

The Viatorian

FAC ET SPERA

Volume 42.

Number 2.

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Published monthly by Students of St. Viator College Bourbonnais, Ill. Subscription price, Two Dollars per year, payable in advance. Single Copies, twenty-five cents.

Entered as Second-class Matter, January 12, 1917, at the Post Office at Bourbonnais, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

What About Our Supreme Court?

Soran Leahy, '26.

Presidential campaigns have always stimulated political discussions. The recent triangular campaign was no exception. The red coals of political and religious questions have been thoroughly poked up; and the ensuing sparks and flames have shed light on different phases of our government. Tea Pot Dome, the Ku Klux Klan, the League of Nations,—none of these carry the furore of past days; they have been rudely crowded out of many an argument, and in their stead, we find the question of the Supreme Court. This topic has been winning patrons as a favorite subject for discussion and debate for some time; but it was the augmenting force of Senator La Follette's verbal guns that raised it to the vital place it now occupies in our national life. Before taking up a general consideration of the question it would seem proper to have some notion regarding the origin of this court, the reason for its existence and the purposes for which it was instituted.

Provision for the Supreme Court was embodied in the original draft of the Constitution of the United States when it was adopted in 1788. It was not a temporary provision written into our Constitution on account of the exigencies of a crisis or a period of unrest. It forms one of the three cornerstones of the political structure of the nation. The Supreme Court is the judiciary foundation of our government and with the legislative and executive departments forms the basis of American democracy. Our early, eminent statesmen, whose task it was to lay the foundation of our government, searching the history of the past saw this fact stand out clearly, wherever and whenever the executive, the legislative, and the judiciary departments of government were united under one head, a condition was created which sooner or later menaced the liberties of the people. They read the lesson of the English Revolution back in 1688; they witnessed the disastrous effect of the notorious Star Chamber in England; the history of France, especially under the reign of Louis the XIV, served as a fearful example of the merging of the executive, the legislative and the judiciary departments of government in the hands of one small body of men. It is a salient fact that very seldom is one man or one group of men just, wise, honest, and morally strong enough to have absolute power entrusted to their hands. Thus it was that Washington, Madison, Adams

and the rest of the original framers of the Constitution reached the inevitable conclusion that the powers of the government must be divided and balanced as equally as possible in order that the rights and liberties, which were purchased at the cost of so much blood and gallant sacrifice, might be preserved unsullied to posterity in their entirety. One of the means that they took to accomplish this was the establishment of the Supreme Court.

The duty of the Supreme Court is to judge whether or not the laws enacted by Congress, and the rulings of the courts of justice throughout the land, conform to the Constitution of the United States. Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic party and valiant champion of state rights used to say: "Confidence in government is a poor policy; you must not only tell your representatives what you wish them to do, you must also tell them what you forbid them to do, and then, watch them!" Hence we see that the Supreme Court is a legacy from the forefathers of American Independence. It has come down through successive generations bearing the stamp of their approval, and before we discard it, we should ponder well and weigh carefully the precious inheritance of generations instead of throwing it away under the impulse of the moment.

The passing of time, by demonstrating the benefits that the Supreme Court has wrought for us, has shown the wisdom of our forefathers. We realize more and more the need of a body of men who are separated as much as possible from all party or class affiliations. The more a body of men, such as the Supreme Court, is immune from the obligations of any political party, the more justly can it judge, because it will not depend on the favor or success of any faction. The Supreme Court justices hold their appointments for life and not only as long as a certain party remains in power at Washington. Furthermore, when delirious waves of emotion sweep over a country—causing the people to desire a radical change in affairs—carrying on their rising tide many representatives into Congress—the Supreme court is less susceptible to influence than the legislative branch of our government. Again, are not the rights of the minorities under safer protection in the hands of the Supreme Court? In Oregon, the Catholic and other private schools would have been abolished had not the Federal District Court, a daughter court to the Supreme Court, ruled the law unconstitutional. The action of the Supreme Court in declaring the Nebraska Language Law unconstitutional in 1923 is another illustration. The third striking benefit of the Supreme Court is the establishment of a triple balance of power. Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, observed: "Governments with diffi-

culty relinquish a power once assumed, and strive to exercise it when the emergency for which it was founded no longer exists". Hence it was that this great man so urgently advocated a check on all departments of government. Legislators, like all men, are human and are prone to mistakes. The more fool-proof we can make our government, by placing checks and guards against its encroaching on the liberties of the people, the better.

Let us consider a few of the complaints against the Supreme Court. There seems to be a certain class of people who are always clamoring indignantly at the decisions of those in authority. They are somewhat closely allied to that "kill the umpire" crowd at a ball game. Of course the intentions of these men are not bad, but they never stop to think that it is the umpire who keeps our baseball games from degenerating into fights, riots, and chaos. The Supreme Court is the "umpire", so to speak, in law, performing the same functions, only in far more complex and important affairs, as the umpire at a baseball game. Another objection is that we have outgrown our legal clothing. Some hold, and quite justly, that the framers of the Constitution knew nothing about trade unions, hours of child-labor in factories, minimum wages for women and children, railroad rates and other complex questions of today. There appears to be some ground for this point of view, but does it follow that the Supreme Court as the final arbiter of what is right and just under the constitution should be abolished? Senator La Follette, who considers the Supreme Court as something tyrannical, would make Congress omnipotent. Although England and France are now operating under such a system of Government, if we reflect upon what Congress might do, if supreme, in the light of what it has attempted to do, I think that we will shrink from such a hazardous proposal. If Congress were the supreme ruler of the land it could make religion a test for qualification for office; it could abridge freedom of speech and press; it could suspend the privilege of *habeas corpus*; it could deny citizens the right to vote on account of race, color, or sex; it could decree that all support one religious sect and compel all children to attend non-religious schools. Of course none of us would think that such acts would ever be passed by our Congress; yet, looking back to 1886 we see the Supreme Court prevented Congress from an illegal search and seizure act in the case of *Boyd vs. U. S.* More recently Congress was prohibited from prosecuting a man compelled to testify against himself; while only in 1917 the Supreme Court in the *Marshall vs. Gordon* case forbade Congress from imprisoning a man without jury trial for publishing a defamatory letter. In view of the

above, is it any wonder that we prefer to keep the present order of government instead of making Congress supreme?

The Supreme Court is not perfect, though the whole gist of this paper has tended to create this impression. There are somethings that might well be ameliorated. Often on very important questions involving the constitutionality of some vital issue, the vote has stood five to four. Does it not seem that such a majority, revealing as it does, the uncertainty, and doubt which exists in the minds of the justices is too narrow a margin on which to base a decision affecting the life of the whole nation? The fact that the ablest minds in the country are divided so evenly on a question shows that there are good and bad points on each side of the question. When such is the case, is it right to bind all citizens? I think not. My second objection is that the number of justices on the Supreme Court bench is not definitely determined by the Constitution. Perhaps most of us do not realize that under the present provisions of the Constitution, Congress can create as many new justices as desired, so that a majority in favor or opposition to a law could be secured. I would also like to question whether or not the Supreme Court has inclined to be partial to capitalism in its rulings handed down in late years? The District of Columbia Minimum Wage Law was held unconstitutional and the passage of similar laws in many states was impaired if not prevented. In the *Adair Case*, a statute prohibiting the discharge of men in interstate commerce because of union membership was annulled. And the Federal Employers' Liability Law was also declared to be unconstitutional, Congress being thereby over-ruled by a vote of five to four.

Time has tested the judgment of our ancestors in the crucible of experience with the result that thinking men unite to praise the founders of American democracy on their masterful division of power into three distinct departments, each acting as a check on the other. However, conscious of the needs of our time, I beg to submit these suggestions which if adopted would render the Supreme Court more just in its rulings, more stable in its judgments, and more immune to outside influence. We never ask a jury to convict a man on a seven to five count, rather we demand that the jurymen be unanimous in their ruling or we do not abide by their judgment; therefore, why not change the practice of the Supreme Court and make a two-thirds majority necessary for the declaration of the unconstitutionality of a law? The next proposal is that the number of judges of the Supreme Court be definitely determined, thereby avoiding the danger of the President and Congress 'railroading' any law into the statute books. Lastly, the justices who sit in the Supreme Court should be chosen by the direct vote of the people and not by the President. There

was a time in the history of our country when the legislatures of the different states selected the senators to be sent to Washington. That has been wisely changed, giving more power to the people, and today the senators in Washington are elected by ballot. The next step is to take the power of appointing the Supreme Court Justices, who sit in solemn judgment over the sacred liberties of individuals, from the hands of the Senate and President and to vest it in the American People.

* * *

CIVITAS DEI.

*O Bethlehem, humblest, lowliest, yet most worth,
 The dust is holy in each olden street,
 Most regal of the hamlets of the earth—
 The Holy Infant's primal Judgment Seat.
 Thy stable, lowly palace of a King,
 Thy strawy stall, Infinity enthroned,
 Thy walls acquivering, heard the Heralds sing,
 Whilst Angel-chorus salvation's psalm entoned.*

*O heart of mine, full weakest and least worth,
 Be consecrated, in each anxious beat,
 To Mary's Child, the King of Heaven and Earth,
 And flame with love before His Mercy Seat.
 O teach me rapturous song that I may sing
 The Noel glories of His conquering Grace—
 That shepherd-like, heart offerings I may bring
 And see the smile upon His Baby Face.*

J. A. W.

*Let trials and joys of life be penned
 And woven into rhyme,
 Let songs be writ and sweetly sung
 For this and future time.
 Some saddened one may read the lines
 Perchance may hear the song
 The spark of hope may glow again
 And Faith grow firm and strong.*

B. L. K. '25

The Fool

Homer E. Knoblauch, '25

The entire town of Wicksburg was in a turbulent state of excitement. Man's nature is such that anything new and novel strongly appeals to him, and those who were gathered in front of the sign that had recently been posted felt a queer tremor creeping up and down their spinal columns. Here was something so entirely unprecedented and so completely unexpected that the good people of Wicksburg were justified in being considerably stirred up. One fellow, slightly taller than the others, made good use of the height that Nature had given him by peering over their heads. When he had read the following, he, too, gaped.

NOTICE

I, John Fletcher, will deliver an address at the Wicksburg Opera House at 8:00 Friday Evening, April 16, 1896. I will conclude the address in the rather novel manner of blowing out my brains with a revolver.

EVERYBODY WELCOME ADMISSION PRICE \$1.00

Then the tall man's face took on a dazed and incredulous expression. So had the faces of the others. If a sign like the above had been posted in *your* home town, wouldn't you, too, have felt a little shocked and incredulous? And I'll wager that you, too, would have resolved to get to the Opera House at 8:00 o'clock, Friday evening, or break a limb in the attempt.

That was Thursday morning. Within an hour the strange notice was the talk of the town. Two hours after it had been posted, residents of nearby farms were offering excited comments. By afternoon the news was spreading like wild-fire to outlying villages and hamlets.

Early suppers were served in practically every home within a radius of eight miles of Wicksburg late Friday afternoon, and surreys and buggies by the dozens began pouring into the town. Children were left in the care of accomodating aunts and grandmothers; the rest were Wicksburg bound.

"Its a fake, that's what it is," declared one old grey-beard stoutly. "I've heerd tell of them kind of things before. I'll be hornswoggled if I'll pay a dollar of my hard earned money encouragin' sech doin's"!

"That'll be just fine, Grandpa," remarked his married daughter. "Then you can take care of little Abijah and Lucy till Mart and I get back."

Grandpa reconsidered. "W-al, sein' as you're so bent on goin', why I guess I might as well run along fer company. I'll go out and hitch up the team and we'll leave the kids with grandma".

But grandma had something to say about such an arrangement.

"Well. I just guess you won't do no sech thing, Elias Perkins. I reckon I've got as much right to make a fool out of myself as you have. *We'll all go* and leave the children with Aunt Sarah".

Poor aunty was an invalid so she *couldn't* go.

The out-o-town invaders didn't have a chance. Although most of them reached the Opera House before seven o'clock, it was already filled to capacity. To say 'filled' is putting it mildly. It was *packed!* All kinds of conjectures were being offered as to the approaching catastrophe, and without exception the little town was expecting some hoax. They were still trying to solve the mysterious feats of the wandering magician that had astounded them a few weeks before in this same hall, and were prepared to-night to be the victims of another fraud. They got their hats and their jewelry back before, but they weren't so sure about their dollars now.

"If he fools us we'll get our money back or know the reason why. There ought to be a law against such things!" declared one.

"Don't ye fret Ezekiel", the bewhiskered constable assured him. "I'll keep my eye on him. The town calaboose is the place fer swindlers like him. He'll be behind the bars before he kin say "Scat!"

"The first move he makes to leave the stage before its over, we'll cut around the back and watch the exit. I feel sorry for him if I ever get *my* hands on him!" The speaker was a husky rustic that had been inveigled by his 'regular gal' into spending two dollars instead of twenty cents for the movies, and was anxious to get revenge.

"Yes, and I'll bring up a charge against him for obtaining money under false pretenses", piped up Lawyer Martins savagely. "He can't buffalo us!"

"He hasn't fooled you yet," observed Coroner White sagely.

"But sposin' he doesn't even show up. There aint noth—"

The worried one suddenly sat up with a jerk and craned his neck in unison with five hundred others. An odd looking young man of about twenty eight and dressed in black and appeared on the stage.

"Humph! Nothing but a young devil!" was the general consensus of opinion.

The speaker essayed a smile and cleared his throat. "Ladies and gentlemen", he began, "I am very gratified to see you here in such numbers this evening. To address such an intelligent looking audience consisting of so many beautiful ladies and so many strong, handsome men—(at this point several of the women amended their previous unflattering verdict by whispering: "He has a nice way about him, though.")"—is edifying indeed. Now I don't intend to take up very much of your time this evening, so if any of you came here expecting to hear a long lecture, I will allow you to get your money back and leave now before you are disappointed."

All those to the front of the house turned around to see if anybody left; those in the rear changed positions and looked sideways; but not one got up and left.

"Very well. And now I want to assure you that if any of you, after you have left this building to-night, feel that you have not had your money's worth, you can ask the coroner, with whom I have deposited the entire box receipts, for a refund. I have instructed him to do this."

The most tight-fisted man in the audience registered satisfaction at such a guarantee. The constable's countenance fell and he looked crest fallen. The speaker went on:

"As to the disposition of the money that you have paid to hear me to-night, I have expressed but two desires: first, that a sufficient sum be kept for my funeral expenses, and second, that at least three out of the list of the books that I have given my worthy friend, the coroner, be secured and kept in the Public Library."

The citizens of Wicksburg began to feel nervous. Women slipped over in their seats close to their escorts, and the latter appeared uncomfortable and decidedly ill at ease. The odd looking young fellow didn't seem to notice the sensation he was creating, and prepared to start the body of his address.

"To begin with, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am what is called a materialist. I am a disciple of the laughing philosopher Democritus, who declared that out of nothing can come nothing, and that therefore creation was impossible. He taught that everything is the result of combinations and divisions of parts, and that what you call the soul is nothing but a complex of very fine, smooth, round, and fiery atoms, which, being highly mobile, penetrate the human body and give it life. We believe that it is but a light that is diffused through the human system, and that it is not immortal. I am going to make this as brief as possible because, as I said before, I don't want to bore you with a long and tiresome dissertation on cosmolo-

gical materialism. Suffice it to say that we believe that the soul is only mortal, and that it dies with the body. How does it come that I deny the possibility of reward or punishment after death? Why am I a materialist? I have but to give you a few details of my life, my friends, to make you understand why it is that I have taken up the standards of atheism and materialism, and why I have lost faith in Christianity as a religion.

"When I was but eight years old, my father gave up his life on the gallows. No, folks, I know what you are thinking, and you are wrong. He wasn't a criminal; he didn't merit such an end. He was a victim of circumstance and of the courts that pretend to mete out justice to men. Our family was in desperate straits for food and clothing, and I had just been born. My father was walking down the street, looking for the opportunity to earn the price of a loaf of bread, when he happened to stumble and break a plate-glass window out of the front of a Jew's clothing store. Penniless, he was unable to pay for the damage, and was sent to prison for a year. The thought that a wife and babe were on the verge of starvation nearly drove him mad, and he attempted to escape and come back to us. But he was apprehended, and his sentence lengthened. Again he tried to leave the hateful place that was separating him from us, and again he was captured. Now he was registered as a dangerous criminal, and his sentence was again lengthened.

"My mother died of a broken heart, and I was taken over by an aunt and sent to school. His sentence expired soon after I had started to school, and he came out of the penitentiary, a broken man. He still had the determination to stand by me, and tried to locate a job and make good so that he could face his only son, but the police wouldn't give him a chance. Always they hounded him, and kept him from a chance to make good. Then, one day while seeking a glass of water to quench his thirst, he happened on a drunken brawl in a saloon. A man was shot, and the police rounded up my unfortunate father. His record of having twice attempted to break out of prison stood against him. Without money, he was powerless to defend himself in the courts, and the gallows ended the life of a man whose only crime had been the breaking of a window! If there were a God as just and merciful as you believe, how could He have stood by and let such an act be perpetrated by justice? If there were a God, how could He have permitted such things to happen?

"Thus I reasoned to myself, but as yet the thought that perhaps there was no such a being in existence had not entered my mind. I still believed blindly, as you do now! I still thought that perhaps He had but made a mistake and that I should

be satisfied. But I determined to get as close to Him as I could so that I might ask Him why He had erred, for such obvious indifference should not escape reproof. The anger that consumed me was so intense that I resolved that I would by some means or other put myself in a place where I would be able to do something no other human being had ever dared to attempt—reprimand the Omnipotent God! Physical strength means nothing. It was intellectual strength that I needed. I saw that I would have to develop my mind, to raise it to a marvelously superior plane. The only means I could perceive was study. Study and concentration are the master keys to intellectual power. So, after high school, I went to a small college in the East, where I could earn my way through. I had to work hard to make the grade, but always the purpose I had made me keep on fighting and studying. Every book that came my way I devoured with such avidity that I progressed twice as rapidly as my classmates. I trained my mind to disregard the smaller items in life and to climb even higher and higher. I worked and I studied, studied and worked, never tiring. I have often thought how wonderful a thing is Youth, with its scorn of difficulties, its disdain of obstacles, its visions of achievement! Its eyes are fixed on the golden treasure, and it recks not of the pain of failure nor of the means it must use if its ambitions are to be realized. Age has the ruins of the fatuity of others to make itself cautious, but youth knows not the tragedy of bitter years that will bring to itself the realization of the massive, unseen burdens that will gall and bear it down. I am not old yet, but then everything seemed to point the way by which I could accomplish feats such as the mind of men had never before conceived.

“I had an idea, and who can tell what an idea may achieve? I felt that if I only tried, I could commune with this Being who had been so unjust, perhaps even rival His power. I forced science to divulge her secrets, tried to compel her to do my bidding. You will say that my purpose was unholy and impossible, for I even courted Hypnos in striving to unveil unmentionable spheres that know no space. Yet, folks, even though I had obtained more success than any of your visionaries, I was not satisfied. Of my designs I will hint—only hint—that I aspired to rule the visible universe and more; that I tried to make the sun and the moon and the earth move at my command; that I willed the destinies of every living thing to be mine. Vain aspirations? Perhaps. Yet, my friends, in the next century you shall see man conquer the air and the land and the sea. In an instant we shall be able to communicate between hemispheres; in a few hours we shall be able to encircle the globe. Swift moving vessels shall roam under the sea as well as on its surface; the whole world will be an

intricate mass of machinery; new worlds will be opened unto us. All these things I saw while I was being whirled irresistibly into limitless vacua beyond all thought and entity by winds from unknown spaces. All these and more, for perceptions of the most maddeningly untransmissible sort thronged upon me; perceptions of infinity which at the time convulsed me with joy, yet which are now partly lost to my memory, and partly incapable of presentation to others. I clawed through viscous obstacles until I felt that I had been borne to realms of greater remoteness than any I had previously known.

And yet I failed in my ambition. Still the God that I had hoped to discover and hurl from His throne remained as invisible to me as ever. I was discouraged, yes. But only for a while. The shade of Democritus came before me and whispered: "My boy, you have failed to discover this God you have been looking for only because He does not exist. Had He existed, you could not have failed." And thus it dawned on me why it is that we have so much injustice in the world, why so much sin and crime. It is only because we fear death. If only all of us could but realize that beyond the material universe there is nothing, how much less suffering there would be, how much less sin and crime. A legion of truth marches under Poe's banner:

"And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy "Man",
And its Hero the Conqueror Worm"

"—for Death is the only thing certain. To you who fear it, it becomes horrible. Death . . . cold and stark . . . horrible death upon a bed of pain with one seeing only the dread Phlegethon flowing grimly by. You fear the consequence of your faults, because your mind sees only the picture of eternal punishment. Your hope of reward is but a continuation of the dream of the ancients who paid tribute to their Osiris and their Isis, their Horus and their Anubis. In your hearts you have doubted, but you dare not question aloud that which a world of fools holds to be true. You dare not express your convictions, you haven't the courage, so you go on nourishing your folly with prayers and penance.

"And in the background the Grim Spectre stands and points a bony finger at you, grinning as he bides his time. "You are mine. MINE!" he cackles. "I am your last end. . . your everlasting finish. Believe as you will. . . .for I shall claim you as my own. . . .Soon you shall lie in your stinking grave. . . .a rotten, fetid corpse. . . .You may play your part, you may climb to fame, but remember that you are mine!You shall recognize me, the Prince of Death, as your

master. . . . Other fools will continue to wait in vain for the happy life they think they have merited after death, but they shall know different. . . . their dust shall mingle with that of great men like Caesar, Napoleon, Solomon, and Plato, and with that of the wretch. . . for I am King of all!"

"Now, is it not better, my friends, to look at the facts clearly instead of pampering delusion?" Fletcher struck a tragic pose. The audience sat rigid, unable to move a muscle. Some strange electrifying power surcharged their bodies, freezing them immovable and paralyzing their conscious volitions. What they wanted to do was to rise and flee, flee far away from this smiling ghoul from whose lips fell such a horrible warped philosophy as they had never before heard from any man. But they sat as though transfixed, with the seal of fright upon their souls. There was a sensation of sacrilege, a clammy oppression and suffocation that seemed to smother them. Their souls shuddered with the consciousness of a profanation, yet their bodies seemed deprived of the power of motion. A low murmur arose; then instantly died to an electric silence. Shocked and horrified beyond words, they could only watch Fletcher, whose tall thin form still held its tragic pose, whose countenance was still cast in darkness. His long narrow face, deeply lined with thought, was still set in melancholy speculation. The suspense was terrible.

The speaker's mask-like face became a shade grayer, the deep-set eyes a bit sterner, the inexplicable mouth harder. "And now, my friends, I come to the final episode. I have told you what I believe to be true, and have supported my belief with sufficient reasons. To me it is a religion, and warrants no excuse for continuing life. Only the sweet delights of an eternally unbroken repose hold any interest for me now. The grave, my last end, beckons to me. Death, I welcome you."

Quietly, calmly, and deliberately, Fletcher drew a Der-ringer from his side pocket and placed it to his temple. A young girl's shrill and terrifying cry was drowned in the pistol's reverberation. The young self-styled materialist had rushed red-handed into the presence of his God. In an instant pandemonium reigned. The people of Wicksburg were seized by frenzy, and rushed panic-stricken for the doors. In a few moments the Opera House was empty and deserted. Only the still figure on the stage, with the doctor bending over it, remained out of the greatest audience the place had ever known.

The next day the body of John Fletcher, the Materialist, the Atheist, the man who did not believe, was consigned to the resting place he had welcomed. A little knot of spectators, still shuddering at the tragedy they had witnessed the night before, stood in the offing, reluctant to draw near. No ceremony marked the burial, no sermon was delivered by the

parish priest. As the earth was thrown into the grave and struck the pine coffin, a hollow sound came up that sounded like a moan. . . . a moan from the lips of the man whose soul even now had realized its error. At the head of the grave was placed a simple yet elegant epitaph, carved on a piece of wood:

“HERE LIES THE BODY OF A FOOL.”

(Truth is not only stranger than fiction, it is sometimes more fascinating. The above story is based on fact, as a similar incident really occurred at Capron, Illinois, in the month of August, 1868.

The event is mentioned in Samuel Smiles' book entitled “Duty”.)

* * *



*Scene of beauty—of scholastic quietude
Made glorious by the hand of man
And Nature's art.*

J. A. W.

Arnold as a Student and Idealist in Criticism

Deep in the heart of man there arises, now and then, an insatiable desire to be alone in close communion with nature. Often the soul longs to burst asunder the bonds of convention and duty, and flee into the broad expanse of the firmament, into the boundless wastes of the wilds, into the deep and darksome forests, where it may frisk and run, loll and rest in the very lap of nature. Some secret power out there calls to it with an irresistible sweetness which oftentimes the soul cannot answer. Yet, it may echo its yearning, in some little way, by the use of adequate language. This longing is frequently increased by the reading of other people's thoughts which give expression to similar desires. Such is the impression received from a perusal reading of Matthew Arnold's writings. Everywhere the note of repressed longing is felt to palpitate and to urge Arnold to his many essays and books. Their very elegance and air of learning make this point more emphatic than the outspoken phrases of the author could do. They depict for us that ever present intellect holding the fanciful desires of the author in check. Hence, in reviewing Arnold, we will seek where the causes of this heart-yearning in his studies and ideals seem to lie.

There can be no doubt that Matthew Arnold is a student. The whole list of his works reflects the atmosphere of the student. His essays and poems, all evidence the subduing influence of study. Like the welcome coolness of the shady sylvan depths that relieve the fierce heat of the sun's brilliant rays in midsummer, study cools and softens the heat and harshness of Arnold's criticism. Wherever we look into his essays, we are bound to find the results of his immense study, which is especially noticeable in the numerous quotations with which his works abound. So numerous are they that we often think that Arnold overdoes his work. However, on closer scrutiny, we find that his essays disclose an author whose meditations, to be complete, require these quotations. He reads a good passage from an author, reflects upon it and places it with his reflections into his essay. What he says of Joubert is an illustration at hand, which might well have been written of his own work, for it is a good evaluation of all his writings. "In the second place, the peculiar beauty of Joubert is not there; it is not in what is exclusively intellectual,—it is in the union of soul with intellect, and in the

delightful, satisfying result which this union produces." Thus, we have the benefit of his vast reading, which is a form of study, and of his own individual thoughts on these readings. What better could be desired than this form of criticism? He is not the narrow, inflexible critic that Macauley shows himself to be, nor is he harping continually as does Swift. No, he is broad and genial, somewhat like Lamb, although he has not Lamb's familiarity. Turn where we will, Arnold shows the effect of study even in his own personal criticism. It is never a rash impetuous criticism, even though it may be emphatic, and perhaps harsh. This may be seen in his appreciation of Heine; "Goethe says that he was deficient in love; to me his weakness seems to be not so much a deficiency in love as a deficiency in self-respect, in true dignity of character.' Here we see Arnold giving us his mature and meditated judgment, despite the decision of Goethe. In all his works study is a great factor.

This deep study and meditation, however, lead him to form a rather ideal life, and an inner temple where he worships the beautiful and the ideal in literature. He breathes his love of the ideal in all his writings and especially in the choice of his subjects. Not only does he prefer foreign authors, chiefly the French, but he loves certain types of authors who reflect the calm ideals of his mind. His study of these authors opens to his mind the bright vista of a universally cultured humanity, upon which he dwells until he is stirred to write about an enlightened and cultured state of society. However, he does not press the point unreasonably, a fact which is greatly in his favor. Surely, culture would be desirable, if the world were so constituted as to allow it, but if we dispel only some of the dismal ignorance which pervades modern society, we may be glad to call it a cultured world, even though it has not arrived at Arnold's ideal of perfection. His culture would seem to include a living enthusiasm for pure, noble sentiments in literature. Especially do we see this love of the ideal in his essays on Maurice and Eugenie de Guerin. So sympathetically does Arnold write of Eugenie, "Above all, she has her own mind; her meditations in the lonely fields, on the oak-grown hill-side of 'The Seven Springs'; her meditations and writing in her own room, her chambrette, her *delicieux chez moi*, where every night, before she goes to bed, she opens the window to look out upon the sky,—the balmy moonlit sky of Languedoc", that we are drawn, compelled to see a little envy in Arnold for Eugenie's good fortune in living in so beautiful a spot. This represents Arnold in his love of the beautiful, the ideal. In religion, he seems to find consolation in this passage, "It is from the Cross that these thoughts come,

which your friend finds so soothing, so unspeakably tender". From the cross, from Christ, indeed, did Arnold receive whatever light he had, for of dogmatic religions he believed in none. Thus, we review his works with the final verdict that wherever he finds beauty and ideals, he is loudest in their praise.

Two such qualities as we have found in his writings distinguish Matthew Arnold as a lover of what is best in literature. As he himself has said, "Criticism is the propagation of the best that is known and thought in the world." This is particularly true of Arnold in most of his work, for he always prefers the ideal and the beautiful. If literature is not this, it is not the best, for without ideals it will inevitably tend towards the gross and disgusting details that so often fill the writings of the realist. It is also, in a sense, criminal to propagate that which is not the best. Arnold, therefore, stands, like the polar star that sets the mariner right on his distant journey on the trackless ocean, attracting voyagers on the high seas of life to a safe harbor of literary worth. He shines by making others shine, for which he earns from all a high and a justly merited tribute of praise and appreciation.

E. J. SUPRENANT, '25.

BON VOYAGE!

Each year the good ship New Year departs upon its voyage. Each year we restlessly pace her decks and seek to peer beyond the misty horizon to glimpse the treasures of the future. All nations are aboard, all peoples sailing with her. Youth is there, trembling with expectancy as new scenes, sparkling romance, and fresh adventures are unveiled; while Age sits glumly, waiting for the oblivion of the sarcophagus. Sin stalks malignly among the conglomerate nationalities, glaring sullenly at Virtue hovering always protectingly near. In the past the heavy clouds of Trouble and Uncertainty, of Despair and Doubt, darkened the blue of the peaceful sky; oftentimes the heavens trembled as the hell-gates of Misery were loosed and the torrents descended upon the wretched travelers. Often the vessel, valiant though she was, was forced upon the jagged reefs of Warfare and Destruction, of Pestilence and Famine, but somehow she made port. The mountainous waves of Discord and Turmoil tossed and buffeted her about like a toy; blind Force has hurled his crashing thunderbolts down upon the struggling craft until it seemed as though all on board were lost, but always the storm abated and the clouds rolled back and the angry waters were lulled. The battered ship repaired, the bright rays of Peace once more beamed down, and Hope diffused her cheer among the weary pilgrims as the voyage was continued.

Once more we stand along the rail and gaze at the horizon. 1925 has weighed anchor and the harbor fades swiftly in the distance as the ship's haughty prow cleaves the gleaming emerald waters of the high seas. No threatening clouds sully the heavens; all is fair and promising. Destiny is at the helm and her face is kindly. The mighty waters are soothed and we bid fair to have a pleasant journey. May we continue to have clear sailing, a straight course, and a voyage undelayed.

Carlyle and His Thought

M. R. Vogel, '26

It may be well to state that in treating of Carlyle, I do not intend to speak of his love of truth, his deep sincerity, his hatred of cant and hypocrisy, his religiousness, or such points in his works. These are the outstanding characteristics of his works, it is true, yet they have been so "conned over" by every one that ever wrote of the man, that their expression has become hackneyed and trite. Anyone that merely reads his writings can see these salient points. Therefore I will disregard them, and search his works for other facts not so conspicuous but nevertheless present, and from these try to gain some new idea of the man.

Carlyle's idea of a thinker is certainly worthy of mention. "The great event, in every epoch of the world, parent of all others, is it not the arrival of a thinker in the world? "He, the Sun, whose shaped spoken thought awakes the slumbering capability of all into Thought." For ages, men go along in a state of apathy, dumbly conscious of marvelous phenomena, yet never solving them. Then comes the Thinker, a man whose superiority of vision sees beneath "the outward show of things", and who recognizes their hidden nature. His words are like a torch set to a pile of dry leaves, suddenly enkindling them into brilliant light. The maze of wonder is dissolved, and the light of understanding floods upon all men. They become inflamed with the idea, and progress hastens forward at a furious pace until the full scope of the revelation is attained, and then humanity sinks once more into its former supineness, again awaiting the arrival of a thinker. Unless the man of thought arrives to apply the lifegiving spark to the world's intelligence, civilization remains at a standstill. May we not agree, then, with Carlyle in saying that, "every true Thinker to this hour is a kind of Odin, teaching men *his* way of thought, spreading a shadow of his own likeness over sections of the History of the World?"

It is characteristic of Carlyle in exposing such views as the above to summarize his meaning in one laconic phrase. In this respect he closely approaches Shakespeare who is the master of concentrated thought, for both had the power of expressing a world of thought in pithy, epigrammatic sentences. Shakespeare far exceeds Carlyle as to the number of such sentences, yet, as regards quality, Carlyle is often worthy of comparison with him. As an example, consider

the following from his essay on the hero as a divinity; "The older generation did not think they had finished-off all things in Heaven and Earth by merely giving them scientific names." Could a fuller indictment of modern science be given in as few words? It exposes all the weakness of the boasted depth of present knowledge. In another essay he exclaims. "Let a man *do* his work; the fruit of it is the care of another than he." Here is contained the essence of all the truths of Christianity,—the meaning of duty, the Justice and Wisdom of God, the miserableness of worldly judgment and opinion. At another time he characterizes life as "a little gleam of Time between two Eternities." Are not these comparable with many of Shakespeare's justly famous passages? Yet these are but samples of the numerous treasures of concentrated thought to be found in all of Carlyle's essays.

Lastly, the beauty of diction, the direct result of his emotional nature, displayed by Carlyle is at times overwhelming. In writing of certain persons and things, Carlyle became so infused with their greatness and their beauty that he seemed to partake of their nature, and to write as if inspired with the grandeur and sublimity of his subject. Does not his estimation of music hold that same inexplicable mystery of effect that music itself has upon us? It is "a kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!" What beauty and intensity of feeling there is in this passage! Carlyle's emotions are so aglow with the idea of the power of music that his interpretation of this character is itself a delicate melody, a true song. Nothing shows us the emotional nature of Carlyle more conclusively than such passages as the above. He starts out with the bare facts and cold reasoning, but soon his emotions become so inflamed with his subject that we find him instilling into the essay the feelings and sentiments that are seething and burning in his soul. What burning sympathy there is in his essay treating of Johnson! What depth of love and pity is found in his essay on Burns, what understanding and admiration in speaking of Odin, Dante and Shakespeare. He begins to reveal their true characters and soon he is lost "in the inmost parts of a man's soul, that differ altogether from what is uttered in the outer part." It is then that he breaks forth into those beautiful passages that stir every fibre of our souls. He fights their fights again with them, he suffers their sorrows anew, he lives their lives, and every word he writes is filled with the struggle of the hero against shackling custom and environment from without and contending feelings and passions from within. The dark despair of Dante, the haughty pride of Johnson, the savage force of Mirabeau, the profound tranquility of Shakespeare,

are all presented with a fervor and zeal of spirit, and beauty of phrase that holds us entranced. The mysterious representation of old pagan beliefs, the calm and peace of the Arabian desert, the godless scepticism and inhuman utilitarianism of the eighteenth century, are all understood and keenly felt by the sensitive heart of Carlyle. He seems to ponder over them for a long time until he catches their soul and then he injects their beauty or repugnance into his writings. It is in such passages that we find Carlyle and his "thought, the genuine thought of a deep, rude, earnest mind fairly opened to the things about him; a face to face and heart to heart inspection of the things,—the first characteristics of all good thought in all times."



*Loved Guardian of our College Halls,
Dear Teacher of each youthful heart,
Be Thou our Guide where'er we roam,
Nor let us from Thy ways depart.*

J. A. W.

Not So Bad After All

John Kelliher, Academy '25

"Father Greene is sick and has to go to Denver for his health," burst out "Marty" Browne, a lad of fifteen, as he rushed excitedly into the classroom on the morning of December 1st.

"Who told you that?" asked several of his classmates at the same time.

"Old B. L. himself, as I was passing by his office. He said he would bring our new teacher up in a few minutes."

Such was the conversation in one of the classrooms of St. Mary's Academy. Most of the boys instantly pictured a harsh and surly professor. Erasers, chalk and many other articles fell to the floor and in a minute thirty boys were seated at their respective desks with folded arms and innocent looking faces.

They had not acted any too quickly, for half a minute afterwards the President, Father B. L. Rodman walked into the room, followed by a man, who seemed to be about thirty-two years of age. He was very close to six feet in height; he had broad shoulders and everything but a pleasant face.

"My boys," said the President, "I have the honor of presenting your new teacher, Mr. Thomas Grey. I hope you will all get along together and that you boys will cooperate with him in all your class room work. If you do this, I am sure you will have a very enjoyable year."

With this the President left the new professor in charge of the classroom. Mr. Grey walked over to his desk, sat down and opened his Latin book, ordering the students to do the same. He called on a boy named Paul Howe to read the lesson that Father Greene had assigned the last day of class. Paul stumbled on every word; this, of course, was due to nervousness more than to anything else. Mr. Grey looked disgusted and after mumbling something which the boys did not hear, commanded the lad sitting behind Paul to read the same matter again. Similarly he and two others failed to read properly. The real test came when he called on Martin Browne, who was considered the best Latin scholar in the class. The previous year Martin had won three medals in Latin essays. Martin began to read, but, under the strain of having everyone looking at him, he also stumbled and faltered. This was too much for Mr. Grey. For a moment he was speechless. He

thought the boys were just trying to make fun of him. After controlling his temper he quietly informed them that there would be an extra session after class. For three days this continued and everybody was on the verge of rebellion. With rage in his heart "Marty" Browne called a meeting of all the second year students for that night.

Every boy was there early. The conversation ran something like this before the meeting was called to order,—“Are we going to let that bald-headed dummy walk all over us”,—“He thinks he’s pretty wise”,—“We worked for Father Greene because he was a white man, but this “Maggie” Grey (the nickname inflicted upon Mr. Grey) surely is no white man”,—“What shall we do with this monkey”. All this was stopped when Browne called the rebellious crowd to order.

“Fellows”, Browne began, “I need not go into details about what this meeting has been called for, as you all know as much about it as I do. My idea is for every boy here tonight to write down on paper what he would like to have done so as to try and put an end to this trouble.” Many an “Atta boy, Marty” was given as the paper was passed around. When the slips were collected, “Marty” opened and read the suggestions. One suggestion that seemed to meet the approval of a few was to play a joke on the much hated professor in order to so mortify him that he would not even want to be seen on the campus. This, of course, met with some approval and accordingly the president said that all those who wished to do this would please remain and the others could go home. All but seven left. The former immediately arranged their plans, and executed them that same night.

The next morning the school was astonished to see painted on the door of the main entrance of the classroom a picture of a washwoman and underneath it the words—“Great Puzzle. Is this “Maggie” the Academy washwoman, or “Maggie” Grey, the professor?”

The students were amazed. It was the most daring piece of foolery ever tried in the history of the Academy. Old B. L. was furious and he vowed he would not allow the culprits, if they were found, to remain in the school any longer than was necessary to secure their belongings. When Mr. Grey walked into the classroom that morning he looked as if nothing at all had happened, and continued the class in his usual manner.

After class the guilty boys collected outside the classroom building and were talking things over.

“I’m sorry we did this” said one of the boys, “‘Maggie’ took that like a regular fellow, although it must have hit him pretty hard.”

“There’s no use crying over spilled milk,” remarked an-

other, "We have done it and will have to suffer the consequences, if B. L. finds it out."

Just then a small lad came running up and informed them that "Snaky Joe", the handy man, had seen them perform the work last night, and had given in all their names to B. L. Groans were heard from some, the others turned pale. The first thought that entered their minds was what their parents would think about their expulsion.

The next morning the guilty were summoned to the President's office. They came away looking very downcast.

"We'll all be thrown out", remarked Browne. "Maggies wasn't so bad after all, because Graber told me that he heard him talking to B. L. this morning trying to get us off."

The faculty meeting was called and through an idea of Father Rodman's the meeting was to be public. All the students assembled and the faculty was seated directly before the audience. Father Rodman was the first speaker. The hopes of the boys were now small because in a forceful speech, the President expressed his wish that the boys be dismissed immediately. When he concluded, to the surprise of everyone, the hated professor arose and pleaded for the boys, but old B. L. would not listen.

Mr. Grey, glancing around him, said, "I would like to cite you a little incident that occurred in 1887. It is from a school paper in Kansas, It relates about Ben Rodman, who was about to be expelled from school for an offense similar to this one, but the President forgave him." The audience sat spell-bound, except the culprits, who watched the President. He frowned and then smiled. The guilty were forgiven and the students went wild.

"Say", remarked "Marty" Browne, "Mr. Grey is not a bad fellow after all."



IN THE LIBRARY

*He said "I'll leave you alone here"
 And then he closed the door.
 I heard his footsteps fading
 And then I heard no more.*

*I laughed into the silence
 And thought with breathlessness.
 He closed the door behind him
 And never seemed to guess*

*That Plato, Dante, Shakespeare
 And all the wondrous lot
 Were standing close beside me
 To ask if I'd forgot*

*That they were waiting for me
 So patiently each day
 To speak their wonder to me
 And would I cry them nay?*

*"Ah, here is music for you!"
 Dear Shelley soft did sigh.
 "But here is wisdom for you!"
 I heard great Plato cry.*

*How can I scorn great Plato
 Or pass dear Shelley by?
 Nor could I "cut" a Homer
 To heed a Thompson's cry.*

*I read a bit of Homer
 And glanced in Shelley's book,
 I list awhile to Plato
 Then briefly did I look*

*Into the poems of Thompson
 That beckoned from the shelf
 And longed for an all embracing mind
 To treasure all this pelf.*

*But when I come tomorrow
 And by the great ones pace
 Those whom I left unheeded
 How can I dare to face?*

A. W.



DATE OF ISSUE, JANUARY, 1925

FACULTY DIRECTOR

Rev. L. T. Phillips, C. S. V., A. M.

EDITOR

Homer Knoblauch, '25.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Alumni	Murel Vogel, '26	Inter Alia.....	Edward Gallahue, '27
	Leslie Roch, '27	Our Book Shelf	William Lane, '27
Athletics	John Ryan, '26	Viatoriana, Lyle Boultinghouse, '27	
Exchanges, Andrew O'Laughlin, '25		Eugene McCarthy, '27	
	Vincent Pfeffer, '26	Circulating Mgr. Senior Richey,	
Bus. Mgr	Joseph Harrington, '27	Acad., '25	

It is an odd fact that people who could not be pre-Borrowed vailed upon to steal anything else will steal a Books. book. It may be that they consider books and the intellectual labor that goes into them as nothing compared to a given amount of edibles or so many dollars and cents. We cannot find the exact reason for this, but it is almost a certainty that in the average library you will find one or more rebranded mavericks among the rest. We leave it to the psychologist to determine just what actuates the impulse to steal books, for it is a strange kink in human conscience that brings it to believe that borrowed books do not have to be returned. Perhaps the borrower falls in love with the book to such a degree that he cannot bear to give it back even though his keeping it really constitutes a theft, but we are inclined to think that sheer carelessness is at fault more than anything else. Very few people are small enough to borrow a book with the intention of keeping it and not giving it back.

Dr. Frank Crane, a famous editorial writer, cites a bit of history that might serve as a warning to book thieves:

About the year 1836, a mysterious crime wave swept over the little city of Barcelona, in Spain, causing no end of terror to its people. A priest, a student, a writer, and five other persons were assassinated successively. The victim each time was stabbed by a poignard but neither valuables nor money was taken from him. Why, then, all these murders? Suspicion fell, by and by, on a man who ran a second hand book store. After several proofs of his guilt had been found, he confessed. It seems as though he had sold to each of his victims some volume which he loved, and then had murdered them to get his precious books back. Another similar story mentioned by Dr. Crane is that of the famous jeweler whom Hoffman describes in his story, "Mlle. Scudery". This jeweler was so in love with one of his precious stones that he killed one of his clients who had purchased it from him.

According to this it might be pretty dangerous business to borrow books and then neglect to bring them back.

* * *

Patronize The College Store. The College Store, situated just off the gymnasium was put there for the convenience of the students of St. Viator College. It is under the control of men who sacrifice many valuable hours each day without a thought of remuneration other than that of the satisfaction of knowing that the students are pleased with their service. A new and complete line of merchandise, including sweaters, jewelry and other articles necessary to the student, has been obtained, and sandwiches, fresh confections, and hot and cold drinks are at his disposal. "Service and Satisfaction" is the motto of the College Store's new managers and they are always eager to accommodate the students in any way possible. Every cent of profit is turned over to the Athletic Association for the equipment of St. Viator teams. Patronizing the College Store is, therefore, another way of showing that we are loyal to and willing to aid our college athletics. Trade where your money will do the most good. By patronizing the College Store you get quality merchandise at reasonable prices and at the same time help support Purple and Gold athletics. Thus you can accomplish a worthy purpose while getting one hundred cents worth of satisfaction out of every dollar spent.

Don't be like the hen that eats the family grain and then lays her eggs in the neighbor's yard.

THE PERISCOPE

Pittsburgh, with its new fifty-two story university, will be quite an educational center. We suggest that the 52nd story be occupied by an astronomical observatory, and that the professors be compelled to sign an agreement not to drop students from the class rooms.

* * *

Bughouse fables: Once there was a college student who kept his New Year's resolution.

* * *

Students will be able to get back to their studies again in a few weeks, after they have rested up from a strenuous two weeks vacation. They will also take up their correspondence where they left off when the gift season began.

* * *

Dean Lord of the Boston University of Business Administration has estimated that the cash value of a college education is \$72,000.00, and that a high school education is worth \$33,000.00 to its owner. This is certainly good news, but we wonder just how many college graduates realize an amount that can compare with his estimation. Most of us graduate from college with three degrees and four dollars, and are soon looking for a place where we can exchange one of the former for a good ham sandwich. However, we hope for the best.

* * *

Tell us, please tell us, oh ye sapients: Why is a Freshman?

* * *

Well, prohibition has one advantage anyway. It all happened in a little town—maybe Peoria, Ill. A stranger walked up to a policeman and tapped him on the shoulder. "Pardon me for waking you up", he said, "but I'm terribly thirsty, and there's nothing like going to a reliable source of information. Can you help me out?" "Sure," said the policeman pointing with his club. "Do yez see that building down there on the corner." "Yes, but

that's a church. You don't mean to tell me that I can get anything there?" "No, but yez can get it every place else." And then, we suppose, he went back to sleep.

* * *

At a recent editorial convention a member offered the following toast: "To save an editor from starvation, take his paper and pay for it promptly. To save him from bankruptcy, advertise in his paper liberally. To save him from despair, send him every news item of which you can get hold of. To save him from wrath, write your correspondence plainly on one side of the paper and send it in promptly. To save him from mistakes, bury him. Dead people are the only ones that never make any mistakes." —Exchange.

* * *

The Staff hopes that the New Year will hold 365 days crammed full of happiness, success, and good luck for all of you. A long and prosperous 1925!

* * *

We are pleased to hear that Gene McCarty has been appointed Admiral because of his previous experience in the Navy. He now has charge of all the vessels in the refectory.
J. L. C. '27.

* * *

Father Harrison has organized his famous Senior League Basketball Teams. We wish the participants the best of luck. Also we advise that Father Harrison secure the service of a competent doctor and that he purchase a private ambulance.
F. A. B. '27.

* * *

Joe Sheehan wishes it to be known that he has temporarily, at least, sworn-off cross-word puzzles. Reason: A seven letter word of the genus of Ranunculaceous plants.

* * *

New Year's greetings from Father O'Mahoney: "Past due, please call at Treasurer's Office and Pay I. O. U.'s. Thanks, Father, Lent is too soon after Christmas."



THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC: The Scholastic teems with that virility and wholesomeness which we expect from a school which produces a Wonder Eleven. Naturally, the irrepressible spirit of the unvanquished characterizes this issue, yet seriousness and intellectuality have not been swept aside by the joys of the moment. The editorial, "*Toss a Life Line*", is not only a frank and pertinent expression of facts, but we believe that it sounds a sentiment that should be emphasized in every college. "*Success and the College Man*," an article pointing out all that is required before success is truly realized, demands a second reading for its full appreciation.

* * *

THE NIAGARA INDEX: The theme of "*On the Stairs*" is an excellent one, but the development thereof is disappointing. The author should have injected more personality into his work. He should have become more intimate with those old stairs, for certainly they were capable of awakening more memories than he described. With the exception of "*Niagara Gorge*" and "*The Tree*", the verse has not pleasing rhythm and technique. Both of the above mentioned treat of nature in a finely sympathetic way. "*Niagara Gorge*" is a bit of verse that produces effect. The variation in the style of the different poems of this issue is a pleasing feature. A learned and well written essay is "*The Missions of the Southwest*". The subject is one that might have been made more interesting. A more lively and personal tone would encourage the reader to follow the article. The brief essay on "Queen Victoria" throws some light on that personage's character, and is therefore worthy of praise. The clarity of "*The Essence of Morality*" is the most noteworthy thing about it. There are three good editorials. The first of these "*Why Is It?*" handles the common theme, the Ku Klux Klan, in such a way as to impart

a deeper realization of the significance of the issues involved; the second, "*Pick It Up*," is a list of reflections, the purpose of which is to induce the reader to think before he throws waste paper where he should not throw it. The third reviews the old question "*Past and Present*". Here the question of the dramatic talent and morality of the different ages is discussed. We grant that the author is right in part. The Ex-man of Niagara is a keen and just critic.

* * *

THE LORRETINE: From Webster Grove, Mo., comes one of the most delightful exchanges that we have so far received. The Lorretine has both quality and quantity. Its quality is manifested chiefly in its poetry. While the thought and sentiment of the poems are of high order, nevertheless, the chief attraction is found in their rhythm. The poetesses of Missouri seem to have caught the spirit of music better than most of the college versifiers. The two short stories are only fair. The ending of "*Not Even a Blackhand*" is so drawn out that the intended effect is lost. The same fault is found in "*And a Child Shall Lead Them—Astray*". In this, the introduction is too long. The section of the paper entitled "*Among our Essayisis*" is deserving of commendation. However, the essays therein are too evidently the work of the classroom. The writers should try to keep in mind those for whom they write. If this had been done, the essays would probably have been far more interesting. The magazine as a whole is certainly one of the best we have reviewed. We welcome it to our desk.

* * *

THE COLLEGE SPOKESMAN, Columbia college, Dubuque, Iowa. The Spokesman is to be congratulated upon the dedication of this number to Cardinal Newman. This practice of devoting issues to different Catholics of note might be imitated by other college publications with gratifying results. The article, "*Newman's Literary Preferences*", especially commends itself to us because of its comprehensive treatment of the subject and the additional light it casts upon this great mind of modern times. The novel method of comparing the views of Bacon and Newman upon studies, as exemplified in the last article in the magazine, would arouse the interest of any reader. Though we laud the idea illustrated by the Newman number, we seriously question the wisdom of deleting all the other departments of the issue. The Athletic Section seems almost essential, while the Alumni must have sought in vain for interesting items.



The recent improvements in the college auditorium, Improve which include the installation of a modern stage and ments. projection room, mark the last word in theatrical construction. The stage has been reduced to a more convenient size. The old system of manipulating the curtains has been discarded, and in its place, experts have installed drops which are perfectly counterbalanced, and which insure easier and more expeditious operation. This method of hanging is the same as that employed in the large metropolitan theatres. The hangings rise to the roof, and thus the possibility of handling any kind of theatrical entertainment is assured.

Many electrical improvements have been installed. The stage now has a set of three overhead borders and footlights, each of them has three separate circuits which are controlled from the new Benjamin Starrett switchboard. This switchboard consists of twenty switch connections, which control all the stage lights as well as the auditorium lights. Directly above the switchboard are mounted a bank of Cutler Hammer interlocking stage light dimmers. These make it possible to blend the various colors.

All of the scenic effects are to be cut down, rebuilt and repainted at once. One of the most attractive of the new settings is the one used in conjunction with the motion picture attractions. This set is made of a purple cyclorama which extends back the entire length of the stage. Directly behind the cyclorama the motion picture screen is hung. When pictures are to be shown the cyclorama parts in the middle



St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill.,
Sunday Eve., Nov. 16.

DEAR DAD:

Well Dad, yesterday was Homecoming and we had a fine time. They had a nice chicken dinner, but the price was a little high—\$5.00 a plate. I borrowed the money though, telling my room-mate that you would be sure to send it soon with my next allowance.

It's getting awfully cold lately, dad. It's lucky that you're as far south as Springfield, for it's certainly much different here. I was so cold the other night that I thought I would send home for some extra blankets, but they rent them so reasonably here that I didn't bother and just rented three. It will only cost me \$6.00 for the use of the three for the whole winter. Now that I am taking an extra heavy course in Matriculation I find that I will have to buy an Encyclopedia Americana in order to do my homework. I know that you want me to make a success while I am in college, Dad, and every one in that course has an Encyclopedia. The agent was around the other day and offered me a real nice set for only \$35.98. Isn't that just fine?

I went out for the football team this year, and believe that I would have made a regular if they only played in the winter instead of in the fall. I'm sure that's what the coach meant when he said that it would be a d—n cold day when I'd be able to get in a game. My football uniform was real cheap at \$22.00, considering all the cleats on the shoes.

One or two other little items I want to mention before I start studying for my Apologetics examination next week. You have no idea how hard this subject is, Dad. I sat up nearly all last night trying to get the lesson well. I'm determined to succeed even if I do get brain fever. I hope that I will hear from you soon, Dad, dear, and I know you won't forget to enclose a nice little check for the things that I have mentioned. I want to get all settled up with the fellows that I owe before Christmas, and, although I really need a pair of skis so that I may join the fellows when they play, I will wait until later. I don't want to run any expense because I know about the mortgage, and I can even let them go for another week yet. It's too bad that you have such a bad case of rheumatism that you can't go anywhere, Dad. I sure would like to have you up to visit me.

I did start taking English, but the Freshmen themes were so expensive that I had to quit. You remember when I told you that

the first one cost me \$12.00? Well now, isn't that quite a saving when I can learn just as much by reading the paper in the library and it only costs me 75 cents a week. Well, goodnight, Dad. I really must start studying for that Apologetics quiz.

Your loving son,

JOHN.

* * *

FAVORITE FOODS

Alienists	nuts
Lovers	mush
Gamblers	steaks
Jewelers	carots
Yeggmen	crackers
Hunters	preserves
Historians	dates
Critics	roasts
Policemen	beets

* * *

CAMOUFLAGE

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Time—Late afternoon, December 24th.

Place—The comfortable home of Magnus D. Hilltop, pretentious business man.

—Characters—

Mr. Hilltop.....Owner of the house

The Maid.....Anna

Officer McGoorty The Tramp Mrs. Hilltop

ANNA (Grumbling to McGoorty as he sits watching her prepare supper)—Indade, and I wish all this rigmarole was over and done with. All it is is work, work, work. It's a wonder she don't get somebody to help me with the holidays. It's a dirty shame, it is.

McGOORTY—You're right, Anna, it's a dirty shame. (Crosses his legs as he samples another cookie.) Why don't ye complain and maybe she would hire someone extra. Sure, and your poor little hands will be all sore—

ANNA (Blushing)—Ah, and it's handy with the blarney, ye are, Michael McGoorty.

McGOORTY—Blarney, did ye say, Anna? Sure as I'm sittin' here a' tastin' of your oven it's the truth, ivery word of it! Aint I been in ivery kitchin in the neighborhood, and ain't you the prettiest girrul of thim all? It's too bad old Hilltop is such a critter about me comin', or I'd be here all the time. (Takes another cookie and then jumps up suddenly as a step is heard on the porch.) Begorra! Somebody's coming! Quick, where'll I hide?

ANNA—Into the pantry with you! It's the mister a'comin' and many a warin' did he give the both of us. (Pushes him into the pantry shuts the door. Breathes a sigh of relief as she sees that the shade is drawn on the kitchen door pane.) Sure and he'll be the end o' me job yet! (A knock is heard, and Anna opens the door. Before her stands a man dressed like a rag bag.)

ANNA—What a scare ye give me. Sure and I thought it was the mister. What do ye want?

THE TRAMP—Could yer give a hungry man a bite to eat, mam? I aint had nothing since yesterday morning.

ANNA—So ye want something to eat, do ye? Well, the missus give me strict orders about the feeding of such as you, but I hate to turn ye out on a night like this. If it wasn't for—well, I don't know what to do with the likes of you.

MRS. HILLTOP (entering kitchen)—Don't forget to serve the potatoes creamed, Anna. Who is there?

ANNA—Only a tramp, mum. Should I turn 'im out?

MRS. HILLTOP—I don't like to get them started. Once they are fed, it means no end of bother, but this is Christmas eve and I can't say "No" to him just this once. Bring him in. (Anna ushers the tramp into the kitchen. He is a small man, very shabbily dressed. He shivers as he steps into the kitchen.)

MRS. HILLTOP—How long has it been since you have eaten, my good man?

TRAMP (meekly)—I had a cup of coffee this morning, mam.

MRS. HILLTOP—And no lunch today at all?

TRAMP—Not a bite, mam.

MRS. HILLTOP—You poor fellow. And that coat of yours doesn't look any too warm either. Are you cold?

TRAMP—Only my ears and hands, mam. And my feet are a little numb. I was warming myself down at the firehouse a while ago but a policeman made me leave. (He looks sadly at his shoes which are in the last stages of wear.)

MRS. HILLTOP—Set him at that side table, and give him some warm food. (Examines silver ware that Anna has been cleaning.) Are these all finished, Anna?

ANNA—Yesum. I'll take them into the dining room after supper, mum. You don't want them to be used this evenin', do ye?

MRS. HILLTOP—No, have them kept clean for the visitors tomorrow. (Mr. Hilltop enters and looks with surprise at the tramp. He had always wanted to do something reckless like ringing a fire alarm or feeding a tramp, but his better half had a penchant for doing things her own way.)

MR. HILLTOP—Why, dear, I always thought you said—

MRS. HILLTOP—Never mind what you thought. This is Christmas night and we must be very charitable.

MR. HILLTOP—Exactly, my dear, exactly. I can tell by his looks that it isn't his fault he's this way. (Mrs. Hilltop leaves the kitchen.) As she does, Mr. Hilltop regains his composure and assumes the business-like attitude he uses at his office—when his wife isn't around.) It's pretty cold to be out a night like this. Where's your home?

TRAMP—I have no home. My father and mother died when I was little and I had to support the kids. It's been a hard winter and there ain't no work to be had.

MR. HILLTOP (touched)—Ah, I see.

TRAMP (whiningly)—I don't mind it, sir, 'cept when it's cold like this. When you're hungry and frozen, it's hard—

MR. HILLTOP—Yes, indeed, my poor man. It's hard to keep going when you're cold and hungry. But, as my wife always said, one can't be too careful, nowadays. Some of these fellows—well, you can't trust them too far. (Looks at tramp.)

TRAMP (hastily)—Yes, sir, some of them will bite the hand that feeds them, as the saying goes. But me, why I never—

MR. HILLTOP (patronizingly)—Oh, I know that you are not that sort. I could tell that when I first looked at you. I'm a good judge of human nature—have to be. In my business one gets to be able

to tell the crook and the grafter from the honest man. You can't help it. I could see the minute I laid eyes on you that you were—er, a victim of circumstances. I can tell by your face that you would earn an honest dollar or two if you had half a chance, and if my wife—oh, darn her anyway! I guess I can be master in my own house for once anyway. I'm going to give you a chance to pick up a little change this evening. Do you think that you would like to dress up like Santa Claus and give the presents out to the kids this evening?

TRAMP (frowns, but doesn't let Mr. Hilltop catch him doing it)—Who, me? Sure! Maybe I can get me own brothers and sisters a little somethin' fer Christmas, too, then. Hully gee, I guess I won't make some Santa Claus!

MR. HILLTOP—Alright then. And say (confidentially), I rather think that that big loafer of a policeman will be around this evening taking up Anna's time. The officer on this beat is always hanging around the kitchen, and I think that he'll be around this evening, being there's some fresh baking. My wife, that is, I told him the last time I caught him in here that if it ever happened again I would turn in a complaint against him and have him taken off this beat. If he happens around while you're eating, call me, and you'll see some fireworks.

TRAMP—You bet I will, sir, if that was him that gave me the bounce from the firehouse when me pins were so cold I could hardly stand on 'em. Is he a big copper with a wart on his chin?

MR. HILLTOP (laughing)—That's him, alright. As a policeman he isn't worth two whoops. Always hanging around some kitchen and feeding applesauce to the cooks in exchange for eats. I don't believe he'd have enough nerve to shoot that gun he carries, and I don't think he's got enough sense to catch a law-breaker. He's just a would-be hero parading around with a star and club, showing off in front of kids. Made you get out of the firehouse, did he? (Angrily.) Turned you out into the cold, eh! Well, just wait until I lay my eyes on him, I'll make him sizzle. If he had half a grain of sense he could tell that you were just as respectable as he is, only not as lucky. Anna, do you hear that? I said that if your friend, that big, lazy policeman ever hangs around here again, I'll—I'll—Why, that scoundrel! My mother always said that I'd make a good detective, I'm such a good judge of human beings. (Boastingly.) I never got fooled yet. If that big lazy blockhead has half an ounce of brains, he'd use them better than be chasing cold, hungry wanderers away from the stove and get out and do something!

ANNA (She is now used to these little outbreaks on the part of her master and knows that he's just like a balloon—explodes loudly, but doesn't do much harm)—Yes, sir. (She passes into the dining room, but as she goes she glances worriedly at the pantry door. She knows that McGoorty can hear every word that's being said and shakes her head hopelessly.)

MR. HILLTOP—Well now, my friend, I'll leave you while you eat your supper—or dinner as my wife calls it. Supper is good enough for me. When you are through eating, go into the bathroom—Anna will give you soap and towels—and wash and shave. I'll go in the library and read the paper until supper's ready, and then I want to see how you look when you're cleaned up. (He leaves. As soon as the Tramp hears his steps die away away he darts up furtively and looks around him. He crams a couple of forksful of mashed potatoes into his mouth, then starts filling his coat pockets with silverware. "Some go!" he mutters to himself as he softly

makes for the door. In the meantime McGoorty hears the voices cease and opens the pantry door a crack to see if everything's clear. What he sees causes him to open his eyes wide in surprise and to throw the door open and step into the kitchen. He is standing behind the tramp as the latter puts the last spoon into his pocket and heads for the door.)

McGOORTY—So! Ye will, will ye!

TRAMP—You here? Well, yer'll have to catch me. (Suddenly flings open the back door and slams it in the policeman's face as the latter starts after him.)

McGOORTY—Halt, ye varmint! Halt I say, or I'll shoot.

ANNA (Comes into the kitchen and sees that the tramp and the silverware are gone)—Oh, the forks and the knives and the spoons! Michael! (Throws open pantry door and sees Michael is gone.) Help! Robbers!

MR. HILLTOP (rushing into kitchen)—What's the trouble, who, what—? (The door opens and McGoorty appears, dragging a badly battered tramp in by the collar. He hands Mr. Hilltop the silverware.) Here ye are, sir. Was just passin' by and saw him sneaking out. Thinks I to myself, there's somethin' wrong here, so I just takes after him. He put up a little fuss, but here's your silver.

TRAMP (weakly)—He's a bloomin' liar. He was—(looks at McGoorty and decides not to finish the sentence).

MR. HILLTOP (triumphantly)—He did try to steal from me did he! He ought to know better than try to put one over on me. I knew the minute I saw him there was something crooked about him. Anna, call up the patrol right away. (Anna leaves.) Yes, sir, the first minute I laid eyes on him I said to myself, 'This fellow will bear watching.' You can't fool me. Just happened by, did you?

McGOORTY—Yes, sir, and I was kind o' lookin' for trouble, I was, so when I sees this blackguard easin' out so slyly, I just nabs him. (Glares at tramp and the latter realizes that silence right now is just about as golden as it ever will be.)

MR. HILLTOP—I'm glad you were on the job, officer. You know I was just telling Anna how nice it was to have a representative of the law in the neighborhood. He might have made off with all my good silverware, and I was so good to him, too. That's generosity for you! And say, officer, these evenings are pretty cold for you to be patrolling your beat without any place to warm up. I intended to mention to Anna that if you cared to drop in and warm up a bit and maybe have a warm bite once in a while, it would be just fine.

McGOORTY—Thanks, Mr. Hilltop. It does get kind o' chilly sometimes.

MR. HILLTOP (Taking out his pocketbook and handing McGoorty a bill)—Here's a little present for you to show my appreciation, officer. I thought maybe you might—well, it's Christmas tomorrow, you know, and I thought maybe you might want to give An—, well you might want to buy a little present or something for somebody. I could tell the minute I saw you that you were a good man to protect our homes, Mr. McGoorty. I'm a good judge of human nature, and I can tell a good man when I see him. You know in my business—(Officer McGoorty pretends to attend to his prisoner to hide a broad grin that persists in covering his whole good-natured face).

THE END.

—H. K., '25.

Glen Franks: "Can anyone become President?"

Father B.: "Oh yes; but don't depend upon that. You had better learn a trade."

Wimp: "So your efforts at basketball were fruitless, were they?"

Fritz: "Oh no. Not at all. They gave me the raspberries."

Our beloved fellow student Ray Bueter returned to the college after a months visit in Fort Wayne. Ray says he came back so that he could better appreciate the Christmas holidays.

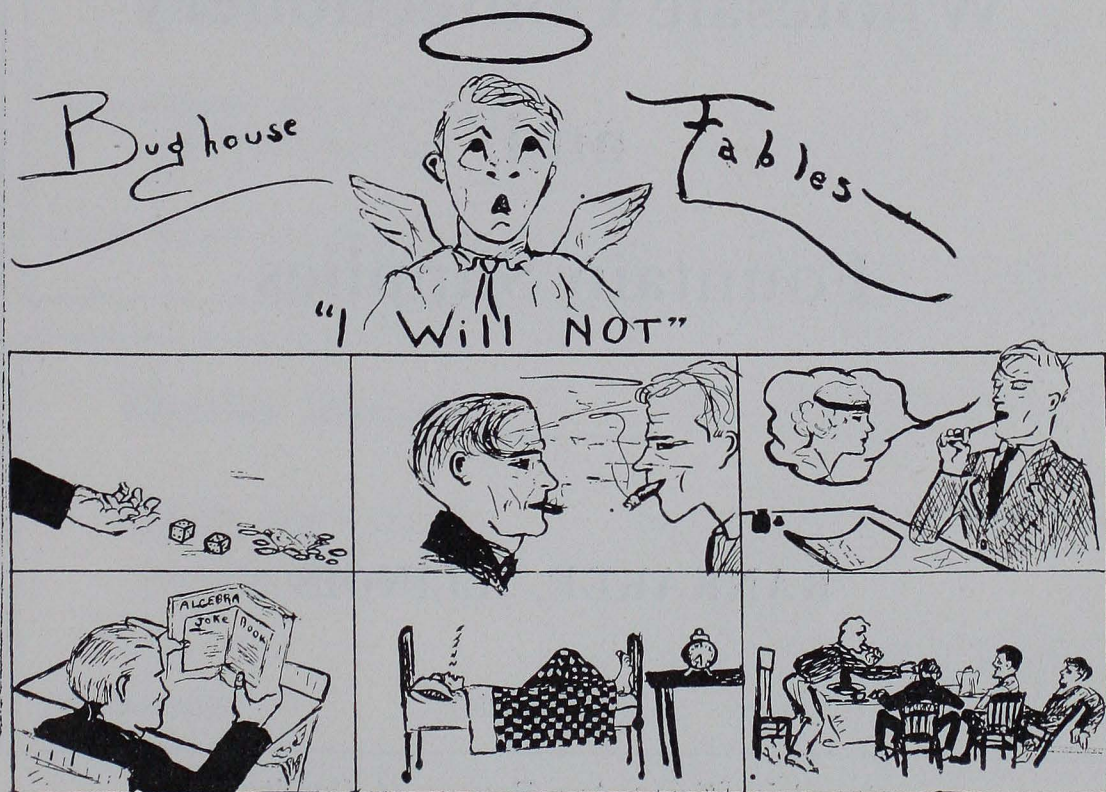
"Mickey" Donnelly was going around just before the holidays singing in a sullen manner: "When your lips told me 'No', I didn't wait to look in your eyes."

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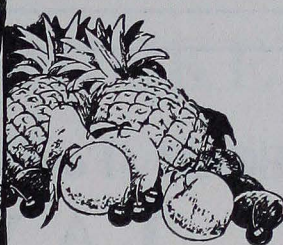
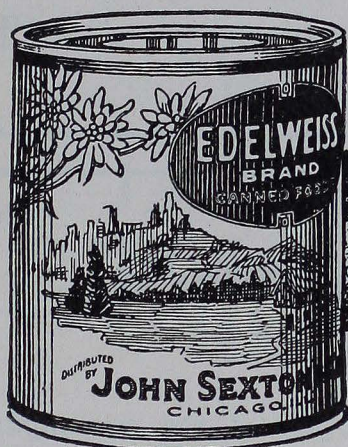
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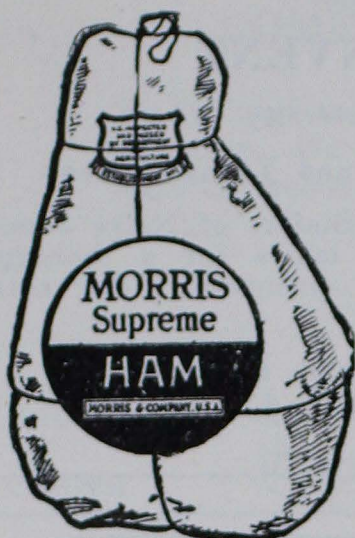
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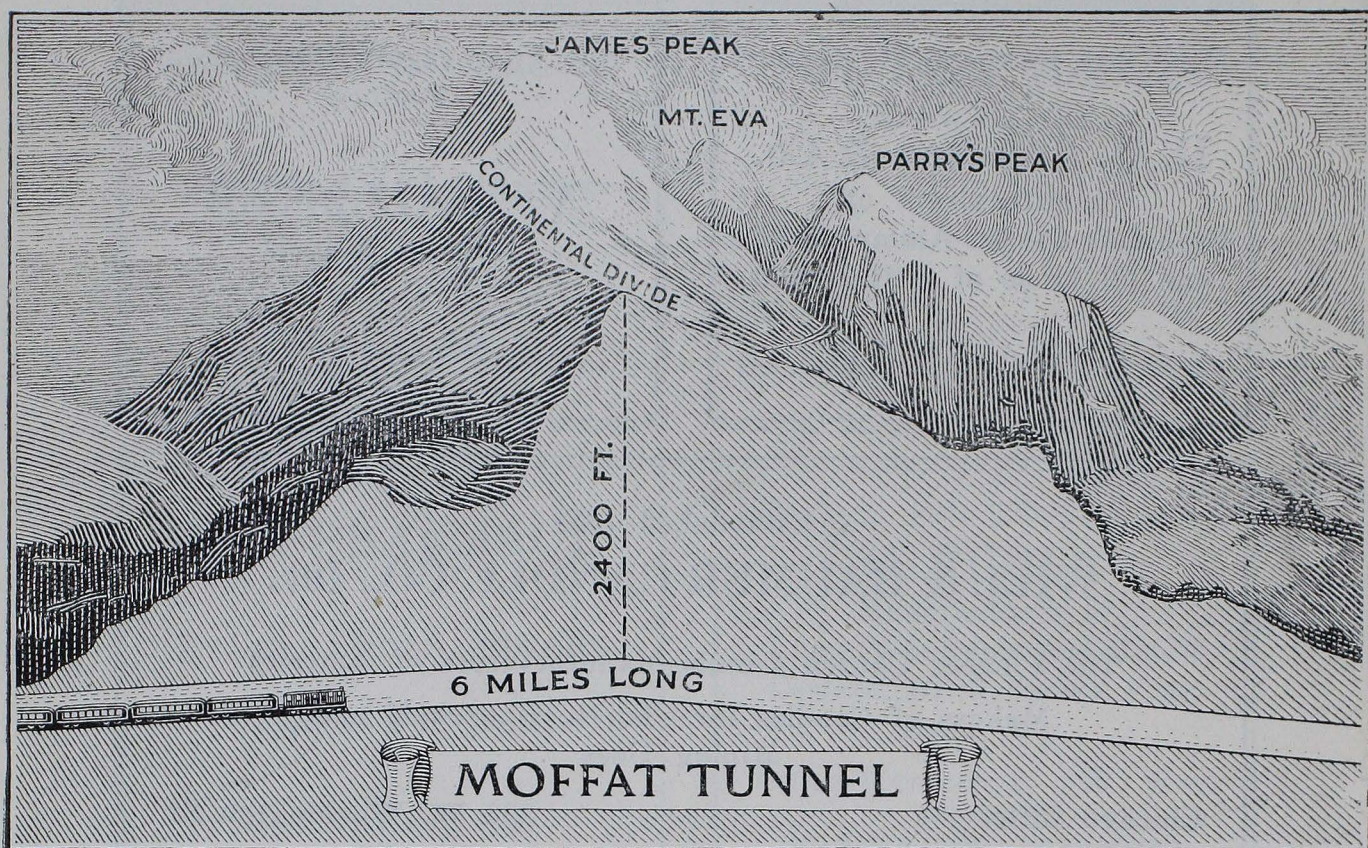
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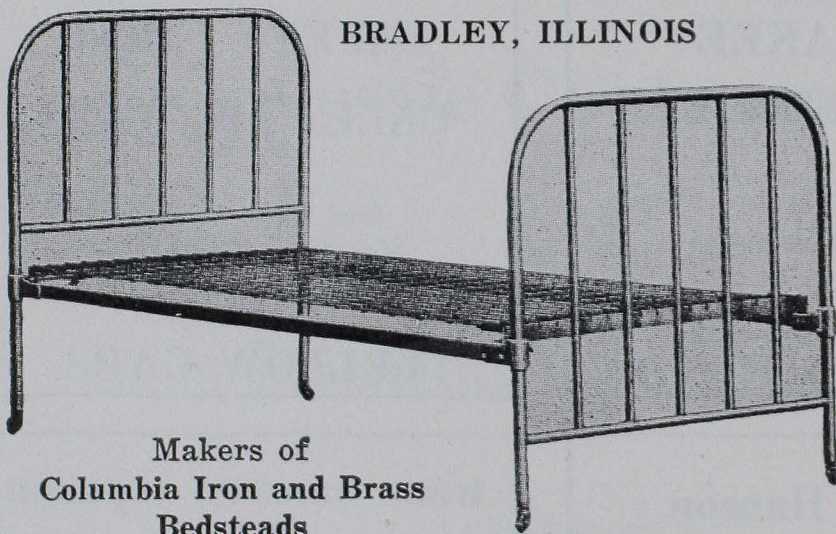
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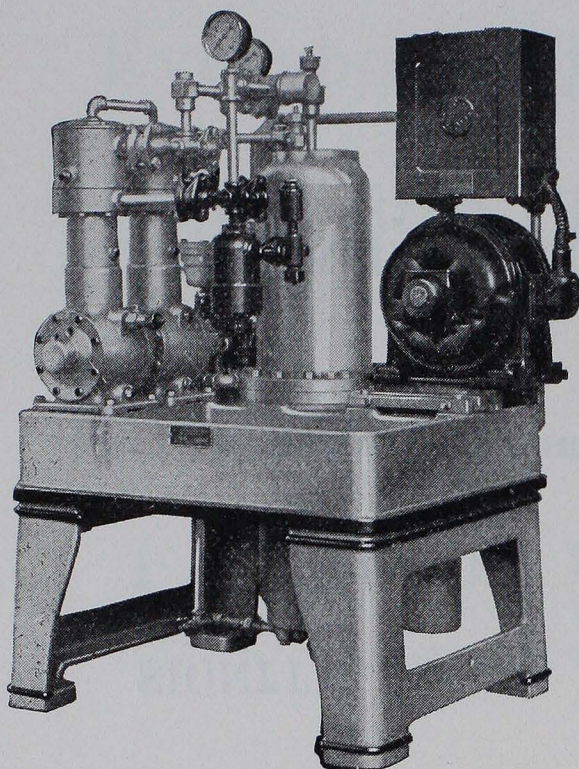
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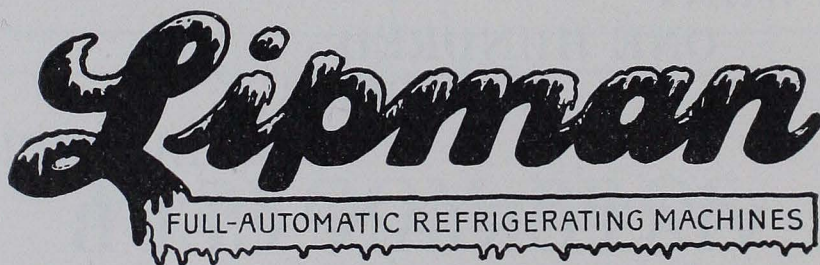
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