Three articles in the October issue of the CANISIUS MONTHLY commend themselves to the Ex-man. The first of these is a little poem, "*Aforetime*" by Layton Waters, The second, entitled "*The Associated Press*", is a fine expository article describing the operations of that great news gathering concern. The third, an editorial on Education, is well worth reading. While these three contributions are the outstanding features, the others are also worthy of commendation.

* * *

Mr. P. G. Sullivan of the editorial staff of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY expresses well the thoughts of the college editors. In an editorial on National Defense a subject is discussed which, in the opinion of the Ex-man can well be given consideration by college journalists. A bit less of formality and more of personality would enliven the department conducted by C. J. Chereline and D. G. Doran.

Timely counsel given in the editorial department of THE PERISCOPE to the Subiaco football team commands our attention. It reads thus: "We do not need to win games. We do need 'to play the game.' A team can do its best and no more, and that is all that is expected." A sound bit of advice and applicable to activities other than sports.

* * *

ST. PAULS COLLEGE RECORD: The issue at hand is rather novel. It is unusually well arranged and broad in scope. The depth of thought and poetic talent manifested in its contents deserve commendation. "*Memory*", a poem, and the charming story "*Keath*" are the choicest morsels from the November number.

* * *

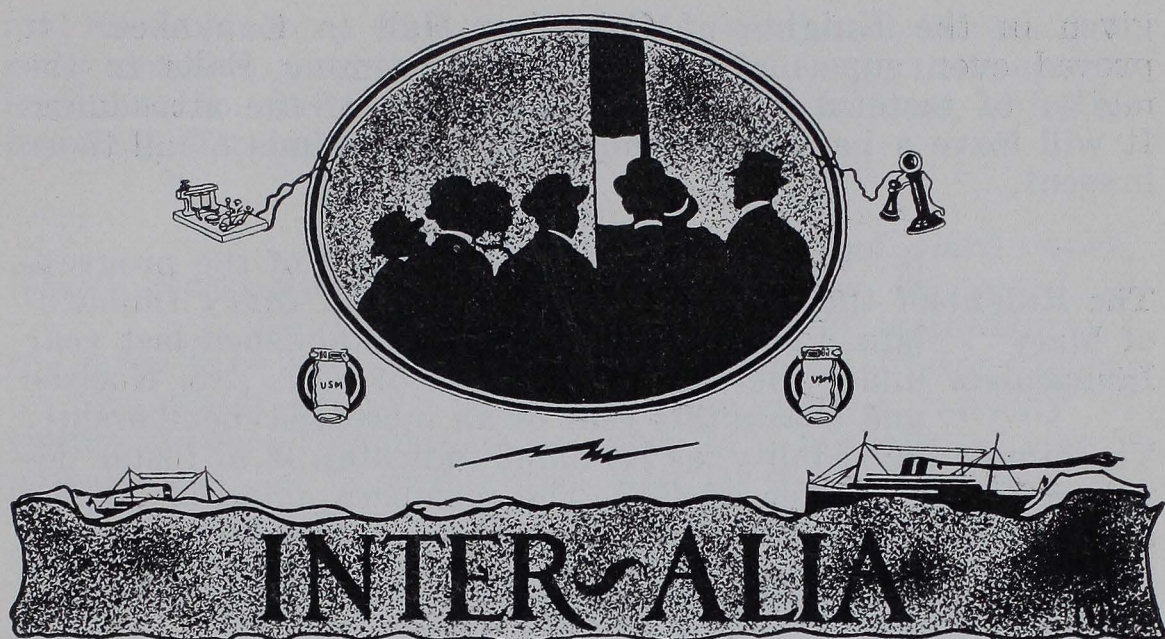
A copious array of short stories, appreciations and poems make the FONTHILL DIAL a welcome visitor to our sanctum. A little more space devoted to college incidents and activities would improve the magazine. The article entitled "*David Copperfield*" possesses an appeal that forced us to pause and to visualize once more many parts of the story that we had almost forgotten.

* * *

THE WAG lives up to its name. It is full of sport, humor and wit, We like your "pep". Come again.

* * *

THE HIGH SCHOOL RECORD is unique in its profusion of cartoons. They add much to the magazine, especially to the athletic and joke sections. Your aspiring poets have evidently devoted themselves to composing limericks thereby lending originality to the wit and humor section.



St. Viator College entertained a great number Homecoming. of Alumni and visitors on the Campus at its Homecoming on November 15. It was different from previous homecomings in that, in addition to the regular number of the older Alumni, there were many of the more recent graduates, many of whom came from Illinois, Loyola, De Paul and Marquette. Alma Mater was indeed glad to see so many of the old students turn to her again for this brief but happy visit, and she invites all of them to be with us again next year.

The usual Homecoming Mass was celebrated in the College Chapel by Msgr. G. M. Legris, with Fr. Bergin as deacon and Fr. Galvin as sub-deacon. Fr. Bennet of St. Basil's Parish, Chicago, and formerly of Kankakee gave a convincing, wholesome sermon on the text, "Show me the coin of the tribute—render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's" The interest which the students manifested in the sermon attests Father Bennet's ability of appealing, to the minds and hearts of Catholic young men.

A banquet was served in the new cafeteria. "The old boys" were loud in their praise of the improvement and of the wonderful service that has been worked out by Father O'Mahoney and his assistants.

The Alumni were well satisfied with the sensational win over Eureka in the football feature of the afternoon, in which McAllister and Dalrymple featured in a long pass during the last few seconds of play, giving the Home boys a six to nothing margin over the visitors.

A Homecoming Ball, sponsored by the College Club, was

given in the Knights of Columbus Hall in Kankakee. It proved even superior to former Homecoming Balls in the matter of tasteful decorations and spirit of the attendants. It will leave a happy remembrance in the minds of all those present.

* * *

St. Viator College is justly proud of the progress of the Knights of Mary Immaculate. The organization was established last year under the zealous direction of Rev. Bro. Koelzer and boasts this year of an increased membership. The aim of the sodality, as its name indicates, is to foster devotion to the Mother of God. The members mindful of the singular favors promised by the Blessed Virgin to those who wear her medal are proud to carry this insignia about their person. In addition to this pious practice they observe the following seven rules, namely: to recite the three "Aves"; 2,—to recite the chaplet at least three times a week; 3,—to visit the Blessed Sacrament frequently; 4,—to attend the meetings regularly; 5,—to wear the miraculous medal; 6,—to observe in a special manner the feast days of the Virgin Mother; 7,—to approach the Holy Table at least once a week. At a recent meeting the following officers were elected:

SENIOR DIVISION

Supreme Knight.....	J. Sarto Legris
Arch Knight	Eugene McCarthy
Arch Knight	Eugene Sammon
Arch Knight	James Slikas
Arch Knight	John Meade
Arch Knight	Edward Donovan
Arch Knight	Martin Slintz
Arch Knight	D. Denis Drolet

ACADEMIC DIVISION

Grand Knight	Leo Larkin
Arch Knight	John Stafford
Arch Knight	Edward Steiner
Arch Knight	Adrien Richard
Arch Knight	Henry O'Grady

* * *

Through the efforts of Professor Leslie J. Music Department. Roch, the music rooms have been tastily decorated with pictures, curtains and have been freshly painted. He accepted from his brother, W. J. Roch, the gracious offer of a complete set of new and up-to-date lighting fixtures. These have aided greatly in making the music department one of the finest in the school. The Faculty

and music students wish to thank Mr. Wm. Roch for his generous donation, and they hope that he will accept their cordial invitation to visit them and enjoy the surroundings which he has helped to improve.

* * *

After several months of hard work, Water Works System. Father O'Mahoney has succeeded in completing the work of installation of the large tank and pumps which will give St. Viator College its own water supply. The huge tank, with a capacity of twenty thousand gallons, is operated at a pressure of eighty pounds, and fed from our own well on the college grounds. While it is of ample capacity and efficiency to take care of the college's water supply during the hardest drain upon it, it is hoped that the terror of nineteen hundred and six may never happen again and force us to call upon the full force of the fire fighting equipment.

* * *

At a gathering of the prospective graduates of Academy '25 the Academy class of '25 on November the eighteenth. The Academy Club was organized. This being the first meeting of the year, it was presided over by the Moderator, Fr. T. E. Fitzpatrick. Having called the assembly to order, he clearly defined the purpose of the society. He showed how the end of this club differs from the former Academy organizations in that the object is to foster good fellowship among the members and to promote the welfare of Alma Mater. A tentative program of entertainment and lectures was arranged for the ensuing year and a committee was appointed to devise ways and means of enlivening the regular meetings.

The following officers were elected:—

President	James Sorin of Kankakee, Illinois
Vice President	John Herbert of Gifford, Illinois
Secretary	Bernard Mulvaney of Marion, Wisconsin
Treasurer	Thomas O'Donnell of Chicago, Illinois

* * *

The seniors recently organized and outlined a Class of '25 course of entertainment for this, their last year at Viator. Diverse ways of enlivening their final lap were discussed by some of the members, and a few brief talks regarding the need of class spirit were given before the election of the class officers. The officers elected were as follows: Mr. Homer E. Knoblauch of Peoria, Ill., president; Eugene J. Suprenant of Chicago, Ill., vice-president; Mr. Edward Farrell of Champaign, Ill., secretary-treasurer. The class, though small this year, plans to make itself remembered as one of the liveliest ever graduated from St. Viator.



ALUMNI



Rev. Walter Steidle, '16, is now Chaplain of Sacred Heart Sanitarium at Denver, Colo. Since the distance makes your visits few, Father, let your letters be more frequent.

* * *

Emil Derr, H. S., '16, is now in the steam fitting business at Kansas City, Kansas. Why not turn on the steam towards old St. Viator one of these fine days, Emil.

* * *

Hammond, Indiana, claims two Viator sons of '13. One of them is Leo Carroll who is the manager of a sulphuric acid company in that city, and the other is Fred Carter, who is practicing dentistry there. We expect to see both of these loyal sons from the Hoosier State before many moons roll by.

* * *

Myron Wilson, '12, is in the foreign implement business at La Peer, Michigan. He is doing very well in this chosen line of endeavor.

* * *

Fr. Thomas Shea, '17, brought his football team from St. Mary's High to play the Viator huskies just before the Columbia game. Although St. Mary's was overwhelmingly defeated, Fr. Shea's love for his Alma Mater was in no way cooled, for the night before the Columbia game he gave one of the most rousing calls to battle ever heard in Viator's camp for some time. He pleaded for a genuine fighting spirit on the morrow, a spirit that he himself has always portrayed, and he aroused the students to a fever-pitch for the coming fray. We sincerely thank Fr. Shea for his share in the game and hope that he will come again soon.

* * *

Fr. Harris Darche '12, famous for his football ability while here, and for his heroism in the World War for which he was seven times decorated by three governments, also gave a "pep" talk before the Columbia match. He called on the team to emulate the deeds of past Viator teams, and to fight for their school. Fr. Darche's visits here are always welcome ones.

Phil Burkhart, '18, visited us on his way back to Los Angeles, California, where he is employed with a book concern. Phil likes the middle west, but he claims it cannot vie with the sunny climate of Southern California. Write soon, Phil.

* * *

Carl Burchtold, '22, is now studying vocal expression in Chicago. His voice was one of the features of our choir when he was with us here.

* * *

A former football and baseball hero of Viator, Father Joseph Legris, C. S. S. R., '09, has been giving missions in Momence, Beaverville, and Kensington during the last few weeks. Fr. Legris' success on the athletic field is being succeeded by equally great success in his divine mission.

* * *

Those who knew Allie Gearin, '13 will be interested to know that he is managing a Piggly Wiggly store in Chicago with great success. Why not drop down this way soon, Allie.

* * *

Edward Gallagher, '22 is now employed in the advertising business in Chicago with Cusack and Co.

* * *

His many friends will be glad to know that Fr. P. J. O'Leary, C. S. V., is recuperating rapidly at St. Viator's Rectory in Chicago.

* * *

Fr. John Mitchell, '19, was recently appointed to Sacred Heart Church in Portland, Oregon. Fr. Mitchell was at St. Viator for many years and has a host of friends here who wish him great good luck. Drop us a few lines concerning yourself, Father John.

* * *

John Fisher, '15, is cashier of a bank in Chatsworth, Ill. During his stay here, Jack was one of the most active and best liked fellows on the campus.

* * *

Mattoon, Illinois is fortunate in having Rev. Ernest Burtle, '10, appointed as assistant pastor of the church there. We hope that your duties will permit an early visit, Father Burtle.

* * *

Frank Corrigan, '14 is farming at Budd, Illinois, where he has lived since leaving Viator's halls of learning.

Daniel Burns, '11 is in Gillispie, Illinois where he is superintendent of a coal mine. Our only complaint concerning you, Dan, is that your visits are too rare.

Father Daniel Monahan, '18, recently appointed pastor at Milan, Illinois, is now busily engaged in constructing a church and rectory in that city. We wish you success, Father Monahan.

* * *

A football star of '19, Orren Lydig was married recently in Rock Island, Illinois. He is employed as a chemist in the Standard Textile Products Co. at Rock Island. Here's to a happy married life, Orry.

* * *

Daniel Cavanaugh, '18, is now completing his junior year of dentistry at Illinois Dental College, Chicago.

* * *

The Illinois State Federation of Labor is now circulating twenty thousand copies of Rev. J. W. R. Maguire's C. S. V. brilliant speech on the Limitation of Injunctions. Fr. Maguire's stand on modern economic problems is acquiring for him a nation-wide reputation as one of the ablest and most fearless economists of the present day.

* * *

Philip Bowe '22, a former Viator High School athlete, is now in Chicago working for the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company. Phil paid us a short visit not long ago. Come often, Phil.

* * *

Francis Kornacker, '17' is studying engineering at Lewis Institute in Chicago.

* * *

Father "Emmy" Flynn, '15, is busy inaugurating an athletic system in the parochial schools of Rock Island, Illinois, with the backing of all the parishes of that city. Father Flynn is chaplain of Allouez Council of the Knights of Columbus, and also of the Rock Island Post of the American Legion. His pep and energy keep things moving wherever he goes.

* * *

Vincent Lundy, '19, is in the motor truck business with his brothers in Chicago. "Curly" found time to see Viator tie Columbia at Grant Park on Armistice Day and met many of his old friends who had journeyed to Chicago to witness the game.

* * *

Arthur Shackell, '23, is now pursuing an agricultural course at Wisconsin U. He was with his old friends here homecoming.

* * *

Neal McGinnis, '23 and Red McLain are both improving

nicely after being confined to a hospital in St. Paul because of illness. Neal underwent an operation for appendicitis, while Red was suffering from stomach trouble. We hope you are both well by the time this reaches you.

* * *

Fred Tiffen, '13 paid us a visit recently to see his many friends among the faculty. Fred is now working in Paris, Illinois.

* * *

Michael Artery, '22 and Charles Gallanti, '22 are now attending Loyola U. Charley is studying medicine and Mike is trying to master the subtleties of Gladstone.

* * *

Raymond Boysen, '22 sends us word that he is now working for the Shoshone Light and Power Co. in Shoshoni, Wyo. Address your letters to Ray at Box 517, Thermopolis, Wyoming.

* * *

Gabriel Legris, '20 is now playing tackle and doing most of the kicking work for the football team of Campion College. He is reported as possessing a great amount of football ability.

* * *

Rt. Rev. Bishop A. J. McGavick's noble work in the LaCrosse diocese was evidenced lately by the formation of a diocesan union of the Holy Name Society in that Diocese. The newspaper account of this stated that Bishop McGavick has ever been an ardent supporter of the Holy Name Cause, and since his appointment to the head of the LaCrosse diocese has worked to establish societies in the various parishes. The formation of the diocesan union marks the consummation of the bishops plans. We are justly proud to number such a man among our Alumni.

* * *

Bishop McGavick also presented the Catholic women of LaCrosse with a community center in recognition of their social service in the diocese. In his presentation, Bishop McGavick emphasized the fact that social service is merely a new term for the Christian idea of charity, and commended the women for their noble work thus far, and gave them his blessing in their future endeavor. No greater proof of the Bishop's own charity could be given than the furthering of such a cause.

* * *

Fr. Picard of St. Rose's Church in Kankakee has resumed his duties as assistant pastor after being confined in a Chicago hospital for several weeks. Fr. J. Gusti, also of St. Rose's,

recently recovered from an attack of pneumonia. It is hoped that both assistant pastors will enjoy perfect health in the future.

* * *

Robert Carron M. D., '17 is now an intern at the Alexian Brothers Hospital, Chicago. He plans to strike out for himself in the near future.

* * *

We were the hosts of Fr. Courtney of Budd, Ill., a few days ago. Fr. Courtney has always been a welcome visitor among us.

Among the interns at St. John's Hospital, St. Louis is Arthur Picard M. D., '14. A visit from Doctor Picard is hoped for by his many friends at the college.

* * *

The Dawett brothers '14 are the owners of a bottling works in Westville, Ill., where they have been located for several years.

* * *

The greatest end ever at St. Viator and later coach here Thomas Finnegan, '16, came out to see us beat Eureka by his specialty, the forward pass. Tom holds the record here of scoring 112 points by himself in one game on passes alone. Tom's fighting spirit won many games for Viator teams of his day by his uncanny ability to nab a floating pigskin. Come out and see us often, Tom.

* * *

Seneca Illinois is the harbor of three old Viatorians. Emmet Higgins, '19 is the owner of an auto shop, Joe Hogan, '17 is a grain dealer, and Jesse Kennedy is farming,—all in one fair city. These three musketeers paid us a short visit on Homecoming day.

* * *

George Herbert, '22 is seeking a higher education at Illinois U. While here "Lefty" was one of the most likeable fellows on the campus because of his sunny disposition and pleasing personality.

* * *

Our homecoming was well-Dunned by the presence of the whole Dunn tribe. Vincent '23, Arthur '17 and John '18 were all here to pay their respects to their Alma Mater and to see Thomas, the present representative of the Dunns at St. Viator.

* * *

The sixth anniversary of Armistice Day was cause for another big register in the memories of St. Viator College, namely the Viator-Columbia game for the mid-west Catholic

championship. This year favored us with the good fortune of staging our game at the new stadium in Grant Park, Chicago and in spite of inclement weather there was a good crowd in attendance. Numbered among the spectators were many Alumni, those loyal sons of Viator who would brave any storm to give their support to the home team. Although it was impossible for the writer to distinguish, among so vast an assemblage, all the friends and former students of St. Viator, yet looking down from the colonnade of the amphitheatre, the following familiar faces were discernable: John (Book) Carney, the go-get-em in real-estate, Art McGrath, Richard Keating, Jas. Thulis, Turk Murphy, John J. Sheehan, Even Tom Cavanaugh stopped studying law for a day and waxed eloquent on the progress of the game. Pat Meegan looked bigger and jollier than ever. The McCarthy brothers, John and Melvin, were enthusiastic rooters as were also Bill and John O'Shea. Over to the right could be seen our friends Francis Hankstufer, Lowell A. Lawson, Paul Carberry, R. Salerno, Jerry and John Warren, Jim Corbett, Joe Clancy, Phil Bowe, John Dougherty and Ed. Gallagher. Shifting from one foot to another on the left were Pete Van Etten, Wm. Shaehan, Geo. Durkin, Eddie O'Brien, Eugene Corcoran, our former baseball star Frank Moynihan, Harry Baker, Morris Dillon, Lyle Bowden, Loyd Harrington, Tom Smith, Robert Heintz, Daniel Quinn, and Edw. Curley. Glenn Powers and John Madden threw aside their forceps, and contrary to their scientific pursuits, braved the dampness to lend their support to Viator. Jimmy McGarraghy also took time out that he might add the Viator-Columbia game to his rather lengthy list. Donovan (Bones) Riordan came in from South Bend. Eugene (Red) Linen is the same old actor as when he was chief comedian around Viator campus. Webster McGann and Dan Boyle were also heartily cheering. A few families were well represented among whom we noted the Kissanes, John, Francis and Father Allan, also the Cassidys turned out in all five, Bernard, Phillip, John, Leo, and Miss Agnes. Accompanying Dr. W. J. Foley was the Vice-President of Foreman's National Bank, Mr. Edward Sullivan. Neal McGinnis stopped over on his way through Chicago and Joe Bolger came up from Homewood. Among the many of the clergy present were Rev. Jerry Holly, Rev. Pat Buckley, Rev. Al Rebedean, Rev. Joe Heaney, Rev. Frank Shea, Rev. Thomas Shea, Rev. Jack O'Donnell, Rev. W. J. Murray, Rev. Louis O'Connor, Rev. Harris Darche, and Rev. J. E. Connolly.

* * *

Father Girard of Momence, Ill., is conducting a three day carnival in his parish hall, which will have as an added at-

traction some of the harmony youngsters of the third corridor of Roy Hall. We hope these young gentlemen will touch the hearts of Father Girard's patrons and by means of their beautiful harmonies insure him great success.

* * *

We notice Eddie Stack, former big league pitcher and athlete at St. Viator, is still in the field. He won seventeen games this summer at Appleton, Wisconsin. That's the "old pepper" Eddie. Keep it up, St. Viator is always with you.

* * *

Lowell Lawson, of the law firm of Ryan, Livingston, and Condon celebrated St. Viator Day in rejoicing over the arrival of an eight-pound son. The proud parent paid us a visit soon afterward to relate the wonders of his new-born progeny.

* * *

Mr. Frank Rainey '09 is the proud father of a baby girl, born October 14th. Frank tells us that she is even better looking than her father, if such is possible.

* * *

St. Roses Church, Kankakee, Ill., was the scene of a very beautiful wedding on Oct. 5th, when Thos. Houde was united in holy matrimony with Miss Katherine Fortier, also of Kankakee. The young couple are to make their home in Kankakee where Tom is in business with his father. We extend them our sincere wishes for a long and happy married life.

* * *

The many friends of William J. Kennedy '12 will be interested to know that he was recently married to Miss Margaret Sullivan of Bellvidere, Ill. They are to live in Freeport, Ill., where Mr. Kennedy is in business. May happiness pursue them in their married life.

* * *

Rev. T. M. Kelly '97, celebrated his silver anniversary of being raised to the dignity of the sacred priesthood in the Sacred Heart Cathedral at Richmond, Virginia, on Oct. 26, 1924. Father Kelly has our sincere congratulations on his glorious life-work in the ministry, and we hope that his health will be such as to allow him to continue it for many years to come.

* * *

Dr. Joseph A. Daly '17 who completed his course in Dentistry at St. Louis University last year has opened his office at 5644 West Madison St., Chicago. We wish him the greatest success in his profession, and also hope that the proximity of his location will allow him to visit us often.

* * *

Very Rev. T. J. Rice c. s. v., president of the college, and

Rev. F. E. Munsch c. s. v. attended the funeral of Mr. James Flynn at St. Mark's Church, Chicago, Ill. The pastor of St. Mark's, Rev. J. S. Finn, paid a beautiful tribute to Mr. Flynn, who has been one of his parishoners for several years, and was always active in church activities. May Mr. Flynn's soul rest in peace.

* * *

Rev. James Lowney c. s. v. is now pastor of a church in Chamberlin, S. D. Fr. Lowney was the professor of Logic, Ethics and Constitutional History at St. Viator last year, and his appointment to Chamberlin occasioned the loss of one of the ablest men in our faculty. We hope that he will write us often of his success in his new work.

* * *

Rev. Francis Sheridan who taught at St. Viator for several years is now in charge of the settlement work at Gary, Ind. Fr. Sheridan while at the college, was the head of the entertainment department and due to the untiring efforts the students every year were afforded the opportunity of hearing the best speakers and entertainers that could be obtained. Fr. Sheridan is also a playwright of no mean ability, many of his plays being produced in the largest cities of the land. His absence will be keenly felt among the faculty and student body as well. Our very best wishes will accompany Fr. Sheridan wherever he may go, and we hope that a propitious fate will allow him to come back to Viator soon.

* * *

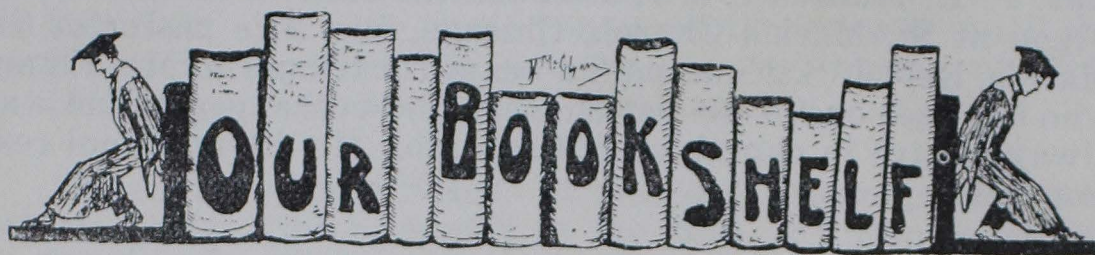
Word was received recently from Rev. Patrick E. Brown c. s. v. informing us that he is now stationed at St. Rita's Church in Ranger, Texas. Father Brown preached the forty-hours devotion at the Cathedral in Dallas beginning Nov. 30. He spent the Thanksgiving with Edward Solon who is now located in Dallas, Texas. Write often, Fr. Brown.

* * *

We offer our most heartfelt sympathy to Rt. Rev. Bishop J. P. Lynch '86 of Dallas, Texas for the sad loss of his mother. The funeral, which was held at St. Joseph, Mich., was attended by Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney c. s. v. of the college. May her soul, and all the souls of the faithful departed, rest in peace.

* * *

Our condolence we extend to Rev. James Fitzgerald pastor at Wyoming, Ill., for the death of his mother. Fr. J. P. O'Mahoney c. s. v. attended the funeral which was held from St. Patrick's Church, Peoria, Ill., on Wednesday, Nov. 12th. May her soul enjoy eternal peace.



"Solo," by Pierre Coalfleel. G. P. Putnam & Sons.

The rocky headlands of Nova Scotia with its fascinating fisher-folk is the setting from which Paul, a restless youth, sets out in quest of satisfying experiences. It is a delightful as well as a realistic journey which we make with Paul half way round the world. Egypt, England, and France are pictured with compelling vividness. Altogether too soon Paul finds the temporary peace of soul and mind in approaching years of maturity. The book is interesting. The descriptions on board the ship are true and the experiences of a truant schoolboy appeal to our sense of humor. The ship galleys, lockers and crews quarters receive a human touch.

The author strikes a note of sincerity in every chapter he undertakes, but he hardly attains his goal which was to write a book totally different from all other authors he has read.

W. L., '27.

* * *

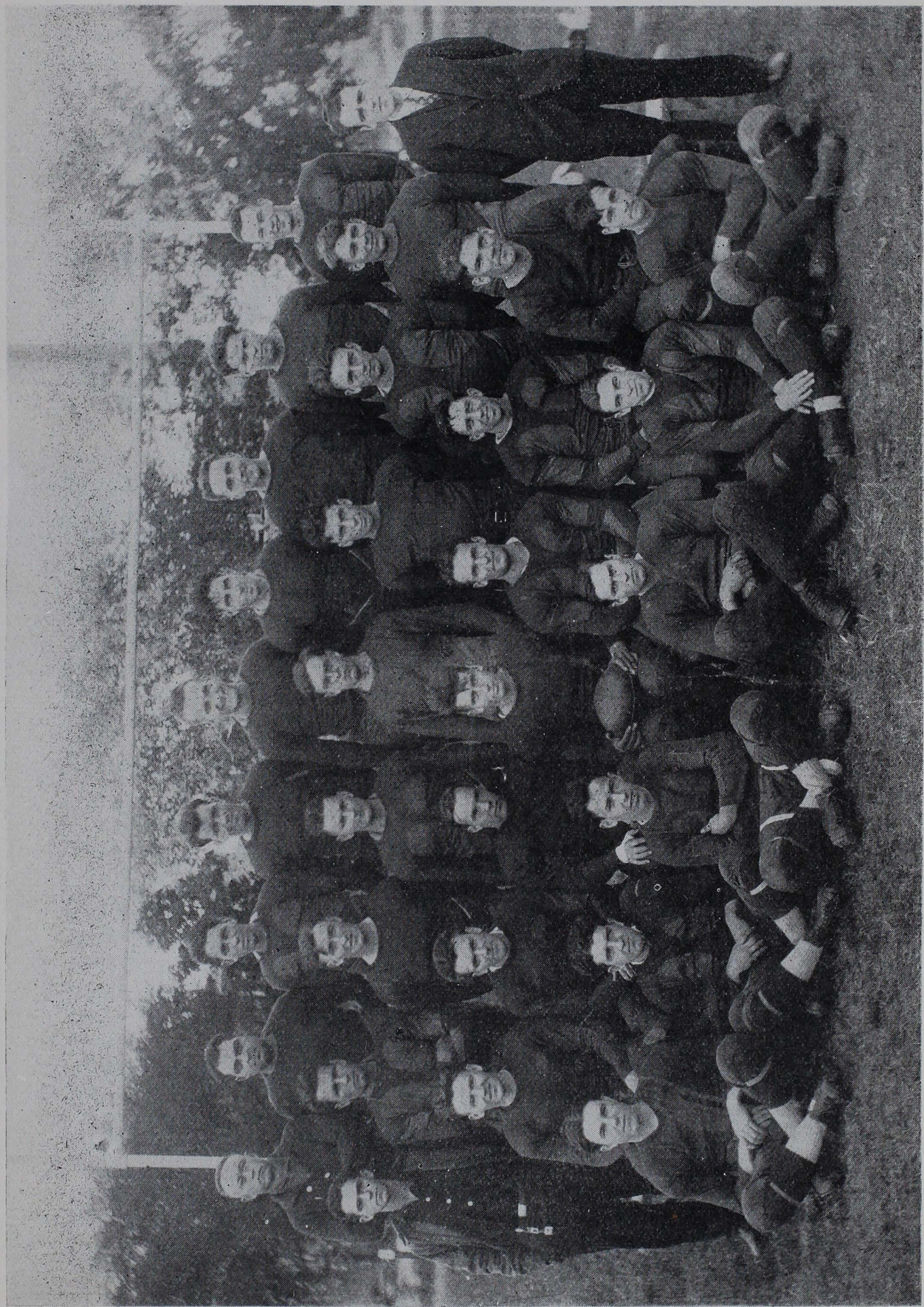
"Yearning for God," by Rev. J. J. Williams, S. J. Benziger Bros. N. Y., \$1.50.

As in his "Keep the Gate" Father Williams maintains the vigorous, convincing style that is peculiarly his. He treats of our mission on earth and our reward in eternity, paralleling experiences that are common to our every day life.

The book may be opened at any part and a refreshing and profitable hour of reading will be the result. Many extracts from Scripture and the history of the Church are used with a rare choice by Father Williams.

"Keep the Gate" dealt with a soul struggling for the cleansing fires of penitence: "Yearning For God" takes the purified soul into a closer and more loving relationship with God.

J. A. H., '27.



VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM, 1924



VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY, 12—ST. VIATOR, 0
October 24th.

"Breaks" which alert Valpo athletes greedily converted into touchdowns doomed Coach Glaze's machine to a 12 to 0 defeat in their first Interstate Conference clash. Save for the two sudden changes of fortune, the Viatorians were quite equal to the task of stemming the crunching attack of the husky, gold sweated Hoosier backs. In the other phase of the game, offense, they were a mite more efficient. Twice the locals stalked within an arms length of the Valpo goal and just that many times were denied the accomplishment of their desires.

Those dastardly "breaks" herein mentioned consisted of a fumble by a Viator back that was scooped up by an agile Valpoite who raced 50 yards down the field for the first score. This initial counting took place in the first quarter while for the third period was conserved the final tally. On the play that reverted to the Hoosiers benefit, Neville was back in the end slot of a punt formation; Pierce received the ball in the "short man" post and attempted a lateral pass to Neville. Then things began to happen. Referee Barker unintentionally, but nevertheless unintelligently, interfered with Neville as the latter attempted to grasp the flying oval. The official did an effective job of blocking for Neville was thrown to the ground and the ball went bounding over the turf to be recovered by a Valpo man who dashed the remaining distance to the goal.

The game, despite the unfavorable outcome, revealed the powerful Viatorian line strength. Captain Best, at tackle, led the local forwards in irresistible charges down the field, twice within the shadow of the Valpo goal. These same forwards managed to hold in leash a crack battery of Hoosier ball car-

riers. Pierce in the backfield was adept at returning punts and Riley, Neville and May slashed through the line for substantial gains.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 6—ILLINOIS WESLEYAN, 0

November 1st.

Thanks to the nifty footwork of Jimmy Dalrymple, assisted by Bill Neville, the Viatorians emerged from the Wesleyan match winners by a 6 to 0 margin. Taking the ball on the third play of the game Dalrymple twisted and turned, dived and squirmed for a magnificent run of 65 yards. That lengthy tour through a malestrom of clutching Wesleyan tacklers put the ball but five yards from goal, and after two line plunges had gained but inches, Bill Nevill took it over on an end run.

Thereafter the game divorced itself from the sensational. St. Viator with a six point margin was content to protect their lead and permit the green and white to take the offensive. Wesleyan did try desperately to overcome the Irish advantage but their efforts through the line were smothered and they were compelled to use the air routes. Approximately thirty passes were hurled by the Bloomington crew during the course of the battle and a goodly portion of these trials were successful.

That 6 to 0 win, coming after a four year lapse of grid relations between Viator and Wesleyan, upheld a bit of tradition, namely, that Viator has never been defeated by Wesleyan in football. This made the win doubly sweet, though it brought grief to hundreds of Wesleyan homecomers who crowded the stands for the game.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 0—COLUMBIA, 0

November 11th.

Mud and water; lakes and pools and oceans of water,—converted the green turf of Grant Park Stadium into a treacherous expanse of unstable earth when St. Viator engaged Columbia College Armistice Day. Spasmodic downpours kept the field a mass of slimy earth; a wind which whistled through the open spaces of the giant structure whipped the flurries of rain into the faces of the opposing athletes. It was anything but a favorable day for the biggest game of the year for both teams; nevertheless, a crowd of three thousand braved the elements to watch the two teams struggle to a scoreless tie.

In the first and third periods Viator had the wind in their favor, and with this advantage they threatened the Columbia goal but were held twice within feet of the last white marker. The advantage shifted to Columbia in the alternate

periods, the third and fourth. Aided by the wind which carried punts for surprising distances while the opponents efforts were held to scant yardage, Columbia worked the ball down to scoring distance three times, but they lacked the drive to shove it over.

Long runs were absent from the work of both teams. Entringer of Columbia at times advanced for creditable gains, but usually the slippery turf brought failure to ambitious advancing efforts. Clothed with mud and drenched by the frequent downpours the men became unrecognizable. Darkness descended swiftly on the lakefront bowl; the footing became more uncertain; the officials began to resemble the begrimed gridiron performers; both teams floundered in the muck and with the ball in midfield the game ended with the midwest Catholic leader still a matter of debate.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 6—EUREKA COLLEGE, 0

November 15th

Again in our chronicle of St. Viator football achievements we needs must write of Jimmy Dalrymple, the same who flashed through Wesleyan and enabled Viator to trounce the green and white. In the first instance he combined with Bill Neville to bring victory to the Viatorians; in the Eureka game we find him teamed with Sam McAllister in the feat that upset the McKenzie grid warriors.

Jimmy's heroic deed consisted of nabbing a beautiful thirty yard pass from Sam McAllister and carry the ball fifteen yards for a touchdown. As Dalrymple crossed the goal the timekeepers watch showed but fifty seconds of the game remained to be played.

Prior to the eighty yard march down the field that ended with the McAllister to Dalrymple aerial, Eureka had fought the green clad gladiators to a standstill. Twice they had pounded their way to the Viator five yard line and on one of these occasions, Raines a hard smashing back cracked through the Viator defense and advanced to the four inch line. We held, but those intervening plays were filled with suspense for the large throng of homecomers that banked the sidelines.

Passes and hard driving running plays were included in the Eureka repertoire of formations. Most of them were good for yardage but they lacked the power to function when the goal was within reach. The Viatorians were not so fortunate in their attack. The interference was faulty as was the line play of the locals. Only C. Riley of the backs was consistent in his attempts to advance. Passes were worked with some measure of effect, particularly the one McAllister heaved to Dalrymple and another that Winterhalter flipped to Donnelly.

BRADLEY POLYTECHNICAL, 20—ST. VIATOR, 0

November 22nd.

Though the sun may fail to shine when the Viatorians parade their stuff athletically in Peoria the time-honored Bradley jinx is always on the job. This jinx is old man persistence, perserverance, sticktuitiveness and a batch of other similar qualities when the purple and gold host invades the lair of the Indians for atheltic combat. This year he started his dastardly work early in the tussle. In the first quarter, to be exact, the wicked old gentleman conspired to have Murphy, who was attempting to throw a pass, tossed to the ground by a Bradley lineman and he continued his nefarious engineering until that said lineman had galloped across the Viator goal with the score that put the locals in the hole before the game was ten minutes old. That bit of shady business put the Viatorians behind seven to nothing at the half and a continuance of Mr. Jinx's doings, coupled with some truly remarkable evidences of strength on the part of Robertson's red jerseyed Techmen, gave the "enemy" a 20 to 0 victory as the last whistle reverbrated over the Hilltop gridiron.

For a time in the second half it looked as if the old boy had fallen asleep on the job, for a determined Viator assault carried the oval to the Bradley one foot line. But that was but a temporary slackening of vigilance; the hoodoo went to work with a rush as the "Irish" tried their last play and the long drive for a score was frustrated.

Passes, in the main, were the cause of the upset of the Glazemen. It was on a succession of short tosses that the Peorians went down into Viator territory in the third period with Ririe carrying the ball over on a short end dash. The it was a pass, 45 yards worth of pass, that gave the Techsters the last count and on other tosses the Bradleyites carried the ball to the twenty yard line in the final minutes.

The Viatorians used the same tactics as a counter weapon. Dalrymple rained passes about the gridiron, many of which were completed but the big punch was absent when feet meant a score.

Captain Jerry Best and his linemen worked wonderfully against the band of heavy Bradley forwards. Jab after jab at the "Irish" line was repelled by the valiant defense of Shiney, Pfeffer and Riley. Glen Franks, playing before his home town folks, was a whale of a tackle in that Bradley game. He charged and blocked and tackled with a fierceness that surpassed anything displayed on the Tech field that November afternoon.

ST. VIATOR, 7—LOYOLA UNIVERSITY, 7

Thanksgiving fare of an appetizing variety was provided by the combined efforts of Loyola and St. Viator as they fought to a 7 to 7 deadlock on the Turkey Day holiday.

Loyola was given the privilege of serving the first portion of the day when Cronin socked through a welter of green jerseys for a yard advance and goal. But the most satisfying item of the menu was saved for the Viatorians. Charles "Mickey" Donnelly was the important cog in this bit of grid-iron work for he smashed through the tight Loyola defense to block and fall on Wytrack's attempt to punt from behind the Loyola goal. Sam McAllister topped off things by booting the leather squarely between the timbers.

In between these outstanding scoring efforts the thousands packed in the Loyola bowl were treated to a display of smashing football. Loyola gained amazing yardage in the first half, with Cronin and Adams peeling off respectable runs. The last section of the combat found the Viatorians halting these attempts to advance while the local backs began cruising thru the Chicago team for big advances. "Buddy" Farrell headed that offensive flurry ably assisted by C. Riley and Phil McGrath.

So evenly matched were the two teams in the second period that passes were used freely in an attempt to advance. Dalrymple and McAllister were prominent in this phase of the tilt, tossing to Donnelly, Pierce and Hartnett.





HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM, 1924.

High School Football

When the Academy students returned to St. Viator last September, the prospects of a high school football team were very unpromising indeed. No schedules had been arranged, no coach secured, and very little equipment was available, but with the untiring efforts of Father Fitzpatrick a squad was soon mobilized. Uniforms were gathered from all quarters and the work of developing a team began in earnest. Considering the disadvantages of a late start and practically all the candidates being new men, a remarkably well organized eleven was soon in action. Fortunately the services of Bill Barrett, an old varsity veteran, were obtained and under Bill's supervision the team made rapid progress.

After scarcely two weeks of practice the Academy encountered Bowen High, the champions of Chicago, on the latter's field. Although the combat did not terminate in a literal victory for the Viator lads, it was far from being a defeat, for the boys fought until the last whistle and profited greatly by the experience.

Following the Mooseheart game coach Barrett took sick and his position was ably filled by Father Fitzpatrick assisted by Brother Sees. As a result of their combined efforts "the preps" smothered DeLasalle Academy of Joliet in a 39 to 0 victory. In a short time Barrett recovered from his illness and returned just in time to lead the boys down state to defeat Pontiac, claimants of the Central Illinois Championship, 34 to 7. Then came an invasion of the Hoosier state and this time the result was Viator 33, Kentland 7. The schedule terminated with a well deserved victory over Bill Costigan's St. Mary's boys from Bloomington, 20 to 0. The season was truly a successful one and the fame of our Academy grid machine has spread through the entire state.

BOWEN, 20—ST. VIATOR, 0

October 4th

Numbering but two veterans in their ranks and with a scanty week of practice, the 1924 St. Viator Academy grid men invaded the Bowen athletic field for its opening game.

Coach Barrett's boys in spite of these handicaps kept up their fight from the time of the first kick-off until the final whistle. Both the backfield and the line showed a great deal

of talent in spite of their lack of unity. Bowen introduced a variety of trick plays that eventually proved the undoing of the locals, 20 to 0.

* * *

MOOSEHEART, 13—ST. VIATOR, 0

October 11th.

Coach Barrett's lads entirely recuperated from the Bowen game, and with a week more of practice, marched out on the Mooseheart gridiron, determined to secure a more favorable result than had been attained in their previous combat.

The Viatorians started out strong, and made conditions look bad for Mooseheart, as the Moose lads could not gain an inch through the Prep line. Viator made eleven first downs, while Mooseheart tallied one. Murphy's plunging through the opponent's line for several five and six yard gains, and the open field running of Mackler and Cardosi were the outstanding features of the game. The two touchdowns tallied against Barrett's eleven were made by blocked punts on Mooseheart's five-yard line, which was recovered and carried by an 'enemy' back, and a long pass across the Mooseheart goal line in the last five minutes of play. The quarterback completed the kick for goal and the whistle blew with Mooseheart in the lead 13 to 0.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 39—DE LA SALLE, 0

October 18th

Before the greatest crowd that ever attended a high school game at Bourbonnais, the Viator preps defeated the strong De La Salle eleven of Joliet by a 39 to 0 score. The Joliet boys never ceased fighting all through the game although the Viator backfield was entirely too strong for them. Campbell and Cardosi completed many spectacular passes, while our sure footed full-back, Dick Murphy, made a 95 yard run for a touchdown: these were the noteworthy events of the game.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 36—PONTIAC, 7

October 24th

At the full height of their power the Barrett band of warriors encountered Frenchy Hausler's highly vaunted Pontiac machine. Undefeated for two years and in first place as contenders for the Central Illinois Football Championship, the Pontiac Footballers were unable to stem the crunching assaults of the local backs and they felt the wrath of the Viatorians as they triumphed over the finest prep outfit in this portion of the state.

As the whistle blew, ending the half, Pontiac was leading, 7 to 6. The Viatorians went back in the second half strong

and raced up and down the field scoring one touchdown after another, and the fourth quarter ended with St. Viator leading 36 to 7.

Mackler's headwork at quarter and Niergarth's 50 and 60 yard punts were responsible for Viator's easy victory in the second half.

* * *

ST VIATOR, 33—KENTLAND, 7

October 31st.

Kentland, Indiana, High School fell easily before the strong 'Acad' eleven in spite of the presence of second string men who were filling in for regulars injured in the Pontiac fray. In the last quarter Jackson started the deluge of counters by running 55 yards for goal. The other point makers were Murphy, who rushed over 6 points; Cardosi who was responsible for 15; and Campbell who accounted for 6. Mackler, the shifty Academy Quarterback, was knocked out in the first quarter and was unable to play the rest of the game. Barrett's youths kept up their fight in the face of this loss and ran up 33 points.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 20—ST. MARY'S, 0

November 8th.

Outweighed, but fighting gamely, St. Mary's High School of Bloomington wavered before the relentless pounding of the Viatorians and went down to a 20 to 0 loss. Long scampers by Jackson and Cardosi counted the tallies for the locals. The most extensive tour was made by Jackson, who traveled 50 yards for goal. Captain Cardosi sailed two thirty-five yard dropkicks over the cross bar.



Academic Activities

So far this year the athletic activities of the "Acs" Football have not suffered in the least. Although such men as Campbell, O'Niel, Fahy, Marzano, Slintz, Carroll and Scholl had passed on to the High School squad, a few veterans from last years gang and the newcomers of this year, under the able direction of Brother L. P. Stamant and Thomas Haley, have been molded into a team worthy of the department. From that first hard fought victory over the Kankakee Stars till that last desperate triumph over the seniors, Captain Armstrong's crew measured up to the form of the "Fighting Irish". We predict that when they battle the "Exes" in the traditional annual contest the stars of yesteryear will have to employ all their brain and brawn to hold their own.

The Minims, too, have done their share in upholding tradition. A green crew, lacking the weight of former teams, by skill and practice overcame this handicap. Captain Corbett's miniature "Fighting Irish" split even with the "Ac Reserves"; they put up a game but losing fight against the Acs themselves; and above all, they won the all important game in their schedule by trimming La Grange. Their coach Brother O'Laughlin, predicts that the minims of this year will be excellent material for the squad that will represent the department next year.

In the leagues the fans were treated to some classy exhibitions of the gridiron sport. Captain Maloney's beefy eleven proved too much for his lighter opponents. However, both Captain Daly and Whalen led their gangs in some fine games before the pennants were won.

* * *

Coach Rip Keller believes in getting started early; Basketball. so the athletes of "Acdom" who are not practicing football daily spend an hour or two on the court. Rip believes that he has already uncovered a few good eyes, and predicts that, with the material that will be available at the end of football season, he will have a fine team. He insists on teamwork and condition as he realizes that the schedule will be strenuous. About twelve games with teams from Chicago and nearby towns have been scheduled.

Sept. 26, Bill Marr, Bill Morisey, Barney Cassidy, F. C. F. Reggy Stephens, Bob O'Shea, Bill Farrell, Spec Farrell, Goldie Verheyen and Brute Lenny Gorman will be a memorable date; for then they encountered his "Bucking Highness," the Goat. After considerable misunderstanding with said animal, they came to the conclusion that—well, that. After a two weeks rest, they signified their willingness to try a final whirl with the obstreperous goat. When the goat had finished his nefarious activities, an informal banquet, costing the club some thirty five iron men, was held. Everyone enjoyed it, even Hank O'Grady, who with calm and deliberate malice, devoured eight rations of ice cream and came up strong on the ninth—when the food ran out.

At the third meeting, Oct 11th, the officers for the current year were chosen. Edward O'Niel was elected president to succeed John Stafford; Edward Campbell was reelected vice-president; Francis Carroll was elected secretary to succeed Edward O'Niel; Joseph Marzano was appointed Sargeant at Arms; and the secret office of the organization was accorded to Armstrong, successor to Frawley.

At the last meeting a unanimous vote of thanks was accorded to Messrs. John Larkin, Henry Fitzgerald and Burt Gasey, through whose generous aid the club now has its official correspondence paper. Furthermore, when every member of the fraternity expressed a wish to meet these benefactors, it was proposed that they be invited to attend as guests of honor at the first anniversary banquet. And we hope that EVERY member resident will be at the banquet to help us entertain our guests.

The word now going the round in "Acdom" is: "You'd be surprised!" And the question: "When?"; for which the answer is: "December 7th!" From the conduct of the inner circle members it seems certain that date is going to be a highly enjoyable one for the club, but a disastrous one for the candidates.

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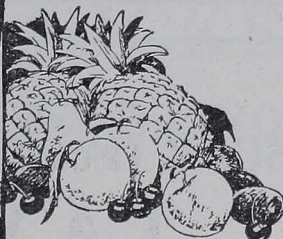
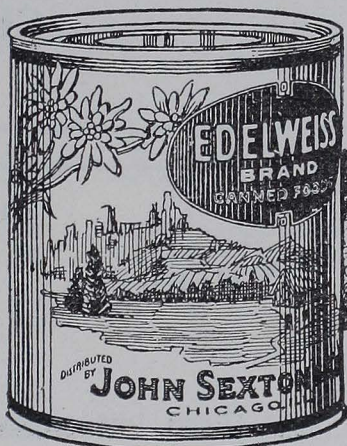
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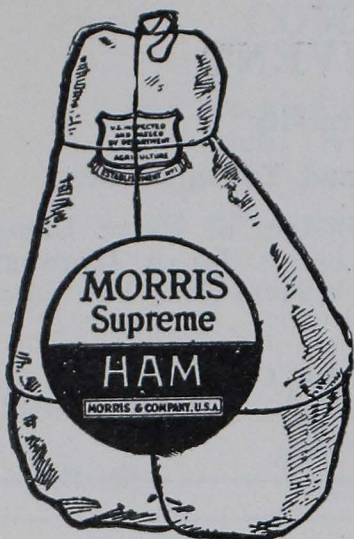
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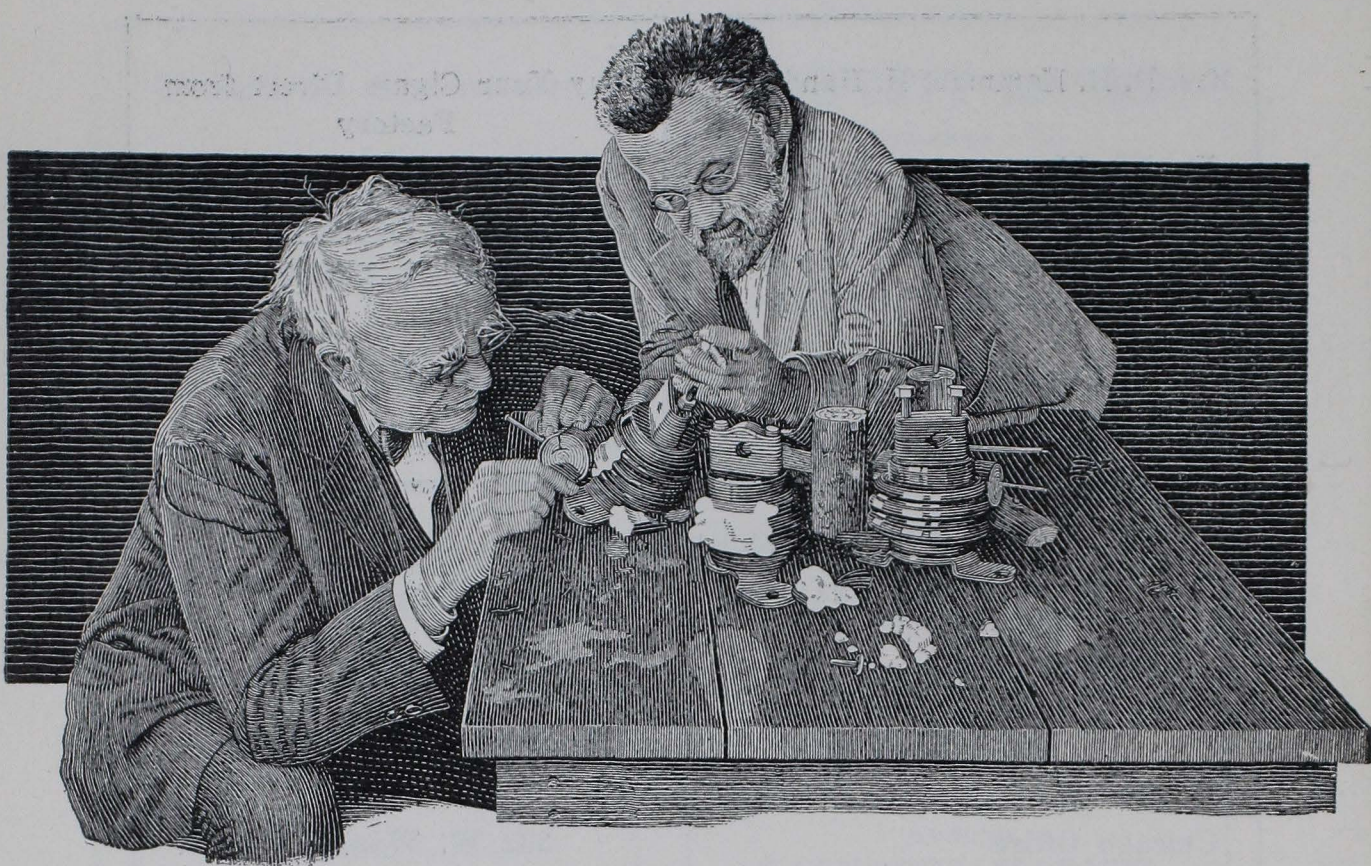
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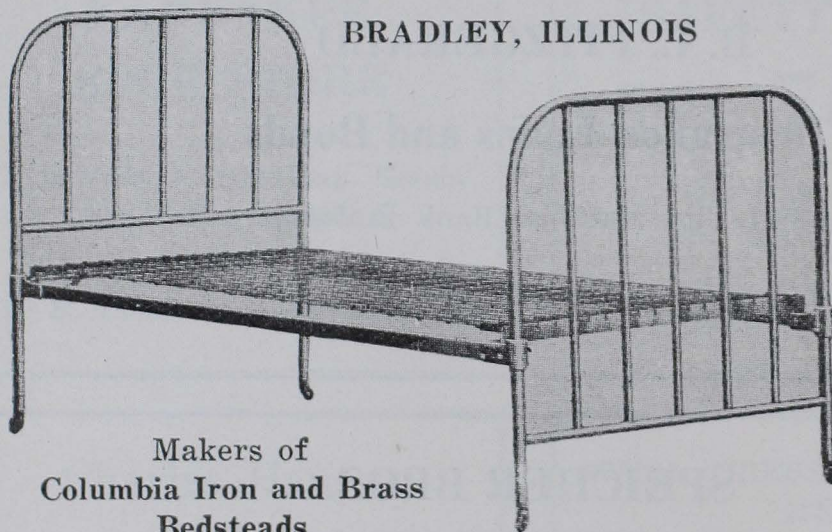
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