

The
Viatorian

FALL NUMBER '25



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WILLIAM P. CANNON, M. D.

Attending Surgeon to Students and Faculty of

St. Viator College

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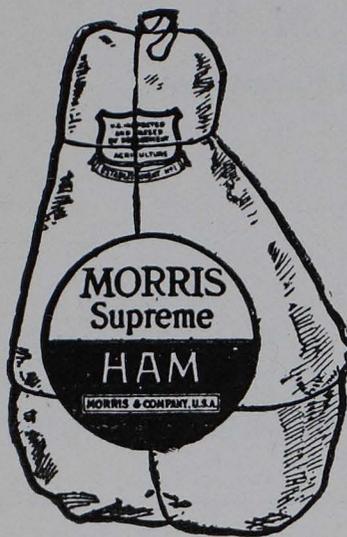
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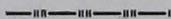
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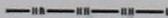
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The Viatorian

FAC ET SPERA

Volume 43

Number 1

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Published bimonthly 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.

Love and Beauty

Thos. L. Sullivan, '27.

The play, *Romeo and Juliet*, cannot be without interest and appeal to every young heart, because we all, at some time during the flowering of our life, experience, if not in reality, at least in imagination, the fire, the joys and pangs of the God-given passion of love. Like Romeo, we are hurled from mountain peak to misty valley, from the heights of rapturous delight and desire to the depths of gloom and despair by its inundating our heart. It is the adornment of life. It elevates man from the daily drudgery of duty, from the things of this world, to an appreciation and an enjoyment of the beautiful. It introduces him to a more noble ideal and it lays open before him a flower strewn vista leading to the portals of his ideal. Nevertheless, despite the virtue and the products of good accruing from love, it ever remains a passion and like all passions, it is subject to abuse and misuse, whence results sin and in its train, tragedy and misery.

The love of the temperamental Romeo and of the charming Juliet ends in such a disaster. Whether Shakespeare intends the hasty and precipitous love-affair to be its cause or whether it was the cruel fates, or the circumstances, merely from the facts of the play, we are unable to say. But, from a more extensive survey of Shakespeare and his conception of a true tragedy, we are allowed to deduce that, since in all his other tragedies the heroes are led to their ruin by a passion predominating and controlling them, so Romeo's and Juliet's horrible catastrophe was brought about by reason of the controlling force their passion had over them. However, we must make exception, we cannot weigh and interpret this play by the same standards that we use in Shakespeare's other plays. Every great artistically dramatic touch obvious in his other tragedies are looked for in vain in *Romeo and Juliet*. Especially is that wonderful impression of pity and sympathy, and that inspiration to live better after reading of the fatal end of a Macbeth or an Othello, totally outside what we experience in the awful mutual suicide of the hero and heroine of this play. Hence, though the play is generally amusing and highly appealing, it has not that artistic reality of tragedy, that logical sequence of incidents, that inevitableness of ruin.

However, what is lacking to the perfection of a genuine tragedy is amply redeemed by the beautiful, imaginative and crystalline poetry. *Romeo and Juliet* shows Shakespeare more

the exquisite poet than the ideal dramatist. The setting, the jovial characters and all of the incidents of the play seem to be enveloped in the fragrant folds of a rose. The warm, esthetic, passionate love of Romeo and Juliet blends so poetically perfect with the light and scented spring air of Verona that the two have the same soothing effect upon us as a thrilling chord struck on an organ by some magic hand. This impression is most remarkable after the balcony scene when, in the pale, mild moonlight, the two lovers first express their mutual admiration. What can be more poetical than Romeo's feelings and his words when he sees Juliet:

"But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon, . . ."

and, then when he hears her voice:

"It is my soul, that calls upon my name,

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,

Like softest music to attending ears!"

This language, the expression of a poet's enraptured mind, is not confined to the two lovers, but to all the characters. A language, at once common-place, saturated with comic expressions, and, at the same time, loaded with beautiful imagery, spoken in measured and rhyming verse! What innumerable passages could not be cited from the speeches of Mercutio, of Friar Lawrence, of the Nurse, to illustrate this point? Let this of Lawrence suffice:

"The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,

Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels."

and,

"For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,

But to the earth some special good doth give,

Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse,

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;

And vice sometimes by action dignified."

When we find the poetic art so wonderfully used, why should we stumble over mere theories of dramatic style and criticize Shakespeare's imperfectly worked out tragedy? He seems not to have risen superior to this theme. Love caught him in its wings and carried him into a new world—that of the poet, whose region we cannot define, and no less, criticize.

The Olympic Games

Sorin Leahy, '26

The date of the first Olympic Games is unknown. We can conveniently designate the time of their inception as pre-historic, like many other early facts of which knowledge is meagre. The motives that gave rise to these games were purely religious. The Greeks believed that Zeus, the supreme god, held a divine court around the summit of Mt. Olympus. For the purpose of giving these deities entertainment the Olympic games were held once every four years at Olympia. The fact that the Greek athletes believed themselves to be in the presence of such a dignified, invisible audience of gods and goddesses must have spurred them to strenuous efforts and provided for them what today we call the "mental state."

This religious background seems the most plausible explanation for the tremendous influence that the Olympic Games exerted on the politics, art, and literature of Greece. During the time that the Games were in progress, we find that warfare among those of the Hellenic race was looked upon as sacrilegious. Thus it was that peace was assured to the multitudes of people as they journeyed from all parts of the empire to Olympia. Such occasions brought the Grecian people into closer touch, aroused their public consciousness, and taught them unanimity of action. The inter-change of ideas must have had, even as it does today, a stimulating effect upon the life of the times.

Indeed, if it had not been for Olympic Games we would perhaps never have had the complete development of Grecian art. Through these games the sculptor was afforded living models for his art and splendid opportunities for studying human form. Then, too, the popularity and wild acclaim bestowed on the victors had to be satisfied in some way. Photographs could not be snapped and then transmitted over wires to the various cities and colonies of Greece. What was more natural than that the athletes should be carved in stone! Later on when poetry, oratory, and history were introduced into the Olympic Games and contests were conducted in each, the intellectual life of the people received a powerful impulse. The literati that thus sprang up tended to keep alive the common Hellenic feelings and sentiments.

This brings us to a consideration of the athletes and of the manner in which they trained. Only those having

Hellenic blood in their veins were eligible to participate in the contests. Moreover, the blemish of a sin against the gods or of a crime against the state would disqualify them. Previous to the Olympic Games, a ten month period of training was expected of the competitors. One month of this time was compulsory and all who entered the Games had to swear that they had observed it, which evidently goes to show that even in the old Greek days some athletes were suspected of breaking training and of staying out late at night. The exact details on the customs of training are somewhat difficult to find. Yet we know that the importance of the diet was recognized. Prior to the time of a well known athlete, Dromeus, it had been the custom to train on dry cheese. This practice is not surprising, since like most southern people, the Greeks were not very carnivorous. But when it was discovered that Dromeus ate meat, his diet was imitated. The Greeks seemed to infer that the more of a good thing the better; as a consequence, it was deemed necessary for athletes to eat very large quantities of meat. Owing to this practice they were lazy and sleepy when not engaged in active work. This shows the crude notions of the Greek, a point which should be remembered in judging the relative merits of Grecian athletes and our own.

The training of athletes generally took place in the gymnasium or palaestra. These were what we would call gymnasiums. The most surprising "blue laws" governed these places. They might not be open before or after daylight; no one above a certain age might enter the building; and the severest penalties were imposed on those who violated these regulations. It is known that some of these laws here cited became dead letters and that these places became the favorite resorts of elderly men to see the younger men and boys exercising. This, however, was not the case in stern old Sparta; The regulation in its gymnasium was "strip or go," and it was enforced to prevent an idle crowd. It is interesting to note that the Spartans protested against such sports as boxing because they disfigured those engaged. This is an instance wherein the Grecian conception of training is shown to have been largely the development of gracefulness, poise, and the beauty of physical movement.

The custom of rubbing the skin thoroughly with olive oil and then removing the oil with a special instrument was a practice common to the training of the Greek. This is splendidly shown in the vatican statue of the athlete scraping his arm. What beneficial results the application of olive oil had, is not clear; but, perhaps it served the purpose of a mild liniment and at the same time tended to build up the worn-out tissues through its healing properties.

The field on which the Olympic Games were held we might imagine to have been of special construction resembling in some respects the modern, level, cinder track. Such was not the case. The running races, always held first, were run over an ordinary stretch of sandy ground. If the Olympic track was soft and sandy, as commentators generally agree, it surely was not conducive to speed. Moreover, it would in our day be judged unfit for the races at a country picnic. But we place a much higher premium on fleetness than did the Greeks. They liked to see the runners kicking their knees high in the air to keep going through the sand. It was good form that the Greeks wanted. We believe that great speed cannot be attained without good form.

The Germans, who have carried on the most extensive study of the Greeks, state that in the Olympic Games the runners, preparing to run, swung their arms wildly and shouted self-encouragement from the depths of their lungs. Only one vase of all those that have been found depicts the figure of the athlete with the elbows drawn tightly in the proper way. In other cases he is shown with arms in spread-eagle fashion. Boxing also had its peculiarities. The boxer had heavily padded gloves and ear-protectors. Since the climate was mild we cannot believe that he wore these contrivances as earmuffs, but rather because it was the custom of the Greek boxers to swing round and not straight out from the shoulder.

Some other amazing if not amusing features of the Olympic Games are the fictitious stories of athletic feats. A Spartan, Chionis, of early date, is said to have leaped fifty-two feet, and later Phayllus of Croton fifty-five feet. It is to be inferred that these were standing jumps as there is no mention of running broad jumps or high jumps in the history of the Olympic Games. How any sensible person can accept such extravagance is more than we know. A man would have to be catapulted after the manner of a hydroplane to make a jump of fifty-five feet.

Such instances of exaggeration and the mindfulness of other crude phases in Greek athletics cause one to doubt whether or not the much heralded physical superiority of the ancient Hellenic race is not more picturesque than true. Cicero, in his writings, complains of how, when he went to Athens expecting to see a beautiful race of people, he was disillusioned and found nothing unusual in their appearance. We judge the Grecian race too much by the sculptured forms of its athletes, just as perhaps somebody will, in a future age, think we were all built like Jack Dempsey, simply because when a sculpture works he always selects the fittest subject for his model. And it is natural to seek the most perfect and most beautiful. What an uninteresting figure most of us

would make in stone! It would be the desecration of art to select many of us as models. If there had only been some sociologists in those days to whom we could now refer for statistics on death rates, we would have some basis for discussing the general health of the race; but since we have none at hand, all we can do is to surmise about it.

From 600 B. C. to the first century, the Olympic Games remained very popular but, with the waning of the religious spirit associated with them and the decline of the ascendancy of Greece, the games gradually disappeared. After having been neglected for many centuries these historic Games were revived in 1876 at Athens. Competition has now become international, whereas formerly it was restricted, as we have seen, to the Greeks. Our repeated victories and the depleted finances of Europe have assured this country the right to conduct the Olympic Games of 1928 or 1932. They will undoubtedly attract greater interest in our country than any previous athletic contests, partly because they will be the first ever held here, and also because of the world-wide competition sure to be entered. Already Los Angeles is preparing to secure the privilege of staging these contests, but with the completing of the colossal Grant Park Stadium in Chicago, we hope a movement will be started to hold the Games there. If this can be done we will have the opportunity of viewing these celebrations, whose origin is bound to the ancient glory of Greece.

SIC SEMPER

Learn well each little task,
From day to day,
As if this mortal breath
Would never ebb away.

Yet learn each daily task
With deepest care,
As if by Twilights Gate,
Death were awaiting there.

J. A. W.

SHAUNCEY

Warren McClelland, '28

In almost any little industrial community there lives a Mrs. O'Leary who, it seems, fate has decreed shall run a boarding house. It is also true that Mrs. O'Leary shall have a reputation for supplying strangers and the natives with the most appetizing of meals. It is without doubt this fact that accounts for Mrs. O'Leary being a resident of Littleton. She had in years past opened her doors, and from that time on the steady stream of travellers that had tasted of her home-cooking had done the rest. Those who visited her establishment once always returned.

It had always been that way with Shauncey. Mrs. O'Leary was the only mother that he had ever known. Her care of him was never any other than it would have been for her own son. Shauncey admitted that he could not live without Ma O'Leary and her meals. But, outside of all that, there was a more magnetic connection between him and Littleton. This attraction took the person of Mary Maloney, and it proved to be a very favorable one. Mary was the type of shy little country girl and any attention that Shauncey might bestow upon her was followed by a profuse display of blushes and dimples.

Shauncey himself was nothing to look at, if that is as far as you measure a fellow. But underneath the rough tan of his weather-beaten face, a smile was always just beginning to play. He possessed a heart warm enough to supply all the Esquimoses in Alaska with heat sufficient to roast the daily blubber. His clothes, with the exception of special occasions, were those most generally worn by surveyors. The rough knee boots, and khaki trousers were of the state service. It was on record that he had never worn a hat for the last three years and the sun had crisped his hair and colored it to a chestnut brown. His relation with the city had not been enough to break him of his out-of-door ways. His love of the woods and hills drew him into the timber to erect his lodging. But in that lodging was everything that a man could wish for, from toothbrush to the best that Shakespeare ever penned.

When not on duty, his time was divided between his books and Mrs. O'Leary's. He believed in food for the mind and food for the body and food for the body came first. Therefore, his intimate acquaintance with the head of Littleton's only real boarding establishment. It also had been his

earnest desire to make the acquaintance of some pretty country girl. At twenty-five most young men are burdened with the responsibilities of a family and Shauncey had always thought of a fireside of his own. He knew from the moment that Mary had first appeared at Ma O'Leary's that she was without doubt the girl that he had been waiting for. Therefore, his trip to Littleton on this Sunday morning.

It had been early in the morning when Shauncey arose. His first task was to separate the moth balls from his Sunday suit and prepare himself for Mass. The trip to the church had been made with a hurried stride. He didn't want to be late, but sometimes a fellow just has to take a little longer to straighten his necktie and shine his shoes. Father Mahoney had met him at the door with a smile and a cheering, "Good morning, Shauncey. It's the band box you've just stepped out of, my boy. The prince himself would feel shoddy with you around." Shauncey had smiled and passed in and seated himself in his pew. The sermon had been interesting. The subject concerning marriage, something that Shauncey thought a great deal about those days. Well, at any rate he hoped to be able to ask Father Mahoney to marry him in a short time.

After Mass he lost no time in getting to Mrs. O'Leary's. Mary always went to early Mass in order to be on hand for the breakfast trade. When Shauncey entered she smilingly bade him a good morning and seated him at his usual table. Shauncey devoured his waffles with his customary keen appetite and when finished he arose from the table and approached Mary who was standing behind the counter gazing out of the window. With a great deal of effort he finally spoke.

"Mary, I've wanted to ask you something for a long time. No one around here has ever introduced us and I thought you might object to my introducing myself. Would you?"

"Why no. Shauncey," she stammered, and then realizing her error, she corrected, "Mr. Shauncey I mean."

"That's all right, Mary, they all call me Shauncey," he replied. "What I wanted to know was if you would object to my coming over some evening soon."

With this Mary seemed to lose some of her backwardness and retored, "I don't mind it a bit, Shauncey. It really is so lonesome for me. I have just Mrs. O'Leary to talk to and we get sick and tired of each other."

"That's fine," Shauncey exclaimed, "I'll come over right tonight, if you will let me."

Mary turned as if to hide the gladness in her eyes and then almost hesitatingly answered, "You may come if you wish. I'll be out front at seven-thirty."

"Thanks, Mary," Shauncey replied and then with a hur-

ried "Good-bye," he departed. She watched him round the corner and then whistling a merry tune began to clear the breakfast dishes.

After leaving Mary, Shauncey hurried off towards the woods to think. He had not expected Mary to grant his wish and allow him to come that very night. The more he thought of it the more convinced he became that she cared for him. Well, if she did, he would prove his merit.

For him the hours went by slowly, the day seemed endless. When the first faint shadow of night fell his hair was primped and he was ready to leave. At seven-fifteen he was on his way.

Mary was waiting for him in front of Mrs. O'Leary's. He found it difficult to realize that she was the little servant girl that had spoken to him in the morning. She had lost all the air of the kitchen and now played the part of the little Cinderella in society. Her clothes were not expensive, probably hand-sewn but she wore them well.

Shauncey could not but wonder at her appearance. When he spoke his voice betrayed his feelings.

"Why Mary," he exclaimed, "I didn't know you."

"Well, Shauncey," she retorted, "I don't believe you really do. You wouldn't let me tell you my name this morning, at least I didn't hear you ask me."

"Why isn't it Mary Maloney?" he queried, "Mrs. O'Leary told me it was when I asked her."

"Oh!" Mary exclaimed. "You have been asking about me. Come now Shauncey, admit it."

"Well, I guess I will have to; there seems no other way out of it for me. You see the first time I saw you I was impressed by your reserved manner and bearing. You were really the first girl of your type I had seen since I left school. In fact you reminded me of a girl I went with while there."

"You went to school, Shauncey," she interjected, "I didn't know that."

"Yes, I attended Yale for four years and graduated from the engineering course. I was sent up here three years ago to map out every detail of these hills for the New York Central Rail Road Company."

"Listen, Shauncey, will you let me ask you something?" she asked.

"Where did you live when you were a boy, Shauncey, and what high school did you attend?"

"Milltown High School," Shauncey answered, in a rather boastful tone. "I was the president of my class."

"Of our class you mean," exclaimed Mary. "Don't you remember the little freckled face girl that always smiled at you. Perhaps you don't; we were both just children. I had

given up all hope of ever seeing you again. My father died a short time after you left town and after all his debts were paid there was nothing left for me. Relatives offered to give me a home, but I had always been adverse to charity and refused. There have been times when I wished I had accepted, but those have all passed now. You will remember when I first came to Mrs. O'Leary's. She told me that she needed help, but that she wanted some good Irish girl. That's how I became Mary Maloney. I had to change my name or lose a good home. I changed my name. Tell me about yourself, won't you please, Shauncey?"

"With pleasure, Miss Frond," Shauncey replied.

"Don't call me Miss, I'm just Betty now."

"Well then, Betty," Shauncey continued, "I left Milltown shortly after the graduation of our class. I had always wanted to go to college, and so, when the opportunity came to work my way through Yale, I took it. The war, however, drew me from my books and I entered the service. I completed training and spent six months on the other side. When I returned home, my uncle, who, you will remember, was rather wealthy, called me to his home for a conference. He was elated to learn that I had received a decoration, and told me that he was going to make me his heir. He informed me, however, that there would be several provisions to the will. The will stated that if before or after the time of his death, I should marry a certain girl, I would receive the whole of his fortune. If I married a girl of her type I would receive only half of his fortune, and lastly, that the limit of time given me to marry after his death would be five years. I was surprised, you may well believe, by this generous offer but was unable to even imagine myself as the husband of the young lady mentioned. I searched for her for some time, and then, realizing that she was really the only girl I could, or would ever marry, I accepted the offer of the railroad company after my graduation and decided to come up here and forget. The time limit placed upon me transpired at twelve o'clock last night, the twenty-first."

"Why, that's terrible," Betty interrupted.

"Oh, It's not half bad," Shauncey replied, "Especially when you're standing about two feet from the girl in question."

"You don't mean me, do you, Shauncey?" Betty said timidly.

"Yes, Betty, I mean you. Will you marry me?"

"Not on the twenty-second of the month," Betty replied curtly.

"Oh, so that's it," Shauncey almost sobbed. "You're thinking only of the money."

“Not just the money, Shauncey, I want you too,” responded Betty. “But you’ll have to marry me on the twenty-first.”

“It’s impossible,” Shauncey almost shouted. “The time was up last night. It can’t be done.”

“Don’t say can’t, Shauncey,” Betty pleaded. “Look at the calendar.”

He did look and the last thing he remembered saying was, “God bless you.” Father Mahoney did the rest.

OUR SERVICE FLAG

Proud Flag of rainbow dyes,
 Flag of our sacrifice,
 We sing to Thee.
 Triumphant may you wave,
 Honoring the sons we gave
 For Liberty.

Thy field of crimson red,
 The blood our brothers shed
 To make men free.
 The snowy fields of white
 Shows forth our spirit bright,
 Pure, noble, just and right,
 Sweet Liberty.

Each star of azure blue
 Means more to me and you
 Than words can tell.
 Each means a hero grand
 Of our victorious band,
 Their praise throughout the land
 Let music swell.

J. A. W.

A Simple Process of Making Enemies

Louis Roy, '29

The one and only purpose of the writer of this sketch is to introduce to the public a simple, complete, and effective process for making enemies. By way of introduction, the author would say to the indulgent reader that, true to the modern trend of specilization, he has devoted months and months to research work along this line. Moreover, after testing out his theories on his fellow beings he is proud to proclaim that they have worked out with remarkable success. Finally, before developing this wonderful formula, the author desires to state that the motives back of his laborious researches were strictly humanitarian. Surely in times such as ours when friends and friendships are so numerous and boresome, long suffering humanity is sorely in need of just such a plan of separation or divorce as the following.

The process is not hard. Let it be known at once that sarcasm forms the framework of the process. Sarcasm, of course, does not manifest itself only in the spoken word. It may be superbly shown by that indescribable grin or by that strained note in the voice which we know so well. These manifestations of kindly feeling are seldom if ever mistaken, and to say the least, cause annoyance. After you have schooled yourself in the art of passing caustic remarks, you may approach your prospective enemy. Impress him in the first place, by an effective display of conceit on your part. This is well achieved by presenting yourself in an offhand manner with a matter-of-fact impatience. Make your speech short and snappy. Although the writer prescribes a biting note and curtness in your talk, on account of the dread of disastrous sequels, he does not encourage insults. Strengthen your points of attack by seizing every opportunity of impressing upon him a sense of his own smallness, unimportance and incompleteness. Put in a yawn now and then, by which you will show how amazingly interesting his conversation is to you. Refer frequently to defects he may possess, and if you locate one that irritates him considerably, do not let him forget it.

Agree with him on nothing. If he turns the tables by trying to agree with you on some radical outlandish statement you have made, it is either a sign that you have at last begun to "get under his skin," or that you are not only not antagonizing him but that he is even trying to be friendly. If the first case is true, you have practically won. In the last,

however, success is yet to be attained. It may be asserted that you have now reached a critical point and that before you proceed any further you had better make sure that there is at hand a convenient avenue for a hasty retreat. When he thus agrees with you on your radical view, turn about and explain to him that the opinion expressed is not your real thought at all, that you were merely attempting to stress the foolishness of such an idea.

If, by chance, there should be any hitch or break in the process, it will be probably due to an oversight in reading the above instructions. Memorize them, bear them always in mind and above all practice them. Indeed, it is lack of practice that often brings failure. Remember this: the points must be mastered, the plan of action carefully studied, and the boresome tone of speech often rehearsed. If after this it fails, it is because your intended enemy is a determined "hard-boiled" friend.

CURVES OF BEAUTY

The exquisite curve of a cloud
Sweeps down the midnight sky.
A star hangs limpid and still,
A tree lifts a branch with a sigh.

Oh God, of what little worth
Is the beauty I make for Thee,
Who am overthrown by a cloud
Or the flowing bend of a tree!

And a Voice as quiet as love
And as lovely was answering me:

"The grace of each poem you make
Is a curve of beauty in thee—,
A loveliness of the soul,
No fingers but mine could twirl.
And it is lovelier far,
And far more dear to Me,
Than the curve of a cloud or a star
Or the flowing bend of a tree."

E. M. Roy, '27.

The Music of a Great Musician

Gus Edwards, '27

"That music! Listen! It sounds as if he had his own heart in his hands and was playing on it!"

My companion turned at my words to look down the beach, in the opposite direction from which we were walking, to where the tall, splendid figure of a man, holding a violin to his chin, was dimly silhouetted against the dark in the faint light of the rising moon—such a strange moon slowly coming up out of the waters in the east like some magic, blood stained jewel of old Ind. As it rose in its stately grace, the violin wailed in the man's arms, as if it were a living soul singing itself away to some mystic goddess. I have never in all my life heard such music. Its sorrow, passion, ecstasy and despair were fused into one sword of enchantment, piercing the night with wonder. That sword was in my heart; its enchantment was wild in my blood. When he paused, I stood quivering and breathless on the brink of the world, till the quiet voice of my companion came like a gentle hand, pulling me aside.

"That's David," he said. "Poor fellow! It is his heart he has in his hands, and the anguish of love is tearing that sweetness from its strings."

The old man's voice was deeply compassionate and had a rhythmic roar and pause like the dim roaring of the waves. And his hair was as white as foam.

Long ago he and my father had studied medicine together at the University of Paris, and he, though a brilliant student, had for some reason his friends could never understand, buried himself on this island of the South Seas and given his life to the doctoring of its people.

"Have you ever heard his story?" he asked, turning on me those eyes in whose mild glance heaven was closer.

"Then he has a story? Yes, one might guess as much," I mused, looking on the strange, silent figure of the man, whose music had awakened such a tumult of awed pity in my heart. There was about this aloof, shadowy form, a tragic dignity like that of some, old exiled god of one of these souls Plato tells of, that wander lamenting upon the shores of Acheron.

"Yes," said the Doctor, with a grave, meditative tone coming into his voice, "a very, very sad one. Would you care to hear it?"

"Indeed, I would," I assented with eager sincerity.

The moon was coming up higher now and I could see the man more plainly. In the eerie light his finely moulded, if somewhat rugged features, had a wild, unearthly look. There was something inspiring, almost grand in the face and the strong, tall, graceful figure. He had that air of god-like patience, resignation and exalted passion of a Prometheus bound in torture to the rock.

"I shall tell you about Nereena first," the Old Man was saying. "She was a remarkable child of remarkable parents. Her father was an Englishman—a minister, who came here as a missionary. He fell in love with and married an island princess by the name of Lovaina, a magnificent, voluptuous creature with great, passionate eyes as black and soft as darkness and shining as starlit lakes. Nereena had the gleamy whiteness of her father's skin and all his stern pride; and the wild, dark eyes, the superb grace of her mother and all her eager emotion. Her father and mother loved each other with a deep, reckless exuberance,—with that high abandon of love that seems born like a glorious flower for death or a more perfect existence. And so it was. For a short time after her marriage, Lovaina died, not, as the islanders thought, in giving birth to her child, but by her own hand, on discovering that she had contracted that dread, fatal disease of the island—leprosy. After that the Englishman completely disappeared for months, till one day his body was washed up by the sea, so disfigured, that we knew it was he only by the clothes and the picture of Lovaina in his watch.

"After that I took care of Nereena. I grew to love her as the dearest thing I had on earth. I watched her growing out of childhood into the glory of a woman. She was a thoughtful, wondering creature, as strange, and lovely and lonely as—that moon!" He spoke with an air of inspiration, pointing upward to the great, secret moon, floating up in the sky, coming like a miracle out of the darkness, with the mysterious, burning hue of an awful, unknown beauty. He was silent for a moment, lost in memories, while the deep, musical voice of the sea seemed to take up his story and murmur dim, heart broken things between its ancient, frothy lips.

"Yes, like that," went on the Old Man, "lonely and majestic. For there was no one on the island at all like her that she could talk to. We were each other's joy. I taught her all I knew and she was the charm and delight of my heart with her gracious, beautiful youth."

"David came when she was in the height of her loveliness. He was a musician who sought these southern seas for peace and inspiration. I think in the first meeting of their

eyes, they knew each other for each other, as the sea knows the subtle, delicate ways and like the sea he stormed the high moon and the moon the sea. Like the moon she drew him in serenity of her heart with tides and winds of fierce tenderness. And like the wooing of the moon and sea, theirs was a wooing that could never end."

"There was no finer sight on the earth than the sight of these two, tall, splendid creatures together. Often I would see them on an evening full of stars, walking where the spray of the white waves dashed their feet. And they alone seemed fit for the sweeping immensities of nature's background, for they were like gods in the exultation of their love and youth. And they gladdened the eyes of the island like the sight of the sun rising or the spring coming over the land."

"The joy of Nereena was a visible splendor about her. There was something wonderful and almost terrible in her reckless, triumphant gladness. She wore her happiness like a crown which no power could wrest from her, as if it were hers by some divine right. And I rejoiced and feared as one who mourns in his joy over the glory of a red rose in the dawn.

The days went by in a beautiful, dreamlike monotony of happiness until it came to the morning before the wedding. And when I saw her face that day, I felt my heart turn in my breast and stab me, for hers was the face of one that had looked on a naked horror. All my vague, hidden anxiety seemed to have found a terrible fulfillment in her glance. I tried to question her, but when I spoke, she only looked at me half questioningly out of those great, black eyes of misery and then turned away as if she had not comprehended or had forgotten what I said. With the growing length of day, my fear kept pace until the oppression grew unbearable. With a determination not to be put off longer, I called her to me.

"'Neerena, you must tell me, Child. What is the matter,' I urged, about to put my hand on her shoulder in an attempt to draw her closer. But she drew back, crying out sharply, 'No, no. Do not touch me!'

"'Why what is it, Nereena, tell me!' I pleaded in my distress. Then of a sudden my eyes fell on her shoulder revealed by the native mode of dress, and my heart died within me as I understood. There was no mistaking it—the smooth, shining, depressed white patch with its whitened hairs upon the flawless marble of her fair skin. It was the leprosy!

'O Nereena, my Child!' I cried with the horror and grief cold in my veins. 'That woman! O, why did you go near her. I had told you, forbidden you. O my Darling! Your mother—it was like this—the same, same way! Nereena why did you go near that woman when I told you, told you!'

“ ‘But she was alone, Father, alone and old and forsaken. There was no one that cared for her.’

“ ‘But you, now you! O my child! My child!’ I cried through my tears and reached to clasp her in my arms. But she drew away piteously from the embrace that had been her life long comfort and shelter.

“ ‘No, No.! You must not touch me! You must not! No one must!—O! O! Father!—O, David! What shall I do? I must give him up!—No! No! No! I will not—I will not give him up!’ she cried wildly, half maddened in a frenzy of grief. “You hear me, Father. You hear me. I will not! He is my sun and moon and stars! Before he came, I had never lived! He is my life and death! O. David! O!”

It was as if she had died on that last terrible O, and it was her ghost that had ran out into the dark, where a forlorn moon, faded and battered and old was coming tipsily up the sky.

And there was I, not knowing what to say to her, sitting inside by the window—thinking, thinking, with a great weariness—the weariness of futility and despair, numbing my every faculty. I could see her out in the night alone, pacing up and down the shore, with the moonlight shining upon her long, white, flowering dress. And still I sat on inside, with my heart out there crying against hers beneath the windy moon. So shocked and dazed was I by this sudden appalling sorrow, that even when I felt the night’s chillness creeping over me, I found no will or strength to stir myself. I am not sure whether I slept or not, but when I aroused myself and looked out, the moon was pale in the deathlight of dawn. Then I realized that Nereena had not come in or if she had it was without my hearing her. I found her bedroom was empty and it was with a great fear upon me that I rushed out into the pale, cold stillness of the breaking dawn. But Nereena was no where to be seen. Suddenly my eye caught a gleam of whiteness some distance down the sandy shore, white as the eternally breaking waves breaking over it. I ran to the spot and there I saw—Ah, yes, Nereena, with the life pouring in a red stream from her breast! Nereena, lying on the sands, her white dress crimsoned with the flowing of the crimson tide of her heart! All the precious wine of her glowing youth spilt on the white sand and the winds and airs of dawn drinking it up!

“Nereena! O, my child!” I cried over her with my heart, not my voice. And because it was my heart she heard and spoke faintly:

“Father! I — am — dying! I — have done — this. David! I must — see — him!”

Dizzy and half staggering with grief, I hurried to David’s home a distance away. On the way back, I explained in a few

words what had happened, and soon, with a face stricken white as Nereena's or the dying moon's, he was bending over her.

"Nereena!" he moaned in the still, cold air. "Beloved! O what have you done! O my lovely One! Your beauty spilt upon the ground! Nereena! Nereena! Nereena!"

And he was about to shower his last kisses upon her, poor lad, but she protested: "No! No! David! Don't! My lips,—my kisses are death, Dearest!"

"Then death is life! Oh, Nereena, O why have you done this? Why have you done me this wrong?"

"No, I would have done you a greater wrong by living, David, for living I could not give you up. But by dying, I give you to yourself—to your greater life—to your music," she said in a voice grown strangely clear and strong. "Now you will find it—that great, great music, that you have heard deep in your heart,—the music of our love, David,—our love which must live forever—which you must never let die!"

They were both very still for a moment and then Nereena said: "Beloved, I would be your wife before I go."

And so I married them, with the dawn coming over the sea and the moon dying in the west and the precious drops slipping like liquid jewels from Nereena's breast. When I had finished we could see death visibly in her face.

Suddenly an awful change seemed to have come over her. Her eyes closed, her face grew paler and she lay very still. She looked like one dead, and David cried out in a loud, soul piercing voice: "My Beloved! O my wife! I have no other life now. My life dies in yours! Oh, Nereena, you shall not go alone. Wait! I will be with you!" And in a kind of ecstasy he seized in his hand the knife that had lately tasted her blood.

The pale eyelids fluttered back for a moment at this and that weak but clear voice, which we thought was frozen to silence forever said: "No, David. Promise — You have another life — music! Promise!" She urged with lips that could scarcely frame the words.

"All life but life with you is death! But what you ask, I cannot refuse." He answered with a deep, slow resigned note of utter heartbreak in his voice.

The great, dark eyes looked love at him and at me.

"Father — farewell. David. Death — cannot — part us. I — will — be near — you — always!" Her voice grew fainter and fainter and we bent to catch the last words. "Oh — I cannot — more. I — love — you, — David — Oh!"

And with that, she fell back in her death as the sun arose from the sea, drinking up the pale light of the fading moon.

Business is Business

Vincent Pfeffer, '26

The span of human life is so short that we are baffled when we attempt to draw conclusions as to the moral state of humanity from our own experience. Even the supplementary observations our father and grandfather seem not to lessen our confusion a whit. Every generation has apparently informed the next tier of the human race that it was on the straight route to positive damnation. No doubt Adam remonstrated at length with his sons and must have been completely exasperated with his grandchildren. Adam of course was not sinless himself and all his descendants down to the present day, with a few exceptions, are characterized by moral irregularities. Embryo sociologists are wont to debate at length as to whether the world is better or worse than it used to be. As to ourselves,—we are perfectly frank and admit that we do not know. We concur with the general sentiment that there was not many Levites amongst us, but we resent the allegation that we are the worst yet.

But we do sincerely believe that selfishness was never so rampant in the world as it is today. Self interest underlies almost every evil in society today. Murder, theft, and most of the anti-social acts are committed for the personal advantage of the offender. Aside from purely moral considerations, the greatest argument against divorce is that it is instigated by selfish motives. Divorce makes orphans of the children affected, generally robbing them of a home and parents. Society is harmed by its after effects through the disruption of the family. Hence, the divorcing party is acting for strictly personal benefits. As to the matter of birth control, it is only necessary to refer to the fact that it is practiced most widely by the wealthy classes to show that selfishness of parents rather than their financial insufficiency motivates it.

But perhaps the greatest incentive given to selfishness in recent times was the adoption of the laissez-faire policy. Governments apparently forgot that they had any obligation to protect their less fortunate citizens from the oppression of those upon whom they were dependent for employment. When government returned from its ill-chosen vacation, a number of evils had become established in the industrial world that are with us to the present day. So far as industry is concerned, 'Might makes Right.' Of course we do not hear that axiom declared in these words, we are told in this grand

industrial era that, "business is business." With these words the wages of fathers of large families are sliced to the starvation limit. These are the words that justify the refusal of apartments to families with children, and the Mogul of capital soothes his conscience with the selfsame triad as he forces his small competitors into bankruptcy by means that would make piracy appear honorable. The business man in the conduct of his affairs allows no considerations of charity or human welfare to deter him one iota. Even moral justice is secondary to business ethics. All this leads to a kind of glorified selfishness. Glorified because we venerate and applaud the man who manages to acquire a million dollars for—himself. If he has accumulated a hundred million in his money boxes, we honor him the more. The most unfortunate thing about the whole situation is the fact that we are fast losing our sense of social justice. We are too ready to abet the employer and condemn the employees in nearly every case of friction between the two, especially if we are totally ignorant of the circumstances. There are cases of course where we vent our rage upon the capitalist. But generally he stands innocent until proven guilty while the abject workers must rely upon some charitable hearted investigator to present their case in a fair light. No doubt the generality of industrial magnates is unconscious of committing any wrong in the pursuance of their policies, but if so, it is merely a point in favor of our contention that consummate selfishness is one of the greatest evils of the age. Furthermore, we insist that social fault is worse than it was 6000 years ago.

It seems that the Egyptians who lived hundreds of years before the Christian era possessed a truer sense of respect for human rights than many moderns. On the tomb of a noble who lived about 2000 B. C., these words are inscribed, "—there was no widow whom I oppressed, there was no peasant whom I evicted,—there were none wretched in my community. When the years of famine came I plowed all the fields of my estate, preserving its people alive and furnishing its food so that there was none hungry within." This man may have overstated his generosity, but at least the inscription reflects a different sentiment than that in vogue today when the landlord would say, "Most of my employees are living from hand to mouth, 'stoo bad, but business is business."

**CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS OF COLLEGE CLUB
ST. VIATOR COLLEGE**

We, the Students of St. Viator College do hereby form an association, to be known as the College Club, for the purpose of fostering student activities, of improving the intellectual, moral, and social life of the student body, of securing a remarkable measure of student government, of rendering organized assistance to the Faculty in the development of our Alma Mater, do hereby ordain and adopt the following Constitution and By-Laws:

Article I.

Section 1. This Association shall be known as the College Club.

Section 2. The membership of the College Club shall consist of all students regularly matriculated at St. Viator College. Special students, taking at least twelve hours a week in regular college course are also eligible for membership.

Article II.

Section 1. The officers of the College Club shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Members of the Advisory Board.

Section 2. All officers shall hold office only for the term of the current scholastic year in which they shall have been elected.

Section 3. All officers with the exception of the Members of the Advisory Board shall be elected as follows: As soon as possible after the opening of the scholastic year a meeting of all students regularly enrolled in St. Viator College shall be called. The students thus assembled shall chose a temporary Chairman and Temporary Secretary, and shall then proceed to the nomination of the permanent officers. All nominations shall be made in regular form from the floor and each nomination must receive a second. The Temporary Secretary shall keep a record of all names receiving a nomination and second for each office. When nominations have been received for all the offices, the meeting shall adjourn for a period of not less than three days, and not more than six days, shall then reconvene, and proceed by secret ballot to the election of officers from these, whose names have previously been placed in nomination. Three tellers shall be appointed by the Temporary Chairman, to count the votes. The candidates receiving the highest number of votes for each office shall be declared elected to that office.

Section 4. No student shall be eligible for office who has not fulfilled the scholastic requirements of his year in College. Special Students are not eligible to hold office.

Article III.

Section 1. The duties of the President shall be to call regular and special meetings of the College Club, to preside at such meetings, to initiate and foster student activities, to represent the College Club on all public occasions, and generally to fulfill the functions of the presiding officer of similar organizations.

Section 2. The duties of the Vice-President shall be to act in the place of the President, when the latter is absent or for any reason unable to perform his functions.

Section 3. The duties of the Secretary shall be to keep the minutes of the meetings, to prepare and maintain an accurate list of all the members of the College Club, to call the roll when a viva voce vote is required, to answer all written communications after consultation with the President, and to read all communications received to the first regular meeting of the College Club, and generally to perform the duties of a secretary of a deliberative assembly.

Section 4. The duties of the Treasurer shall be to collect and keep all dues and other moneys, to render an accurate account of them to each regular meeting of the College Club, to pay all properly incurred debts upon order of the President and Secretary.

Section 5. The Offices of Secretary and Treasurer may be held by the same member, if the College Club shall so determine by a majority vote of all the members present at the nominating meeting.

Article IV.

Section 1. The Members of the Advisory Board shall be the President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer of the College Club, and two members elected from each of the Freshmen, Sophomore, Junior and Senior Classes. Each class shall meet separately to elect its representatives on the Advisory Board, and shall do so in accordance with its own constitution and By-Laws, provided that no one ineligible under this constitution shall be elected by any of the classes as members of the Advisory Board.

Section 2. The duties of the Advisory Board shall be to consider and report to the College Club all matters within the purpose of the College Club, and generally to fulfill the functions of an executive committee. The Advisory Board shall be the final interpreters of the Constitution and By-Laws in the event of disputes.

Article V.

Section 1. The amount of the annual dues shall be determined each year by a majority vote of the membership of the College Club at a regular meeting.

Section 2. No member shall have the right to vote on any question brought before the College Club, who has not paid his dues, to date.

Article VI

Section 1. The regular meetings of the College Club shall take place twice a month during the scholastic year on days to be determined each year by majority vote of the meeting at which the permanent officers shall be elected.

Section 2. Special meetings of the College Club may be called at any time by the President. He shall always call a special meeting when requested by another officer, by a member of the Advisory Board, by any other two members of the College Club, or by a member of the Faculty.

Article VII.

Section 1. A quorum for the purpose of any meeting shall consist of at least one third of the total membership of the College Club.

Article VIII.

Section 1. A member of the Faculty shall be invited by the Advisory Board to act each year as Faculty Advisor to the College Club.

Article IX.

Section 1. This Constitution may be amended as follows: The proposed amendment shall be read before a regular meeting of the College Club, and shall then be referred to the Members of the Advisory Board, who shall, after serious deliberation, vote to accept or reject it. If the vote of the Advisory Board is favorable to the proposed amendment, it shall be submitted to the Faculty Advisor for his approval, and if this is secured, the amendment shall be reported back favorably to the College Club. A vote shall then be taken, and if the amendment secures a majority of the votes of all the members of the College Club, it shall be considered adopted, and of the same force as the other provisions of this Constitution.

WHEN I AM GONE

Ah, when my weary journey's o'er,
 The world unchanged will be;
 The tide of Life will ebb and flow
 Unmindful then of me.
 The winds will whisper just as soft,
 The flowers as fragrant bloom,
 The songs of birds be just as sweet,
 Though I dwell in the tomb.

The rippling brooks will laugh as gay,
 The meadows be as green,
 The murmuring waves still kiss the shore,
 As bright the woodland scene.
 The sun, the moon, the stars of night
 Will as brightly blaze the sky,
 And youthful hearts with love beat fast,
 Though in the grave I lie.

My place in life someone will fill,
 My task another do.
 Ah me! Forgotten I will be,
 Remembered by, but few.
 Perchance unto my grassy mound
 My friends will come and weep—
 Ah then I'll hover by their side
 Though in the grave I sleep.

L'enviou—May faults of mine forgotten be
 (Let God my record scan)
 But friend and foe—remember me
 Among men, as a 'Man'.

J. A. W.

 ANNOUNCEMENT

The Father Marsile Jubilee Number of the Viatorian will appear about December first. This issue will include an account of the celebration as well as of the tributes paid to this beloved and venerable priest. Alumni desiring extra copies of this number may have them by merely applying to John J. Toohill, circulation manager of the Viatorian.



DATE OF ISSUE. NOVEMBER. 1925.

FACULTY DIRECTOR

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

EDITOR

Vincent J. Pfeffer, '26.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Published bimonthly 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.

The Viatorian It is only natural that those who are reading this issue as their first number of the Viatorian would be unfamiliar with the purposes of the magazine. But we feel that there are many students here of several years standing who are equally ignorant of the aims of the Viatorian as a college publication. From year to year we hear the Viatorian adversely criticized, especially by those who read but the joke section and, if their intellectual proclivities are not yet satisfied, a little of the Athletic Column. However, there are perhaps many who, after careful perusal of the magazine, regard it in an unfavorable light.

Now, in the beginning, we are fully aware that the Via-

torian falls short of the norm of perfection. But on the other hand we believe that it is frequently judged harshly and unjustly because students misunderstand the ends for which it is produced. For instance, though a little humor is used to spice the general tone of the magazine, it is not the intention of the Viatorian to vie with the comic section of the newspapers. Neither is it intended that the reaction upon its readers should be about the same as that experienced at a theatrical production or by the reading of a piece of masterly fiction.

The first and foremost aim of a college publication is to serve as an organ for the literary expression of the students. Of course it may act as a bond to keep the alumni in closer relation to their Alma Mater and to one another, but its primary function is to encourage and foster the literary talent of the students. There can be no question but that the progress of literature depends upon the men of letters which our college and universities are producing. But though, conscious of this obligation of producing the writers of the future, the college has not fulfilled its mission when it has encouraged original thinking, stimulated new ideas, and taught all the technicalities of writing. The young writer must be imbued with an overwhelming desire to impart his ideas and emotions to those about him. Literature cannot be considered apart from publication. Unlike the miser and his gold, no writer writes for his own secret reading and re-reading. His handiwork is for the benefit of his fellowmen.

Now it is obvious that the product of a collegiate pen is rarely of that quality which would justify its appearance in publications using the material of experienced writers. Furthermore, the embarrassment of the young writer would be an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of the publication of his first attempts. The only solution to this problem is the college journal. Its standards are not so high as to repel the timid-hearted beginner, and should he be successful in this smaller field, he may be inspired with new courage and venture forth on a literary career. Unquestionably, many young men who have delved in college journalism have found themselves endowed with faculties undreamed of, while others must have discovered their own limitations. In either case the college publication serves as a kind of greenhouse where the literary germ may be planted. If it proves healthy and strong it can be transplanted out in the harsher world to produce fruit, but if it is unworthy it can be allowed to wither and die.

Literature should be written with the idea in the mind of the writer that it will be read by a number of people. Writing

done simply as an assignment and for no reader other than the instructor cannot but be banal and lifeless. Hence, it seems to us that English teachers should insist upon their pupils to write with the thought that what they are putting down may be published in the college magazine. Surely a new tone would develop in the class themes and we all know from our own experience that theme-writing took on a different aspect after we saw our first paper printed in the Viatorian.

So in the future, when you get your Viatorian, regard it as the vehicle for the literary expression of your fellow-students. True, their articles will not be on a par with those of renowned writers,—if they were you would not see them in the Viatorian. Consider the Viatorian as a guarded field in which our literary fledglings are taking their trial flights and then, should one of them soar to famous heights some future day, you will appreciate the significance of the Viatorian.

* * *

The New Blood

The personnel of the student body of a college is necessarily, from the function of the institution, in a constant state of change. Every year sees the departure of the most mature and choicest of the group through graduation.

The world has conscripted them and they must take up the task which has been ordained for them in the eternal arrangement of things. Each year the gaps that are left in the college ranks are filled with new men,—the raw material which in four brief years must be groomed into fit and capable manhood, fully prepared to enter the struggle for better human existence.

Having put aside, as it were, the raiment of a child, and donned the coveted cap and gown, the graduate while not forgotten, nevertheless no longer enjoys the immediate attention of the college. For four years he has had every advantage the school had to offer laid before him and was the object of her solicitude. But with the termination of his last year he gives up these benefits to his successors. During the first few months of the scholastic year, special interest is devoted toward the Freshmen, for with them lies the outlook for the future. Toward the incoming class the college community looks for ideas and youthful inspirations that reflect the environment of the outside world. Their advent represents the infusion of new blood into the veins of an old institution,—the antitoxin for the vapidness and monotony which would otherwise result. The function of the college is not to annihilate this natural virility and youthful zeal, but to direct it into the proper channels, sometimes restraining it, and above

all, putting within its reach the proper substance for assimilation and healthy development.

The regulations imposed by the college authorities are, of course, the first restraints with which the Freshman becomes familiar. But he soon must learn that his freedom will be curbed by other forces. Regulations concerning his status as a freshman must not be disregarded, enthusiasm for athletics must be displayed, certain respect must be shown upperclassmen, and revered traditions cannot be ignored. Consequently, college editors usually regard it their religious duty to advise the freshmen in all these things, and at this time of the year reams of paper are devoted to admonitions and warnings.

But here at St. Viator, we take a different attitude. The editor of the Viatorian, a student himself, would loathe nothing more than the task of dictating to the student body. It is ever the aim of St. Viator College to make its students feel that they, while here, are all members of one large family under the kindly guardianship of a solicitous faculty which determines the rules necessary for the welfare of the group. But the conduct of the St. Viator student is not solely determined by these official regulations. The deportment of the true Viatorian is influenced almost as much by the mutual interest that exists between the students and by the peculiar environments of boarding school life. To enumerate the customs resulting from these influences and to insist upon conformity with them, we deem superfluous here because anyone who has lived within our midst a month is acquainted with them, and he who has not observed them must already feel himself a misfit on this campus.

But having covered most of this four-year journey through college, we feel that we are able to make a few remarks to the wayfarer just beginning this pilgrimage which may enable him to avoid some of the errors that many of the ones who have gone before have fallen into. We cannot insist too strongly on the importance of the first year of school and especially of the first semester. A few students, through carelessness or inability to become acclimated, make only about half their credit hours the first year. After that they may settle down to the average routine but when they reach their senior year they discover that they need a year and a half of work. Then they begin to rue the dilly-dallying and sleepovers that they indulged in the first year. Furthermore, studying, very much a matter of habit, will not be burden to the man who has trained himself to application from the beginning, but to him who has made his first year or two a pleasant respite from parental discipline, study will be a mental agony. A kind of double discount works against the latter. The

less he has trained himself for study and application, the more will be the work that he will have to accomplish; while the man who has acquired the habit of industry and could do more than the average amount of work finds that he can rest on his oars the last lap of the race.

Another important consideration anent this subject is the reputation you make or fail to make during your first year as a student. If you show a strong partiality for C's and D's at the beginning of your college career, you will have difficulty in convincing the professors that you have a taste for something better later on. But if, from the start you travel only with the elite class, i. e.—the 'A' and 'B' students, you have proven yourself a scholar, and the influence of that record will always lead your teachers to give you the benefit of the doubt in the future.

Now we have not mentioned these things to curry any favor with the 'powers that be' in the faculty, nor have we forsworn the ministrations of the barber and set ourselves up as long haired intellectuals of serious mien, to dictate to our alleged lesser brethren. We have merely mentioned these things for your consideration. We are positive, in our own minds, that they are absolutely logical and in entire agreement with common sense. Perhaps the same things were said to us four years ago and we forgot them almost as soon as we heard them. But they have been set down here in the hope that some one who reads them may profit by the folly of those who have gone before.

* * *

THE BEAUTY OF THINGS THAT CAN NEVER BE TOLD

The beauty of things that can never be told is crying in me
for release!

O little, lonely field of dream beneath the brooding sky!

O sunset glimmering like a rose in the wide and gloomy air!

O love and the sweet, everlasting pain of a memory that can
not die!

My mind is bewildered with the delight of unutterable beautiful things.

O music that crys through the lone twilight in the stillness
beneath the moon!

I weep for the beauty of beautiful things that can never, never
be told,

Not till the last, sad-hearted poet has sung his last, sad rune!

E. M. Roy, '27.



“Well,” said I to Myself the afternoon after learning that I was to be Exchange Editor, “this business of attempting to criticize other people’s work is going to be a responsibility as well as a pleasure. I ought to find out something about how to handle my new job.” With such an idea in view, I betook myself to what in transcendental language is best to speak of as the Sanctum or Viatorian room. Here in the midst of all sorts and kinds of college magazines, I read my way through exchange department after exchange department. It was an afternoon of revelation! I was amazed to find that (according to most of our Exchange Editors) the majority of everything in college magazines is, if not superb, magnificent or splendid, at least, interesting, charming or excellent. I began to think I had stumbled upon a sort of literary Utopia, where perfection ruled everywhere. Lured by the light of such glowing adjectives, I hastened to become acquainted with some of these masterpieces of the modern world. Perhaps it is because I have a nasty disposition or am a poor critic, but strangely enough after reading these productions, I found no such splendid epithets trembling upon my tongue. There was much I considered worthy of moderate praise, but little that awoke the lyric and ecstatic rapture of some of the Ex-Editors.

“But,” said I, considerably bewildered to Myself (with whom I am oftentimes companionable), “I always thought that an Exchange department was edited for the purpose of exchanging honest, friendly and helpful literary criticism.”

“Well, it’s not”, said Myself, very tartly, “it’s just a pink tea gathering, where they indulge in that particular kind of beverage, that stultifies the mind with conceited complacency and leaves it stupidly lying in a slough of mediocrity.”

I told Myself that he was very bad tempered and much too harsh, but still I couldn’t help seeing that there was some truth in what he had said. Pink tea, the exchange of pretty,

honeyed, meaningless compliments, is no sort of a beverage for any person with intellectual aspirations. It is as dangerous, from that point of view, as bootlegger's hair tonic. Indulgence in either is a form of suicide.

After a little while I said to Myself:—"I suppose that these people are afraid to discourage each other by censure."

Myself retorted after his usual, rude and noisy fashion:—"Phooh! Anybody ought to know that there is nothing that does more harm than insincere praise—not even wrong and mistaken censure."

"Perhaps that's true," I said.

"True?" cried Myself impatiently. "Of course it's true! How many people are so robust and clear minded that they do not believe all the good said of them, and how many are there so self depreciatory that they believe all the bad said of them? Why, if a man speaks favorably, his words are believed as if they were an oracle's. But let him speak ill and everybody feels sure that he is either an unjust, carping critic or a mistaken fool! Isn't that true?"

"Maybe it is" I admitted cautiously.

"Maybe? Of course it's true! Remember that poem you wrote that we both agreed was little better than worthless, and yet when somebody praised it, you believed him, didn't you?"

"Perhaps, I did—but there's no need of being personal," I added a little vexed. Sometimes Myself is a very unpleasant person.

"Listen!" cried Myself abruptly. "Wasn't there somebody that said, or at least they might have said, that they'd rather be called a fool by a wise man than a wise man by a fool? Would you agree to that?"

"I think I would," I said a bit warily, wondering what Myself was about.

"Exactly, you think you would, but just as sure as I am Myself, you'd believe the wise man a fool if he called you one, and the fool a wise man!" Myself shouted in a rude, triumphant fashion.

"You are really altogether abominable." I assured him angry at having fallen so easily into his trap. "And I'll not talk to you again this afternoon!"

But I did, for although I absolutely hate Myself at times, I can't help talking to him. After a silence that lasted some time, I said thoughtfully:—"But you must admit the value of honest praise and appreciation."

"Most certainly", agreed Myself, "nobody would deny that."

"There is nothing," I went on, "so warming and cheer-

ing to the heart of a budding author than to know that his work is genuinely admired."

"Of course! Of course!" assented Myself, "If there is one thing worse than praise that is insincere, it is faint, half-hearted praise. When a thing is good, one should say it is good with all the heart. But can't you see that all praise must be tempered and moulded by truth or else it will have no meaning, win no esteem and do infinitely more harm than good?"

"There is really no gainsaying it, Myself."

Myself is undoubtedly right. But he has talked too much, in fact he has talked away all the space I was going to give to reviewing.

Before we bid you farewell, I wish to say something, which I will say alone, because I am much more amiable than Myself. It is my comfort that if I am not as keen, at least, I am far better tempered. Accordingly I welcome with outstretched hands all old and new friends into the Sanctum. I know I cannot keep Myself out of this column, for he has always succeeded in obtruding himself upon anything and everything that I ever tried to do. But I do promise, as far as possible to make him keep a more civil tongue and to squelch him when he gets too boisterous and rude in his jokes.

(No, Myself, keep quiet! You've talked enough! This is my turn! Hush!!)

"Hush? I'll not hush! I'll not hush! I'll talk and I'll say everything I please. I won't have any lies said about Myself. I'll have it known that I am a miserable, grinning, brainless idiot who hasn't enough sense to know what's the matter with his fountain pen when it runs dry, that—"

"Be quiet—you awful creature! Oh, you say there's no use. I didn't want everyone to know we quarrelled so! O, well at least I won't allow Myself to fight with me in public. I won't say another word. I think I will never talk to Myself again. It's so annoying. He always spoils everything."

"Spoils everything—!"

There he goes again, the screaming bore! No, it's no use. I must stop. Goodbye, for now, good friends. I must quiet Myself.

THE PERISCOPE

According to Hoosier fiction of the past century, disapproval on the part of the students of the disciplinary regime of the classroom was displayed by physically ejecting the schoolmaster. This fall when the authorities have deemed it wise to issue a ban against the operation of dilapidated Fords at Wabash College, we see the students manifesting hostility and threatening a general walkout upon the first attempt to enforce the ruling. Similar legislation against the use of disreputable flivvers salvaged from the junkheap has been enacted by colleges and universities throughout the country. But nowhere has the ruling been so violently protested as at Wabash where the students denounce the law as autocratic and unjustifiable.

However, inasmuch as the same regulation has not incensed other student bodies to such a white heat, we venture that the pride of the Wabash men has been wounded, for the latter collegians claim the credit (?) of originating the fad of hammering about in a decrepid, autographed Lizzie. So if the rebellion of the 'Little Giants' cannot be assigned to traditional influences, we may assume that it is the result of an infringement upon a pioneer's privilege. At any rate the trustees of the Crawfordsville institution have, with one stroke, abetted the 'Betterment of the City' plan, and put a crimp in the 'Batterment of the Ford' movement.

* * *

A bold headline in the Monmouth College 'ORACLE' reads, "BAND MADE ITS FIRST BOW TO PUBLIC SATURDAY." Perhaps it would have been more literal to have stated that the band made its first BLOW on that day.

* * *

A newspaper report relates that a lad in California in attempting to rid a garage of mice met with difficulty because every bait that he used failed to interest the pests. About this time, however, his sister complained that her lipstick was being nibbled at. So watching for an advantageous moment the boy procured the decorative device and set his trap. The next morning the trap was filled with cherry-lipped mice. We cannot vouch for the veracity of this story but it seems plausible enough when we consider the number of men, possessing the use of reason, who are so easily ensnared by the same ruse of rouge.

We wonder if the words of the adage, "It is an ill wind that blows no good," were intended to apply to disturbances of earth as well as those of the atmosphere. An earthquake is generally regarded as the most terrible and destructive of nature's calamities. Yet the Santa Barbara catastrophe, with its damage bill of \$250,000 to the famous Mission there alone, has turned out to be far from an unmitigated evil. When the earth tremors rocked the walls of the old monastery, an old portrait of St. Francis Assisi, long believed lost, fell with a crash from an unknown niche. The portrait had been lost to sight for years behind coats of varnish and other preservatives but after being taken from the debris inspection proved it worthy of restoration. The picture is known to be one hundred and fifty years old and conservative estimates place its value at \$20,000. But to the mission Fathers the portrait is priceless and it will undoubtedly become one of the assets of the Pacific coast art world.

* * *

A dispatch from Saskatchewan tells of a nun who traveled five hundred miles through the cold northland country by sledge to consult a dentist. No mention is made of any physical complaint expressed by the good woman, but we have suffered violently from cold feet on much shorter trips to a dentist and in a very much warmer climate.

* * *

It will be only a few years, if invention follows its present trend, until our dictionaries will insert an italicized 'archaic' after the word "distance". We telephone across the continent to our friends, we have guns that will toss a ton of iron seventy miles at our enemies; if we wish to pay a visit to the former we journey along at some sixty or so miles per hour by train or auto; and when we wish to wait personally upon the latter we call into service an aeroplane that throttles down to two hundred miles an hour to negotiate the curves.

But perhaps the greatest decimator of space is the radio. Strange as it may appear, while listening to the late World Series coming in over the air, we suddenly found ourselves engaged in reflections upon the faculty of the radio for rendering the remote approximate. Perhaps it was while one of the home runs of that series was being retrieved that our minds functioned for a few minutes. Our group that afternoon was distinguished by the presence of Long George Kelly of the New York Giants. He was favoring us with the recital of some of the peculiarities of the big league players upon the ball field. All the while a myriad of sounds from the fans was seething in the throat of the horn. Suddenly a long, loud and shrill yipping kind of yell was heard above the rest.

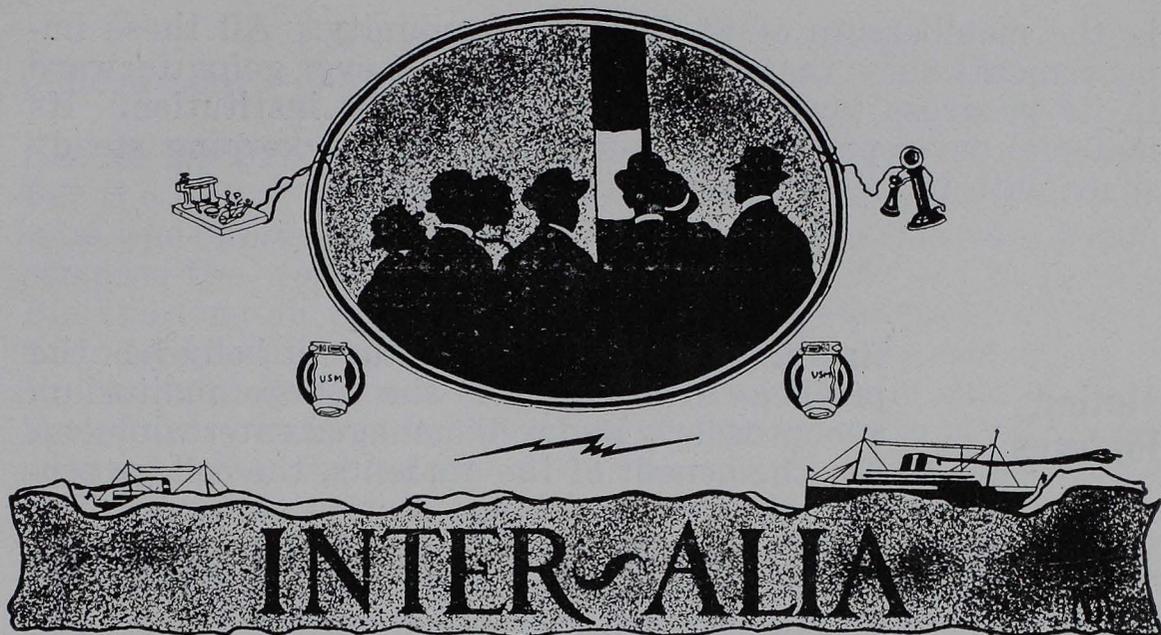
"There", Mr. Kelly spoke up, "that is a Pittsburg rooter, I've heard him there a lot of times." The game continued and we seemed to be nearer that great spectacle than usual that afternoon. The game was close and the crowd, having left their sanity at home that day, kept up almost a continual roar. As the later innings of the game drew on, I happened to glance toward the big-leaguer in our midst. But he was only there in body. His chin was resting in one of his huge hands, and listening with almost painful intensity, his gaze passed through the wall and seemed to be resting somewhere not given the remainder of us to know. What the subject of his thoughts was is only a guess. But very likely he was recollecting those three former years when the tumult of the bleachers was ringing in his ears, perhaps in thunderous acclamation of his feats. Perhaps he regarded those experiences as gone forever, perhaps he was hoping to be the idol of the frenzied populace again in the future. Then the game was over and the announcer signed off and the big horn emitted one final gurgle and was silent. Big George uncrossed his long legs, stood up and stretched, and said he was going out in the air. He was going to refresh himself after his journey to the Pittsburg Ball Park.

* * *

A writer in a newspaper of wide circulation, after a lengthy discussion upon the relative longevity of those men who have remained single and those who have become involved in the Great Entangling Alliance, states that married men live the longer. But we were not convinced. The writer may have been a married man and probably it just seems longer to him.

* * *

It is a far fling from the "smash 'em, bust 'em" type of football extant fifteen or twenty years ago to the modern pass flinging game of today. It has been the constant aim of officials and rule committees to discourage dirty football and they have succeeded pretty well. But if the University of Illinois realizes her plan of purchasing a cover for the Stadium grid-iron she will have made the biggest step of the age toward cleaner football.



Recent Progress

In the last two years St. Viator College has made rapid strides in the development of improvements on the campus. The new kitchen and cafeteria service has been enjoyed by the student body for over a year; the gymnasium has been remodeled into a more practical and comfortable building by the following improvements: new club rooms for the senior students; the modern projection room which facilitates the showing of motion pictures and insures the building against fire; the finest equipped stage that can be found in any college of this size in the land; and the commodious dressing rooms for the athletic department. No less has been done externally in the way of beautifying the campus. The beautiful rose garden has attracted us with its white and red blooms until late fall, while the new lighting posts around the drive lend much to the dignity and attractiveness of the campus.

Added to these past improvements, the college this year has purchased some wicker furniture for the entrance of Marsile and Roy Halls. Long davenports and comfortable easy-chairs made of woven reed now grace the main corridors of Marsile Hall and gives it a home-like appearance. This same kind of furniture also adds to the comfort of the senior club-rooms. A complete set of new chairs has been added to the equipment of the students' dining hall. Sky-lights have been erected on the roofs of both the varsity dressing room and the college store, giving adequate daylight in both of these places. By way of further construction, Father Munsch is building a new addition to the rear of St. Bernard's Hall. This addition will add more room space to the scholasticate, and enable him to accommodate the rapidly increasing numbers

in the membership of St. Viator Community. All these improvements show that St. Viator College is ever going forward in its progress towards a better and larger institution. Its material development in construction work is keeping steady space with its scholastic progress.

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Motion Pictures

Each Saturday night the student body has the privilege of enjoying in the college auditorium a very orderly and well managed entertainment. For the benefit of the students, the college presents a showing of the best and latest motion pictures. The season opened with "Annie Rooney" featuring Mary Pickford. This picture was followed by the "Iron Trail" and Monte Blue's "Limited Mail". Some of the coming attractions are the "Ten Commandments" and Harold Lloyd in "The Freshman". Much credit is due to Mr. Barton and his assistants for the masterful way in which these pictures are shown. The modern lighting and dimming system and the new stage equipment makes possible a first class showing of these pictures. The entertainment usually opens with an overture played by the student orchestra. Pathe News, comedies, and stage novelties appear between the overture and the feature picture. Through the use of the equipment and the judicious selection of pictures Mr. Barton presents a well balanced weekly entertainment.

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Paper Decorations

Although accounts of Marsile Day will appear in a subsequent issue of the Viatorian, this issue affords an occasion for complimenting and encouraging those students who worked untiringly and accomplished such beautiful results in the decoration of the gymnasium for that occasion. With a few bundles of colored paper, one or two reels of wire, several deft hands and the ideal dreams of a couple of imaginative minds, the brick walls and rafted ceiling of the gymnasium were transformed into a softly draped banquet hall. A combination of white, purple and old gold was the main color scheme. The tinted paper was draped over wires in a canopy effect with streamers hanging to the floor, an arrangement which entirely concealed the beamed ceiling and stone walls. The display proves what can be accomplished with some paper, plenty of work and a little ingenuity. The boys who helped with these decorations deserve a great measure of commendation.

College Song

For some time past, a good lively college song has been desired by members of both the faculty and the student body. Colleges and universities all have their traditional school songs, and St. Viator has felt the lack of an original tradition of this kind. Last year a prize was offered to the student or group of students who would compose the words which if approved would be set to music. But the song did not appear. However, two students combined their talents and not only the words but also the melody of a Viator song have been originated. The song is now on the lips of every student in the school and promises to be officially adopted. For the benefit of our alumni the words are herewith printed:

Ye fighting men of Viator
 With banner of gold and purple hue,
 Strive, strive with might and main,
 Loyal hearts beat for you;
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Bold, defiant conquerors
 Fight, fight, fight for victory,
 The cheers ring out, one mighty shout,
 For Viator's Varsity.
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

* * *

The Wave

A new magazine makes its appearance on the campus regularly every week. The name of the new publication is "The Wave," a title borrowed from radio terminology. It is professedly a high school paper written for and by Academy students. The issues thus far distributed are commendable. In addition to interesting write-ups, moving editorials, a well handled humor column and a fine make-up, the magazine is enriched by cartoons that would do credit to any amateur cartoonist. The entire work of the magazine from the writing of the contributions to the mimeographing and distribution of the copies is in the hands of the Academy students. If the subsequent issues of "The Wave" realize even in a moderate measure the expectations expressed in the initial number, the Academy will have a publication of which they may be justly proud. The Viatorian extends its congratulations to "The Wave", and hopes that it will realize its highly commendable aims.



DEAR ALUMNUS:

Do you remember away back when you were a kid here? Do you remember (or will you ever forget) that lad who gave you a black eye just because the prefect punished him for what you did? Do you remember that fellow you used to pal around with, and after you left here you didn't see nor hear of again? Do you remember that quarterback, pitcher or running-guard that used to play on your team? Do you remember that new kid you used to "bully around," and to whom you now say, "Yes Father"? Do you remember that teacher who saved you from the wrath of the powers that be?

Yes, I'm sure you remember each one of them and they remember you. Perhaps they are wondering what you are doing and no doubt you often wonder what they are doing.

This is just the purpose of the Alumni Column of the Viatorian. We want to keep in touch with the former college men of Viator and every college man wants to keep in touch with you. The only way we have of doing this, is through this column, and hence we would like to hear from you, and perhaps you could send us information regarding some of the "other boys". It may be "Ancient History" for you, but it may be "Modern" for the rest of us.

So, dear Alumnus, if you have any items of interest, send them in, and we will be very grateful to you for your kindness in this regard.

The Alumni Editor.

It was a source of joy to the faculty of St. Viator College, and to the many friends of the Very Rev. R. M. Nolan of Fort Worth, Texas, to learn that he has been invested with the robes of a Domestic Prelate to His Holiness, Pope Pius XI.

Although Monsignor Nolan is not an alumnus of the college, he will be remembered as a professor of the faculty from 1916 to 1919. Monsignor Nolan then returned to his parish duties at the Church of St. Patrick, Fort Worth, Texas, and his earnest and zealous work in that parish have earned for him his well deserved title.

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Rev. Fulton Sheen, Ph. D., '16, has returned from Europe after finishing a brilliant course at the University of Louvain. He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and also obtained an "Aggrege" to the University. It is said that he is the first American to receive this latter distinction. Just before his return to this country, he was engaged to deliver a course of lectures at Westminster Cathedral, London. Newspaper reports stated that the lectures were very well attended. He has also written a book which is soon to be off the press. Its title is:

"God and Intelligence in Modern Philosophy, Viewed in the Light of the Principles of St. Thomas."

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Dr. Sheen pursued his Philosophical course at St. Viator, and it was here that he first imbibed that deep love for Philosophy which he will, no doubt, make his life work. St. Viator feels proud of the achievement of her distinguished son.

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It will be interesting to the score of friends of the Rev. J. A. Williams, a loyal alumnus and an old professor of the college faculty, that he has accepted a position as Dean of the English Department at Columbus College, Sioux Falls, South Dakota. We know that the same qualities of wisdom and geniality will be as greatly appreciated in his new sphere of labor as they were with us. The faculty and student body are unanimous in their wishes for his unbounded success.

* * *

It was with great joy that we received word that Murel R. Vogel, '26 has entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Milford, Ohio. Readers of the Viatorian will remember that he was one of its associate editors for the past two years and his absence will now be keenly felt. The Faculty and his friends at Viator wish him the greatest success and happiness in his new life within the sanctuary.

Where Oregon has lost a valuable man, Viator has gained one. We take great pleasure in announcing that the Rev. Chas. Raymond, '99-'00, has accepted a position on the Academy Teaching Staff. Father Raymond has spent several years of rigorous missionary activities in behalf of Holy Mother Church in the State of Oregon. Countless schools and churches have him to thank for origin and success. Besides his duties in the class room, Father Raymond will have charge of the college choir.

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Our congratulations are extended to Mr. Leonard O'Connor, H. S., '21, and Miss Viola O'Connor, who were united in the holy bonds of Matrimony at St. Rose Church, Kankakee, Illinois. The ceremony was performed by an Alumnus, the Rev. Peter Dufault, Monday morning, September 28, 1925.

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Word was received recently, that Mr. Edward Steiner, H. S., '25, and his parents, are now located in Bohemia. The Steiner family expect to spend the entire year visiting various places on the continent.

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The Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph. D., is an alumnus of whom St. Viator may be justly proud. He is at present the very energetic and effective chaplain of the Catholic students of the University of Illinois. Besides this he has become a frequent and expert writer on educational topics from their psychological standpoint. He has also made an exhaustive study on "Silent Reading". It was as an authority in this latter study that he went to Louvain last summer to deliver a series of lectures at the world famed University. We feel sure that his foreign audience listened with both interest and profit to Father O'Briens able lectures. Father O'Brien then spent the remainder of the summer touring the continent and England.

* * *

The Rev. John A. Lonegran, '07, who was National Chaplain of the American Legion last year, has been appointed to succeed Father J. H. Whalen, as pastor at St. Mary's Church, Rockford, Illinois. The clergy, parishioners and the American Legion of Rockford gave a big banquet for his reception.

Father Lonegran left his Alma Mater with the reputation of not only being one of the best half-backs Viator ever had, but also with the reputation of being a fine student and speaker.

* * *

At the request of the Right Reverend Bishop F. C. Kelly, D. D., the Rev. W. J. Stephenson, c. s. v., has accepted the

pastorate of St. Catherine Church, Durant, Oklahoma. We know, that with an active and influential man like Father Stephenson, the parish will make rapid strides in spiritual progress.

* * *

We regret to hear that Rev. Vincent Green, '15, was taken seriously ill in Europe. While abroad for a well deserved rest he was taken seriously ill and was rushed to a hospital in Paris. He recovered enough to return to the United States, but the latest reports say that he is by no means well as yet. It is our prayerful wish that Father Green may be soon restored to perfect health.

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John R. O'Connor was the guest of Fathers Rice and Munsch during the summer months. John presented a handsome donation which will be used in the erection of a handball alley for St. Bernard Hall.

* * *

Our heartiest best wishes go to seven students of St. Viator College in their generous response to the Divine Call. Mr. Eugene McCarthy, Mr. Raymond Boysen, Mr. Joseph J. Ryan, Mr. William Harris, Mr. Jerome Drolet, Mr. Bernard Mulvaney and Mr. John Stafford received the habit of the Clerics of St. Viator at the Viatorian Novitiate, Chamberlain, South Dakota, on August 14, 1925.

* * *

Four Brothers pronounced their first vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience on August 15, 1925, at St. Viator Normal School, Chamberlain, South Dakota. They are: Brothers John J. Tobin, James J. Fitzgerald, James F. Meara and Joseph L. Drolet.

On August 29, 1925, Brothers E. J. Williams and T. L. Sullivan pronounced their perpetual vows in the chapel of the Sacred Heart, St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois. AD MULTOS ANNOS!

* * *

The friends of Edward "Bud" Farrell, '25, will be delighted to learn that he has gone to join the other Viatorians at Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri. Give our regards to all the boys down there, Bud, and don't forget to drop us a line occasionally.

* * *

The Rev. J. G. Vien, c. s. v., was forced to undergo another operation during the month of September. Word recently received informs us that he is doing very well and we hope that he will soon be back with us again.

J. T. Quirk, proved himself a valuable alumnus of the college in bringing down a new student for St. Viator. Good work, John, do it again.

* * *

Last summer Father Sammon, '99, packed his grip and threw it to his nephew, Eugene, one of our popular students, and both went off for a jaunt through Europe. Rome was their principal objective and along with many other Americans they observed the Holy Year holily.

* * *

Among the other clergymen that went to Rome for the Holy Year, we find the names of Rev. Leo J. McDonald, '15, of Mt. Olive, Illinois, and Rev. W. J. Keefe, '06. The latter pursued his Theological studies at the North American College and his visit to Rome, no doubt, recalled many incidents of happy by-gone days.

* * *

Rev. C. Marzano, c. s. v., has returned to join the College Faculty after an absence of four years, during which he pursued advanced studies in Chemistry at the Catholic University. He now writes Ph. D. after his name and the College is fortunate in having such a distinguished scholar on its staff.

* * *

We are always glad to reckon Edmund "Spike" O'Connor, '24, among our visitors. Besides rejoicing the heart of everyone, Spike gave the coach some valuable assistance in the early training of the Varsity.

* * *

Rev. Father Wm. Kinsella of St. Philip Neri Church, Chicago, Illinois, stopped off at the College for a day on his way down state. We were particularly pleased to have Father Kinsella visit us, and we hope that he will call often when he is doing route 44.

* * *

He may be small but we all saw him on his latest visit here. Who? Paul Clifford, '23, our K. of C. Scholarship man, brilliantly representing S. V. C. at the Catholic University.

* * *

Word from the West assures us that Rev. M. J. Breen, C. S. V., has fully recovered his health. This is very gratifying news to Father Breen's host of friends hereabouts. The Church of Oregon cannot afford to let Father Breen get sick again. We hope that he will continue to remain in robust health for many long years to carry on the great work for souls which he is doing in the Sunset State.

Rev. P. J. O'Leary, c. s. v., is again at St. Viator Parish, Chicago, after a spell of rather serious sickness. That Father O'Leary will continue to be on the mend is our prayerful wish.

* * *

Robert Potthoff, H. S., '25, is at present enrolled at Quigley Seminary, Chicago, Illinois. St. Viator knows that Bob will give a good account of himself at the Petit Seminaire.

* * *

Scholarship ought to get a good boost up at St. Paul this year with such men as Brother B. L. Kirby, c. s. v., Mr. Patrick Creel, '22, and Mr. Arthur Dufault, H. S., '21, enrolled at the Seminary.

* * *

The following students of last year's academy graduating class, have returned to pursue their college course: J. R. Cooney, John Herbert, Randall Baron, Henry Bregenzer, Gabriel Beauclerc, George Collins, William Costello, James Evans, Filipe Lopez, John McAndrews, Everett Niergarth, Adrian Richard, and Gerald White.

* * *

Now that he is one of the employees, we hope that Vincent McCarthy, '23, will use the privilege of "Company's Business" and give us a long distance call quite often to say that he will be up to see us. Vince is now employed at the Bell Telephone Company, Rock Island, Illinois.

* * *

Among the visitors at the Northwestern game the third of October were Father M. J. Hoar, John Connors, '22, Eugene McGrath and Everett Baldwin, H. S., '25.

* * *

The Sioux Falls press informs us that Lucius J. Wall, H. S., '11, an attorney of that city, has been named grand knight of the Marquette Council No. 815. Mr. Wall has also been selected as a delegate to the next state convention of the order. Nice going, Luke!

* * *

The Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, c. s. v., attended the dedication of a new high school on Sunday, October eighteenth, at Sterling, Illinois. The Right Reverend P. J. Muldoon, D. D., dedicated the building and the Right Reverend Bishop Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., Rector of the Catholic University of America,

Washington, D. C., addressed the assemblage. The pastor, Rev. A. J. Burns, is an old student of St. Viator's and we send him our congratulations on the work that he is doing for the progress of Catholic Education.

* * *

The Alumni of Chicago should go to Dr. Arthur Picard, '16, for all pains, aches and physical disorders. Art has opened up an office as physician and surgeon at 7852 South Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and he promises to do his very best for the old Viator boys. Dr. Picard is a brother of Father Gerard C. Picard, another alumnus of Viator, who is now located at St. Rose of Lima Church, Kankakee, Illinois.

* * *

We send our very best wishes to Rev. Brother John A. Waldron, S. M., who celebrated his Golden Jubilee of Religious Profession at St. Mary's College, San Antonio, Texas, on October twentieth. His many friends at Viator also congratulate him for his untiring activities in the Catholic Educational Association of America. AD MULTOS ANNOS!

* * *

At the Illinois American Legion Convention held in Quincy, September 12, 1925, Rev. Harris A. Darche, '09, was unanimously elected State Chaplain. It is unnecessary to repeat again the honors awarded to Father Darche by both American and French Governments, but it is a pleasure to relate that he is called one of the most decorated Chaplains of the A. E. F.

* * *

The Golden Jubilee of All Saints Parish, Chicago, Illinois, was celebrated on October 4, 1925. The celebration was attended by the Very Rev. T. J. Rice, c. s. v., president of the college. We wish to congratulate the pastor, Father J. C. Gillan, L. L. D., on the noble work he has accomplished.

* * *

On the same day, the Rev. J. W. Maguire, c. s. v., vice-president of the college, attended the laying of the cornerstone of St. Basil, Church, Chicago, Illinois. The pastor, Father J. T. Bennett is a loyal alumnus and benefactor of St. Viator College.



LUX AETERNA LUCEAT EIS, DOMINE

MRS. JOHN DOUGHERTY

The news of the death of Mrs. John Dougherty on September 9, 1925 was a distinct shock to the faculty of St. Viator College. Mrs. Dougherty is the mother of five loyal sons of Viator, James, Edward, John, Leo and the Rev. Louis Dougherty of Aledo, Illinois.

The remains were brought to Pontiac, where the obsequies were held and the interment made. Mrs. Dougherty's son, Louis, was the celebrant at the Solemn High Mass. The Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, c. s. v., paid a glowing tribute to this exemplary Christian woman. Among the other members of the faculty who were present were; the Very Rev. T. J. Rice, c. s. v., Rev. R. J. French, c. s. v., Rev. C. Marzana, c. s. v., Rev. E. M. Kelly, c. s. v., Rev. E. V. Cardinal, c. s. v., Rev. T. J. Lynch and Rev. T. C. Harrison.

* * *

MRS. LOUIS BREAUT

We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. Louis Breault, the mayor of Bourbonnais and a loyal alumnus and benefactor of the college, in the loss of his beloved wife. Mrs. Breault died at her home after a period of very serious illness, which was borne with truly Christian patience.

The obsequies were held at the Church of the Maternity of the B. V. M. and the interment was made in Maternity Cemetery after a Solemn High Mass. The Rev. J. D. Laplante, c. s. v., was celebrant assisted by the Very Rev. T. J. Rice, c. s. v., president of the college. The Rev. F. X. Hazen, c. s. v., pastor of St. Mary's Church, Beaverville, Illinois, was Sub-

deacon. The Rev. W. J. Suprenant, c. s. v., pastor of Maternity Church and the Rev. Harris A. Darche, pastor of St. Joseph Church, Bradley, Illinois, celebrated Mass at the side altars. May she rest in peace.

* * *

MR. ZEPHIR GRAVELINE

Death has entered into the ranks of the alumni in the claiming of Mr. Zephir Graveline of Bourbonnais, Illinois. Mr. Graveline passed away during the first week of October and the prayerful sympathy of the president and faculty goes out to his immediate relatives.

The Solemn High Mass was celebrated in Maternity Church by the Rev. J. B. Bradac, c. s. v., with the Rev. D. A. O'Connor, c. s. v., and the Rev. Brother W. E. Cracknell, c. s. v., assisting as Deacon and Sub-deacon respectively. The Very Rev. W. J. Suprenant, c. s. v., and the Rev. G. A. Galvin, c. s. v., celebrated Mass on the side altars.

* * *

MRS. LENNARTZ

As we go to press, the sad news of the death of the aged mother of the Rev. M. J. Lennartz, c. s. v., reached us. Mrs. Lennartz died at her home in St. Charles, Illinois, October 30, 1925 after a well spent life of heroism and devotion.

The Solemn High Mass on November 2, 1925, was celebrated by the Rev. M. J. Lennartz, c. s. v., with the Rev. F. E. Munsch, c. s. v., as Deacon and the Rev. A. J. Schunicht, as Sub-deacon. The Rev. R. J. Carse acted in the capacity of Master of Ceremonies, gave the absolution and preached the sermon which shone with the admiration and honor that is due to the mother of a priest.

The sincerest sympathies of the students and faculty go out to Father Lennartz and the rest of the family in this, their latest bereavement.

R. I. P.



BOOK REVIEWS

“STANDARD ON LONG BAR”—by Rev. H. Spalding, S. J.
Net \$1.00. Benziger Bros. New York.

The story of “Stranded on Long Bar” is an interesting narrative of the adventures of a versatile high school lad who lived on a country estate a few miles outside of Alton, Illinois. Here on the banks of the Mississippi, Paul Richards and his chum Harry Hurst lived a real out-of-door life. The “Ghost Boat” owned by a St. Louis Italian fruit merchant, while being delivered to the owner, was stranded on Long Bar, a large sand bar formed by the waters of the Missouri as they joined those of the Mississippi. The accident had happened as a result of a plot between a rival fruit merchant and the former owner of the “Ghost Boat” to put the boat out of commission so that it would be of no use whatever to its new owner. With the help of an old negro from Kentucky, the two lads contract with the owner of the “Ghost Boat” to watch and care for it until the rise of the river should come in May or June and free the boat from the sand bar.

In Joe Robbins, the negro, we have a very interesting character study. He is a real Kentucky “niggah,” a good cook, not any too ambitious, and his one aim in life is to catch the biggest cat fish in the world.

The author’s style is very similar to that of most writers of juvenile books. His object in writing the book seems to be to give young boys a book of sound morals and to hold up for their example an ideal in Paul Richards. Paul is a good boy, a practical Catholic, and goes to a parochial high school. Though he is all that a young lad should be, one is inclined to think his character somewhat overdrawn. However, in using him as an ideal, the author probably found it necessary to picture him as second to none in perfection; moreover this little defect would not be noticed by the average juvenile reader. Most young lads will find the story very interesting, and full of one exciting adventure after an other.

L. K. '28.

“SUNSHINE AND FRECKLES” by Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J. Net \$1.00. Benziger Bros. New York.

The old readers of Father Finn's books will rejoice in this short but interesting story of a modern theme and to the initial reader, it will serve as an adequate introduction to this present day novelist. Like all his other books, this one is full of thrills and adventures with a few touches of both pathos and humor.

A student of Campion College is leaving that institution shortly before taking his degree, seeks his living in the teacher's profession down in a little town in Florida. His adventures and troubles in rousing this bigoted town to the real meaning of Catholicism, of which they had the most deep-seated hatred are highly interesting. Especially does the reader admire a plucky little Catholic girl of eight years who takes her stand for the faith amidst the non-Catholic pupils of her school.

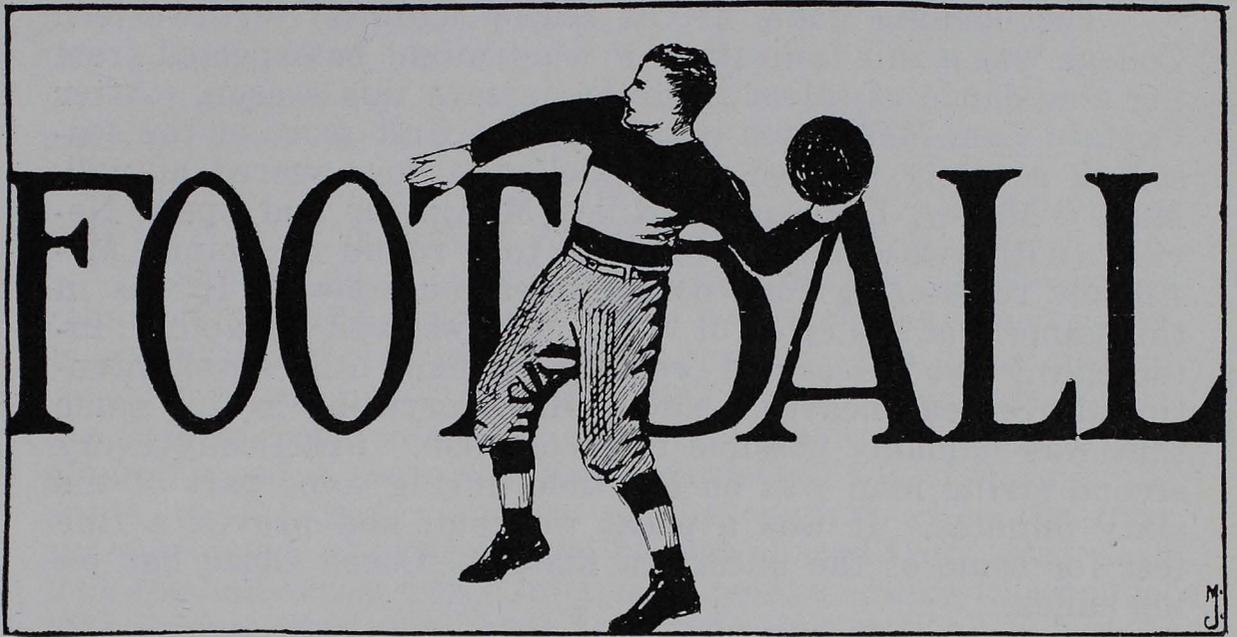
Aside from the adventures of the young professor, is the colorful depiction of the land boom in Florida, where huge fortunes are made and lost almost over night and where land-sharks carry on their trade with innocent victims. A certain woman, Mrs. Eldon by name, from the north fell prey to one of these scheming real estate concerns and only through the quick action of her pastor and his lawyer is she saved from sacrificing extremely valuable property near Miami for a ridiculously small sum of money. These and other interesting features make “Sunshine and Freckles” one of the most interesting of Father Finn's works. T. F. D. '27.

* * *

By Sister M. Eleanore, C. S. C., Ph. D. Benziger Brothers, 36-38 Barclay St., New York—\$0.20 ea., \$18.00 per 100.

This very interesting little narrative of “The Little Flower's Love For Her Parents” is the first of a series of Little Flower Books for children by Sister M. Eleanore, C. S. C., Ph. D., the author of the little masterpiece, “Talks with Our Daughters”. The Little Flower Book is delightfully written in child-like words to encourage young hearts to follow the way of the Little Flower. How the Little Flower received her name, her life from babyhood, her many trials in which she came out the victor, and the reward of a good child, are things that are sure to hold the child's interest. To add interest to the story, there are throughout the book, colorful illustrations, all of which are Catholic in inspiration.

L. K., '28.



With sixteen football men from last year's squad to work with Coach Glaze bent to the task of giving St. Viator College one of the best teams it has had in its long and colorful gridiron history. May, Franks, Best, Pfeffer, J. Riley, C. Riley, Neville, Dalrymple, McAllister, McGrath, Walsko, and Hartnett are the monogram men who are now operating with the first string, while Mel Ross, Niergarth, Chic Evans, and John Herbert advanced from the Academy to make a bid for places on the varsity. Zeke Delaney and Tiney Kelly are veterans who have been seeing more action this year than in the last campaign when injuries relegated them to the sidelines for practically the entire season. Madden and Armbruster made their debut last year and both boys are bucking Jo Riley and Jerry Best, two of the best linesmen Viator ever produced. In O'Malley and Healey, Rockford sent two sons worthy of that great metropolis. Costigan, an end who has been quite unfortunate this year, hails from Bloomington and is having a hard time beating McGrath and May for the end position. LaFleur is a neighboring son from the thriving town of Bradley; LaFleur possesses all the physical requirements for a successful backfield man, and will be heard of next season when some of the veterans move out by graduation. Stromberg is a slip of a freshman with more courage than anything else. No matter how big or how fast they come, little Strommie takes them down. Hannifin, from El Paso, will make a fair bid for a backfield job next year. "Mike" Delaney is the lad who made All Chicago Catholic Fullback last year, and the only new man to make the Viator eleven. His punting so far has been the sensation of the Viator attack.

ST. VIATOR, 49; NORTHWESTERN, 0.

The opening game of the season against Northwestern College was a fair indication of what might be expected from the abundance of talent in green jerseys this season. After Captain Sam McAllister registered the first score of the season in a nicely pointed place kick, the boys scored at will. May, O'Malley, LaFleur, C. Riley, McAllister and Speed Neville (with two) ran the total up to a round 42 points, McAllister registering four points after touchdown. It was in this game that the colorful "Mel" Ross showed his ability, intercepting two passes and breaking up many others well intentioned overhead heaves. Neville did everything in this game that was humanly possible to accomplish. Practically every second string man was on the field during some part of the sixty minutes. It was a great workout, and proved a fine test for some of the uncertain material Coach Glaze had on his hands.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 14; EUREKA, 0.

This is the opening game for our great little quarterback, Jimmie Dalrymple. His seventy yard run through the entire Eureka game was the only high spot in the first half, during which the Fighting Irish seemed unable to gather momentum. After the second period opened, it was quite evident that the "Pep" talk given to the "Gang" by Coach Glaze was tingling through every member of the team. The boys fought viciously, and before long McGrath and Frank May took forwards from McAllister and Dalrymple that registered the scoring position from which Captain Sam made the first touchdown. Three times in succession the ball was brought within the shadow of the Eureka goal posts, but Dame Fortune ruled against the wrecking crew and the goal was not crossed. Willie Neville made the second marker after Jake Walske intercepted a Eureka pass. LaFleur who relieved Dalrymple in the second half played a mighty fine game at the pilot job.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 0; LOMBARD, 10.

Struggling in a sea of mud, the Viatorians did well to hold their heavier and better equipped opponents to ten points. The forward wall could be pushed but not penetrated, and hence the Lombardians resorted to a passing and end running game. On a poor pass from center to Sandberg who was intending to try a kick from placement, the latter recovered the ball and hurled it blindly over the line of scrimmage where a loose Galesburg warrior snagged it, putting the ball on Viator's six yard line. Haines, the right half back, took the ball over in the first play. Later in the game Lombard took advantage

of our loose handling of the slippery oval, and, recovering a fumble on the Viator twenty yard line, lifted a place kick over the crossbar for the other three points. Delaney had a marked superiority in punting, but the advantage went for nothing when our aerial game failed to function.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 32; VALPARAISO, 0.

This was practically a repetition of the Northwestern game. The Valparaiso crew were ponderous and heavy, but as green as a rookie in a crack regiment. The game started viciously enough, Costigan and Dalrymple being carried off the field of honor after the first few plays. Then the Irish got going and if there was any fight left in the visiting Lutherans, it was only a shadow of the original after the first quarter ended. Neville before he was chased from the fracas took the ball across twice for twelve points. Billie was undergoing some Strangler Lewis treatment and checked the progress of the would-be grappler with a pretty exhibition of the manly art. The Valpo man towered over "WEE" Willie, but the Bloomington Boy takes no stock in size. Chil Riley was the scintillating light of the day. Under the protecting wing of his brother Jo, who furnished perfect interference, Chil cut and dodged and straight armed his way through the entire Valpo team for three touchdowns. It was the prettiest running seen on Bergin field in many years. Young Stromberg was the yearling to shine in this game, as did Ross. Stromberg is nothing more than a sliver, but he runs Billie Neville a close race for tackling honors.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 3; WESLEYAN, 0.

In the most important game of the season (up to this writing) Wesleyan the heralded champions of the Little Nineteen met a tartar in the Irish. Delaney, Franks, Pfeffer, in fact every member of the team fought as they never did before. Our "Mike" showed that he has no peer in Little Nineteen circles when it comes to punting. With the exception of two kicks that were blocked, his drives were never equalled by the visiting Methodists. Time and again Delaney got off long, high, difficult punts, and Glen Franks, who played the best brand of football of his colorful career, was always down under them. Glen even beat Buck Riley and the ends to the catcher, which is saying worlds, for Buck is the best man down under punts in the State. Time and again Wesleyan drove at the line, but they found the stone wall combination, Best, Pfeffer and Riley, blocking their progress no matter which side they assayed. Frank May and Phil McGrath at the wing positions turned ambitious Wesleyan runners into the

line where they were usually smothered by big Glen or Jerry, backed by the driving tackles of the backfield. Umpire Benjamin made more first downs than any other individual on the field. In three successive plays he penalized Viator fifteen yards—which is quite a record. And these penalties came after Dalrymple, playing with his head wrapped in bandages, grabbed one of Sam's tosses for a twenty yard gain on the Wesleyan twenty yard line. Billie Neville made a diving catch of another pass for eight yards, while Phil McGrath completed one and Vince Pfeffer snagged a long looping toss by a Wesleyan backfield man. Vince recovered a fumble and broke up three Valpo passes, besides playing a vicious tackling game throughout. Captain Sam had two opportunities to score from placement but chose to rush the ball over for the larger score. On his third opportunity the wily captain called for a place kick and booted the oval for thirty yards with consummate ease. The game was the first real workout the Viatorians have had, and it came most opportunely on the eve of the Bradley game.

High School Football

ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 0; ST. BEDE, 13.

October 3rd

The local preps opened their season disastrously at Peru, by succumbing to St. Bede's 13 to 0 in a fiercely waged match, that had every mark of a tie struggle until the closing minutes. It was a fumbled punt that an alert Peruvian griddler recovered on the three yard line in the third quarter that gave Bede's their first counter and again in the final period it was a blocked punt that enabled the hostile eleven to mar the Viator goal line.

Until these closing moments when Bede's converted two "breaks" into the deciding scores of the game, the Barret boys battled the Bedan host on equal terms. They fought manfully but inexperience, which robbed them of a winning punch, deprived them of precious opportunities to register points. They rushed the play into Bede's territory during the entire first half, and were within scoring distance several times before Eddie Campbell, the mainspring of the prep's attack, was carried from the field. Even after they lost the

inspiration of Campbell's presence, they marched to the opponent's three yard line only to lose possession of the ball on a fumble.

This fierce struggle was the first grid engagement for many of the men whom Barret had on his machine to replace Mackler, Murphy, Cardosi, O'Neil, Sweeney, Herbert, Niergarth, Evans, Scholl and Fahey, competent members of last year's eleven. Despite the "greenness" of the new men they committed themselves well, especially Moynihan, Slintz and Joe Maloney in the line and Norris and Daley who laid claim to being efficient ball carriers by their work in the backfield. Daly punted excellently and consistently out-booted his opponents.

* * *

ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 0; SPALDING, 6.

October 10th.

Traditional rivals clashed in Peoria when St. Viator Academy, led by their newly elected captain, John Brophy, lost a sensational last minute decision to Spalding Institute 6 to 0. The local's nemesis was the diminutive Kaiser who snaked through a broken field for 65 yards in returning a punt just forty-five seconds before the final whistle.

The last minute effort nullified all the superlative work of the plucky locals who outgained the Peorian tribe persistently during the major portion of the combat. They indicated their strength early in the fray by completing seven out of eight passes for approximately one hundred yards but their efforts were made useless by fumbles and penalties. A quartet of able young athletes were responsible for these deftly executed aeriels. They were Slintz and Jackson who did the expert receiving and Daly and Campbell who tossed the ball with precision.

It was in the final minutes though that Spalding put over their winning punch. Their first drive, a long pass, put the ball on the eighteen yard line, but a Viator stone-wall held them. A few seconds later though Kaiser gathered in a punt and after he had twirled and twisted for 65 yards he ended up behind the Viator goal for the lone score.

Superlative punting was provided by Daly for Viator and by McCarthy for Spalding. The latter named prep uncoiled one boot for sixty-some yards which won the distance honors for the day.

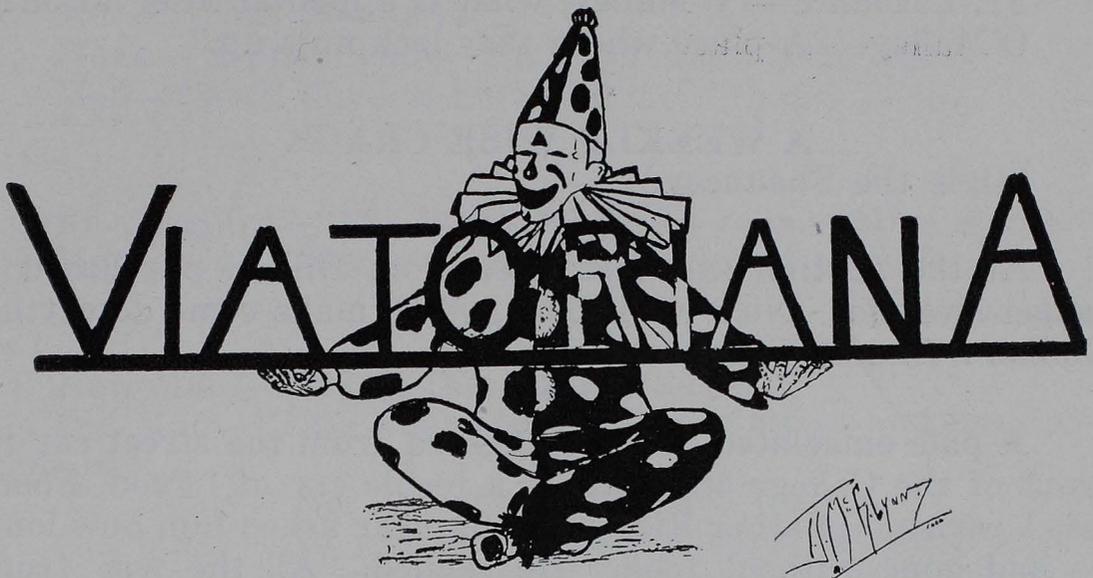
ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 20; DE LASALLE, 6.

St. Viator high school met De LaSalle on the Joliet team's field and after an interesting skirmish returned victors, 20 to 6. Though the field was heavy there were some speedy plays executed that kept the spectators jaws working. The first quarter showed nothing, neither side opening its tricks. But after that period both teams were warmed up and then the fun began. De LaSalle completed more passes than their opponents, their passing game being flash, but most of them were nearly lateral tosses, rarely gaining for them more than three yards as the black sweated tacklers drove fast and hard. On Viator's backfield Daley deserves special mention for his accurate hurling and playing, and "Tuba" Maloney for his all around work. Joe Maloney, Connelly and Matthews in the line showed up conspicuously. Matthews fixed laurels on himself by catching a pass on a shift play and running 35 yards for his first touchdown. Slintz accounted for the other two scores and with Jackson did some scintillating end work. On the De LaSalle team Flynn proved himself a mighty dangerous man.

The following were the lineups for the games described above:

| | Viator-St. Bede | Viator-Spalding | Viator-De LaSalle |
|------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------|
| L. E. | Slintz | Slintz | Slintz |
| L. T. | J. Maloney | J. Maloney | J. Maloney |
| L. G. | F. Carroll | F. Carroll | F. Carroll |
| C. | A. Rascher | A. Rascher | A. Rascher |
| R. G. | Jno. Brophy | Conolly | Brophy |
| R. T. | T. Monynihan | T. Monynihan | T. Monynihan |
| Q. B. | Daley | Campbell | Campbell |
| R. H. | Campbell | Daly | Daly |
| F. B. | L. Maloney | Brophy | L. Maloney |
| L. H. | Norris | Norris | Norris |

Subs: Petty, Connolly, O'Connell, Walkoviak, Matthews, Hinton, Poubert.



If you cannot laugh at the jokes of the age,
Laugh at the age of the jokes.

* * *

Charley Hanson—"Say young man, what's your name?"

Young Man—"Phillip McCann."

Charley Hanson—"I'm sorry but I never sell a drop."

* * *

McAllister—"Hey, Meis which way are you going?"

Meis—"Doggonit, this football sure raises the duece with
a fellow's face."

* * *

Sheehan—"I wonder what we get to eat to-day."

Reegan—"I wonder that we eat at all."

* * *

Jake—"Say Jerry, May borrowed \$20.00 off of me and
promised to pay it back October the Twenty-second. I'll break
his neck if he don't. Do you think he will?"

Jerry—"No, it looks to me like the twenty-second of Oc-
tober will be the last of May this year."

* * *

Lyons—"Where is young Stack?"

Healy—"He is over waiting in the Gymnasium."

Lyons—"Tell him to cut out the kid stuff and come out
for a swim."

* * *

Leary—"What does Eureka mean?"

Harrington—"I have found it."

Leary—"Don't kid me, you haven't a dictionary with you."

Fr. LaPlante—"O'Malley, what is a mental reservation?"
O'Malley—"A place where they lock nuts up."

* * *

A WEEKLY WISE CRACK

"Ogle the Shauncey."

* * *

At the auction sale last week Tom Dillion purchased a carpet sweeper. Nice work, Tom, you'll make some deserving woman a fine husband.

* * *

A pale emaciated youth staggered from the street car in front of the College and uttered a feeble cry of "Food, Food, lest I perish." Father Rice standing near asked him how long he had gone without food. He replied, "All the way from Kankakee, on that car."

* * *

Speaking of football fields, Eureka surely has a dandy. The interference has to carry stepladders to help the runners over the hills. At one time the teams all lined up, and the Eureka boys were three feet above the Viator men. They amused themselves by kicking dirt off the bank into the Green's faces. Several of the players on the Eureka team have become so accustomed to the mountains that they carry sand in one pocket on the street to straighten themselves out. The northwest corner was covered with snow and the southeast corner showed a beautiful collection of water lilies. The captain of the team admitted that he had never been able to make it up the hill without stopping for a rest. All in all, it increases a fellow's store of horse-sense to gallop over the ravines and gulleys.

* * *

Spinster—"Have all the trains gone west today, Mister Station Master?"

Station M.—"Yes, Mam."

Spinster—"Pardon me, but have all the trains gone north today?"

Station M.—"Yes, Madam all the trains have gone north today."

Spinster—"Mr. Station Master, have all the trains gone east today?"

Station M.—"Well, there ain't no more going that way."

Spinster—"Please Mr. Station Master could you tell me if all the trains have gone south today?"

Station M.—"Yes."

Spinster—"Come, Percival, we can now cross the tracks in safety."

Mel—"What time is it?"

Mack—"I don't know, but Chill Riley is in bed."

Mell—"We'll have to hurry to catch that 8:30 car."

* * *

Fr. Maguire—"Mr. Bowe, what is a consumptive desire?"

Mr. Bowe—"Plenty of milk and a lot of sunshine."

* * *

New Man—"Say, is this all the campus?"

Old Man—"Take your feet out in the street and have another look."

New Man—"Oh, I wondered where it was."

Old Man—"No you mean you wandered where it was."

* * *

Tiney—"How many days in October, Jake?"

Ernest—"Same number as there are nights."

* * *

IT'S HAPPENING EVERYDAY

Student—"Here, look what you did!"

Laundryman—"I can't see anything wrong with that lace, my boy."

Student—"Lace, the devil, that was a shirt."

* * *

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* * *

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Cassidy—"Steak medium or well done? Father."

Fr. French—"Well done, my good and faithful servant."

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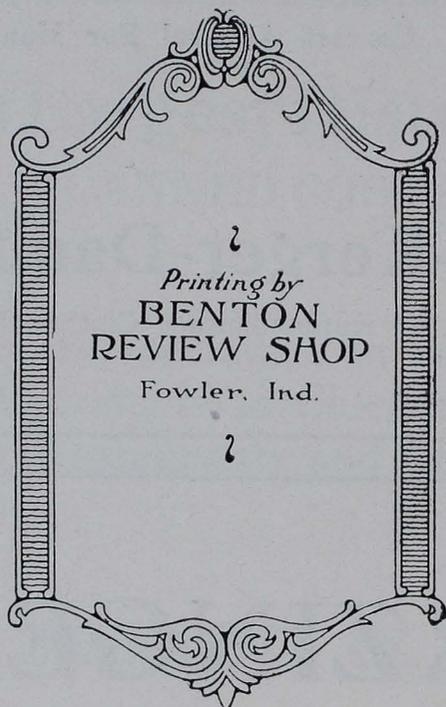
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