

The Viatorian

FAC ET SPERA

Volume 41

February, 1924

Number 4

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

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



Back Row (Left to Right)—Manager T. R. Marvel, Lyons, Barrett, P. McGrath, Dalrymple, Neville, Coach Howard Bushell.

Front Row (Left to Right)—L. Winterhalter, J. Winterhalter, E. McGrath, Captain Donnelly, Franks, McAllister, Westerholt.

Romeo and Juliet

By Warren Nolan, '26

Miss Jane Cowl, in the current stage production of Shakespeare's immortal love tragedy, gives her audience just that indelible impression of girlish modesty and passion coupled with that unmanly faithfulness and courage which is "Juliet." None of the great Elizabethan's women seems to so perfectly embody the many-sidedness of woman. Cleopatra, with her sensual appeal, her vampire artifice and her mock modesty, comes closer than the others; but Cleopatra is that phase of woman which is at once truest and most loathsome. She is the siren of the metropolis. Juliet combines the country milk-maid's simplicity of charm and manner with the lure of the city's eager lover.

Predominant throughout the tragedy, the role of Juliet is before us even in those scenes in which she does not appear. The Nurse and Friar Laurence seem somehow linked in our thoughts with Juliet rather than Romeo; and in those few scenes in which the Friar is alone or, mayhap, with Romeo, or the Nurse is talking with other characters, we sense the spirit of the missing heroine everywhere about the theatre. It is not alone through the magnetic power of Miss Cowl's rendition of her difficult role, but yet more so through the playwright's superior skill, for the effect is much the same as in those closing acts of *Julius Caesar* when the dead emperor's departed spirit pervades the air and the souls of those behind him. In the monument scene at the end of *Romeo and Juliet*, with Paris dead at the foot of the bier, Juliet in a drugged sleep akin to death, and Romeo declaiming his agony of soul in hoarse stage whispers, it is Juliet who dominates, it is the still woman in the white robes on the catafalque in the center of the tomb who holds our eyes and makes the words of Romeo almost inaudible.

In the scenes which are almost exclusively her own, Juliet is proven the central character of the play, dramatically superior to Romeo. Just before imbibing the potion prescribed by the Friar, the daughter of the Capulets cries out:

"Come, phial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

No, no; this shall forbid it; lie thou here.

(Laying down her dagger)"

Spellbound by the emotional power of the lines, which seem hardly less powerful in print than they were in the

tones of the great actress' voice, the audience gazes at the "star," absorbs her every action, drinks in, even as she drinks the drug, the import of her words. Unto the end of that wonderful speech there is a stillness in which the proverbial pin dropping would resemble an explosion. The last line,

"Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee."

witnesses Juliet "falling upon her bed, within the curtains," and finds the auditor falling back into his seat in sheer relief as the curtain descends on a scene of strength and power which is Juliet's own and the greatest in the play.

The other scene which most holds the memory of the writer was that balcony scene which has come to be the jest and gibe of all lovers in this sacrilegious day, who profanely cry as they gaze longingly upward into the painted, powdered face of a bobbed-haired high school girl of sixteen winters, "If you will be my Juliet, then I'll be your Romeo!" The balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet* is to that play what the storm scene is to *King Lear*, the witches scenes to *Macbeth*, the Antony speech to *Julius Caesar*. It gives the keynote of the play. It was Guizot who said, "*Othello* is the tragedy of jealousy, *Macbeth* of ambition and *Romeo and Juliet* of love." He further adds, "And Juliet is the center of that love. With the Montague in the garden beneath and the Capulet maiden at her window, each impelled by a passionate love to declarations of fiery devotion and rash assertions of imminent hazard to be thwarted, Juliet putting off the calling Nurse within, Romeo risking his life in the enemy's lair, we find the two lovers precipitately rushing into the abyss which cost them their lives. It was Friar Laurence who urged the young maiden and her ardent mate to "love moderately, not precipitately" and all critics and students of Shakespeare have agreed that the author intended these words of the priest to convey the motivating cause of the downfall of the characters. The impetuosity of youth, the rashness of young love, the spirit of "do or die, but let it be done now," which actuated Juliet and her Romeo even from those opening scenes when first they met, brought them to their untimely deaths at the close of the play. There was no other end to that avenue of haste, but that which Shakespeare gave, even as there was no other reward for *Macbeth*, for *Lear*, for *Cleopatra*. What a tribute to the Bard of Avon that he could thus foreshadow the outcome of his tragedies and make the end so natural a result of the means, the conclusion so logical from the premises given!

As to Juliet's dominance over the other characters, there may have been a psychological effect in the fact that the "star" played the role and the other members of the supporting cast were just good actors. Yet Fritz Leiber played Iago in

Othello and played it well; but the Moor of Venice was still a dominant character in the eyes of the audience. However, from the pure construction of the play, the words of Shakespeare himself, with no reference to the production, Juliet is far and away the soul of the cast. Mercutio and the Nurse stood out on the stage as they did from the pages of the book. The actor who played the flashing gallant was gifted with fine dark eyes and a careless flip of the head to one side which made him the most human, the most natural of all the characters in the piece. However, the words which the master put in his mouth had most to do with it, or there would have been a dull Mercutio in the yellowed pages of our volume. In the duel which cost him his life Romeo's friend was magnificent. Again and again he cried as he went down, "A plague o' both your houses!" and his last words, cut short by the flight of breath from his body were "——your houses!——" The audience, cosmopolitan as it was, from the stupid ladies in their fine feathers in the forefront of the orchestra, to the real Shakespeare lovers in the one dollar seats in the gallery, burst into genuine applause for the actor who played Mercutio when he took his curtain call. It was his scene and he did nobly by it. Readily can we understand now why Shakespeare felt constrained to remove this loyal youth from the cast so early in the play, lest Romeo be overshadowed, for the hero must certainly have been dwarfed, had Mercutio remained upon the boards for those other acts.

The Nurse has been so much discussed by more eminent authorities than we shall ever be, that it is necessarily unconscious plagiarism from some unknown critic for us to add our mite to her praise. More than a necessary device of drama, as messenger, comforter, confidante, the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* is a character individual, strong, personal, forceful. She seems the complement of her mistress in a dramatic sense, as Romeo is in the world of love and romance. Like the other prominent minor character, Mercutio, the Nurse is intensely human, comprehensible to all the audience. The Irish mother of ten can understand her, the Fifth Avenue trainer of poodle dogs knows her, for she is the eternal feminine, with all the glorious faults of her sex as well as the charms which endear the mature matron to all people. Like Mercutio, she is loyal to her adored one, for as the gallant dies in the defense of Romeo's honor, so does the Nurse endure much physical suffering as well as genuine mental torment on behalf of her Juliet. The great difference however, lies in the sex difference, for the woman oft considers herself, complaining to Juliet that she is tired from her journey, berating Romeo and the other courtiers for their lack of courtesy to her age, and exhibiting in merely trifling inci-

dents the woman within her. But hail to the Nurse! She and Mercutio give us what there is left of *Romeo and Juliet* after the love story is taken out. Without these two characters, the play would be dull indeed. They are the condiments which sweeten the meat of romance.

When you have named Friar Laurence and the father of the Capulets you have virtually concluded the cast. The former in his little cell with the iron door, the bare crucifix on the wall, the cold bench for his orisons, is the typical priest of the middle ages. In him Shakespeare has wrought well, for he fulfills just the expectation that a score of medieval romances written by Scott, the master Thackeray and other great novelists of history had given us. It may be reversing the proper order to say that Shakespeare proved worthy of Scott and Thackeray, but at least it is not to the discredit of Shakespeare to say that he adhered to the historical verity which dramatic necessity in so many instances caused him to forsake. Friar Laurence is the true confessor, the true friend, the real priest. His unwitting share in the tragedy does not lessen our love for him, for the impetuosity of the lovers brought about their own destruction, not the defection of the Friar's agent, which was but an immediate cause.

The strength of the several tirades delivered by the elder Capulet lingers in the mind. Just before Juliet took the drug her father in a magnificent delivery gave her his mind. The lines were given their just due by the speaker, a man of giant stature and powerful voice, who found it easy by reason of these aids, to register the bigotry, the animus which fanned the fires in his bosom, the hatred of the Montagues. If the atmosphere of family strife which Shakespeare took great time and pains to see that his readers and hearers understood had to be given in just the lines of Capulet, it would have been done. The bitter hatred in the words of the father of Juliet made clear in a memorable manner what might have taken third parties volumes to express.

Then, since the characters have been touched upon, with the exception of the love-sickened Romeo, who is almost unimpressive enough not to strike a sympathetic chord, we may conclude that Juliet dominates all. It is a mighty edifice, this play, but the foundation is Juliet, the several towers rising from the base each leaning directly upon her and drawing upon her for increased altitude in their dramatic ascent. The flower of girlhood, the essence of love, this maiden of such misfortune is Shakespeare's masterpiece of love. Dr. Stalker says, "A tragedy is a play written to draw tears." The tears in the tragedy *Romeo and Juliet* are wrung from our hearts by the pitiful story of Juliet,—and Juliet alone.

The Secret of Kipling's Power

By J. E. Surprenant, '25

There are times when a person will pick up a book, the reading of which is as so many delectable morsels of fantastic intelligence to delight the imagination and refresh the mind. After it has been read the question arises, "What made that book so interesting?" Such is the question that presents itself upon the last page of Kipling's short stories. The reader has perused the various tales with avidity, and now he seeks the reasons for his greediness. It is with this that we will concern ourselves in this paper: the art which draws our interest, and leads us into an insatiable intellectual gluttony in the reading of Kipling.

The first and most attractive note that appeals to the mind of the reader is that of originality, which is displayed in all the works of Kipling. It includes his subject matter as well as his manner of treating it. His subjects are mostly taken from native India or Anglo-India. An example of this is seen in *Phantom Rickshaw*, where he portrays a ghost story of Anglo-India. But, more originality is disclosed in *The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes*. This is only an incident of a man who falls into a deep hole, which turns out to be a pest house where men and women are dried up from living in the scorching sun and in burrows, and eating nothing but roasted crows. Yet, it proves the quality of the writer, for he develops a tale of absorbing interest. True, other writers may have used material which Kipling uses, but none have treated it in so fascinating a manner. Kipling appeals to that insatiable greed of the human mind which craves an insight into supernatural things. The gripping curiosity and yet the repelling fear that attaches to a ghost story keeps the mind on the alert and ever running with the trend of the story as a man seeking gold or some other precious metal. There is something deliciously new about these stories which the reader enjoys, and it is this that we call the inventive genius of Kipling. This is more particularly shown in *The Man Who Would Be King*. What other author could portray the ties existing between the savage, primeval Indian and his conqueror, the English, in such a vivid and lifelike picture? Instead of telling us how the Indian regards his superiors, he writes a story wherein the characters act, talk and live their lives out, thus giving in an interesting way the knowledge he wishes to convey.

The conveyance which he uses is composed of words. His is an original idea borne on the befitting carriage of language. This is the second appeal of his writings. The imagery of his words is pleasing and delightful to the reader. It gives a constantly changing vision of people moving and resting in their native habits. Not in mere cold language, but in the use of energetic pulsating words is the interest of the reader held. One of Kipling's characters says that he was propelled down a hill and not led or shown down, thus giving us more vividly the idea of motion. However, Kipling does not use the soul-stirring words which are the triumph of Conrad's writings, but he achieves his end without using words that need several modifiers. His language is the ordinary, every-day language properly used, thus drawing the imagination to play its part in the success of the tale. Unlike Dickens, who sometimes piles adjectives upon adjectives or verbs upon verbs to accomplish his end, Kipling comprehends his action and thought in one well-chosen word. This adds life and energy to his story while it does not diminish the strength and freedom of his expression.

Spontaneity is the essence of this expression. Throughout his stories we feel the forward motion of his thought. There are no hesitations or stumblings to mar the satisfaction of the reader but his stories run with the freedom of a babbling brook. Yet we find no visible attempt to make an impression. Once the story is started it continues its course to the end. Kipling is drawn by his subject and never does he allow himself to seem labored in its development. He uses the most natural expressions, those one would expect his characters, in their position, to use. This trait appeals to the mind that likes to peruse a tale without the monotonous interruption which we so often find in authors like Dickens. This spontaneity is what is lacking in our own modern, up-to-date short stories, and it is that which so enthralls the mind unnoticed until it strikes the imagination. It draws a texture of his tapestried imaginativeness sways with the litheness and suppleness of his expression. Like a gentle breeze his phrases blow the mind hither and thither through the variegated labyrinth of the Indian and Anglo-Indian life. It is this that awakens the mind to marvel and leads it to absorb the humor from his pages.

This humor, which flows without conscious effort all through his stories, is of a pleasant nature. It seeps into the mind unnoticed until it strikes the imagination. It draws a smile to the face of the reader. Kipling speaks of being rid of ghostly servants and their attire in "I would hire the men myself, and, if necessary, buy their coats from off their backs." The idea of buying something from ghosts seems highly

amusing, yet the author writes in all earnestness. When he tells us that a "Rider passed through men and carriage," our imagination refuses to be held in bondage and immediately it revels in an enlarged picture of a human being divided in twain to allow a horse and rider to pass. His is a dry and subtle humor, sometimes it even becomes sarcastic. He displays a note of this latter humor in the words, "A hyena would convince a Sadducee of the Resurrection of the Dead—the worst sort of Dead." In *My Own True Ghost Story* we are amused and entertained with the vivid description of a ghostly billiard game. These queer and sometimes impossible situations render it futile to resist his wit. When he speaks of a person who is endangered by flying bullets, he says, "I'm afraid that I lost my temper very much indeed." The idea of a man losing his temper because of bullets flying at him may not be very reasonable, but it is ludicrous enough to entertain any reader.

A satirization like the following gives us a glimpse into the droll and complicated side of journalism in India: "Then I became respectable, and returned to an office where there were no Kings and no incidents except the daily manufacture of a newspaper. A newspaper office seems to attract every conceivable sort of person, to the prejudice of discipline. Zenana-mission ladies arrive, and beg that the Editor will instantly abandon all his duties to describe a Christian prize-giving in a back-slum of a perfectly inaccessible village; Colonels who have been overpassed for commands sit down and sketch the outline of a series of ten, twelve, or twenty-four leading articles of Seniority versus Selection; missionaries wish to know why they have not been permitted to escape from their regular vehicles of abuse and swear at a brother-missionary under special patronage of the editorial. We see stranded theatrical companies troop up to explain that they cannot pay for their advertisements, but on their return from New Zealand or Tahiti will do so with interest; inventors of patent punkah-pulling machines, carriage couplings, and unbreakable swords and axle-trees call with specifications in their pockets and hours at their disposal; tea-companies enter and elaborate their prospectuses with the office pens; secretaries of ball-committees clamor to have the glories of their last dance more fully expounded; strange ladies rustle in and say: 'I want a hundred lady's cards printed at once, please,' which is manifestly part of an Editor's duty; and every dissolute ruffian that ever tramped the Grand Trunk makes it his business to ask for employment as a proof-reader. Thus, throughout the book we find evidences of Kipling's humor. It lightens the way and makes bright the pages that disclose the mysticism of the East.

The final charm of Kipling's tales is this same mysticism. It is displayed more clearly than in Conrad's books, yet it still remains a mystery. We try to fathom it and it becomes like the quicksands of his stories, it only entangles us in a deeper maze of perplexity. The impenetrable veil that encompasses the East would seem at times about to be lifted, yet it retains its inscrutable character. Nevertheless, the mind is attracted by this mysticism and the imagination allured by the vast fields of activity presented in the incomprehensible and veiled East.

Hence, because of his attractiveness, Kipling may be called one of the masters of short story writers. His originality, language, expression, humor and mysticism blend in a vast tapestry of intricate and charming designs, which it is the satisfaction of the reader to examine and to study. Consequently, we may conclude that it is this that forms the charm of Kipling's stories.

* * *

MANEUVER

*Silver-mailed the trees like knights of old
Stand at attention, rigid row on row,
As if awaiting stern and anxious, bold
Command to charge some trenchant, hidden foe
Encamped behind the bulwark banks of snow.*

*With worthy arms clasped firmly to each breast,
The stalwart cohort seems a thing sublime—
The while, the sportive winds, each snowy crest
Toss to and fro, in cadence of sweet rhyme
With which each anxious heart beats perfect time.*

*Proud, the silent hoary warriors stand,
Each wrapt in tensest mood before the fray,
But comes a foeman fierce with mighty hand
A scrattering fiery darts—the King of Day,
Who smiles, and takes their trusty mail away.*

—J. A. W.

The Extent and Increase of Divorce

By Francis Pfeffer, '26

Unquestionably, one of the greatest social evils of to-day is the alarming extent and increase of divorce. The divorce evil has existed in a less serious degree for many centuries. But it has been only in the last half century that the prevalence of divorce has threatened to disrupt the status of the monogamous family. When we face the facts of this modern social evil and see its disastrous results, it is only natural that we should endeavor to find the source of this scourge.

In order to do this we will search back through the musty records of history. The earliest recorded divorce that is to be found is that of a Roman who was granted a divorce from his wife in the year 230 B. C. The ground of this separation was the sterility of the wife. From this time on we find occasional records of divorces, but they were only at great intervals, as compared with the prevalence of divorce to-day.

In nearly all parts of the world it was customary to grant divorces only to the husband. The wife of an unfaithful husband had no recourse at law, since she was considered inferior to man, and she held no legal rights in the courts. This, of course, tended to keep the divorce rate lower in early times. Among the early Hebrews, marriage was highly respected and divorces were granted only for the most serious reasons. After 65 B. C., however, divorces were granted to both men and women. The guilty party was not allowed to remarry. Divorce was always looked upon with disfavor by the Hebrews, with the result that divorces have never become so prevalent among this race as they have in many others.

In searching for evidences of divorce among the ancient Greeks we find no mention of divorce in either the Iliad or the Odyssey. But later separations came in for grounds of cruelty and barrenness only. But it is among the Romans, in the evil and corrupt period before the fall of the Roman Empire, that we find a marked advance in the number of divorces. The moral degradation and the alarming increase of vice and sinful luxuries brought about a degraded family life. Divorce became very easy, being granted for the slightest reason. This was especially so in the case of the husband, who could dismiss his wife almost at his pleasure.

During the medieval centuries there was a slight increase of divorce to be found throughout the civilized world. But

this increase was so slight that it caused no feeling of consternation. The condition of family life was still very sound and showed no signs of disintegration. But with the changes that were brought about through the Reformation, the social conditions of the civilized nations became demoralized. The doctrines of Luther were favorable to loose morals. A general moral decadence spread over all the countries and peoples that adopted the "reforms" promulgated by Luther. This feeling soon spread to other parts of the continent. An example of this is evidenced by the case of Henry VIII of England, who tried to secure a divorce through the Pope. When the Pope refused to grant such a decree, Henry established his own sect under the title of the "Church of England." From this time on there has been a marked increase in the number of divorces and separations. There are no very accurate established statistical records on divorce before the latter part of the nineteenth century. Records for the last forty years of the nineteenth century show a very great increase in the number of divorces, but this seemingly large number is partially offset by the increase of population for those years. Nevertheless, the increase in the divorce rate far exceeds the increase in the population for the same period. These figures show that for a forty-year period the increase in the rate of population was about 20 per cent, while divorces increased over 60 per cent in the same length of time.

But before considering in detail the extent and increase of divorce during the latter part of the nineteenth century, and the early part of the twentieth century, let us determine the causes of the alarming spread of the divorce evil in general. One of these causes is the changed economical position of women. In modern times a woman is capable of self-support. With the adoption of modern machinery in manufacturing industries, women can now do work that had previously been possible only for men. There are thousands of women doing office work and similar tasks that enable them to earn a comfortable living. Knowing that such conditions exist, women whose married life has not been a happy one do not hesitate to seek a divorce. They know that they will be able to live respectably without any outside help.

Another cause is the breakdown of religious convictions. When marriage was universally recognized as a sacrament, separation or divorce was almost unknown. In the wake of the Reformation and other similar movements in the early part of the sixteenth century, there was a noticeable change in religious convictions. Previously the marriage bond had been considered indissoluble, but now the marital contract assumed a radically different aspect. With the exception of those who adhered to the Catholic belief, people grew to re-

gard marriage as being only slightly different from any other contract,—to be terminated with the consent of the contracting parties. All of these circumstances led to the breaking down of social tradition against divorce. A few years ago, a divorced person was almost a social outcast, but as time went on they were only looked down upon by the better class of people. Consequently, people who before could not entertain thoughts of divorce, now do not hesitate to proceed with legal action to secure one. Equal Suffrage and Higher Education for women also tend to spread divorce. Women are more engaged in public life now than they were twenty-five years ago. They have a great knowledge of law, greater than did the ordinary people of preceding decades. As a result there are many more suits for divorce instituted than there were previously. But even a more important cause is the hasty marriages which are so prevalent. Marriage is very easily contracted in this country. With the exception of Church regulations, there need be no previous declaration of the intention of the parties to marry. There are many marriages consummated within a few days after the parties have become acquainted. Naturally, many of these matches result in unhappiness and dissatisfaction. The divorce courts are crowded with many such cases.

Having considered the causes of the increase of divorce, let us now note some statistics upon the subject. From a study made by the United States Census Bureau we determine the following: The total number of divorces reported for the twenty years, 1887 to 1906 inclusive, was 945,625. For the twenty years, 1867-1886 inclusive, the number reported was 328,716, or hardly more than one-third of the number recorded in the second twenty years. At the beginning of the forty year period divorces occurred at the rate of 10,000 per year. At the end of that period the annual numbers had grown to about 66,000. For 1916, alone, 112,036 divorces were granted. This increase, however, must be considered in connection with the growth in population. An increase of 30 per cent in population between the years 1870 to 1880 was accompanied by an increase of 79 per cent in the number of divorces granted. In the next decade 1880 to 1890, the population increased 25 per cent and divorces 70 per cent, while in the following decade 1890 to 1900, an increase of 21 per cent in population was accompanied by an increase of 66 per cent in the number of divorces. In the six years from 1900 to 1906, population, as estimated grew 10.5 per cent, and divorces increased 29.3 per cent.

Thus it appears that at the end of the forty year period, divorces were increasing about three times as fast as popu-

lation, while in the first decade, 1870-1880, they increased only about two-thirds as fast. The report shows an increase in population of 18.5 per cent, and in divorces of 55.5 per cent between 1906 and 1916. These figures are not exact, as the population for both those years is estimated, but it shows a continuance of the three-fold increase of divorce as compared with population.

The divorce rate per 100,000 population increased from 29 in 1870, to 82 in 1905, and to 112 in 1916. In 1870 there was one divorce for every 3,441 persons, in 1905 one for every 1,218, and in 1916 one for every 895. Since it is only married people who can become divorced, a more significant divorce rate is that which is based not upon total population, but upon total married population. The rate per 100,000 married population was 81 in the year 1870, 107 in the year 1880, 148 in 1890, and for the year of 1900 it was 200. This comparison indicates that divorce was in 1900 two and one-half times as common compared with married population as it was 30 years before. A divorce rate of 200 per 100,000 married population is equivalent to 2 per 1000 married population. Since 1000 married people represent 500 married couples it follows that in each year 4 married couples out of every 1000 secure a divorce. This does not mean that only four marriages out of 1000 end in divorce. The rate it will be noted, is an annual rate, and comes far short of measuring the probability of ultimate divorce. The available data indicate, however, that not less than one marriage in twelve is ultimately terminated by divorce. Some claim that 1 in 10 marriages ends in divorce. For Illinois the rate in 1916 was 1 out of 9 marriage ending in the divorce courts. Professor Wilcox avers that by 1990, one marriage out of two will end in divorce, if we go at the present rate of increase.

The number of divorces to 100,000 population as reported for each state, and for the United States as a whole are:

State	1880	1900	1906	1916
U. S. (as a whole)	38	73	84	112
Maine	78	117	108	91
New Hampshire	85	112	112	158
Vermont	47	75	86	116
Massachusetts	30	47	49	63
Rhode Island	93	105	74	101
Connecticut	61	50	54	77
New York	16	23	23	40
Pennsylvania	21	35	42	58
Delaware	10	16	26	98
Maryland	12	40	55	74
Dist. of Columbia	31	58	28	13
Virginia	11	38	54	91
W. Virginia	25	64	86	67
North Carolina	6	24	18	31

South Carolina	1	0	0	0
Georgia	14	26	35	54
Florida	53	79	131	152
Ohio	48	91	105	148
Indiana	70	142	154	201
Illinois	68	100	112	139
Michigan	72	104	122	174
Wisconsin	41	65	65	69
Minnesota	27	55	55	86
Iowa	60	93	107	149
Missouri	40	103	122	171
North Dakota	46	88	67	65
South Dakota	48	95	118	84
Nebraska	43	82	104	132
Kansas	44	109	122	143
Kentucky	35	84	92	129
Tennessee	38	89	102	127
Alabama	27	69	107	101
Mississippi	30	74	113	104
Louisiana	10	41	57	78
Arkansas	53	136	165	217
Oklahoma	129	141	168
Texas	49	131	145	198
Montana	125	167	151	323
Idaho	58	120	122	189
Wyoming	111	118	114	170
Colorado	138	158	167	113
New Mexico	12	73	79	102
Arizona	47	120	124	240
Utah	114	92	115	152
Nevada	106	111	178	607
Washington	75	184	220	225
Oregon	92	134	179	255
California	84	108	110	190

In practically every state there is alarming increase. In 1900 no state had a divorce rate of 200 to one hundred thousand population. In 1916 seven states exceeded 200 to 100,000 population. Of the states having the fewest divorces, South Carolina leads, since no divorces by law have been allowed since 1878. North Carolina, New York, New Jersey, Georgia, and Pennsylvania also have very low divorce rates. The western and southwestern states of the Union seem to have a higher divorce rate than the eastern states. Or it may be said, that it increases as one goes from those sections of the country settled by foreigners, many of whom are Catholics, to those sections in which are found the characteristic American elements of the population.

The following statistics from the 1920 census report show the huge increase in the number of divorces for the United States as a whole:

Males, 15 years of age, and over.			
	TOTAL	MARRIED	DIVORCED
1920	36,920,663	21,849,266	235,284
1910	32,425,805	18,092,600	156,162
1900	25,620,399	13,955,650	84,230
1890	20,777,872	11,205,205	49,100

Females, 15 years of age, and over.

	TOTAL	MARRIED	DIVORCED
1920	35,177,515	21,318,933	273,304
1910	30,047,325	17,684,687	185,068
1900	24,249,191	13,810,057	114,647
1890	19,602,178	11,124,785	71,883

Corresponding figures for the state of Illinois are as follows:
15 years of age and over

	MALES		FEMALES	
	TOTAL	DIVORCED	TOTAL	DIVORCED
1920	2,347,493	16,587	2,242,120	19,275
1910	2,071,223	11,008	1,901,556	13,172
1900	1,647,164	6,181	1,558,701	7,636

From the statistics on the United States as a whole, for both males and females 15 years of age or over, we determine that in the thirty years from 1890 to 1920, the population increased about 80 per cent while the divorces increased approximately 320 per cent. Therefore divorces have increased four times as fast as the population. The figures for Illinois for the 20 year period from 1900 to 1920 show an increase in the total number of males and females 15 years of age or over, of about 44 per cent. The divorce increase for the same period is 165 per cent or almost four times as much as the increase in the total number of that age. Consequently Illinois is about an average state as regards the percentage of divorce.

From figures compiled from the various countries, we find the divorces for each 100,000 of population of each of the following countries: Japan, 215 per hundred thousand population; U. S., 73; Switzerland, 38; Denmark, 29; Roumania, 28; France, 26; Germany, 23; Hungary, 18; Netherlands, 16; Belgium, 13; Bulgaria, 11; Australia, 9; Austria, 8; Norway, 8; Sweden, 6; Finland, 5; Scotland, 4; Italy, 3; Servia, 2; Great Britain and Ireland, 2. Although the divorce rate in foreign countries is lower than in the United States, it seems to be on the increase, and probably will more nearly approach the rate in the United States as time goes on. One explanation of the lower rate in foreign countries is the fewer divorce courts. In the United States, nearly every County Court can grant divorces. In contrast to this, we find only one divorce court in England, 28 in Germany, and 79 in France. The more democratic spirit that is typical of America is responsible for a more universal use of the civil courts of law, and a better knowledge of laws in general. This tends to more numerous divorces in the United States.

We have considered the extent and increase of the divorce evil. The problem now seems to be the finding of a remedy or some check for the constantly increasing number of divorces. We can only hope and trust that in the ensuing years the sociologists will be able to produce this necessary remedy.

Carlyle's Essay on Burns

By John J. McEnroe, '24.

Carlyle was a literary prophet of the last century. His was a voice proclaiming a new doctrine in a wilderness of skepticism and scientific materialism. He had a mission to fulfill in English Literature, and with all the intensity and fire of his earnest nature, he threw himself into the task. Not his to waste an acceptable time; not his to prostitute a divinely fashioned genius to mere amusement purposes. Nothing that flows from his pen is born for the satisfaction of the idle curiosity of readers nor for the aggrandizement of the writer's ego. Each pronouncement of Carlyle is heavy with a meaning definite in purpose. Each work of his is "close-printed and close-reasoned." Each sentence is a text from the Gospel he felt called upon to promulgate. Nor are his teachings hide-bound in the aridity of formal sermonization. In form his writings are essays, histories and biographies, but in spirit they are the lucubrations of an Evangelist.

This preaching-purpose is apparent in all his writings. Roam where you will among the writings of Carlyle. Stand at his elbow as he paints the panoramic History of the French Revolution in colors that vary from vivid splashes of ethereal brilliance to murky blotches of infernal darkness. See how his gospel shines through the phantasmogoria. Follow him in his calmer expository moments, where he chooses men who are living exponents of his doctrine, and behold how he advocates their worship as heroes. Search out the doctrine in the labyrinthine mental abstractions of Herr Teufelsdröckh—there is the open Carlylean Bible! And in his Biographies the same is true. All his biography-characters are men whose very lives are teachings of the Carlyle Philosophy.

Whilst the business of teaching a moral system is the fundamental purpose of all Carlyle's writings, there is besides a more proximate purpose to his biography. This is, as he tells us himself, to unfold the hidden unity, the essence of the man himself as distinguished from his externals. The method that Carlyle uses to attain this hidden unity is to start with the talents, capabilities and characteristics of the subject, and from them deduce the real soul. Modern science contented itself with noting and listing these characteristics. To Carlyle, on the contrary, they were not ends in themselves, but merely means, avenues of approach to the latent entity that is the man himself. Of course, Carlyle chooses the sub-

ject of his biography so that this hidden entity, when once arrived at, will be an avatar of all the Carlylean virtues. So, in the "*Essays on Burns*," Carlyle takes all the characteristics and virtues that the poetry of the man embodies, and proceeds to the inner unity that is Burns.

But if unity be taken to imply totality, we fear that the final conclusion reached by Carlyle is anything but a complete estimate of his subject. Of all the external characteristics that might lead to a realization of the soul-source of Burns, Carlyle chooses only those that he finds in the writings of the poet, and not those that he would discover in the life of the man. To borrow an apt expression from Robert Louis Stevenson, "Carlyle made a splendid bust of the poet's head of gold; he disregarded the feet which were of clay." The tenderness, sincerity, and power that Carlyle found in Burns' poetry, he concluded, constituted the essence of Burns, the man.

The poetry of Burns surely deserves all the praises that the earnestness and genius of Carlyle lavished upon it. Truly, nothing could be more tender or pitying than the touching lines to the mouse—"our poor earth-born fellow-mortal." No more dauntless and splendidly independent thought was ever uttered than "A man's a man for a' that." No greater nor more stirring battle-hymn than "Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled" was ever poured from the lusty throats of marching thousands. No song ever written can express the magic influence of true friendship like "Auld Lang Syne." Power, beauty, truth, glory,—all are there in the poetry of Burns.

But the contemplation of such beauty led Carlyle too far afield. His great impetuous soul was intoxicated at the sight of Burns' poetry. He was overpowered by glory—blinded by the blaze! He pauses in awe and says: Here indeed are sublime thoughts and noble sentiments sincerely expressed. These beauties shine forth from the inmost fiber of Burns; therefore it is the soul of Burns, the unity for which I seek. Above all those beauties are in accord with the Doctrine that I must preach.

Unity, as we have before observed, implies totality. If Carlyle is to arrive at the true Unity which is Burns, it behooves him to take into account every action of the man's life, and subject it to a critical examination. It is enough to study the poetry. It is not possible to judge the essence of a man from the beauties found in his written words,—beauties which are but too often put on for the occasion. Not what a man says, but what he does, this is the true criterion.

In a perusal of a plain unvarnished life of Burns there is much to condemn, as in his poetry there is much to admire. Carlyle traces the virtues which he found in the poetry to the

soul of the man; we think they are but the results of his art. While Burns could wax sentimental on ploughing up a daisy, he could also ruin Mary Morison, Jane Armour, Clarinda, and Highland Mary with ruthless abandon. Surely in the light of his many heartless vices, the maudlin sentiment felt for a Daisy is but a pose in the man, although a coupe for the artist. Whilst he may sing:

*"Is there for honest poverty
Wha' hangs his head an' a' that?"*

it is said of him that while "in everything else he was a perfect gentleman, when he met with anything seizable he was no better than any other guager." Adultery, drunkenness, deception, these were the vices of his daily life. Indeed the character of Burns does not shine with the bright, pure light that Carlyle limns for us, but is at best decidedly vari-colored.

Of course, Carlyle realized that there were many weaknesses in the character of Burns. That is why he warned us "We love Burns and we pity him, and love and pity are prone to magnify." This warning fails to remove Carlyle's inconsistency. He saw in the poetry of Burns a splendid exemplification of his Gospel. Sincerity, strength, simplicity, the clear-seeing eye; all were there. "Behold," thought Carlyle, "here is my Gospel in the poetry of Burns. Poetry is a sincere emanation of the man's soul; therefore the soul is that of a hero—vendite adoremus." The sins and frailties of Burns' life Carlyle regarded as the errors to which human weakness is heir. Burns had the eye to see the right, but not the strength to follow it. The "clear-seeing eye" that penetrates the outer wrappings of Cant, Hypocrisy; that sees the divine in the universe, etc.,—the "eye" was there. That sufficed for Carlyle. For this let us not be too harsh in condemning him. "Faith alone saves" thinks he, and if we consider the circumstances of his Calvinistic youth, we will see the reason for this tenet.

Apart from the matter of the essay, the beauty of its form is striking. Here the style of Carlyle is at its best. When he is angry at some wrong in society, when he grasps his iconoclastic hammer, as Odin did his sword, "till the knuckles show white," the devastating avalanche of his words sweeps down to rend and crush and destroy; but when this awful power of his is turned into the uses of love and worship, as it is in this Essay, then does the might of Carlyle's genius sweep the reader to the empyrean peaks. Carlyle has somewhere said that beauty is fundamentally melody, and indeed his own writing bears out his argument. The "*Essay on Burns*" pulsates with a martial cadence. It trembles with the melodic intensity of a paean. It sings in deep intensity as the music of a mighty torrent. It sings, not in the fluting

grace of Lamb's numbers, nor in the heavy, chords of Johnsonian Latinity, but with a certain Wagnerian strain, vibrant, melodic, powerful. Truly the "*Essay on Burns*" is an epic of love and pity; a masterpiece of laudation.

* * *

WHEN WINTER COMES

*To-day I went awalking in the snow,
Some steps of mine were loitering and slow,
Whilst some were swift, ahurrying and fleet,
That sent the crystal flakes adancing at my feet.
When I had reached the mountain's rounded crest—
Gazed down and saw my footsteps on its downy breast,
Clean-carved some, some blurred and others marred,
As if they had the mountain's bosom scarred,—
Methought—"Life at best 'tis but a hill we climb.
In Spring 'tis covered o'er with woodland thyme,
In Summer birds make sweetest music there,
Whilst Autumn finds the harvest fruitage fair.
But, as we climb, we crush and rend and tear,
And looking back—we know the ill, nor see nor care.*

*"'Tis only when the Winter comes that we perceive
The footprints we have made, and grieve;
Footprints clean carved, some blurred and marred,
That tell of deeds well wrought, some conscience scarred;
We feel, could we but walk once more the upward trail
No stumbling our lot, but staid each step and without fail
To climb and climb, without a questioning stop,
Steady, righteous, unafraid, unto the very top."
Soul-stirred, adown the fleecy mountain side I went,
To cover o'er each marred print, my sole intent,
And found that kindly wind benignly bending low,
Had covered o'er each hideous spot with virgin snow—
No more I gazed upon the vainly wrought, the basely scarred,
But found the clean carved ones alone unmarred.
I'm glad I loitered on the mountain side,
For now I feel He does with me abide,
He who ever guides the wanderer on his way
Still guides my faltering step, from day to day,
And hides the faulty prints upon the path I tread
And leaves unto my view the clean carved ones instead
I'm glad I went awalking in the snow
Although some steps of mine were loitering and slow.*

—J. A. W.

SNOW

*It is snowing on the campus.
The little white flakes are tumbling over each other
In their lazy, playful descent.
And everything is silent.*

*Last night there was a mighty storm
Which swept all in its wake,
Breaking the proud backs of stately trees.
Even the storm is silent.*

*There is a road where man's foot passes,
Which is covered white today.
There is a rooster gone to cover;
At dawn today he was silent.*

*How peaceful and how calm it is!
No human desecrates the scene,
Primeval, pastoral, restful, pure,
With everything so silent.*

—W. N., '26.

* * *

BEATRICE

*I lie within a leafy bower
And gaze into the starlit sky.
Old Time blots out another hour.
I mark not how the minutes fly
But vainly scan that starry maze
Hoping, as you may surmise,
For inspiration from the skies
That I may limn your charming ways.*

*When thoughts of you within my breast
Arise, my muse with jealousy is rent
And straightway hies away to rest
Until my dreams of you are spent.
Such beauty and such charm adorn
Your graceful and enchanting form
No tongue nor pen can e'er express
The fullness of your loveliness.*

—P. W. M., '27.

The Art of Telling Jokes

By John Ryan, '26

Before the curtain slides up on that cavern of mystery, wherein rough and hardened men pull divers ropes and levers and thereby change a tropical setting into a scene of almost inconceivable coldness; before this curtains takes its heavenward flight, the actors who trod the boards are but names to the audience that has assembled to be amused, yet when the orchestra has finished its last rousing refrain and the house has quieted, these men and women come forth and are taken into the inner beings of those present. The comedian of the piece, and I refer particularly to the comedian of a musical show, ambles into view and is greeted by subdued but nevertheless marked laughter. He speaks a few words, unburdens himself of sundry observations on marriage, prohibition, the income tax or any other situation that is of sufficient importance to merit first page notice. The audience takes this as their cue to break forth into peals of unrestrained laughter. In the majority of cases this is the rule; sometimes the comedian is greeted by silence.

Though there are exceptions to the above, let me narrate a type of incident to which there has rarely been exceptions. Consider the man who has sat and laughed at the quips of the musical show comedian, going forth and encountering a friend who, fortunately for the man who has seen the show, has not witnessed the current production. The erstwhile playgoer recounts with details the happenings of the performance, yet his friend is not moved to great mirth, on the contrary he is forced to simulate laughter out of consideration for the feelings of his friend. Sometime, somewhere each and every one of us has experienced this sad plight,—of being cornered by a friend while he relates all the jokes of a musical show. The stories that create applause in the show house awaken nothing but the mechanical workings of the various muscles that go to make a grin. The humor of the joke seems flat and ineffective; the story has lost its “kick” in the telling.

Faced with such a reaction, the teller sometimes wonders if the fault is with the story or with the manner in which it is told. In the theatre the story was a “sure-fire” laugh getter so that the fault hardly lies in the story. Then it must be with the manner in which it is told. Here indeed must lie the weakness. In the telling, the story does not get the benefit of the gestures and actions of the comedian nor is the story clothed in the same words. Yet, and I base my reasoning

on experience, even if the same words and gestures were used by the teller as were used by the comedian, it would in most cases be found that the joke would not cause much merriment.

Since neither of these suppositions seems to explain fully the inability of a spectator to arouse laughter when relating jokes from a show it might be of profit to consider the audience which receives the comedian's offerings with glee. The presence of a person at such shows postulates that he is anxious to obtain amusement. In fact the spectator has paid money to be entertained. Therefore he is in the mood to laugh and his attention is given to the jokes that are told. Being prepared to laugh and having paid money for the pleasure of experiencing mirth, it is not singular that he should reward the comedian by laughing heartily. The setting of the show with its music, its varicolored lights, its atmosphere of frivolity, all tend toward putting the audience into a state of mind that lends itself to the comedian's purpose.

The attitude of the aforementioned chap who listens to an enthusiastic playgoer gives us the opposite view. The listener is not prepared to give his full attention to the story; he is not a seeker after amusement, rather he is cornered with matters entirely estranged from frivolity and consequently the story is not received with the same approval as it obtained in the play house.

From these considerations then it might be well for the prospective story teller to choose the time and place for his story telling so that he may be able to secure some of the conditions that assist the professional comedian. An atmosphere of joviality is essential; the listeners must have the desire to be amused and they must give their attention and not be concerned with extraneous matters.

The country store that is fast disappearing from rural America was and, in many places is, a place that is adapted to the needs of the story teller. The large room with its air of leisure and repose; the stove with its blazing fire, around which men come to pass the time of day; the feeling of ease which inevitably steals over those gathered there, all combine to create a situation that makes the story teller's task much easier.

The Philosophy of Pater

By Edmund O'Connor, '24

It is a lamentable fact that in this modern world, with its standard of material loss and gain, that there is but little consideration, if any at all, for beauty. The present day student is appalled by the fact that the world of to-day is impenetrated by beauty. Utility and expediency seem to be the criteria for the worth of any and everything that comes within the scope of the present age; the humanities are completely ignored, aye, even their existence is denied. The field of education is not immune from their insidious and undermining influences, the adaptation of modern materialistic standards in the universities tend more and more to make education more practical. The introduction of such an element into the field of education is certainly antagonistic to the preservation of any high ideals in human nature. The obvious result is that we see a universal sacrifice of beauty to the utilities of the age and an ever increasing worship of material things. Such standards as now exist, are tearing down the moral nature of man and are superseding one of the greatest traditions of the education of man, that of judging his fellow men according to individual merit. Men are classed as efficient or inefficient according to the rigid rules of modern business, and for the inefficient there is no mercy. The modern age sits in judgment upon results; there is glory only in success, scorn and mockery for the failure. That, "there is success in failure" can never find place in this practical world, in which the ideal is scorned and ridiculed.

In lieu of the tendencies of the nineteenth century it is not at all surprising that such a man as Walter Pater, recoiled from its materialistic attitude and sought peace and quietude in past ages. The delicacy of his nature revolted at the immorality of his age and fled therefrom to seek inspiration in the philosophy and thought of previous centuries. Pater possessed a wholesome distaste for the age in which he lived, an age which could never understand him, and fled from the sordidness of it, back to ages in which the outer life of man reflected in some manner the inner feelings and visions. He

assumed the mantle of thought to remove himself from the present age and to seek calm repose in tranquil beauty. To break away from the world in which he lived, Pater had only one recourse, to live in spirit in some past age, reveling in the quaintness and beauty of its reflectiveness. His academic mind, which after all is the highest type, experienced no difficulty in completely excluding the contemporary age and it returned back through centuries to a period from which it would receive true inspirations. The soul of Pater depended solely upon inspiration, without inspiration its very existence was threatened. But all true inspiration comes from the past, hence the logical necessity of this artist returning to past ages. As an artist he always lived within himself, but for his working material, he must necessarily draw from the world, "such stuff as his dreams are made of." Like some disciple of Nirvana, seeking to attain complete forgetfulness, Pater chose a quiet and intellectual period of Roman history in which philosophy flourished, to rest his mind with deep reflections.

In "*Marius the Epicurean*," Pater has given to English literature a book of charming and appealing beauty. In this work he exposes the beauty and placidity of his mind, a fact alone which would be sufficient for its high place in literature. But this is not all; he has written the book in such a manner that it soothes and caresses all the finer sensibilities in man. Its nature is such that it is bound to satisfy the artistic nature and to fulfill the demand of such a nature for its complete development. Marius, seeking beauty and quietude away from the disorder of the world, is none other than Walter Pater, fleeing from the discouraging tendencies of his own age. A study and understanding of Marius is a study and understanding of Pater himself; a more clear and lucid interpretation of the soul and intellect of Pater is not to be found outside the pages of "*Marius the Epicurean*." Through the character of Marius he exposes the quest of the soul for beauty, and he confides to us, "that the veil which was to be lifted up for him lay over the works of old mastery in art, in places where nature also had used her mastery."

Deep philosophical and meditative thought is revealed throughout the book, which no doubt results from the influence of the age in which Pater secluded himself. The philosophy of this period in Roman history greatly appealed to him; in it he found a balm for his soul which soothed and healed the scars curtailed by its contact with the sordidness of a modern world. Pater, by a supreme stroke of genius, recreates the spirit of this past age in a manner that is equalled by few authors in the entire range of English literature. It is no uncommon occurrence to have an author reveal the spirit

of the age in which he lives; it is quite a different thing for an author to go centuries back and reveal to us with delightful and impressionable realism the spirit of a past age. So intense were the powers of his mind that Pater actually lived in spirit in that Roman age and "*Marius the Epicurean*" will be an everlasting testimony to his genius and the philosophical temperament of his intellect. Pater reveals the period of which he is writing through an exposition of the philosophy of the age. So thorough and complete is his knowledge of this philosophy that his exposition of it possesses a charm both interesting and intellectual. The philosophical ideals of the author are scattered throughout the book, and like hidden diamonds they spring up unawares, adding an element of pleasant surprise to their intrinsic beauty. On the philosophy of Cyrenaicism, Pater writes: "Consider how quickly all things vanish away, their bodily structure into the general substance of things; ah, 'tis on a tiny space of earth thou art creeping through life, a pigmy soul carrying a dead body to its grave. Consider all this within thyself and let nothing seem great to thee." — "Thou has been a citizen of this wide city. Count not for long, nor complain, since that which sends thee hence is no unrighteous judge, no tyrant." Under the influence of such philosophy we perceive the mind of Marius, ever seeking new truths and beauty that might in some manner appease the longing of his soul.

The historical background of the book gives forth an unaccustomed glow, the beauty of which is alternately tinged with the lights and shades in which the author so often worked. Throughout the work we find admirable passages of descriptions, deep, impressive and striking, appealing rather to the intellect than to our emotions. Two centuries of the play of the sea winds in the velvet of the masses which lay along it; inaccessible ledges and angles.

"The pallid crags of Cannava, like wildly twisted snow drifts above the purple heath."

There are passages in which we find a dignified beauty, an aloofness that is intellectual. Such descriptions are a beautiful haven in which the intellect may linger away from the prevalent sensuous descriptions of so many present writers. Pater's diction is intellectually beautiful, the beauty and charm of it enhanced by the thought it contains. This is truly a combination in literary style, "devoutly to be wicked," by all who would claim literary recognition, yet possessed by a comparative few in so perfect a degree as by Pater. This delightful combination of thought and diction is the natural result of what we may call the tone of the man. Pater is the apostle of beauty; disengaging himself from the world in which

he lived, he kept communion with his secluded intellect which, "at this time, grown so steadily through all these years, was at its height; the house was ready for the possible guest, the tablet of the mind white and smooth for whatsoever divine fingers might choose to write there." His style is but an emanation from his intellect, tinged with a sort of spiritual beauty resulting from prolonged reflections. So enwrapped is Pater in his philosophical moods that like Marius he is often "breathing some strange heavy liquid, denser than any common air."

By a touch of masterful genius, Pater revivifies ancient myths and re-tells them in such a manner that after reading they shall remain long after in the memory of the reader, clear and lucid pictures. Pater gives us the story of Cupid and Psyche, the one myth which greatly appealed to the beauty and to the serenity of Marius' soul. "Abounding in lovely visible imagery and also full of gentle idealism," this tale is a gem set in the placid beauty of a highly reverential narrative.

One of the greatest and most important points of interest in the book, particularly to Catholic students, is the author's interpretation of the early Catholic religion. On the whole, his treatment of this great historical fact is not satisfying; we may sum all conclusions up to this salient point; that its beauty attracted him but he never gave his intellectual assent to it. The early Catholic religion appeased and charmed the sensitive nature of the man, but it did not penetrate through that "heavy mist of reflection" to his intellect. The beauty and tranquility of the Catholic religion attracted him and, like Keats, beauty made him sad. It is the quest after transitory beauty, making him sad, that is responsible for the melancholy air of the work. His ceaseless quest for the ideal of beauty, its elusiveness in gliding away from the artist when apparently it was in his possession, gives a low pitch and modulated tone to the works of Pater. To his disappointment, Pater, like Keats, learned that beauty is not static and pensive but that it is transient and elusive, that it comes and on its winged flight and leaves ere "the soul knows that it has entertained an angel unawares." However, Pater expresses a faithful and beautiful regard for the Catholic religion and really presents a charming picture of its innate beauty. It soothed and satiated that desire in him for the ideal in all things, but it never inspired him. He is too detached from it to render his appreciation at all personal. Pater, like Marius, is led back again and again to Cecelia's house to witness Catholic ceremonies, because of "the charm of their poetry, a poetry of the affections won-

derfully fresh in that threadbare world." It can not in truth be said that his treatment of the early Christian religion is adequate; Pater regarded it as a thing of beauty and not as a Divine Truth and Institution.

In summing up a general appreciation of "the apostle of Beauty," may we not say after all, that Pater's manner of treating history was the only truly academic one? He disregarded all the externals of an age, war, conquests, commerce and the superficial accidents of a period which make up for the most part the average historian's work. Pater had only one idea in mind; to bring out the philosophy of the age; once that was exposed all other things follow. How successfully he accomplished this may be determined by his books dealing with the Renaissance, early Roman and Greek philosophy. He created a character in these works and through him showed us the philosophy of these different periods; their effects on the character of course being Pater's own reaction to the various philosophies. Pater gives us the philosophy of an age, which is after all the motivating power of all things that transpire in an age.

Whether the reader likes or dislikes Pater, the fact can not be overlooked that his place in the literature of the nineteenth century is a fixed and permanent one. But he is not primarily the critic; such an interpretation of the writer will not do him true justice. Pater is once and always the subjective artist, giving to the literary world his reactions to the philosophies of past ages. His works are the outgrowth of a single and unmistakable attitude toward the world. From his tower of meditation Pater gazed upon the world beneath him and from these observations he gave to literature neither a small nor important contribution. His academic mind stood out like some towering giant in the complex nineteenth century, the champion of the humanities against the utilities. Pater gives a concise yet adequate resume of himself when he writes of Marius that, "The sober discretions of his thoughts, his sustained habit of meditation, the sense of those negative conclusions enabling him to concentrate himself with an absorption so entire upon what is immediately here and now, while he lived so intently in the world, yet with an air so disengaged, gave him a peculiar expression of intellectual confidence, as of one who had indeed been initiated into a great secret."

Construction or Destruction

(*An Essay on Criticism*)

By Edward Manski, '25

Some years ago a certain critic stated that among the amusing and instructive books that remain to be written, one of the most piquant would be a history of the criticisms with which the most celebrated literary productions have been greeted on their first appearances before the world. Such a volume, if faithfully written, would probably show that if works of genius are rare, just criticisms of them are rarer still.

It is a lamentable fact that in our present day so few people thoroughly understand the meaning, the form, and the manner of criticism. To them it means revenge, it assumes the form of personal expression, and it ends up in fatal destruction. Most critics take a book in one hand, while with the other they paint themselves. When their little work of destruction is done there may remain no vestige of the book, but we are sure to find there a grand construction of themselves.

We lack competent and candid criticism; we are too one-sided, too unscientific in these matters. Our minds skip over the streams of books and learning like a faded and useless Autumn leaf over the silvery lake. We are prone to forget that we must criticize not for our advantages alone but for the benefit and the education of the public. In this manner we shall be helping them to arrive at a just judgment of the various productions of literature and art as well as to the enlightenment and correction of the producers. Criticism must be educational, both to the critic and the public.

The critic does not realize the importance, the dignity, and the difficulty of his office. It is the most responsible position that any writer is ever called upon to assume. "It requires not only a sound head," says a recent author, "but a good heart. It calls not only for wide knowledge, fine intellectual gifts and a closely discriminating judicial mind, but for a catholicity of sympathy and a broad good will that will enable a man to handle his materials without prejudice, and lead him to his work with a wish to find, and the purpose to exhibit, all of the worthiness it possesses." No critic will be expected to produce the works upon which he sits in judgment, but he must at least be able sympathetically to apprehend the nature and purpose of the producer. He should be fair and broad-minded enough to grasp and entertain the great variety of human genius and power which lie hidden in the author's work.

What America needs today is a few good, well-cultured persons with cheerful and kind hearts who will be careful and conscientious in their discriminating task. Our authors are doing what they can to build up their country's literature and add to its treasures of native art. Yet they tremble to publish a book for fear it will be pounced upon by some voracious and hawking critic and be torn to pieces like prey. Often the author sees all his choicest thoughts, his best works, the fruits of years torn to shreds. He himself even becomes a victim suffering malignity and bitter condemnation from their sharp and merciless pens. And all this must be borne silently and patiently; there is no redress, no defense for the author. If he objects he suffers the reputation of being called "touchy" and quarrelsome.

If we create an atmosphere wherein our literature should truly thrive, it would be one of kindness and encouragement. We must criticize from a standpoint of courteous and conscientiousness wherein the author may learn how to make himself better. If our criticism is otherwise it only tends to discourage and disgust him. If our literary men and women are to be counted among the jewels and treasures of knowledge, we must give their good qualities ample recognition, while their failings or bad qualities should be pointed out in a kind and friendly manner. By thus doing we shall win the gratitude of our authors and they in turn will gladly follow our criticisms as beneficial both to themselves and those for whom they write.

Some critics are born with an acute spirit of destruction and we must suffer them to run their course. "I have never been able," says Macauley, "to discover that a man is at all the worse for being attacked. One foolish line of his own does him more harm than the ablest pamphlets written against him by other people." The best way to rid oneself of lampooners is to let them alone. Oftentimes the severest rebuke to an enemy is silence. No one likes to waste his ammunition and there is nothing which sooner mortifies a man than having spent in vain his volleys of abuse and ridicule.

The only course for the public man is, like Sir Walter Scott, "to arm himself with the triple brass of indifference against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh, if the jest be a good one, or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep." Criticism, even though it be profoundly ingenious and full of learning and power, will most often die, while great books live on forever.

The Pleasures of Living

By Vincent Pfeffer, '26

Many of us are subject to chronic attacks of pessimism in regard to the world about us. We contemplate only the dismal aspect of the circumstances which surrounds us. The heat of summer scorches and stifles us and the frigid barrenness of winter chills the life in our shivering bodies. Sickness and disease are always waiting to strike us. Science scarcely eradicates one plague until another more deadly ravages the country. We also are dissatisfied with government. Kings prove tyrannical, in a democracy we find men the servants of graft, and when woman is given her vote prohibition is the result. The poor long for the wealth of the rich and the rich do not know what they want. When we allow ourselves to become pessimistic, we can go on indefinitely complaining of the evils in the world. But why train our vision only on the gruesome?

As we go down the street we forget about the confectionaries, ballrooms and theatres, because we are intent upon determining the volume of the undertaker's success. When we take up a newspaper, why not turn to the sport or society section and pass over the mortuary column? The reason why some are successful in prolonging a case of the "blues" is because they see but the circumstances that are in accordance with that state of mind.

Enjoyment in life depends entirely upon our individual nature. If we absolutely refuse to make ourselves happy, no person or contingency can promote real pleasure. First of all we must adjust ourselves to the conditions and people around us. "When we are in Rome we must do as the Romans do." If a student comes to a school and fails to adopt the customs and regulations of the institution, his life at that place will be an agony to him. An individual who can almost instantly identify himself with any group of individuals and be one of them is invariably one who enjoys the pleasure of living, while the man who is slow to adjust himself is one who sees too many of the imperfections and evils of the world and blinds himself to its virtues.

The pleasures of living are attainable for all. The joy of being alive is something that is entirely independent of wealth, station or even physical characteristics. The cripple or the pauper may be far happier than the athlete or the millionaire. I am sure there is no one, who on the first walk in the open air, after being on a sick bed several weeks has not felt that being alive is an ecstasy. How magnificent the world and all nature seem to us! The sun seems to shine

for us alone. On every hand, extending as far as the eye can see, lies creation with man the sole proprietor. On such an occasion one feels the insignificance of man and is astounded at the beneficence of his Creator. Then we appreciate the priceless boon of life, then we feel the desire from within our soul to sing in praise, but we are incapable. We stand mute and listen. What are those sweet notes of gratitude and praise? We have heard them thousands of times before but they never affected us as they do now. Ah! they are the songs and chirpings of the birds in the trees, reverberating from their tiny throats happy with the happiness of existence.

As we turn back and slowly walk away we resolve to enjoy the pleasure of living in other means than after a mad race for material wealth. Life to us should be in itself our greatest source of pleasure and not a certain duration of time, during which we are to stamp out the greatest possible amount of gold. When we get the "blues" we are forgetting that there are other things in life than mere material success. The best way to recover from such a state is to sing one of the popular songs that someone has written for just our kind of "blues." Then let us go out and enjoy the vast extent of the world lying outside the confines of our occupation, let us mingle with our friends and observe how many of them are interested in us and believe in us. Almost before we realize it our spirits are gay again and we feel no difficulty is unsurmountable and that "this is a grand old world after all."

* * *

AFTER THE STORM

*The fields lie quilted o'er with ermine snow,
The silent pearl-ridged trees stand proudly by,
The sunbeams frisk across a mouse-grey sky,
Whilst saucy, whistlin' winds ablustering blow.
The forest glen with beauty is aglow,
The wildwood is a wondrous tapestry,
Unanswered, snowbirds brisk, attwittering fly
For icebound, giggling brook has ceased to flow.
The icy high road seems a silver bow—
Held taut by friendly hedge, like sinewy string.
The marge beyond is like a cherub's wing
And cots like heaps of cotton row on row.
Enchantment seems to thrill the very air
Whilst Winter, hushed, is rapt in silent prayer.*

—J. A. W.



Date of Issue, February 20, 1924.

FACULTY DIRECTOR

Rev. J. A. Williams, A. M.

EDITOR

Warren Nolan, '26

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Alumni.....	Homer Knoblauch, '25	Inter Alia.....	Edward Gallahue, '27
Athletics	John Ryan, '26	Our Book Shelf....	Edw. Manski, '25
Exchanges.....	John O'Connor, '26	Viatoriana.....	Walter Fitzgerald, '24
Bus. Mgr.....	Joseph Harrington, '27	Lawrence St. Amant, '25

The Extension Fund Students can materially assist the resident Secretary-Treasurer of the Alumni Association in conducting the Extension Fund Campaign by submitting lists of old students and correct addresses, by telling graduates of the developments in the drive and by "boosting" the new Viator,—the best of all possible aids. That new building in 1925 will materialize when the required amount has been realized, and not before.

What part the present student body will play in the campaign has not been determined as yet. Social affairs, baseball games and soliciting may all receive their due shares of attention. Like that other great one who prepared the way for a greater One to come, let this brief comment serve to remind that loyalty and devotion to alma mater at such times is akin to that patriotism for country which we manifest in war times. There need be no waving of flags and shouting from house-tops when Viator asks you to help; let your answer be serious, concrete assistance in a positive manner. The expression of loyalty should be more substance than form. Do your share for your school—and building will be started next year.—W. N., '26.

Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, has named St. Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, Switzerland, 1602-22, as Patron Saint of the Catholic press the world over; and the Bishops of the United States have set aside the month of February in each year as the Catholic Press Month, urging bishops and priests to emphasize the sacred duty of supporting and developing the Catholic press by subscribing to Catholic periodicals. We find in the life work of the Patron Saint of the Catholic Press one of the most perfect and beautiful realizations of the outlook on this obligation.

Let us join in the spirit of Catholic Press month by subscribing to a good Catholic magazine. "*Truth*," a Paulist publication; "*America*," edited and published by the Jesuits; "*Ave Maria*," published at Notre Dame; The Church Extension Society's "*Extension Magazine*;" "*The Sacred Heart Messenger*," printed at Fordham University; and "*The Ecclesiastical Review*" are a few of the best Catholic publications, carefully edited and managed by specialists. Unfortunately, for many so-called Catholics their own literature seems "too flat" and the name of a priest signed to an article places it on their personal *index expurgatorius*. Papini, in the introduction to his *Life of Christ*, takes occasion to note this failing in present day Catholics.

As students at a Catholic College we should lead in all forward movements of right-thinking Catholics, especially in supporting the Catholic press, so closely allied as it is to our daily lives on the campus. Subscribe during the month of February for a good Catholic magazine.

* * *

Two of the greatest men in our age have died within the past month: Nikolai Lenin of Russia and Woodrow Wilson of the United States. Men of vision, heralds of the era of true brotherhood, leaders of their schools of thought, they differed in but one essential thing: the methods they employed.

No matter how much Soviet Russia may be condoned by liberal minded Americans, the sincerity of Bolsheviks extolled by local anarchists (who will deny the allegation, of course!) or Trotsky elevated from the East Side of New York to the pinnacle of Russian government, the irrefutable fact is that destruction, tearing down, slaughtering and butchering have been the means employed in Russia to attain the same end which Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations program sought. No one can or does deny the fact that the reports of Russian atrocities have been exaggerated, certain news despatches maliciously

colored; but will the staunchest advocate of Sovietism attempt to rebut the gory truths of outrages perpetrated in the name of liberality, freedom and democracy in those first mad years in Russia?

Nikolai Lenin and Woodrow Wilson sought the same goal; a League of Nations and a Soviet are in substance the same thing, differing only in the form. Lenin hacked his way with a bloody, double-edged sword. Wilson took a pen and a voice across the Atlantic, vied with old world diplomats in a game he did not know, and came back to find political opponents cutting off his rear. Even in his final years we find his successors in office pasting a new label on his potion and advertising it for sale as of their own concoction. The "Association of Nations" is good enough for a six million plurality who would not swallow the "League of Nations,"—yet they will drink the self-same liquid with relish!

Lenin,—the breaker; Wilson,—the maker. The sword and the pen. A brotherhood with no government; one government with the same brotherhood regulated. Lenin. Wilson. Two avenues to the same goal. The bell-cows have fallen in their tracks; how will their followers continue?

* * *

Sixty-five years ago Abraham Lincoln said, "You can't fool all of the people all of the time." Substituting "professors" for "people" does not change the truth of the statement.

* * *

A large and distinguished Senior Class will be graduated in June, including in its membership many students who have spent from three to eight years here. They have become virtual institutions on the campus and their going will be like spokes falling out of a wheel. Athletic heroes, leaders of student thought and social activity, brothers of the Clerics of St. Viator who took active parts in debates and literary work, characters in student life,—all pass out of the picture in a few short months. Their places will be filled with the new and the fresh, even as others were filled in France; but let us at least retain a part of the same veneration for our departed that nations hold for the men whose places are filled.

THE PERISCOPE

General George Washington, whose birthday we celebrate during this month, incorporated in his famous "Rules of Conduct," the following: "Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat."

* * *

Father Bergin's classes recently selected the "Ten Greatest Men in History." We are entering the field of "ten bests" with the selection of those ten students on the campus who possess the strongest natures. The judges were the Faculty Advisor and Editor of the Viatorian, as well as a member of the faculty who does not wish his name disclosed. The requisites are: Determination, force, aggressiveness, will power, initiative and manliness. Being "too nice" detracts from the rock-like strength which wins a place. The following selections have been made. Send in your comments and additional names to The Periscope.

Charles Donnelly, '25	Peoria, Ill.
Joseph Harrington, '27,	New York, N. Y.
Frank Hogan, Acad., '24	Chicago, Ill.
Thomas Jordan, '24	Pontiac, Ill.
John Lyons, '26	Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
T. Raymond Marvel, '24	Clinton, Ind.
William McGuirk, '27	Chicago, Ill.
Edmund O'Connor, '24	Chicago, Ill.
John Ryan, '26	Bloomington, Ill.
Bernard Zunkel, Acad., '24	Chciago, Ill.

The communication given below brings up the old discussion of a Viator song. It is reprinted verbatim in the hope that vaguely expressed sentiments may soon be crystalized through definite action.

"Dear Mr. Editor:

"We are all familiar with the college songs of Wisconsin, Illinois, Notre Dame, Cornell and other large universities. 'Bradley Will Shine Tonight' was heard by many down-hearted rooters in Peoria last fall. When will Viator have a school song peculiar to itself? With such men on the faculty as Father Sheridan, Father Williams and Brother Lynch, and a course in music in our curriculum, the words and music should not trouble us much. When will the song be written?

"Respectfully yours,

"WILLIAM LANE, Roy Hall."

* * *

The Chinese gentleman who so graciously besought inquiries of his audience during a recent lecture in the gymnasium must have been appalled at certain mannerisms dis-

played on the occasion. How consoling it is to find a contemporary, "The Lombard Review," suggesting "a course in the study of audience behavior unless chapel audiences are really capable of appreciating good music, good lectures and so forth." But two wrongs do not make a right. Rather, our curricula will require augmentation in much the same manner as that proposed in Galesburg,—unless the tittering and "horse-play" is ended.

* * *

There is a course in cheer leading being given at Leland Stanford; Columbia University has abolished the examination system; at Notre Dame you are absent from class a week before cuts are counted; women are fighting for the coveted block "O" at Ohio State; Georgetown Law students applaud the entrances and exits of their profs; the honor system gains ground at state universities, having been practiced at Illinois for several years. Where is the old time schoolmaster who "spared the rod and not the child" and Shakespeare's "whining school boy with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like snail, unwilling to school?"

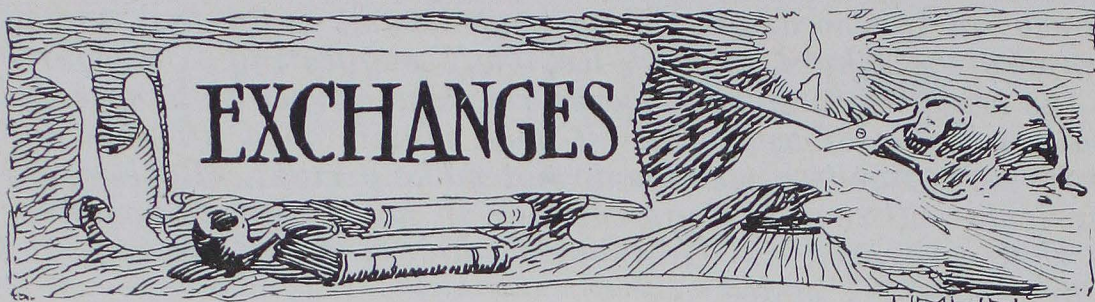
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What a backfield the class of '24 could present: Neal McGinnis, with three years of varsity football, to his credit, at quarterback; Spike O'Connor at full; Ding Winterhalter at right half; and Tom Jordan at left half. Then Bill Barrett at an end, Brother Sees at center (the position he played prior to the new ruling) and Captain Emmy Murphy at guard. With Ray Marvel to manage them and Frank Donohue as trainer and the versatile Wally Fitzgerald to handle one side of the line by himself, they could do battle with any group in the school!

* * *

IN MEMORIAM

Ever dimmer and fainter grow the signs that once meant good cheer. The cracking and chipping of paint leaves but the faint outlines of these legends framed against the walls. Two years more.....a fresh coat of paint.....and they will be no more. Prohibition is here. We have progressed! Before.....down on the corner.....good fellows.....good feelings.....good beer. Now.....shades drawn.....heavy silence.....furtive glances through the cracks in the shades.....hasty gulping.....gloom. We have progressed!—H. K., '25.



We have received seven weekly publications. Some "Little Nine- of "Little Nineteen" schools. All are in tab- teen Weeklies" loid form; the number of columns rang- ing from four to six. Campus activities are given precedence over athletics. Nor is the field of humor allowed to lie fallow in these papers. The jokes are strategically placed to capture the flagging energies of the brain which has just pored over the result of a debate or a lecture by the distinguished Professor Dull.

The Lombard Review is the best. Its type is strong, the matter arranged well, the skillful mechanics producing the liveliest effect of the group reviewed. *The Carbondale Egyptian* is a well organized paper, containing some good articles. There is too much space between the letters of the title and the article would look better in front of the title word, "Egyptian." *The Augustana Observer* shows much industry. A properly ordered piece of journalism. The editorials are enjoyable, "Jass vs. Classical" proving the worth of the masters. Athletics is especially well written. *The Monmouth Oracle* vies very strongly with *The Lombard Review*. It is cleverly gotten together, the only fault being that it is slightly large in page size. An editorial, "Brains or Bodies and Brains," favoring intramural athletics, is in line with the modern trend. *The Wesleyan Argus* is too conservative for a weekly. This does not detract from the literary value of this paper. It smacks too much of the monthly or quarterly. However, it contains a wealth of campus news. *The Eureka Pegasus* is truly a representative paper. Everything from an art exhibit to a basketball game is included in this excellent college journal. *The Bradley Tech* uses too heavy a type. It is alive and covers the required ground. We have not seen the promised *Decaturian* as yet, nor does the *Tech* come as often as before.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC—Some young man who managed to eke into the list of editors of the *Scholastic* jingled the sordid coins a kindly father had just sent him, elevated his proboscis to the proper angle, and wrote an editorial for the December issue, "For The Abolition of The Time-Clock,"

in which he attacked student employment. The same day this issue reached us the Notre Dame *Daily* featured on its front page the fact that "forty per cent of the students are working their way through the university in whole or in part." The *Scholastic* was spoiled by this snobbish pen. Otherwise, the issue is up to standard, which means excellent.

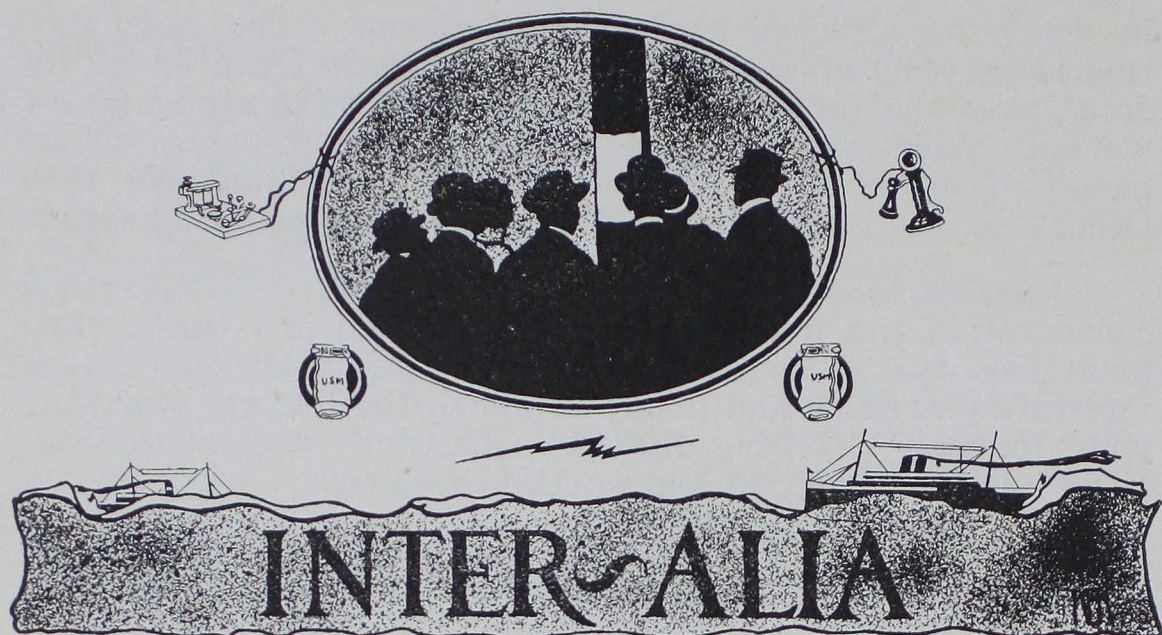
ANSELMIAN—Yours is an excellent paper. It is literary, conservative and human. It contains much fine verse. "Romanticism and a Romanticist" and "Charles Dickens" were interesting articles and firmly establish the literary worth of your journal. "Telling the Old Chestnut" was refreshing. Your humor is original and mirth-provoking.

DUQUESNE MONTHLY—Your articles display much common sense, good workmanship. Notable among the essays were "Cosmocrat" and "Silent Cal." We noticed a dearth of verse in your magazine, although "Winter" is exceptionally good. We suggest a page or two more of poetry at the expense of an essay.

CRIMSON AND GRAY—This publication is one of the best on our shelf. Your essays, poems, editorials, all merit commendation. "Pebbles on Shells," a poem, testifies to the futility of attempting to fathom the unknowable. "Edgar Allan Poe" and "Warfield's Shylock" were such as to delight even the hypercritical. The editorial on "Higher Catholic Education" brings out very forcibly the need of a Catholic college education. We hope you will be a constant visitor with us.

THE ARCH, New York U.—This is an entirely literary magazine. Its articles are really literature. "The Ballad of the Brown Girl," incidentally the second prize poem in the Intercollegiate Contest of America, is ineffably beautiful. It contains none of the complicated thoughts of most modern writers. In this poem we return to the old writers who will survive every present day attempt to submerge them. "The Golden Knife" and "In the Theatre" are highly palatable. The book reviews were discursive, yet their appraisals managed to be both just and exact. From the viewpoint of literary worth, *The Arch* is the best college magazine we have received. Accept our cordial invitation to become a constant visitor with us.

—J. M. O'C., '26.



THE ACS.

Have you ever been in the "Acs?" If so, you will know what the life of an Ac is, but if you have not you will never realize the conditions an Ac must face as he battles his way to Seniority. However, the indomitable spirit of the Acs has always been felt at St. Viator's and this year is no exception.

The Acs opened their basketball season with a defeat at the hands of Hamilton "Y" Specials, in Kankakee, the score being 23-19. The score does not indicate the closeness of the combat for the score was tied, 15-15, with only a few minutes to play. It was only a case of "breaks" which so frequently happens on small foreign courts. Captain Berry and O'Neil bore the brunt of the work for Viator. Just to disprove any doubt as to the validity of the Ac alibi they came back strong and defeated their time-honored rivals, the Ex-Acs, by a score of 10-5. Coach Jordan sent in Ousinglewski in the second half and he proved too much for the ex-Acs by scoring eight to the Acs ten points, while the powerful defense of Campbell and Meara held the ex-Acs machine practically scoreless the second half.

The Acs regretted the loss of Ousinglewski and Captain Berry who did not return after Christmas vacation but under the leadership of Captain Meara they reorganized and showed their power by easily defeating Ousie's "Stars" 25-13. This team had a clean record of victories until they met the Acs. Smedley, at center, starred for the Acs with twelve points to his credit. Ousies has reinforced his "Stars" and a return game is expected in the near future. The acs are set on a victorious trip to Chicago. They have the spirit and the men and all they need is opposition. The high school basketball coach can rest at ease for the next year's squad, for the Ac team of today will

be the High School team of tomorrow. The Acs are as follows: Captain Meara, O'Neil, Fahey, Campbell, McGovern, Smedley, Breganzer, Ferris, Marzano and Girard.—L. S., '25.

* * *

Community Room The introduction of "Mah Jongg" and the addition of chairs, tables and playing cards have tended towards making room 118 in Roy Hall a very suitable recreation room for the faculty members.

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Chinese Lecture On Tuesday evening, January 15, the third performance of the Lyceum course, consisting of a lecture and several Chinese tricks, Chinese tricks, was given in the college auditorium.

* * *

Honors for Father Maguire During the second semester, beginning February 4, Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, C. S. V., will give a two hours' course of lectures on Sociology at Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois. Father Maguire's future students are to be congratulated upon their opportunity to study under the guidance of one so eminently qualified to direct their work in this interesting and profitable subject.

* * *

Retreat Father Flavian, O. S. F., conducted a very successful retreat in the one just closed on Wednesday morning, January 27. Many spiritual benefits were reaped by the students in their closer communication with God, through the conductor. Many Holy Communions at the close of the exercises evidenced the fact that his work was well done and happily received.

* * *

Ten Greatest Men It has been quite fashionable in recent years to start some movement for the selection of great men and women. Organizations of various kinds asked to make such selections, so the Upper Classmen, upon Father Bergin's request, have been interesting themselves and have produced a list of ten names as their choice for highest honors. The list is as follows: St. Thomas, Aristotle, Shakespeare, Lincoln, Dante, Napoleon, Newton, Charlemagne, Pasteur, and Columbus.

* * *

Registration Registration for the second semester began Wednesday morning, January 30, after the closing exercises of the retreat, and was finished Thursday evening; short classes were resumed Friday morning, February 1. The following students were graduated in mid-year from the

Academy department: Joseph Haley, William Morrissey, and James Ross.

* * *

Distinguished Visitor Benjamin Madero of Parras, Coahuila, Mexico, cousin of the late president, Francis Madero, accompanied his son, Benjamin Jr., to Viator's halls, where he matriculated in the Freshman year of the Academy department. Senor Madero was a classmate of Professor Kennedy while at Notre Dame. He completed his studies at Boston College.

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Artist Guest Francis Dundon, brother of Fred "Gus" Dundon, star pitcher, gave a beautiful rendition of Millard's "Ave Maria" at High Mass on Sunday, January 27. Seven years ago, Mr. Dundon was a member of Father Finn's Paulist Choir of Chicago, and was among the number who, while on their European tour, sang at the Vatican for the late Holy Father, Pope Benedict X. At that time he sang soprano, but now sings lyric tenor.

* * *

Senior League Under the direction of Father Harrison, the Senior League in Basketball is nearing the close of a very successful season. It has been successful in that nearly every student has participated and all teams have been fairly matched according to playing ability, thus making it most interesting to all. Much enthusiasm has been shown by the "fans" who have given their share of encouragement and advice to the players.

At the present writing Farrell's "Rabbis" are leading, with Mahoney's "Wampus Kitties" pressing them hard for the first position. Fitzgerald's "Doodleheimers," McGinnis' "Mint Jupels" and LaCharite's "Dirtynecks" are battling for the supreme honors. The standing at this writing of the remaining teams is: Hogan's "Goats," Atkinson's "Muggers," Pfeffer's "Rinkey Dinks," Jordan's "Slow Fools," Zunkel's "Moonatics," Wimp's "Lady Fingers," Barry's "Double Dribblers," Murphy's "Scissors Bills," Riley's "Bucks," Dundon's "Southpaws" and Dooley's "Fare-Thee-Wells." The League has produced its customary number of stars and otherwise; also it has afforded the usual amount of interest, which helps to drive away the loneliness of long winter hours. The high score men, who bear the dignifying titles of Eagles, are: Zogg, Smith, Bell, McGinnis, Gleason, Cregan, Steinbach, Mahoney, Gubbins, Farrell, Turner, Kenny and several others.

An All League team is to be selected at the end of the season. This helps to make for the desire of honorable mention by spectacular playing and queer gymnastics. The choices for League honors will appear in the next issue.

The revival of Father Sheridan's play, "The Call," with Eugene McCarthy, '27, playing the role of Francis Laukin, was the principal dramatic occurrence in the past month. The premiere of the 1924 edition of the priest-author's tragedy was given at the State Asylum in Kankakee Friday evening, February 8th, for the benefit of inmates, nurses and doctors, as well as a few special guests from Kankakee, who occupied boxes. The showing for the college students was given on Sunday afternoon, February 10, in the College auditorium, most of the student body attending. The Notre Dame Convent, Bourbonnais, and St. Joseph's Convent, Kankakee, were represented by nuns and their pupils; many Bourbonnais friends of the College took advantage of the proximity of the theatre to witness the Sunday matinee performance. Wednesday evening, February 13, the final performance of the series of three was given for the entertainment of the citizens of Kankakee at the Luna Theatre.

* * *

On Monday evening, February 11, in the Municipal Court of Upperclass County, Chief Justice Leroy Winterhalter presiding, three culprits, William McGuirk, '27, Harold Blayne, '26, and Edward Donovan, Academy Department, were tried on various counts. The jury consisted of Samuel McAllister, William Barrett, Charles Donnelly, John Lyons, Fred Dundon and Thomas Jordan; the court clerk was Neal McGinnis, the bailiff Walter Fitzgerald, the sheriff David LaCharite; the secretary to the Judge, James Sorin. Counsel for the defense were Joseph Harrington, Lyle Bolinghouse and Edward Gallahue; state's attorneys were Warren Nolan, Frank Donohue and Raymond Marvel. Witnesses included Glenn Franks, Eugene McGrath, John Barrett, William Kelly, Emmett Murphy and the "Sheriff" himself. The testimony of the irritated Mr. Franks played an important part in the jury's decision. The star witness for the state was John Barrett, the principal eye witness. The District Attorney's eloquent plea to the jury moved that astute body to bitter tears, Samuel McAllister's grief being especially tragic. The chief of counsel for the defense brilliantly tricked the state's witnesses in cross-examining them, but in the end he was himself debarred for violation of the Green Cap Ordinance. He also suffered the ignominy of bearing the triumphant Mr. Barrett, a witness who was especially assailed because of the importance of his testimony to the state, upon his broad back to Royus Hallius, Thirdus Campus Corridorius. The Sheriff and Bailiff have been seeing the execution of the penalties imposed by His Honor, Judge Winterhalter. The defendants put up a defense of circumstantial evidence, but the damning evidence of the solid, purloined towel, "a gift from my friend, Jack Kearns" to Mr. Franks, moved the jury to their verdict.



ALUMNI



THOMAS MALONEY, H. S., '11.

The faculty and student body extend their most heartfelt sympathy to the father and relatives of Thomas Maloney, H. S., '11, who succumbed to a long attack of illness at his home, 6408 Dante Ave., Chicago, Ill. The funeral was held from St. Cyril's Carmelite Church, the sermon being delivered by Rev. Father Hilary. Two of his old class-mates at Viator, Emmet Con-cannon and Lloyd Harrington, assisted as pall bearers. Interment was in Calvary Cemetery. The deceased is survived by his father, two brothers and a sister. St. Viator's was represented at the funeral by Rev. Gregory A. Galvin, c. s. v. The many friends of the deceased at Viator are especially grieved, for his gentlemanly conduct and courteous manner at school and through life won for him the respect and admiration of faculty and fellow-students alike.

* * *

Rev. Dawson Byrnes, who was a Seminarian at the college in '15-'16, has attained an enviable reputation as an actor, according to reports received. To quote the Seton Hill's "Setonian:"

"The students of Seton Hill were delightfully entertained Tuesday evening, Oct. 16, by Rev. Dawson Byrne, who presented impersonations of characters from the works of Dickens and Shakespeare. Father Byrne is touring the United States giving his impersonations before the students of colleges and universities for the purpose of arousing among the students of today a love for the world's classical authors and an appreciation of them. He is conceded to be, and Seton Hill echoes it, one of the greatest of present day actors.

"His impersonation of Uriah Heep, the 'Umble Servant,' won unstinted applause from the audience.

"Micawber, that master character of Dickens, who was always waiting for something to turn up, was next skillfully portrayed

"In the impersonations which followed, Father Byrne showed excellent power of adapting himself to such difficult characters as Bill Sykes, Fagin and little Nell's grandfather from Dickens, and Cardinal Wolsey from Shakespeare's Henry VIII. He brought his program to a most effective close with the grandfather in 'Dawn of the Irish Coast.'"

This charmingly written little appreciation, under the heading "Noted Actor Entertains," admirably sums up the opin-

ion of the many who have witnessed Father Byrne's art, and we hope that we too may have the pleasure of being entertained one of these evenings by our versatile alumnus.

* * *

Recently we received word from an old alumnus, Father F. E. Walsh, A. B., '07, pastor of St. Ann's church, at Toluca, Ill., containing information concerning some of our scattered Alumni. His letter is as follows:

Jan. 16, 1924.

Alumni Editor, Viatorian,
St. Viator College.

Dear Friend:

In the last number of the Viatorian there was a list of former Viator students who are studying at the American College in Rome. To that number should be added Rev. William Keefe, of Clinton, Ind., Rev. John Flanagan, of Rockford, Ill., and Rev. Martin Hayden, of Chicago, Ill.

Yours sincerely,
F. E. Walsh.

* * *

Another letter received comes from F. M. Opeka, H. S., '18. Mr. Opeka is in the Real Estate business in Chicago. He writes:

Jan. 12, 1924.

Business Manager, "The Viatorian."

Dear Sir:

Will you kindly send me a subscription card for the Viatorian? I have not received a copy for about a year and I do not wish to lose contact with my Alma Mater.

If possible I would greatly appreciate the receipt of copy beginning with the Commencement Number. With best regards to all,

Your loyal alumnus,
Frank Opeka.

* * *

Amos Loftus, H. S., '20, is now connected with the Benziger Bros. Church Supply Co. of Chicago and reports that he is enjoying the best of health and spirits.

* * *

We were glad to receive a visit from one of our most beloved "Old Boys" last Saturday, Feb. 2. William McGavick, H. S., '22, who hails from Libertyville, Ill., has a position with the North Shore Electric Railroad and "hopes to be its owner and president soon." Drop in again, "Mac."

* * *

Dr. John A. O'Brien, Director of the Columbus Foundation at the University of Illinois, has, according to recent report,

been appointed by Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul, to membership on a National Catholic Educational Committee. Archbishop Dowling is chairman of the committee, Bishop Shahan, rector of the Catholic University of America, Rev. R. H. Tierney, S. J., of New York, Editor of "America" and Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peterson, president of St. John's Seminary, Boston, Mass., are members of the committee. The committee was organized for the purpose of studying all matters affecting phases of Catholic education in America. Its policies are carried out by the Bureau of Catholic education in Washington, D. C.

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Frank I. Murphy, '09, is now in the insurance business in the Webster Bldg., Chicago, and says "business is fine." Glad to hear it, Frank.

* * *

Eugene Corcoran, '10, is making a brilliant success of the advertising business. His offices are situated in the Mallory Bldg., in the Windy City. "Gene" is still single but does not know whether he will survive Leap Year or not. We're hoping for the best, anyhow.

* * *

President David Kinley, Ph. D. LL. D., of the University of Illinois, recently sent a letter of congratulation to the Rev. John A. O'Brien in reference to the establishing of a Foundation building adjacent to the campus for the social and religious care of the seven hundred and fifty Catholic students at the school.

President Kinley wrote as follows:

"The movement among the churches to establish at various state universities centers of religious instruction for students who are members of their churches, is one which commends itself to the minds and hearts of the people who are best acquainted with student life and are interested that the education of our young men and women shall be fully rounded. Some think that the churches in the community are sufficient to take care of this work. Experience proves, however, that they are not. College students are, in an important sense, not of the community in which they get their education, although they are in it. They need special attention and peculiar care. They can get this best in establishments which are centers of social and religious activity for people of their own faith."

As a proof that he was sincere in his co-operation with the work of Father O'Brien, the letter contained a check for \$100 with the expressed wish that the building fund had already reached a goodly total.

* * *

On January 18, Rev. Louis M. O'Connor, '07, President of the Alumni Association, accompanied by Father Frawley, also of Urbana, Ill., visited the college, dining with the President

and attending the basket-ball game with Kalamazoo at the Armory that evening before returning home. They chatted with the Champaign and Urbana students during their visit.

* * *

A recent visitor to the college was Rev. Michael Dermody, ordinandi, '98, of Aberdeen, South Dakota. Father Dermody renewed acquaintances with old and cherished friends at the college, especially Father O'Mahoney.

* * *

On Friday, January 31, the Very Rev. M. J. Marsile, c. s. v., second President of the college, returned to Bourbonnais for the funeral services of Mrs. Monast. He was looking fine and appeared to be in the best of health.

* * *

We were recently favored with a visit from Rev. Daniel A. Feely, ordinandi, '05. Father Feely has his parish at Harvard, Illinois.

* * *

Rev. Thomas E. Shea, A. B., '18, dropped in to see some of his boys from Bloomington, Ill., of which there are a goodly number attending Viator this year. He was particularly anxious about his very intimate friend and successor in teaching English, Bro. Thomas J. Lynch, and the two men spent a pleasant evening reminiscing.

* * *

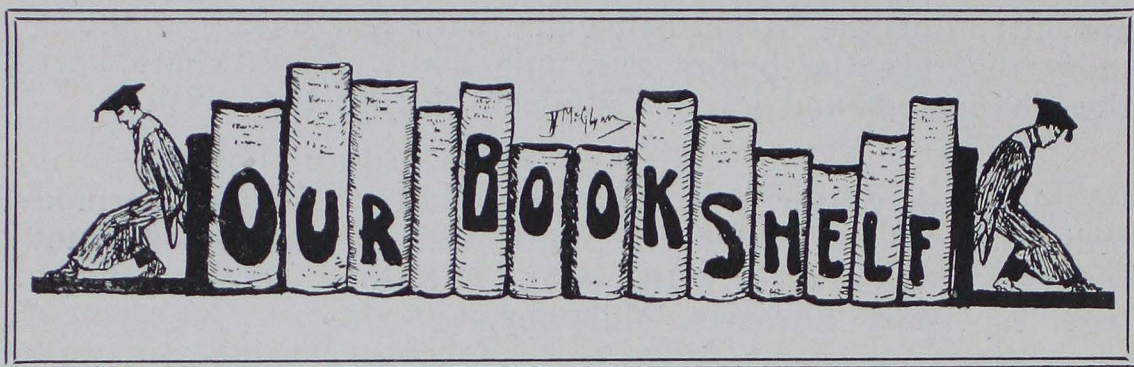
The following editorial from the "Chicago Tribune" of January 16, 1924, praises Hon. James T. Burns, ex-Judge in Kankakee, old student and loyal friend of Viator. It is cited verbatim:

A RECORD OF PATRIOTIC SERVICE

A candidate who if nominated will add strength to the Democratic state ticket is former Judge James T. Burns of Kankakee, who will run for the nomination of his party for lieutenant governor.

Judge Burns has an excellent record on the bench and is favorably known in Chicago through his service of thirteen months as county judge after the death of Judge Scully. But even more attractive to his fellow citizens is his record of twenty-five years in the military service of his country. Judge Burns is a veteran of the Spanish-American war. He went to the border with the Guard during the Mexican trouble. He went overseas as an officer in the Kankakee unit of Illinois troops of the A. E. F. and served with high credit through the hard fighting of the American phase of the European conflict.

In other words he has proved himself a good judge, a brave soldier and a citizen of the first quality, and if he is successful in attaining the office he seeks, there is no question that he will do himself, his party and his state the highest credit.



BEST PLAYS OF 1922-23, by Burns Mantle. Published by Small, Maynard.

In his fourth annual issue of "*Best Plays*," Burns Mantle, dramatic critic of the New York Tribune, has chosen "*Rain*," still on the boards in New York, as the first of his choice of ten "because it has been the most consistently popular dramatic success of the season." While some may complain that the play is rather forced, there can be no doubt of its popularity; and Mr. Mantle has really selected those plays which have been "best" in box office receipts. "*You and I*," a Harvard prize play; Galsworthy's "*Loyalties*;" "*Icebound*;" "*Why Not?*"; "*The Fool*," now seen as an effective mechanical drama by its critics but still very much patronized by the sentimental public, who ultimately settle such questions; "*Merton of the Movies*," which brought fame and movie contracts to Glenn Hunter; "*The Old Soak*," by Don Marquis, columnist; "*R. U. R.*"; and "*Mary the Third*," another of Rachel Crothers' successes, comprise the remainder of the selection. The author reviews the ups and downs of the New York theatrical season, mentioning the Shakespearean revival featured by John Barrymore's "*Hamlet*," Jane Cowl's "*Juliet*," and David Warfield's "*Shylock*;" the various efforts of colored actors; the comedies and near-comedies, domestic, musical and otherwise; and the schools of mystery and melo-drama which held classes during the last year in the histrionic university.

The plays are summarized in Mr. Mantle's own words, only vital scenes being given *in toto*. It is probably just as well that the full texts are not given, aside from the necessarily resultant bulk of volume therefrom, for too few modern plays are good reading.

Mr. Shephard Butler, dramatic critic of the Chicago Tribune, in a pithy synopsis of Chicago's season, filled with interesting comments of his own, selects the "ten best" in the middle west metropolis, including "*Six-Cylinder Love*" and "*The First Year*," comedies, in the roster.—W. N., '26.

FALSE GODS, by Will Scarlet. Published by Benziger Brothers.

In welcome contrast to many of the superficial stories now masquerading as literature, is this interesting novel from the pen of "Will Scarlet." Its swiftly moving romance of life and love, together with the wholesome atmosphere that permeates every page, make it a book acceptable to lovers of truly good fiction. It reveals the struggles of *Harry Cantwell*, a young idealist, who strives to attain worldly honors,—as well as *Monica Claire*. But *Harry*, who failed to recognize the vicissitudes of life and the undermining influence of designing associates, fell into gross errors concerning his faith and man's dependence upon the Supreme Being. The undying love of *Monica* for *Harry* enables her to help him dispel his erroneous theories, and ultimately bring about a happy conclusion.

Although some critics may contend that the theme of the story is interpolated with excessive sermonizing, their definite conclusions and indirect relation to the development of the plot seem to warrant the use of these apparent digressions. The characters are pleasing from the standpoints of reality and development, while the skill with which the author depicts several scenes of "Sunny California" gives evidence of his descriptive powers.

It is interesting to know that the author of this novel is a member of a religious order. Although a veteran writer, he now enters the field of fiction under the nom-de-plume of "Will Scarlet."—F. P., '26.

* * *

VISTAS, by Walter C. Stevens. Published by Menteith Book Co.

In writing of "*Vistas*," Mr. Stevens has presented to us a travelogue in novel style. His book, as its title implies, is a collection of scenic perspectives. He takes us to France, the modern France, as every tourist sees it today. Mr. Stevens, in his entertaining style, does not lead us through Paris, Bordeaux and Marseilles as a group of Cook's Tourists but as visitors interested and not foolishly curious. His comparison of French and American life is clear, comprehensive and entertaining. After reading this picturesque and novelistic travelogue, we emerge as from a pleasant and interesting lecture.

Mr. Steven's style flows in a friendly and entertaining manner. He spices his words with a jocular flavor and an occasional bit of good-natured sarcasm. Most of the sketches portray life in France but a few American scenes have been interspersed by way of cheer "in case the reader should feel homesick en route." An objection, however, may be made to

a few of these descriptive chapters, namely, though they be beautiful, yet they are rather short and racy. If the author had drawn them more at length they would have had a more charming effect upon the reader. Their brevity leaves little time for reflection. Our readers may also strongly object to the interpolation of the many French words and phrases but the author states that "the greater number of readers are like Portia. They are not bred so dull but they can learn."

"*Vistas*" is a book that will please every reader who loves Nature, travel and peoples. In reading it the observation grows keener, the mind is diverted and interested. For a companion after luncheon, going to and from the office, on a stroll, or on a week-end voyage, "*Vistas*" is highly recommended.—E. M., '25.

* * *

THE GASPARDS OF PINE CROFT, by Ralph Connor. Published by George H. Doran & Co.

To the reader who has become nauseated with most of our ultra modern novels, inundated as they are with their high sounding and hollow philosophy, confused with their own theories of the human complex and lacking in the delicate reserve demanded by good taste, Ralph Connor presents, "*The Gaspards of Pine Croft*." The scenes of this story are laid in the picturesque grandeur of the Canadian Northwest. An atmosphere, begotten by finely drawn pictures of expansive sweeps of gently rolling grass lands, stately forests and shining rivers all overshadowed by ranges of rugged mountains standing in their lofty dignity just as the Creator made them, permeates the entire novel.

It is in this atmosphere, which has such a wholesome and pleasing effect upon the reader, that Paul Gaspard is born and reared. It is from these natural influences, that are instilled in him, he gets the qualities that make him a man of invincible courage and unswerving faithfulness to moral and physical obligations.

The plot is nicely developed and the author does not lead the reader on any circumventous journeys or tantalizing by-paths in reaching the end of the story. There is some occasion for criticism perhaps, in the writer's inclinations to indulge in profuse descriptions of devotion as observed in certain religions. Yet, if he seems to show favor toward one religion, he does not do it at the expense or injury of any other. Moreover, the character of Paul Gaspard is further illuminated by such scenes. The principal thread of the plot is the struggle of the hero to meet and overcome the consequences of the folly of his father. Intermingled is romance, stirring adventure and vivid pictures of frontier life.

A salient feature of the character development is the difference between the male and female characterization. Some male characters are good and others are evil. But all the female characters are morally good and highly intellectual. Without exception the wives are infinitely more clever than their husbands and are able to dispose of a situation before the husband has scarcely begun to think. Such character treatment may be accurate but it can hardly be calculated to meet with the entire satisfaction of "mere man."—V. P., '26.

* * *

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET, by Peter B. Kyne.
Published by Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

Although his works will never be called "literature" by savants of this or any other country, Peter B. Kyne, who caused a mild sensation in Hollywood by "biting the hand that feeds him" some months ago, does cater to a large element of American readers, and serves to fill in gaps in the masonry of serious reading by sober-minded book-lovers. If you liked "*Kindred of the Dust*" and "*The Pride of Palomar*," you will like Kyne's latest, for it is better than either of the others. He uses too much conversation, like so many present day authors who must retain a certain tension of interest by even such artificial devices and he resorts to very unusual characters, such as "*Tamea*," for the same reason; yet with both these vices admitted, the story is interesting enough and at least "*Mellenger*," the newspaperman, and "*Maisie*," the American girl who understands, as well as the uncontrollable, half-savage girl heroine of the book are well drawn characters.

No matter what he may have said about the cinema, Peter B. Kyne certainly had one eye on the silver screen possibilities of his setting and characters, while he kept the other on the original manuscript of "*Never The Twain Shall Meet*."
—W. N., '26.



It is with regret that the Viatorian announces that Walter "Jack" Crangle, for two years coach of the Varsity football team and the Academy basketball team, has tendered his resignation to take place in June.

Under Crangle's regime Viator won the mid-west Catholic championship last fall and lost only three games of the hardest schedule ever attempted by a Viator grid team. As mentor of the Academy cagers "Jack" won 16 games of a 19 game schedule and this season his team has bowled along without a defeat.

A chance to take over the reins at a larger institution with a consequent increase in salary are the reasons that caused Crangle to hand in his resignation to the athletic authorities. "We are sorry to lose Crangle," Father Kelly said. "But I don't blame him for trying to better himself. I know he is worthy of more money than we can pay. The best of feeling has existed between Crangle, myself and the institution, and I shall be only too glad to recommend him to any institution desiring his coaching services."

"Jack" takes with him to his new post the heartiest wishes of Faculty, students and members of the grid team. They hope for him the best of luck for a winning football team.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 24; MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY, 14.
January 15th.



In their first Little Nineteen encounter Coach Bushell's court artists sprang a surprise on Millikin at Decatur, trouncing the Williams men 24 to 14 in a hard fought contest. For five minutes of the first half neither team scored. Millikin and Walley put their Alma Mater in the lead with a toss each from the foul line, Arrington adding a field goal to

make the count 4-0 with ten minutes of the first period to play. Barrett and McGrath connected from the foul line and Westerholt added a neat floor shot to knot the count again. Captain "Mick" Donnelly's field goal near the end of the half brought the score 6-6 after Walley had registered a field goal.

Bowman put the Decaturians in the lead again and with the count 8-6 to start the second half the Viatorians unleashed an offensive that smothered the opposition. "Westie" came into his own, sinking three field goals, while "Mick" caged a like number. "Gene" McGrath and "Jawn" Winterhalter contributed one each. "Gene" playing his first full game at the pivot position went like a veteran and with "Westie" and "Mick" comprised an offensive trio that repeatedly swept by the Millikin guards for short tries. "Bill" Barrett and "Jawn" Winterhalter played their usual stellar game at the guard positions, holding the Millikin tossers to five or six close shots. Bowman was the pick of the opposition with two field goals and a free throw.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 23; KALAMAZOO NORMAL, 19

January 18th



The first home appearance of Coach Bushell's hoopmen since the disastrous encounter with Loyola University proved a revelation for the students and Viator fans. Co-operation on offense and defense, almost infallible sights for the netting, faultless floor play and general all-around competency made them a striking contrast to the ineffective organization that had succumbed to the Loyola assault. Kalamazoo Normal, powerful and dangerous at all times, was nevertheless unable to stem the ruthless onslaught of the "Irish," eventually succumbing 23 to 19.

Though the "verdant" clad Viatorians possessed a five point advantage at the finale, the game was much closer in the earlier portions. At the half gong the gang led 8 to 7 and though we were never headed, with the exception of a brief period at the start of the second half, the game was fought on bitterly even terms.

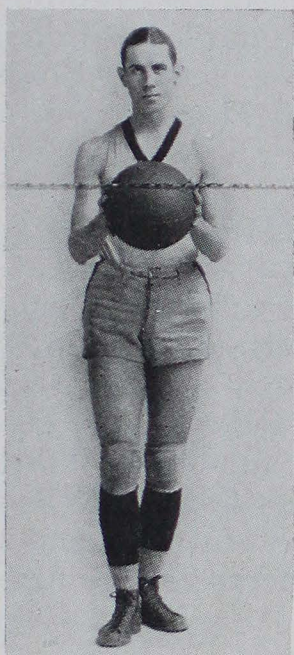
"Ding" Winterhalter annexed a juicy total of 9 points by means of 4 field goals and a free toss, while Westerholt, who played the major portion of the tilt as "Ding's" running mate, crashed two field goals and brought his total to 6 with the same number of free throws. Free tosses by Captain Donnelly and Lyons and field goals by Barrett and J. Winterhalter accounted for the remainder of the locals total.

Plenty of accurate shooting was in evidence throughout the evening but the outstanding feature from a Viator standpoint was the bewildering speed of the attack created by Coach Bushell and the dexterity with which the Viatorian cagers passed and dribbled past the Normal guards for relatively easy shots. On defense as well, the green clad "Irish" courtmen exhibited a sterling brand of ball. Barrett and J. Winterhalter presented an invulnerable front to the Kazoo attacks. So well did they perform that only one visiting athlete, Miller, right forward, got over one basket. Miller, in addition to the two baskets, collected five from the free throw stripe.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 25; BRADLEY POLY., 23

January 26th



Viator's second Little Nineteen hardwood opponent, Bradley Tech, furnished the stiffest opposition the Bushellmen had encountered on the Armory court and it was only after the fiercest of tussles that Mickey Donnelly's long toss cracked through the net giving Viator a two point lead for a 25 to 23 victory, the first ever scored over a Bradley cage team and, to add to the satisfaction, on Bradley's first appearance on the Viator floor.

It was a battle of powerful cage combinations, with Viator gaining the edge by virtue of sterling defensive work by Barrett and J. Winterhalter, deft passing by the entire five and extraordinarily accurate gunning by Westerholt, Barrett and E. McGrath. In the order named 4, 3 and 2 field goals were hung up. The same dash and deceptiveness of attack that had figured in the Kazoo fray characterized the performance against Bradley. The Viatorians swept down the floor passing, dribbling, pivoting and dodging with uncanny skill, while the reliable shooting of Westy, Bill and Jene converted the advantages gained by the effective Viator attack into field goals. John Winnie and Mickey Donnelly figured in the scoring with a field bucket each and Jimmy Dalrymple counted a duet from the free toss mark.

The feat of toppling Bradley goes down in Viator annals as a remarkable achievement and in the records of the I. I. A. C. it marks Viator as a contender for the conference flag. So consistently had the Bradleyites downed Viator on the hardwoods that a veritable legend had arisen which pointed to Bradley as Viator's "hoodoo." The win proves that it is nothing but a legend, yet the team had to "fight like blazes" to nose out the Indians and they were up against a real cage outfit. In

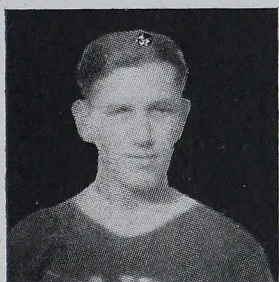
Carter and Brewer, the Techmen presented outstanding performers. Carter unbuckled three from the field, while Brewer's floor play was the most spectacular seen here this season. Brewer was removed in the closing minutes of the fracas to make room for Siminski. The newcomer made an auspicious entry, tossed three baskets from mid-field in machine-gun time but his efforts failed in the face of Captain Mickey Donnelly's extended heave.

It was a great game, the first we ever won from Bradley, and it boosted Viator up in the front as a Little Nineteen contender.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 18; MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY, 17.

February 2nd



Lacking some of the finish and adeptness that had been such an outstanding factor in previous games, Viator, in its third Little Nineteen match, staged a desperate battle with James Millikin University and won out in the closing minutes when a long flip by John Winterhalter destroyed the Millikinites' one-point lead and boosted the Viatorians

ahead for an 18 to 17 victory.

The game, played before a crowd that filled every available inch in the large Armory, was charged with thrills. At half-time Viator held a meagre 11 to 10 advantage which was lost and won and lost again before John Winnie's lengthy fling gave Viator the edge that eventually resulted in victory. Millikin showed an able attack that threatened to roll up a bulky count had not Barrett and J. Winterhalter checked the scoring proclivities of a number of Blue and White athletes by a striking display of aggressive defensive work.

Art Long, a former St. Viator Academy star, filled one of the forward jobs on the Rollie Williams machine and contributed one field goal to the invaders' total. Millikin, with six points, led the scoring and Madden trailed with four. Forsyth and Arrington for the visitors presented a competent guarding combination that kept the locals gunning from a distance.

Westy and Captain "Mick" did the majority of the long and accurate tossing. "Mick" slipped three through and Westy unloosed a like number. John Winnie got one and it certainly came at an appropriate time. Jene McGrath likewise garnered a lone field toss and a free throw.

Though the Viatorian assault lacked the polish displayed in previous starts, the aggressiveness and individual brilliance of the local courtmen counteracted their inferior team play. The win marked the third straight over a Little Nineteen foe and moved Viator up a notch in the conference chase.

ST. VIATOR, 28; COLUMBIA, 30**February 4th**

Viator's irons were put into a second conference forge with disastrous results when Columbia College, a member of the Interstate conference, was encountered at Dubuque, Iowa. Though leading until the last five minutes Viator was nosed out by a brilliant spurt 30 to 28 when White and Cashen, forward and center respectively, unleashed a long shot onslaught that toppled the locals.

The Viator offense functioned admirably and the defense was equally efficient, but comparatively easy shots were "muffed." "Ding" Winterhalter and McGrath caged three each from the court, Westy got two and Lyons and Barrett each rang one in.

The Columbia scoring was led by Bowes and White each of whom sank counters from distant points. Cashen was another of the Hawkeye basketeters who had a hand in the Viator spill, the lanky center roping in three field markers.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 36; LUTHER, 18**February 5th**

On their second day out on what had proved stormy waters at Columbia, Coach Bushell's tossers swamped Luther College, a member of the Interstate conference, at Decorah, Iowa, 36 to 18.

Luther and Viator fought on even terms the major portion of the first period but in the closing minutes the locals drew away to a 20 to 13 lead at the half.

In the second canto, the Viatorian hoopmen got their attack under full swing and drew away rapidly, running the score up to 26 to 13 before the Iowans could locate the rim. "Ding" Winnie was high point man for the "Irish" with 5 from a distance, while Donnelly, McGrath and Lyons deadlocked with 3 each from the field. Barrett rang up one and his running mate, John Winterhalter, "got hot" and banged two in from the mid-section.

Coach Bushell's basket men evolved a species of teamplay at Luther that worked havoc with the opposition defense, short shots being tallied with regularity. Likewise the Viatorian defense worked admirably, Viker and Sorenson, with 3 tosses each, being the only "enemy" athletes able to count consistently.

The game was fast and, in contrast to the struggle the

night previous at Dubuque, was clearly played. The Viator athletes received splendid treatment at Luther and the officiating was on a par with any met this season.

* * *

ST. VIATOR, 20; LA CROSSE, 22

February 6th



The third Interstate foe in as many days, LaCrosse Normal, tumbled Coach Bushell's hoopsters, 22 to 20 in the hardest fought game of the trip.

The LaCrosse five leaped into the fore at the start of the clash and maintained their advantage throughout the first period, the half ending 14 to 11 in their favor. The second half saw the Viator quintet creeping up on the Badgers. At the middle of the second stanza Viator was up to within one point of the Normal outfit.

From the field the gang had fair success. Ding Winterhalter connected with three, while Lyons and McGrath got two. It was from the free throw stripe that Viator encountered discouraging luck. In all a total of 10 tosses from the free throw line were missed while only 4 were made. Had the Viatorians counted on a reasonable number of flings from the foul line a different story would have resulted from the LaCrosse encounter.

The teamwork of the locals again stood out in sharp relief and continually enabled the forwards to gather "set" shots at the iron.

Defensively the team was strong, Barrett and J. Winterhalter combining to produce an effective bulwark against the Normalites offensive. The shots the LaCrosse scoring aces did corral were looped in from far-away points. Shields, forward on the Badger five, topped the scorers with four ringers, with Huseth trailing closely with three sinkers.

VIATORIANA



"A PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR"

It is surprising, in fact it is really and truly amazing, to say the least but nevertheless the truth, that in these days we find a college student whose musical ability in general and whose knowledge of harmony in particular, cannot be rivalled by anyone in the whole United States,—and on the third corridor of Roy Hall. Throughout the length and breadth of that third floor the name of this notorious musician is proclaimed. Yes, Buddy is his name. And what musical strains he doth produce upon his beloved harmonica! He claims his taste for music is too sweet to live and his neighbors have all agreed 'tis true. What Buddy needs is a wider range out in some lonely desert or deserted plain. Pity poor Bill Barrett, the victim of Buddy's tortures. Listening to Buddy's latest variation of "Home Sweet Home," Bill exclaimed, "My, what an awful strain!" and plugged his ears with wadding. Doc La Charitie, another victim, claims he'll have Buddy arrested for circulating false notes; while the other victims, too numerous to mention, have often expressed their appreciation like this:

"Oh Buddy, oh Buddy please note this well.
Your music may be sweet but it sounds like——"

* * *

LOOKING AHEAD

Duke—Say Nap when are you going to stop playing that Uke?

Nap.—I'm practicing for the future.

Duke—You'd better buy an asbestos instrument.

In the studio we sure got a laugh
 On display was a girl's photograph.
 "She is mine," someone gasped
 And the picture he grasped.
 "This is saving a buck and a half."

* * *

Speaking of miracles, here's one that is raw:
 A blind man picked up a hammer and saw.

* * *

POPULAR AIRS

"How High I Am"	Glenn Franks
"My Wild Jewish Rose"	Bud Farrell
"Bernice"	Fritz Atkinson
"Dodging Daisies"	Don Crotty
"The Siren"	Wallie Fitz
"The Sidewalks of New York"	Bill Lane

* * *

Ralph—Do you know how to play Mah Jongg?
 Mex—I'm not sure, whistle the first few bars.

* * *

"That's a hell of a note," said the student when he received
 only "F" in his music exam.

* * *

DIG A LITTLE DEEPER

Del.—I heard Tiny Kelly took the Wrigley girls out.
 Som.—What you you mean, Wrigley girls?
 Del.—Well, they're always after meals.

* * *

New Comer—Gee it's stormy tonight. What will we do
 if the lights go out in the refectory?
 Old Timer—Duck.

* * *

JUST LIKE A FRESHMAN

Senior—Say, green top, did you say that the next time you
 met me alone you'd show me a thing or two?
 Freshman—I think I did.
 Senior—Well, I'm alone now.
 Freshman—O, no! You're not, I'm with you.

* * *

"Well, that's the end of that fellow," said the farmer as he
 snatched the pig's tail off his butcher knife.

* * *

Prof.—Do you know your history, Paul?
 Paul—You bet I do and if I catch the fellow that took it
 he won't be able to read any more history.

"OH! IT AIN'T GOING TO RAIN NO MORE," is what everybody is singing since "Yes WE HAVE NO BANANAS" lost its flavor.

* * *

OH! BOY! SOME GIRL!

His sweet Cookie works in a bakery shop.
He loafs around the place all the day
Watching her stick her face in the dough,
She makes animal cookies that way.

* * *

Hass—What makes you limp so?
Nap.—Oh, I got hurt during the football season.
Hess—No goofing, how'd it happen?
Nap.—I fell off the bench.

* * *

Social Worker (at the Veterans Hospital)—Remember, dear man "The City of Happiness is in the state of mind."
Veteran—'Tis true, Madam, but I am in a hell of a state.

* * *

WHAT THINGS GO OVER THE WIRE

"Main 2576 please."
Pause.
"Yes-s mam."
"Hello—this a—a well who is this talkin'?"
"Uh huh, is your daughter in?"
"I say is Rose at home?"
"Hollo, is this you?"
"Uh huh."
"Everything's—a—a—alright for us to—to-night?"
"Well I 'spect I'll be down about—let's see now—oh—oh—eight o'clock."
"I guess the dance—st—st—st—arts at nine."
"Uh huh—Sure."
"Well, I guess that will be all."
"Bye, Rose."

* * *

Donahue—Did you ever read the novel, "How Vince Lost His Standing" by David Creagan?
Murphy—No. How did he?
Donahue—By sitting in Creagan's lap.

* * *

Gus—I hear Regan's watch was stolen from him.
Nig.—It's his own fault, he was warned to keep his eyes open.

A STORY OF SUCCESS

It wasn't so sad
 But it would have been sadder
 If Mahoney's head
 Had broken the ladder.

* * *

FAMOUS PASSAGES

"I may not be much in a crowd but I'm good in a corner."
 "There's a place for everything and everything in its place."
 "If you don't come down I'll go up and get you."

* * *

Sammon—Roommate, where is the Brilliantine?
 Pendleton—Nix, roomy, I'm saving it for Sunday night.

* * *

Shamrock—Is his right name Olhieser?
 Haley—No, that's just a nick name.

* * *

PAVLOWA II.

Wallie as a dancer has earned his fame
 Dancing in the dark before a candle flame.

* * *

Mary—Why don't you speak to John?
 Jane—Because at Harriet's party last week he asked me
 if I liked "Sittin in a Corner," "All By Myself" and "Sighing."

* * *

HUMAN GADFLIES

By The Colonel

(The Colonel must have been full of corn when he wrote this.)

At the very outset, I wish to make my purpose plain. Doubtless, dear reader, the two words at the top of this page either intrigue you into a misunderstanding of their import or enshroud you in the clammy fog of mystification. Now I want you to understand distinctly that my title would give you a blank stare of injured innocence were you merely to breathe a suspicion that it is Evolutionary in character. It would repudiate indignantly any implication of yours that it had entomological leanings. It hasn't,—directly. Nor is my present effort in the nature of a protest,—for protests imply a faith in a Deliverer, and a hope in relief. But, mindful that Hope has from my lexicon folded its tents like the Arab and silently stolen away, I can only say that this is a wail of dark, deep Despair. Deliverance is not for me. All I ask is your pity.

Patient reader, if you will but follow me from the lugubrious vale into which I have lead you and allow me to conduct you you to more a sunny, if not a more cheerful one, I will try to show you, metaphorically, the nature of my affliction and the jusuce of my claim on your pity. Let me but my artless tale relate.

Some years ago a party of students drove to the Desplaines River for an outing. The month was August, the sun sizzling, the road dusty, the distance seven miles, the students philosophically resigned. These details are unimportant, and so I throw them willy-nilly into a sentence as one does rags into a bag. The really prominent actor in our little drama was the horse. He, poor animal, was having a hard time of it. It was not the work, you understand; he plodded along quite cheerfully. He didn't mind the dust, nor the heat, nor the load; I don't believe he even noticed them. The full power of his equine attention was focused upon another matter.

At first we couldn't imagine what ailed him. He tossed his head and stamped his feet not at all, unlike the biblical war-horse. But his display of spirit was occasioned by quite a different thing than the "commands of the captains and the shoutings of the armies." "A thing," did I say? Allow me hastily to pluralize, for their name was legion. In clouds around his head, not in the least like the nimbus of Jove; in serried ranks they attacked his flanks; some kept up a continuous buzz-buzz, presumably to break down his morale; but others threw psychology to the winds and marshalled themselves in companies, batalions and brigades along his steaming sides. These immediately "dug in" so voraciously that the poor animal champed in torment. Gadflies! Thousands of them!

And now, dear reader, we must return to our lugubriousness. I said that this effort was a plea for pity, a wail of despair. I express my feelings thus because I find it a very difficult and wholly satisfactory procedure to stamp my feet, toss my mane and champ at the bit. For, gentle friend, I, too, am tormented by gadflies,—human gadflies!

These pests I have divided into two classes. I suppose my equine friend did the same. There are those that buzz, buzz, buzz till my head aches and I stagger on the road of Duty. Look at that chair opposite you! Its cushion has two indentations of well-known shape and size. There nightly sits my Buzzer. There is mute evidence of the continuity of his efforts on my behalf. Every day he takes his accustomed station and talks till all thoughts of study are effectually strangled in me. From such a pest may the Good Lord deliver me, for no one else can, since I shrink from offending my friend by "shooing" him away.

Besides the Buzzer, there is another entomological friend

of mine whom I place in the genus Bloodsucker. Do you see that hook on the door? There my overcoat is accustomed to hang, but tonight it is downtown at a dance. In that drawer you may not notice the absence of my best shirt, but I assure you that I do. It is downtown at a dance. No clouds of smoke mark my place at my desk. I have no cigarettes; they are downtown at a dance. My friend, the Bloodsucker? He is downtown at the dance!

Against them I am powerless. To drop a hint would be to drop a bomb. I must plod along, bearing it as best I may. No hope remains for me. My nerves are frayed. Actually, I jump in apprehension at the sound of the well-known triple knock that announces the Buzzer. My work suffers. I falter on my academic way. Kind reader, your pity——

O Heaven! The door! Three knocks!

—Kernel, '24.

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just a few cents make!”



—*all the difference*
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.