

# The Viatorian

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## I Am Your College

*I stand for a hundred percent Americanism, because I love, honor and revere America, and because I believe, practice and hold undying allegiance to the splendid principles upon which the American Republic rests.*

*I am no less Catholic than American, because I love, serve and adore Jesus Christ, and because I believe, practice and preach the sacred principles of Catholicity, of which He is the Divine Founder, and upon which the Foundations of the Catholic Church are laid.*

*I am American and Catholic because the American and Catholic principles are compatible and by being an observer of the laws of God, I likewise must practice the laws laid down for the government of man. I cannot be a good Catholic unless I am a staunch American.*

*I am a teacher of American Catholic youth and as such I clearly reflect the character of true christian manhood. To my portals come the youth of many lands to seek culture at my shrine and drink deep of the vivifying draughts of knowledge. And they are not disappointed, for they receive freely of my maternal bounty and going forth, court success in the various callings to which Nature and Nature's God has called them. They are the Joy of my heart, they are my crown of glory. I am their good mother and they are my devoted sons. With the mother of the Gracchi—I, too, am proud to say to the world: "These are my Jewels." I stand for righteousness in all things, and justice to all men, and by the principles which I teach I know that I am a benefit to the individual, to the society and to the nation.*

*If my temples are such that they inspire the good, the beautiful, the true, it is because my sons have made me a thing of grandeur. Yet, I am more than wood and stone—I know not time or space, for I am the composite soul of Christian Principles. I AM YOUR COLLEGE.*

J. A. W.



# The Viatorian

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## The Philosophy of H. G. Wells

*Eugene Suprenant, '25*

The literature of today is a strange intermixture of materialistic and realistic views on the events of life. In the literary avalanche, which is now descending on us, we find much written by H. G. Wells. He has written books and articles on social, economic and political questions. In these, he exposes a philosophy which we find permeating modern society. This philosophy cannot be gathered from the language itself so much as from the general atmosphere of his writings, for Wells is as vague and indefinite in the expression of his philosophy as he is doubtful and skeptic. Yet, the answer to the oft repeated question, "What is the world coming to?" might be found in the perusal of these works, which presumably give expression to the philosophical thoughts of the present day. An examination of all the works of Wells will lead us to the fact that in his novel "Joan and Peter" he summarizes his entire philosophy. In it are depicted his ideas of religion, morality, education and authority. We will, therefore, confine ourselves to this novel in our examination of his teachings, which he here sets forth with such force and plausibility.

The first and most evident thing with which the book deals is religion. We all know that without a lively faith and a true worship of God man cannot live happily, for there is inherent in him a deep rooted belief in a Supreme Being. When he sees the beauty and harmony of nature on all sides of him, he cannot do otherwise than know the existence of a Hidden Sovereign. Wells shows himself to be a master-hand at destroying these religious principles. He finds faults in everything concerned with religion, and where there are none he imagines some. Hence, we may say that he is a destructive writer, for he gives us no substitute for those things he destroys. He seems to take pleasure in ridiculing prayer, the speech of man to God, by applying to it misnomers; "And with a sort of businesslike reverence Mrs. Pybus gabbled her formula." He would influence us to desist from prayer as being only a noise of words and an empty formula. Yet, he says, "If some great idea would take hold of the world!"; then he banishes that idea, which is Jesus Christ and His religion, by the words "There isn't true christianity." After discarding christianity he turns his skepticism against God. He primarily denies the existence of God, "God, for all practical uses, does not exist," but later he ameliorates this decision and gives the following



vivid description which shows him to be without respect or fear for God's omnipotent power. "It seemed to Peter's fevered brain that he was sitting, and had been sitting for a long time, in the little office of the Lord God of Heaven and Earth. And the Lord God had the likeness of a lean, tired, intelligent-looking oldish man, with an air of futile friendliness masking a fundamental indifference. The office was the dingiest and untidiest little office it was possible to imagine. The desk at which God sat was in a terrible litter. On a side table were some grubby test tubes and bottles at which the Lord God had apparently been trying over a new element. The windows had not been cleaned for ages, they were dark with spiders' webs, they crawled with a buzzing nightmare of horrible and unmeaning life. It was a most unbusinesslike office. There were no proper files, no card indexes; bundles of dusty papers were thrust into open fixtures, papers littered the floors, and there were brass-handled drawers—." All this, too plainly evinces a deplorable lack of knowledge and instruction in the first principles of religion. In fact, all through his books, there is a queer intermixture of doubtful thoughts expressed most emphatically. At times we see his soul steeped in blackest uncertainty, which is followed in swift succession by the most evident certitude. Hence, we may say that Wells is a product of the modern school of thought, whence he derives his doubt and skepticism in all things religious.

With this conception of religion and God, there follows as a natural consequence his idea of morality. In his expression of this idea, he is very personal. All that he writes concerning morality is in a most realistic and familiar style. His code of morality may be appealing to a highly educated man, who can pierce the veil and distinguish the true from the false, still it cannot appeal to all men. He suggests the morality of his principle character in these words, "Oh! his women are horrible! Joan had cried." Then he goes to the question of marriage, where his position is made manifest in such terms as these, "She had a horror of marriage lurking in her system," and "It was a lover she wanted, not a husband." Now, we know that marriage is the safeguard of the human race, without which it would gradually become extinct. The greatest protection of marriage is chastity, yet Wells says that woman has as much right to be free as man, but before this happens the world must forget the "Superstition of chastity," it must free its mind "from the idea that by one single step a woman passed from the recognizable into an impossible category." This idea, if incorporated into the world, will be the ruin of mankind. In comparison with this idea of Wells, consider this thought as expressed by Dickens. "'You mustn't marry more than one person at a time, may you, Peggotty?' 'Certainly not,' says Peggotty, with the promptest decision. 'But if you marry a person, and the person dies, why then you may marry another person, mayn't you, Peggotty?' 'You may,' says Peggotty, 'If you choose, my dear. That's a matter of opinion.'" Despite the long established



code of morality here expressed, Wells discloses the desire of a brute in these words, "But he wanted her as a monkey wants a gold watch—he wanted this new, fresh, lovely, and beautiful thing just to handle and feel as his own." Then in the twenty-second and twenty-third parts of the chapter on Adolescence, he comes to the acme of his moral code. Here, he represents a girl in the mood of puppy love, disillusioning another girl of her thoughts on true love, which is as highly esteemed today as of yore. In another scene he shows his main characters in love, yet the girl sees no morally good qualities in her lover. Wells pictures her as ready to sell herself to any reprobate, who will take her for her beauty. Now, all this may be intelligible as an ethical code to an educated man, but what of the ordinary reader? Will he take from the book anything else than what is written? No, all that he sees will be facts, which somehow he cannot reconcile with those principles taught him. How much more will such words as these shake the foundations of his morals, and undermine his faith in the truths his mother instilled in him; "Women were just things of sex, child-bearers, dressed up to look like human beings. They promised companionship as the bait on the hook promises food. They were the cheap lures of that reproductive maniac, herself feminine, old Mother Nature; sham souls blind to their own worthless quality through an inordinate vanity and self-importance. Ruthless they were in their distribution of disappointment. Sterile themselves, life nested in them. They were the crowning torment in the Martyrdom of Man." Thus Wells leaves the reader in a sea of doubt, whence we see again his propensity to destroy existing principles without substituting any of his own.

This freedom of morals leads Wells to freedom of education. He first proclaims that children should be brought up together, without regard to sex, age or condition. The following reference will illustrate this point, "One day Miss Murgatroyd was expatiating to the mother of a prospective pupil upon the wonderful effects of co-education in calming the passions. 'The boys and girls grow up together, get used to each other, and there's never any nonsense between them.' 'And don't they—well, take an interest in each other?' 'Not in that way. Not in any undesirable way. Such as they would if they had been morbidly separated.'" Thus, these children, Humanity's future hope, are thrust into the whirlpool without any chance to escape. Wells tries to justify this position by the saying, "Facts are clean." He forgets to distinguish between facts concerning virtue and facts concerning vice. The former are elevating and enobling, while the latter are often debasing. While he believes in freedom of education, Wells has no clear conception of what that education ought to be. He shows his doubt in these words, "How can a democratic community take an intelligent interest in its destinies unless it is educated, and how can it educate itself unless it takes an intelligent interest in its destinies." Then, without a definite notion of real



education, he rails at the present system in these words, "But, if you can't teach him everything why not leave out these damned classics of yours." He seems to forget the refining influence of the classics, which presumably have not much influence on him. To further his caricature of education, he represents a teacher of Greek as a man "Irregularly bald and with neglected teeth, a man needlessly unpleasing to the eye." His ridicule of education leads Wells to a commiseration of the teacher. He believes the teacher to be an "Eternal tragedy," without the slightest thought entering his conceited mind, of all the minds and hearts that see the beauties of the world and of life because of the teacher. He forgets, that all those "Clean and sweet-minded boys and girls," who are now "Clean and sweet-minded" men and women, are the result of the kind instruction of a devoted teacher. His idea of the present incompetent educational system is expressed in "The world has still to discover the scope and vastness of its educational responsibilities." Thus, he shows no clear design of education, yet he scoffs at the present system. He tears down the modern education, but he has nothing to replace it.

From his doubtful ideas of education comes his vaguer conception of obedience to civil and parental authority. To obtain order and peace there must be a head or authority to whom all shall be subject. But Wells, by caricaturing authority, gives us the idea that this is foolish and ridiculous. He speaks of the English king as "the individual who is The Reason, the Highest Good and Crown of the collective life." No ruler can be such a one as this, because it is the people, who empower the ruler to give them a stabler society than they would otherwise have. Consequently, they would not adhere to a ruler, as they are doing, if he were the monstrosity of Wells' imagination. To show further ridicule of authority, he describes this scene; "Sober statesmen were seen invested in strange garments that no sensible person would surely wear except for the gravest reason; the archbishops and bishops were discovered bent with reverence, invoking the name of God freely, blessing the Crown with the utmost gravity, investing the Sovereign with Robe and Orb, Ring and Sceptre, anointing him with the Golden Coronation Spoon." In his ignorance of politeness, he confounds the civilities given to a monarch with the abject servility of sycophants. Moreover, he scorns the idea of parental authority. He would have us believe that youth is capable of governing itself without the trammels of family and social laws. The words "And generally there seemed to be, for no particular reason, a lot of restrictions upon people's conduct" indicate a tendency, nay, a longing for license. Hence, to him authority of any kind is irksome. He can see only the personal right of each person to govern himself. There is no higher authority than the individual, and thus he shows himself to be blind in regard to the chaos resulting from such a system.

Now, we have seen the position of H. G. Wells concerning religion, morality, education and authority. These ideas are those of a



man, who has looked upon the miseries of a downtrodden people, without examining the well being of those, who are properly governed. Wells' expression of these ideas gives one the impression of a renegade, who has lost faith in the good intentions of his fellow beings. He writes as though he were made an outcast of society, and as a retaliation, was hurling caricature at all that is best and noblest in the life of mankind. The only justification that we can allege for the expression of such a philosophy is that Wells is a humanitarian, who keenly senses the dark cloud of oppression that smites humanity, and whose heart is seared by his acute contemplation of the monstrous evils that afflict mankind at the present day. He is a writer who has dreamed dreams and seen visions of man's distress from afar, hence when depicting the panorama of modern events he is vague, unsatisfying and dreamlike, because he takes no cognizance of nearer facts, his feet are not on firm ground. He has not that rare power of going outside himself and entering into the soul or mind of his characters, which is the reason why they are so nebulous and vague. In fact they are sparks shot off from his own soul, moving through the pages of his book with utter dreaminess. This is the reason why he cannot see characters or problems except as they illustrate his own view. Had he given a touch of reality to his characters and to the problems with which he deals, we might be more prone to view his philosophy in a more favorable light.

## Nemesis

*H. Knoblauch, '25*

It was in a small and neatly furnished room that the two men sat as they argued over the small table that stood between them. The one was a laborer, an engineer by profession, the other a Catholic priest. At the arrival of the priest, Mr. Scranton had greeted him, coldly yet respectfully, but as the argument which held their attention grew point by point, his attitude completely changed, and he earnestly listened to the not less earnest words of the Man of God.

"Yes, my dear man," Father O'Reilly continued, "the most uncertain thing in the course of life is life itself. No one, no matter how developed are his faculties, can tell just when death will come. It enters like a thief in the night; it takes away what is most dear to man, and what is more, it takes away something that never can be restored. Death comes when it is least expected, and therefore often when it is least prepared for. God in His Infinite wisdom, gives every man a chance, each and every one of us understands what a sudden death means; eternal happiness, if the soul is in a state of grace and eternal damnation for he who has lived in sin."



Pausing a moment to let his words take effect, the kind priest anxiously looked across the table into the eyes of one, who was somewhat delinquent in his duties as a Catholic; one who had drifted away from the Church into a state of indifference, but a man who was kind and good nevertheless. An engineer for over thirty years, this man of fifty winters, experienced in the ways of the world and finding it full of empty promises, gazed back into the depths of those calm blue eyes with an expression of having found something long looked for in vain.

"You are right, Father," he earnestly exclaimed, "it's funny I never looked at it in that light before. It's been ten years now since I last went to church and to confession, and never before did I consider my predicament were I to die suddenly. Each day I am in danger, I never know whether I will come back home alive or not. But how on earth did you come to know that I needed a little bracing up concerning religion?"

"Such rumors often reach a priest's ears in strange ways. Sometimes it is a devoted friend, more often an enemy. Ordinarily I pay but little attention to those spreading it, either directly or by suggestion, but I don't mind telling you, Mr. Scranton, that the immediate agent in this case was you, yourself. Your conscience gave you away, for you kept pretty clear of the parish church and I may also say, of myself. You are running a great risk, my friend. As you have said, you yourself realize the danger you run every day as an engineer on the 'Limited.' Now don't you think you had better straighten up a little, get back to your old self again, and take no risk? You were once one of my best parishioners, why not get out of the rut of indifference and walk again on the only right road to eternal happiness? You will be far happier than you are now. I, myself can see the effect, these ten years of laxity, have worked on you. Will you, won't you come back?"

And again those calm blue eyes searched those of the man opposite. The latter was leaning forward in his chair, his hands clutching tight its ornamental arms till his knuckles shown white, his eyes fixed on the plain green carpet, his face tense, and his mouth twitching at the corners.

The priest said nothing, only watching the struggle of emotion that was swaying the man's body. The eternal struggle between good and evil which forms the crisis of every man's life, was waging hot. Suddenly Scranton jumped up, rushed around the intervening table and seized Father O'Reilley's hand in his own.

"I will, Father, I'll do it sure as I'm a man. I owe it to my wife, if not to myself. God, Father, you can't understand how kind and loving Martha has been to me all these years. I know it must have made her sad to see me getting further and further from the church each day, but won't she be glad now? Father, I won't delay another moment, I want you to hear my confession here and now. Will you do it? Say yes, and I'll start out anew tonight!"



The face of the priest, beaming sympathetically, bent close to that of the man in whose heart a victory had been wrought but a moment before. A "Thank God" softly came from his lips. Kneeling down beside the chair of the man who found far more delight in relieving the sufferings of the body and soul than in seeking mundane fame, the grey-haired engineer made his peace with God. Tears gently trickled down into his short grey mustache; tears, not of sorrow alone, but of infinite relief.

The next morning Scranton, dressed in customary blue denim and grimy cap, departed for the shops. He remembered the light of true happiness that shown in his beloved wife's eyes after the priest had departed the night before. Even the children had sensed something of the joy that prevailed. A smile was on his face as he whistled merrily along the road, and friends meeting him were surprised at the absence of the traces of care or worry on his beaming countenance. He was indeed a new man. When he walked into the Roundhouse, it seemed as though a ray of light had suddenly appeared, and with its golden shafts dispersed the thick black clouds of smoke that made the Roundhouse a "hell-hole" to work in. Workmen paused and wondered as the rejuvenated man spread cheer by his presence. Before, his curt nods and brief monosyllabic greetings had been unnoticed, but now, with a hearty "Good morning, Sam," or "How's everything, George," he stalked through the shops with head erect and face wreathed in smiles to where his fireman had the "Limited" waiting under a full head of steam. He swung himself up into the cab, and with the controls in hand, backed her out of the Roundhouse to the accompaniment of short protests of smoke from the funnel.

Scranton exulted within himself. He loved the life of the engineer and he prided himself on his ability to handle this great monster of iron. When he touched the throttle, it seemed endowed with life, and leapt ahead like the thoroughbred that answers the slightest touch of spur. The fireman was just the opposite type; he worked on "that damned" engine because it netted him somewhat over thirty dollars a week and because work was scarce. He paid no attention to the laws of man or God; he indulged in every vice his perverted mind could conceive. His imprecatory vocabulary knew no limits, and he took every opportunity to exercise and increase it. When the fire flared, he cursed it; when the cinders flew, he cursed them; at everything that delayed them he hurled a volley of oaths that surely must, thought the engineer, bring down the vengeance of heaven upon his head. A natural loathing filled Scranton's heart, and when they were held over near a water-tank for ten minutes with a hot-box, the fireman so filled the atmosphere with profanity that the engineer shuddered to think what this man's end would be. Justice might be somewhat near-sighted, but not totally blind. Only wishing that Father O'Reilley were there to talk to this man and



perhaps save his soul, Scranton dismissed the subject from his mind and resolved "to step on 'er a bit!"

Advancing the speed lever, the "Limited" sprang ahead like an insane creature. The cab of the engine rocked and swayed, and great clouds of dense black smoke poured from the short stack. The four passenger cars bid fair to jump the track if this mad-cap race against time were continued. They whirled around the bends and curves, and at last came to a long stretch of track that furnished the last opportunity to come up to schedule time. The fireman was swearing because the fire was burning up so much fuel but the engineer paid little attention to him, having enough to do to watch the track and steam gauge. They were at last reaching the last stretch of track that led into Atlanta, and in the middle of which was a dangerous bend called "Death Curve." This curve had been the scene of many wrecks and Scranton was always careful in making it. He was especially careful today as behind him were cars loaded to capacity with men, women and children and he fully realized his responsibility. Just as he was about to throw the throttle back to slow down, he saw something that made his hair raise on end, something so unexpected and so terrible to realize that his heart almost stopped beating and the blood froze in his veins. Directly ahead, and coming towards him like a whirlwind was another engine, a run-a-way.

Although Scranton was a brave man, he was filled with fear, not for himself but for all those people riding behind him. With a hoarse prayer on his lips he turned on the air-brakes, but the train's momentum carried it on. One look ahead, and the fireman had fainted with fright. Scranton was powerless to do anything and met the crash with closed eyes. In an instant he had viewed his past life as a fleeting dream, and had pictured his wife looking down upon him as a corpse.

What was the rest? No one will ever know, yet in the twinkling of an eye, Scranton thought that he heard a crash and a roar as of ten thousand sledges, all beating in unison, the two monstrous moguls of steel met, the switch engine tearing into the passenger, and then the coaches piled up as cordwood, the steel of the train crumpling like paper, while rails were ripped from the ties as if the *hands* of an unseen giant. Above the crashing of glass and the roar of escaping steam, he heard the shrieks of the unfortunate victims. He saw in his mind eyes the dead and dying, he knew ambulances would be rushing to the scene, and he knew that soon everyone would be looking for the engineer, and he felt he would be thrown clear of the wreck; he felt also that the fireman was crushed to death, without a moment to square his accounts with the Almighty, and silently he thanked God that Father O'Reilley had touched his own wasteful soul and saved it. Tomorrow, he would be bending over the corpse of the dead fireman and in the lines of that disfigured face he would read the sentence of God's Justice, and he felt within himself arise a prayer of pity for his helper who so recently had been cursing his



God and Mother, and with that last thought Scranton knew no more; and fate decreed otherwise than was the trend of his thought. When they found Scranton he was crushed beyond recognition, whilst the fireman was thrown clear of the wreckage receiving only minor injuries and while sorrow reigned in the engineer's household, joy prevailed that of the fireman for there was great rejoicing, because of the accident insurance received.

## Viator Varsity Verse

### MY LITANY OF MARY

Most Holy Trinity, triune yet One,  
Father Almighty, Spirit and Son,  
Triumphant Godhead, One God in Three,  
Pardon and Succor, have pity on me!  
Hail, Holy Mary, Mother of God,  
Virgin of Virgins of Aaron's blest Rod;  
Mother of Jesus, clear Fountain of Grace,  
Sweet Blossom of Virtue, Chaste Boast of our Race;  
Inviolable Mother, Maid undefiled,  
Most loving of women, most admirable, mild.  
The Savior's own Mother, the Paraclete's Bride,  
Creator's choice Daughter, of Angels the Pride.  
Most powerful Lady, most prudent, most fair,  
Hear my petitions, and answer my prayer.

Venerable Maiden of highest renown,  
Mistress of Mortals, Martyrs bright crown;  
Cause of Our Gladness, sure Guide of Our Feet,  
Bright Star of the Dawning, of Wisdom the Seat;  
Mirror of Justice, most Faithful and true,  
Rare Mystical Rosebud, Sweet Heavenly Dew;  
Vessel of Honor, Spiritual Vase,  
Ark of the Covenant, Smile of God's Face;  
Most Precious Jewel, Hope's splendrous Ray,  
Hear me, dear Mary, as to thee I Pray.

Sinner's safe Refuge, Strength of the Weak,  
Joy of the Godly, Reward of the Meek,  
Cure of Affliction, Sight of the Blind,  
Rest of the Weary, Light of the Mind,  
Gateway of Heaven, Door of the Fold,  
Friend of the Friendless, Mansion of Gold,  
Tower of David of Israel's Line,

Glory of Nations, Thrice Fruitful Vine,  
 Incomparable Lily, conceived without Sin,  
 May my petitions Thy sweet favor win.

Grandeur of Patriarchs, Effulgence of Light,  
 Inspirations of Prophets, Rainbow most Bright,  
 Confessor's Triumph, Sleep of the Dead,  
 Armor of Apostles, of Demons the Dread,  
 Surcease of Sorrow, Ivory Tower secure,  
 Treasury of Goodness, Wealth of the Poor,  
 Protectress of Children, Guardian of Youth,  
 Fragrance of Flowers, Stronghold of Truth,  
 Wellspring of Beauty, Essence of Love,  
 Bear my poor prayers to God's throne above.

Pledge of Salvation, of Creatures Most Fair,  
 Dawn of Creation, Rout of Despair,  
 Dove of the Deluge, Sharon's fair Bloom,  
 Flame of Devotion, Dispeller of Gloom,  
 Spray of the Ocean, Music of Heaven,  
 Balsam of Blessings, Soul-saving Leaven,  
 Holy of Holies, Tabernacle Secure,  
 May my deep love for Thee e'er endure,  
 List as my full heart Thy glories proclaim,  
 And may I, Dear Mary, e'er praise Thy sweet name.

Rev. J. A. Williams.

## LOYALTY

From far and near  
 We've gathered here  
     To labor in thy name,  
 To toil for you,  
 To learn, to do,  
     To win or die—we came.

May we e'er be  
 A joy to thee,  
     A credit, not a shame,  
 And may each one  
 Be a worthy son,  
     Thy glory to proclaim.

Paul Meagher.



## SUMMER'S COME TO TARRY

The Summer's come to tarry,  
And o'er each vale and hill  
Her feet are gayly tripping  
To the laughter in each rill.  
The heather's gay with blossoms,  
And velvet is the lea,  
And the primrose burns sweet incense,  
Enticing the honey-bee.

The Summer's come to tarry;  
There's song in every glen,  
The sun-garbed linnet warbles  
In tune with the chirping wren.  
The thrush and the pouting wood bird  
Are caroling joyous notes,  
And the air is a-thrill with music  
From a thousand feathered throats.

The Summer's come to tarry,  
And o'er the azure lakes  
The moon in shimmering showers  
Her silver treasure shakes.  
And the sun its rare effulgence  
In golden glory spreads,  
Whilst Gladness gayly trips along  
The path that Summer treads.

John Hoffman.

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HEART'S EASE

A ripple of laughter, a lilt of a song,  
Will lighten each burden as we hurry along;  
A small deed of kindness, a whisper of love,  
Will ease aching hearts, as the dew from above.

A beam of the sunshine, the flash of a smile,  
All taken together make living worth while;  
Let us laugh and sing, rejoice and be gay,  
The joy of such blessings will dry tears away.

R. L. James.

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THE MAY-MOON

The May-moon like a silver Host  
Reposes on the Altar-skies,  
Atwinkling are the taper-stars  
Creation low in worship lies.

Aroma-laden incense mists  
 From Nature's thurible arise,  
 And music blown from terrene orb  
 Mid spheres reechoes till it dies.

The cloudlets crowd the altar rail,  
 And prostrate fall. What rapturous scene  
 And wondrous vision is not this—  
 A lunar Host on skies serene.

J. A. W.

## A SERENADE

Star-beams hasten with thy light  
 Dancing, prancing with delight  
 Scatter splendors of the night  
 O'er my lady fair.

Blow toying winds, thy breath of flowers—  
 And argosies of jewelled showers  
 Make gay the haunts of dreamland bowers  
 For my lady fair.

Fairies o'er her snowy breast  
 Scatter blossoms of rosy rest  
 That her slumbers may be blessed  
 Of my lady fair.

Sweet dreams be thine, O lady fair,  
 Forgotten be each earthly care,  
 Earth holds not a love so rare,  
 As mine O Lady fair!

R. L. J.

## An Appreciation of Wordsworth's Ode on the Imitation of Immortality

*Andrew O'Laughlin*

Not in graceful dignity and beauty of expression lies the power, the strength, the charm of this master-piece of Wordsworth; not in the splendid combination of polished words and phrases, not in these, does lie its greatness but in the vigor of deep thought, of thought born



of meditation. Wordsworth, in this poem did not give his genius to the construction of stiff, rigid versification, possessing all the elegance and gorgeousness of a Classicist, but he wished to present to his readers that highest of all aims, the perception of things. His thoughts were ours to see the significant charm of nature. Not to see them with the evanescence of heedless, dull surveyance but to perceive, to study, to mediate, and to realize their relation to the eternal. Hours of contemplation must he have spent pondering over the scenes of nature and then pointing them out to us in their analogy to the futurity of existence. The varied versification of this poem carries more than mere verbiage. It bears vitality of thought, strength of reasoning, depth and keenness of cognition. We, who too often behold nature's everpresent wonders, but fail to discern and comprehend their glorious relation to eternity, may read and analyze, may feel to grow upon us the reality of the eternal and the satisfaction of knowing, of sensing that there exists between nature and the future at least some inference of qualities. We ourselves see, we have experienced, the resplendence of babyhood, but as we gaze upon the grace of a child we pause not to consider its likeness to the Creator, to the life forever. The grandeur of nature is to us only the result of a physical law, as physical existence that perishes as it came. We observe them in an ephemeral manner, not musing upon them as does Wordsworth. He thought, he contemplated and in this thought, this meditation there is something of exquisite appeal and religious worth.

The supreme thought that Wordsworth voices in the soothing, metrical lines of this poem is not the lifeless, cold unfeeling expression of a scientific or classical mind but it is a religious, emotional drapery of strong-sinewed contemplation. In the dawn of life's strange course he sees, not the mere sad, "utter nakedness" of man, but visioned our advent, "trailing clouds of glory do we come" "From God who is our home." In the peacefulness, the joysomeness of babyhood, he perceived not only the happiness of unsullied, innocence, that is man's inheritance, but he penetrated further and knew that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." He clearly saw, and reasoned that the "shades of the prison house," swiftly close o'er the growing boy shutting off the joy-tinted, golden home of heaven's walls. He sensed that nature, our homely nurse, does all she can to make us "Forget the glories we have known." With a gentility yet acute discernment, guided by a strong faith in God and man, he pierced the cherub-like beauty of childhood and fathomed the depth of the spiritual part of man, the soul. He believed that "The exterior semblance doth belie," "The souls immensity," and with the adoration of a worshiper he could address the babe, who could read the eternal depth, as a "Seer blest and Mighty prophet." But after all the trials of life, the cruelty of events, that faith, unimpaired, could vision past the gloomy portals that close forever the leaves of life's short existence and could breathe in soothing balm that man is saved,



"In the faith that looks thru death," "In the years that bring the philosophic mind."

The spirituality, the faith, the beauty of these wonderful lines would have been ruined had the author treated of nature other than he has. To him, who felt that nature was a sanctuary, not lightly to be entered upon, and that one should stand in reverential awe, within the quiescent bowers of nature; to him, who dared not by the slightest movement, disturb the stillness of a natural scene, was given the power of realistically painting the quietness of nature. Unlike the storminess of Hugo, who delighted in the furious outbursts of the elements, Wordsworth possesses the ability of producing dormant nature. He loved "The homely nurse," in her calmer mood. And how befitting is the profound peaceful scenes of nature to the spirituality expressed in these lines. How incompatible to the meek religious thoughts would have been the terrible, tempestuous word-pictures of a Hugo description. How suitable are the lines,

"The rainbow comes and goes  
And beautiful is the rose,"

as an introduction, as a silent pathway to stating of the belief "That there has passed away a glory from the earth." To him, the relations and the inferences between the eternal and the infinite were not chaotic, but were placid and serene. This power, this capability of describing tranquil scenes, proceeded from an element in the man. It was an element present in all true poets.

With the unerring instinct of a real poet he gave us, in this poem his personality. His moods, joyous or sad, are frankly given to us. With him in melancholy we know that "there has passed a glory from the earth. There is sadness in that line, but not the sadness of grim despair, the sadness of something destroyed forever. It is the sorrow, caused by the passing of some good, but it is an affliction not hopelessly crushing. It is the expression of the grief that the poet feels, a grief that is assuaged by the belief of higher things, of a hope of greater glory. Such was the poet's feeling, when round about him he beheld the past glory of nature. But thought demonstrated to him that there was a resurrection, that there was something better. And the thought "Made him again strong." Strong not only, to bear, with resignation, the trial of vanishing brilliance, but also to rejoice in seeing the beauties that remain. After this burst of woe, stated in the first two stanzas, Wordsworth gives himself over to the joy of nature's wondrous life. He sings a "Joyous strain" of the May Day. He happily warbles with the birds that sweetly carol in the trees. He joins the gait of the babe who plays the while. He glows with happiness in the contemplation of the "Splendor of the grass and the glory of the flower." He convinces us that



“Neither listlessness nor mad endeavor  
Nor man nor boy  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy  
Can utterly destroy”

the truths eternal and earth's relation to them. In the closing lines he reiterates, not in melancholy, but in joyful lines, to us the exhortation to study, not merely to glimpse the beauty of nature.

## George Meredith

*Walter P. Hurst, '24*

In the literary world it is usually a precarious procedure to deviate in an extraordinary way from the set standard laid down by the eminent literateurs. However, it frequently happens that just such action on the part of the savant of the literary world, makes of the so-called Inconoclast, a genius in the eyes of those who realize that genius cannot be measured by any code of endeavor.

In Meredith, we find such a one who unflinchingly deviates from the beaten path of his contemporaries. Up to his time the novel had always played down to that point in the intelligence of the reader that made the least resistance. Meredith never adopts this method. His first requirement is, that his readers brace themselves for an intellectual combat. It is useless to go to him for an hour of idle amusement. This is probably the reason why this first rate novelist never attained the immediate success of other writers. To the average reader his works are unpopular; before they were known to the general public they were already classics. Evan Harrington is no exception; an intellectual contest is demanded. To simply glide over the pages of this work one would accomplish nothing. Without a thorough study of this novel it is impossible to determine whether the author detests the inferior walks of life and elevates the nobler stations or whether his aim is to establish social equality. The work is difficult to understand and is uninteresting to the searcher of amusement.

Added to this difficulty of comprehension, the plot is very weak. It is notorious that Meredith in the making of plots was a limping hero; no one will appeal this verdict after a study of Evan Harrington. As a story teller George Meredith has great limitations, and this is one of the great reasons of his unpopularity. The events in Evan Harrington glide along at the opening of the story, but the author soon yields to digressive comment upon life and his plot slips. At other times the story will be proceeding nicely, but at a certain point it will halt for hours to suit the author's convenience. For this reason Meredith has no mercy for the distracted reader.



Following the fortunes of Evan we at the same time study human nature, together with the author's views of life; the whys and wherefores of human acts, and their consequences.

It is in this study of human nature that Meredith's genius appears. Every character brings it forth; the hero, Evan, is a study in itself. We follow his fortunes and find that he is pitted against the schemes of his worldly-wise sister. In appearance the stranger dominating the weaker; in reality life itself; the dependence of one being upon another.

Born the son of a tailor, Evan is satisfied with his lot. His two sisters, however, detest the lowness of their birth and ever seek to better it. Their beauty is their weapon; by it both marry well, the elder becoming a countess. Meredith never fails to show the snobs and humiliations they have to undergo on account of their birth. Pride goads them on to better their station, and that of Evan. The elder sister by her wiles and intrigues manages to acquaint her brother with a young heiress, Rose Jocelyn. At the home of Rose the peculiar position of brother and sister is seen. Every one wishes to know who they are; they on the contrary withhold their identity. For a time they succeed but truth will out, and Meredith shows it gradually coming to the surface.

Throughout the story Evan is guided by his ambitious sister, whose one aim is that he marry Rose Jocelyn. Here a conflict arises between Evan's sister and Rose. The countess is worldly-wise and intellectual; Rose is passionate and scheming. Meredith, however, is not a Hardy, and though conflicts arise between his characters yet at the end everything turns out for the best. There is no blind, cursed Fate pursuing the characters of a Meredith.

Into the feminine temperament Meredith has an amazing insight, and a lasting sympathy with woman's cause. Thus we find at the end of the novel the hopes of the Countess are realized and Rose and Evan are happily united.

Of each and every character in Evan Harrington a special study can be made. He knows the faults and peculiarities of both men and women. His eyes are not shut to anything, yet there is something wholesome, sincere and subtly wise about his characters and especially about his women.

Throughout the work we have flashes of the author's great humor. This is characteristic of him in all his works. We enjoy hearing the story of the "Great Mel," Evan's father, who among princes as well as tailors is equally at ease. We are tempted to laugh at the merry way he receives any mark of mock distinction; and bears this mark as though it were born with him. All who knew him, loved him, and ever seek his company; even the reader seems to be with him and hear him talk. Another character of great humor is the inimitable Mr. Rackes who by his acts is the laughing stock of all who know him.



The humor seen throughout the book gives a clear insight, that Meredith's conception of life was not that of a Hardy. The hand of Fate is not pursuing each mortal, causing him to rush ahead in unreasoning abandonment, nor lag behind in hopeless stagnation.

His attitude towards life is one of happy balance. We read him and imbibe the idea that our civilization is founded on common sense and acts as though guided by an Eternal Spirit overhead.

Thus when a man waxes out of proportion; whenever he is at variance with his profession, is false in humility or ruined with conceit, the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign and cast an oblique light upon him followed by peals of silvery laughter. This latter sentence sums up Meredith's purpose in writing *Evan Harrington*. It is not one of hate but of love. His belief is that Destiny thwarts not men but guides them.

Throughout all his writings there is an elevating principle. This author peopled his works with nobility infinitely better bred and refined than those found in the England of to-day. Meredith had to sublimate; vulgar and common people have no place with him. This we see in *Mr. Rackes* and the men at the tavern. He is neither sentimental nor snobbish. His brain happened to be an eugenic brain and all creatures that emanated therefrom had to be eugenically delivered.




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A few more days and the close is at hand. Gone will be the arduous hours of toil, finished will be the scholastic duties of another year. The note of gladness should pervade the close of every school year, and such will be the case with every honest, hard working student. For him the chain of approach of vacation means but the completion of another link in his career, it means one step nearer the coveted goal of his youthful ambition. For the indolent youth, however, the



end of the year means practically nothing, save, perhaps, the prospect for the unlimited enjoyment of more idle and lazier hours—his sloth has brought him nothing and his outlook is meaningless. He is anxious to be free from the tiresome routine of class hours and study periods, and no doubt feels some feeling of relief, but with a different sort of satisfaction than that experienced by the dutiful student, that the end has come.

Long ago a wise Roman said, "The end crowns the work"—"Finis coronat opus"—and he spoke well. But we who have labored in the classroom these many years, and have had ample opportunity to view student careers and the post-college conduct of college men, realize that it is only the earnest student who will be a credit to Alma Mater, and that failure is the due of the laggard on the road to success. The Philosopher tells us, "as the twig is bent, so the tree's inclined," and we echo his thought by a corollary—"as college life, so after life."

J. A. W.

The Catholic Press of the United States are probably second to the Catholic population of no other country. Generally speaking, they are quick to respond and co-operate with any movement designed to further or aid the cause of their faith, once their attention has been fully aroused. The difficulty, however, is in attracting their attention to any particular need. Due to the fact that the waking hours of the average individual are almost completely monopolized by the cares, duties and responsibilities of everyday life, he is apt to overlook many things of vital concern which do not lie within his own immediate sphere of activity.

Perhaps the average Catholic has neglected fewer vital needs to the extent that he has neglected the Catholic press. If you doubt the truth of this statement I beg leave to call your attention to the following statistics:

In the United States there are approximately 4,000,000 Catholic families, 3,000,000 of whom do not regularly receive a Catholic weekly. In the matter of Catholic dailies our negligence is even more pronounced. Until very recently there was in the United States not so much as one Catholic daily. At present we hardly support the single Catholic daily we now possess. What a contrast to the co-operation in this respect that is to be found in European countries. Germany, for instance, supports no less than 277 Catholic dailies, Belgium supports 31, and the little nation of Holland, with a Catholic population less than one-fifth of our Catholic population, supports as many as 26 Catholic dailies. These figures are startling, but they are true, nevertheless. What an awful indictment against us! Why should we lag so far behind European nations in a matter of such vital importance? The only plausible



explanation to be offered is that our Catholic people do not yet fully appreciate the full significance of the Catholic journal. They do not yet fully realize that it is the great disseminator of Catholic truth and teaching; that it is the great destroying agent of prejudice, bigotry and religious intolerance; that it furnishes material in abundance for intelligent and accurate answers to the queries of non-Catholics; that it is a great instructor in our holy faith; finally, they do not yet fully realize that it is a great safeguard against moral contamination, sin and hypocrisy. Until we Catholics come to realize the meaning, purpose and incalculable influence of our Catholic press we are likely to continue in our attitude of negligence and apathy, and to have need for such things as "Catholic Press Month." It is our sincere hope and desire that this realization will be brought about as soon as possible—that Catholic journalism will soon attain that position and prestige that it so richly deserves. The necessity and duty of supporting it is a duty which, in view of the deplorable laxity of our dailies, with their suggestive details and lurid pictures, daily grows more imperative. As our late Pope Pius X so well said, "In vain will you found missions and build schools, if you are not able to wield the offensive and defensive weapons of a loyal Catholic press."

T. S. B.

## Exchanges

"Oh wad some Power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursels as ithers see us."

It is rather an unusual arrangement to find the editorial pages of a college journal in its opening pages. It is an arrangement, however, which is most fitting and appropriate in our old friend, "St. Vincent College Journal," since its editorial department usually is one of the best features in the magazine. Unfortunately this is a tribute which we can pay but to a few of our friends in exchangedom. The editorials of both the March and April numbers of "St. Vincent College Journal" are of an unusually high character and will amply repay a careful perusal of their contents. The secret of their success is not difficult to analyze. In the first place they are written on common and practical subjects. Secondly—and this is what impresses us most—they possess an unmistakable note of sincerity. If there is one thing we deplore more than another in college journalism it is the lack of this most essential quality. Closely allied to this lack we usually find an abundant use of stereotyped and platitudinous phrases. Such expressions are ineffective in general, but



in the editorial form they are especially to be deplored since they serve only to neutralize whatever else of merit the editorial may have possessed.

Under the simple and unsuspecting title of "Before and After" we find one of the most interesting and convincing presentations of the work of the Disarmament Conference it has yet been our lot to review. In a clear, forceful and concise style its author reveals some of the blunders and mistakes which were made by our delegates to that memorable gathering. There is no escaping hard, cold and relentless facts, and this author marshals a most formidable array of them in his endeavor to convince us of the folly and futility of the Disarmament proceedings. He had no time or space for vague generalities or prejudiced assertions; he had too many concrete and definite facts before him to fall into this error. Unfortunately it is into this identical error that the average citizen frequently falls because he has neither the time nor the inclination to study or analyse the responsibilities which we place on those whom we select to represent us in matters of State. Too often his opinions and convictions are based on nothing more reliable than the headlines of the daily newspaper; as a result they are often superficial, prejudiced and erroneous. This is a danger against which we should all strive. If the true character of the work of our statesmen is to be revealed it will be done so only by reading such articles as "Before and After." The second essay to greet us, "A Martyr to Her Patriotism," which is a translation from the German, tells again the beautiful story of the simple, but inspired Joan of Arc. Few figures there are in all history that inspire us with love and admiration as does the Maid of Orleans. Hence it is that the story of her life always bears repetition. We have only to read "A Martyr to Her Patriotism" to be thrilled anew by the narration of those memorable deeds which have enshrined her in the hearts of countless men. The various other departments of this issue of "St. Vincent College Journal" are in keeping with its general excellence, for which the various editors are to be congratulated.

Another welcome visitor to our desk is the "Ariston" from St. Paul, Minnesota. In the opening pages of its Spring number homage is paid to our late beloved Pope Benedict XV. The essay entitled "Shelly and Italy," evidently written by a warm and sincere admirer of Shelly, is a beautiful tribute to that gifted poet. It is written in the unmistakable strain of delicate and poetic insight. Few poets there are who possess more enthusiastic or warmer admirers than does the immortal author of "Prometheus." To be appreciated his poetry must be read. We find in it a subtle influence the effect of which is to make us sympathize with him in his vague yearnings and limitless flights. As the author of this article so well says: "Shelly was not, then, a creature of earth; in thought and aspiration he lived in the aerial realms of creative imagination. To him things earthly were merely phantoms of reality." In the essay entitled "Fanny



Burney's 'Evelina' too much dependence is placed on the quotation, a fact which is hardly warranted in an article of such limited size. Aside from this fault the work, which emphasizes Miss Burney's power of character delineation, is well written and interesting. The essay entitled "G. K. Chesterton as a critic" is a piece of work which we thoroughly enjoyed. Its chief merit is the delightful and pleasing style in which it is written. In the essay on Pope's "The Rape of the Lock," the idleness and shallow sentimentality characteristic of his age are well emphasized. "In Defense of the Flapper" is a strong and convincing plea in behalf of the modern young woman. The author takes issue with the analysis which F. Scott Fitzgerald subjects her to, contending that he does not give her credit for any deep feeling or intelligence. The essay on "Rasselas" calls our attention to the great moral lesson to be derived from that well known work of Johnson. A most unique and ingenious contribution is the work entitled "Mirrors and Moods." It consists of a number of short essays in each one of which the various authors attempt to describe the two widely contrasted pictures which the mirror reflects when it alternately catches the same face in a happy and in an angry mood. "Spanish Influence on English Literature" is a scholarly written essay in which the author evidently spared neither time nor labor in seeking the material necessary for her subject. A reading of the work entitled "The Immortality of Candida" left us with a certain sense of disappointment because it was so brief; the nature of the subject entitled it to a much fuller treatment. A most appropriate topic for discussion in a college journal is "Shavian Philosophy." Granted that Shaw is honest and sincere in his convictions, the fact remains that his philosophy cannot be accepted by us because, as the author of this article well points out, "Shaw is here preaching a more subtle immorality than many a writer who is openly and brutally vile." It is of vital importance, therefore, that we recognize and be warned against the great danger and insidiousness of such works. We found a reading of "The Reasonableness of a Belief in Fairies" interesting but not sufficiently convincing. We do not presume either to affirm or deny that such beings exist, but we demand more proof than the author of this work submits before we give assent to the possibility of their existence. "There is Inspiration in Routine" is a short editorial which contains a valuable and practical lesson. Interspersed among the essays of this issue of the "Ariston" we find several appropriate poems which, however, do not escape the criticism of being too brief. Perhaps the same criticism may be applied to some of the essays in this number. Generally speaking, however, the "Ariston" deserves much credit and commendation for the excellent and artistic standard it maintains.

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We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: St. Mary's Chimes, The Young Eagle, The Academia,



Georgetown College Journal, The Chimes, Duquesne Monthly, The Alvernia, The Solanian, Villa Sancta Scholastica, Creighton Chronicle, The Northern Illinois, The Morning Star, The Messenger, The Lincolnian, Ariston, Lakeside Punch, The Villanovan, The Anselmian, The Canisius Monthly, and The Megaphone.

## College Comment

The pages of the Editorial section are of necessity limited both as to number and scope. Lack of space frequently curtails the number of editorials, and hence it often happens that editorial material is left unpublished. In order to make up this deficiency a new department is inaugurated in this issue, the purpose of which is to give the students an outlet for the discussion of present day questions and current events, and to foster the expression of student views on subjects of social, religious, and political import.

### *The Student Crusade.*

The commission given by Our Divine Savior, to the Apostles, will never cease until the Gospel is preached to every living creature. That commission has been transmitted from Apostolic ages, to the present, and still carries with it the same message of Jesus Christ for the conversion of sinners, and the conversion of those who know not God. Not only to the Apostles and their successors, the Bishops and Priests of the church, was the command given, but through them to all who are the followers of the true faith.

America until the beginning of the present century was considered a Missionary country and depended, in a great measure, on account of her cosmopolitan make up, upon the missionary activities of foreign countries. Today however, America, although unable to furnish a sufficient number of laborers for her own vineyard, holds a prominent position in the Mission field, and slowly but surely, the rank of her Missionaries is increasing, and various other missionary activities are in a flourishing condition.

Many of the older religious Orders and congregations of America have foreign mission provinces and our own Maryknoll Missionary Society is a living example that America is now giving back unselfishly to others what she herself received from the Missionary activities of the past.

Perhaps the most interesting phase of Mission Work, and especially so to college men is the "Catholic Students Mission Crusade." Founded but a few short years ago by several students of the Mission House at Techney, Illinois, the Crusade now numbers thousands in its ranks—students of parochial schools, Academies,



Colleges and Universities—all striving in their own particular way to spread the Mission Idea and to give their “Widow’s Mite” in order to further the Kingdom of God on earth. In a unique way they are doing their share that the command of Christ to the Apostles of old may be carried out in full, and it is a joy to Catholic students to know that they are aiding in the Evangelization of the world. As Catholics we should be interested in every undertaking bearing on our religion, and as Catholic students we should be interested, and encourage and further every undertaking espoused by Catholic students. Let it be hoped that ere many months have passed, St. Viator College may also have an active chapter of the “Student Mission Crusade,” and that like the true Crusaders of old, they may accomplish great things because “God Wills It.”

REV. J. A. WILLIAMS.

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### *The Coal Strike.*

The long expected coal strike has finally arrived; every union operated mine in this country is closed down; hundreds of thousands of men are out of jobs, and the situation, on the whole, seems to be very serious. The operator decided to cut the wages of the miner, and the miner thought otherwise, the strike being the result.

The people of the country seem much in favor of the miner’s strike. This is because they like the miner, feel that they have been wronged by the operator. We know from recent government investigations that the operator has mismanaged the mines; he has profited; he has cheated the public as well as his employee; he has used unjust and unbusinesslike methods to further his ends, and now he wants to go still further, and cut the wages of the miner who works no more than four days a week, and who can scarcely make a living at the present scale of wages.

The operator claims that the miner is unjust, for he is wronging the people by shutting off all supply of coal. The operator in all sincerity cannot make that statement. It is true, that because the mining of coal has ceased the industries and private people will suffer hardships, and may even have to close down, but the operator has perpetrated a greater hardship, a more heinous crime upon the people before this, by profiteering on coal. The people are willing to suffer the lesser of two evils, the strike, which ultimately may lead to readjustment and lower prices.

The people are not the only factor to consider in the adjustment of the coal strike. The industries, which consume much more coal, must be taken into consideration. If these industrial plants have no coal, they cannot operate. If they cannot operate, their supply of commodities are stopped. The public, which sorely needs these commodities will raise a hue and cry in demanding such goods. It will devolve upon the industrial plants to get the coal to run their factories, and they are going to force the operator to come to a perma-



nent agreement. If the operator refuses, the industrial heads will appeal to government aid, and the operator must then settle or lose control of his mine.

This is merely a hypothetical supposition, but in the opinion of the writer, it will be one unavoidable way for a settlement, if no agreement is made before such a condition comes to pass. The public today hopes that a permanent agreement will be struck between the operator and the miner and it looks to the investigation of the House Committee on Labor to effect some settlement whereby the miner may gain his point, and the operator may be forced to be fairer in his dealings, both with the public and the miner.

F. J. CASEY.

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*Morality in the Public Schools.*

Americans, who have so long boasted that the public schools of the country are its props and hope, are daily brought face to face with the fact that they have been deceived. Could the failure of the public educational system of America be more telling than in the recent exposure of the moral conditions said to exist in the public high schools of one of our largest cities? The charges were made by the president of the board of police commissioners, and he seems to have had very good grounds for making them. This is not the first attack against the standard of morality in such schools, and various organizations have from time to time tried to improve them. So far they have met with little or no success as they have failed to see that such conditions are but the logical sequence of their own principles. The advocates of the public school has left the moral and religious instruction to the churches and homes, and both have failed; the former because of the little time it has the child under its care, and the latter, because it has been indifferent to religion. Judge Kickham Scanlan, Chief Justice of the Chicago Criminal Court, lately said, "The old American homestead, with its training in religion, has throughout our history proved itself the best factor in keeping down crime. As an institution it is fast falling into decay—a condition that is only too apparent to one on the criminal bench. It was revealed, for instance, that during the questioning of men for the draft, two out of every three boasted they did attend church. Such a statement is appalling."

Many great educators now recommend the reading of the Bible in the public schools as a remedy, but this would injure rather than improve the situation. It would stir up religious prejudice and hatred, and the rights of citizens of different religious beliefs would be violated. Rather let them teach less science and cease following the unsettled whims of educational theorists. Let them teach the Christian principles and morality, and stop stunting the spiritual man and educating only the brute. Let them imitate the church and establish more parochial schools.

P. CREEL.



*The K. of C. Foundation in Italy.*

Anent the splendid war record of the Knights of Columbus, one can not pass by their peace time achievements in silence. That same organization whose admirable powers of adaptation to circumstances made possible such glowing achievements under the reign of Mars, is every day showing itself capable of similar deeds in the more peaceful but none the less trying period in which we found ourselves at the cessation of hostilities.

While some may coin pet phrases about the Midas touch which turn patriotism into gold, the Knights have not forgotten the debt which America owes her returned fighters. The organization has devoted its attention to the rehabilitation of those men who have quit one fight, only to turn and face another, fiercer struggle. Vocational schools have been initiated in an effort to equip the young manhood of America for the battle with life, and whole resources of the order have been placed at the disposal of those who dropped, maimed and shattered, from the war's cruel rack.

But on top of this noble work comes the announcement, the Knights have appropriated one million dollars for reconstruction work in Italy. Mr. E. L. Hearne, who is honored by the title of "Ambassador to the Holy See," has been put in charge of the work and is already enroute to Europe. Surely here is ample evidence of the high minded zeal of this organization, which thus shows itself ready at all times to pour out its resources, as oil on the stormy seas of life, in an effort to better the condition of those upon whom the hand of fate rests heavily.

Nor need our zealous Non-Catholic friends fear lest the K. of C. project is a proselytizing expedition. The Knights long ago learned that the secret of success is to mind their own business. The work will be under the supervision of the "Holy See," and will interfere with no other organization. The K. of C. project is a big hearted attempt to lighten the burdens of a people upon whom the burden of the war fell heavily, and it is an enterprise deserving not only the commendation, but the financial support of every American, regardless of race, color or creed.

H. KENNY.

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*The Federation of the Schools.*

During that period of the country's history in which the government schools and educational agencies maintained a decidedly passive or neutral attitude with regard to faith or morals, the Catholics of the United States could only protest the iniquity and absurdity of the policy, and make good their protest by paying their share of the public expense, and at the same time protect their own children by taking upon themselves the additional cost of private Catholic institutions. This was a manifest injustice and they considered it as such, but they bore the double burden willingly, though under protest.



Now, however, when the modern materialistic education has demonstrated its innate, arrogant and systematic hostility to all religion, and is attacking everything safe and sacred in family and social life, and moreover, proposes to standardize and federalize its arbitrary curriculum of atheistical, socialistic instruction, and to make its exclusive and compulsory upon the whole people, the Catholic citizenship of the country is impelled by faith in God and loyalty to American traditions to resist, by argument, example and united endeavor, the destruction of both piety and patriotism that is imminent in such faith and doctrines.

In their protest they are joined, moreover, by the Non-sectarian teachers as well as by those Non-Catholics who have private schools for the teaching of their children. In the first week of March the National Education Association, through one of its departments, that of Superintendence, qualified its previous endorsement of the Sterling Towner Bill, which is one of the means by which advocates of federalization hope to attain their ends. Besides this qualification of their previous endorsement of this and similar bills, several attacks were made on the bill by individual members.

And the reason for these actions may be summed up in these words. Religious training is vital to society. Unless children can be trained in religious motives of living, all legislation and all social regulation will fail. As Tacitus wrote of Germany, many centuries since, "Good habits are more effectual here than good laws." This has never at any time, been more so the case than now.

P. H. KURZYNSKI.

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### *Birth Control.*

To every fair, clean mind, the question of Birth Control is of such a nauseating character that to enter upon its discussion in the pages of a Catholic College magazine seems entirely out of place. We are not unmindful of the scriptural injunction concerning that species of wickedness of which the Apostle says, "Let it not even be mentioned among you."

However, we cannot allow such a distasteful and unchristian subject be discussed in the pages of the daily press, without uttering our indignant protest.

We believe that Birth Control is but the vicious propaganda spread by those who love dogs more than babies, and of those who have attempted "to render asunder what God hath joined together" in order to make secure, if that were possible, their position, and to justify their unmoral, unholy and unGodlike practices. To such as these there can be no appeal, for they are blinded by the folly of their own conceits; however to their petied principles, we quote the teachings of the Almighty, First—The words of the Creator to our first parents, "Increase and multiply." Second—The words of Christ—"Thou shalt not kill."

REV. J. A. WILLIAMS.



*Catholic College Week.*

During the first week of May, all Catholic Colleges, Academies, preparatory and high schools throughout the country generally observed Catholic College Week, and the purpose of the week as set forth by the bulletin of the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Council, was to call to the attention of the Catholic youth and their parents the benefits of college education, and the special benefits of college education in Catholic colleges.

The facts, as regards Catholic education, reveal a lamentable condition of affairs. The number of Catholic students in Non-Catholic higher institutions of learning in the United States is 40,000, which is twice the number of students in similar Catholic institutions. That is, of approximately 450,000 students in all colleges and universities of the country, only 60,000 or about fifteen per cent are Catholics.

The education of our Catholic youth further than the high school or academy cannot be too often or too strongly urged. This country, above any other needs strong, fearless, well-trained Catholic leaders, and these cannot be trained solely in the secondary schools; they must have a higher education something beyond the high school. There are many questions discussed in the various states, in particular sections of the country, in Washington itself, that need a strong and persistent combating if we wish to maintain our statics as Catholics. There are organizations, some secretly, others openly hostile, to "Romanism," stigmatizing by this term the Holy Roman Catholic Church. Not alone is a vigorous priesthood desirable, but also an energetic laity. And both can be trained and are trained well, only in our Catholic Colleges.

That there is a demand for college education, the statistics of the last three years concerning attendance at colleges proves without the shadow of a doubt. Catholic colleges have the right goods, can in all cases do better than the Non-Catholic schools. It is only by increased enrollment by the Catholics of our country that our schools will be enabled to increase and expand their activities. Let the Catholic laity, therefore, show their pride in Catholic institutions by using every opportunity in their power to aid them.

P. H. KURZYNSKI.

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*Observance of Good Friday.*

Until recently, there was nothing in the ceremonies of the Church except the Mass of The Pre-Sanctified Host to commemorate the agonizing death of our Lord on the Cross. Now, however, a new and solemn devotion called "The Tre Ore" or the Three Hours Agony has originated, which calls to remembrance the three hours which the agonized Savior suffered on Calvary. It is becoming a popular and universal custom among the faithful in this country, because it lends a new significance to the passing of Good Friday.



Assuredly, such a devotion will serve to enkindle a fervent love and greater reverence for Him who died for mankind. After witnessing the inspiring and edifying celebration of Holy Thursday, we have always felt that the day of the Redeemer's death ought to be observed in a proportionate as well as in appropriate manner. Hence, the dedication of the Three Hours Agony seems to have answered and fulfilled our wish and longing for a suitable and commensurate observance.

So widespread is this devotion, that many of the larger cities of the nation have taken civic action to the effect that all servile works must cease during the three hours of Christ's agony on the cross; and even no Catholic organizations are imitating the Catholic in honoring Christ by special services on Good Friday. If action is the outward manifestation of interior feeling, we know that the blessing of the Crucified Savior are bearing fruits in the hearts of the Americans, who too often are accused of rank materialism. May this devotion soon become universal and may we show to all the world that America's reverence for Christianity is not dead.

E. A. SWEENEY.

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#### *The Eucharistic Congress.*

The great ambition of the Catholic Church today is the initiation of a movement, which will tend to create a closer relationship of Catholicism with the Savior in the Holy Eucharist. Catholics are rapidly coming to perceive that such a devotional practice can be established only by the organization of the Catholic people into societies, having as their whole aim and purpose the propagation of devotion to the Holy Eucharist. As a consequence of this recent agitation by the Catholic church, unions and leagues have been formed in all corners of the Universe. A more nationalistic devotion has arisen as a result of this unified social league and now the Eucharist forms a Bond of Charity between nations and even between individuals.

A mighty precedent has been established in Eucharistic Congresses by the recent Congress held at Montreal. Rome is endeavoring to follow in the footsteps of Montreal in the respect. An appeal is now being issued from Rome, in which the Vicar of Christ is pleading for a Eucharistic Congress. Catholic men today realize the necessity of such a Congress and they are fully aware of the benefits that accrue therefrom.

Thus it is no wild assertion to say that some day the force of the example set by such a congress will be so completely felt that all men indiscriminately will take great pride and joy in daily communion and frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament, Good Catholics will not be content with holy prayers alone, when they are awakened to the needs of the graces derived from the devotion of the Holy Eucharist.

It is earnestly hoped that in the Eucharistic Congress at Rome, a solemn procession will be staged on the streets, with the Vicar on earth bearing Christ in his Blessed Sacrament. Such a precedent would be a great benefit to the Catholic Church of today.

J. V. CONNORS.

## Alumni

*Across the fields of yester year,  
My fancies often wing,  
To olden ways to golden days  
When life was gay as spring—  
And then, all cares of earth forgot  
My heart begins to sing.*

J. A. W.

Rev. John A. O'Brien, who was installed as chaplain of the Catholic Students of the University several years ago, is the leading figure in a new plan for the extension of the Catholic Foundation at the University. The plans call for an expenditure of a million dollars, which sum is expected to be the outcome of a drive starting this month. Father O'Brien has worked out a system which comprehends a Catholic center with dormitories, club rooms, chapel, and other accessories both for the men and for the women students. In the early days of his word among the students, Father O'Brien discovered that the students had no time for religious study. He immediately sponsored the movement by which courses in such studies were made a part of the accredited work of the students. The present Catholic population of the University is 550, a greater number than the total of the students in the college departments of all the Catholic Schools of the state. These students are natives of Illinois and a score of other states, and from Mexico, the Philippine Islands, Brazil, France, Peru, Panama, Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, Czecho-Slovakia, and other countries. The spiritual needs of these Catholics of nations so diverse are served by Father O'Brien. In his present project the Viatorian wishes him all the blessings deserved by so noble a cause.

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News that our old friend Jake Schaefer is still the king of the cue, was received by all his friends here with great satisfaction. The Viatorian Wizard retained his title in Chicago recently, in a series of matches with Willie Hoppe, the former champion. Tennes, his manager and the man who also managed the elder Schaefer, asserts that young Jake is beyond a doubt the greatest player of all



time, and he is willing to back him to the limit. It is a rather generally accepted opinion that great billiardists are temperamental, but it is conceded by men who are in a position to know, that Jake is of the same temperament as his famous father, who was willing at any time to play for "marbles, money, or chalk." Jake seems likely to retain the crown for some time to come, and in doing so he will be but fulfilling the ardent wishes of his many St. Viator friends.

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With the country in the clutches of the radio bug, it is consonant with the traditions of St. Viator that her achievements extend even to this field. Rev. Arhur L. Girard ('09) has the distinction of being the first priest that ever preached over the wireless telephone. The Chicago Evening American of April 2nd has this to say of the occasion: "An innovation in Catholic services in Chicago is promised for next Sunday afternoon, when the Rev. Captain A. L. Girard of St. Thomas the Apostle Church, Fifty-fifth St. and Kimbark Av., will conduct the Radio Chapel services from Westinghouse Station KYW. Father Girard's sermon topic will be 'The Spirit of the World and the Spirit of Christ,' and he will be assisted in the service by Harry Stephens, musical director of his church, a boys' choir and a men's quartette."

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News reaches us that the present address of Emil Kekich is: United States Consulate, Vladivostok, Siberia. While here, Emil was an active member of the Viatorian Staff and he also tapped a wicked horsehide on the ball field. His successors on the staff wish him all success in the far-off scene of his patriotic labors.

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A. M. Reilly, while here in '10 and '12 was the Official Photographer. He is now with the XL Refrigerator Company of Chicago, in the capacity of sales engineer.

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Frank A. Browne ('05-'06) is now with the J. W. Butler Paper Company of Chicago.

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We are in receipt of a number of news clippings describing the work that is being done by our old friend Pio Montenegro (H. S. '19). Pio is giving a series of lectures on the Philippines, and is successful to a marked degree. His work is authorized by the Philippine Resident Commissioner, the Hon. Jaime C. de Veyra. Wherever he has appeared on the public platform, there has always been a large and appreciative audience. In fact, he has been characterized by a leading magazine as the "Filipino Burton Holmes." At present there is a great probability that Pio will make a professional visit to his Alma Mater. We look forward eagerly to his coming and feel sure that if he lectures here, a great treat is in store for us. Pio is at present taking a course in Commerce at Notre Dame University, South Bend, Ind.



Rev. John Braddoch ('10-'12), curate of St. James Church, Kansas City, recently paid us a short visit. He is now fully recovered from his recent severe illness. Father Braddoch, although an Illinoisan, is enamored of the West and assures us that the gentleman who called it "God's Country" had a keen sense of appreciation.

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From the balmy Southland comes the glad tidings that the Rev. George P. Mulvaney ('07) is again on the way to complete recovery. Father O'Mahoney, C. S. C., who is recuperating after his recent severe operation at Rochester, Minn., has been granted a year release from his strenuous duties, and at present with Father Mulvaney at St. Joseph Infirmary, Fort Worth, Texas. We wish these two popular faculty members our very best and sincerely hope that we may soon again have them with us.

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Rev. Paul Dunne ('16-'18), who was elevated to the sacred ministry last December at the Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, writes us from Kansas City, Mo., that he is so preoccupied as a curate of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, that he has not been able to visit Alma Mater since his ordination. However, we have his promise that he will be present for the fifty-fourth annual Commencement Exercises.

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The list of the Alumni who are located in the Golden State is ever on the increase. The latest to go westward,—to follow the famous injunction of Horace Greely, "Go west and grow up with the country"—is Mr. Frank Golden, who is at present employed in the Merchants' National Bank of Los Angeles, California.

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Dr. Clarence Fischer ('12) has recently opened offices to practice internal medicine and diagnosis in Peoria, and is now comfortably established in his own hometown. A recent issue of one of the Peoria journals says: "Dr. Fischer has been away from Peoria since finishing at Spalding Institute, twelve years ago. He then graduated from St. Viator College and later attended the University of Chicago, taking the pre-medical courses. After graduating from Rush Medical College, he served as interne in the Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, on the service of Dr. B. W. Sippy, the noted gastro-enterologist, and following his association with Dr. Sippy served for two years in the Cook County Hospital, and was appointed resident physician of that famous institution. At this time also he was a member of the faculty of Rush Medical College in the department of internal medicine." The many friends of the rising young physician join in wishing him well in his new field of endeavor. We feel that Dr. Fischer's career in Peoria will bear the same semblance of success as was his during his course at St. Viator's and since his splendid course and professional work at Rush Medical.



The services held on Good Friday in St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, were in charge of Rev. Martin J. Spalding, '11-'13, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Loretta, Ill. Father Spalding is a nephew of the late titular Archbishop Spalding, and the eloquent sermon preached last Good Friday is his first in that Cathedral which so often echoed with the eloquence of his famous kinsman. After finishing his philosophical studies at St. Viator's, Father Spalding attended the American College at Louvain, Belgium. After his ordination, Father Spalding made a post-graduate course at the Catholic University of America, Washington.

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Word from the beautiful city in the vicinity of the famous Starved Rock reaches us that two of our alumni are in the learned profession of law there, and as is usually the case with our alumni, they are at the top. The fame of Robert Carr and Joseph Garland as lawyers is spread far beyond the limits of the little city which is their "locus operandi." Bob's address is the Central Life Insurance Building, and Joe holds forth at the Armory Building, Ottawa, Illinois.

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Our friend, Walter Conness, '18, is now with the Ford Accessory Company, Streator, Illinois, in the capacity of cashier and bookkeeper.

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The many friends of Fathers Richard French and Christopher Marzano will rejoice to hear of the recent successes of the young priests. Fathers French and Marzano have been at the Catholic University at Washington for the past year and they are expected home in June for the summer vacation. They passed very successful examinations at the termination of the courses.

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Bill Lannon, '12-'14, is the manager of the Quick Service Laundry Company of Chicago. Bill reports that business is good. And of course, we present our best wishes that it will remain so provided only that it does not become better.

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Uncle Sam has a reliable postal clerk in the person of Roger Gilela. Roger was with us in '18, and for the short period which he spent with us, gave us the impression that resulted in the solemn declaration recorded above. Roger is stationed in Seneca, Illinois.

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Gerald Cleary is another of our alumni who have fallen to the lure of the Golden West. Gerald is now in Kansas City. There he is the Superintendent of the School of Expression.

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The Scholastic Year at the Viatorian House of Theology will close June 1. On that date, the Brothers there will come to St. Viator's for the Summer Vacation. Some of those are: Brothers

Gregory A. Galvin, E. Cardinal, E. Fitzpatrick, D. O'Connor, L. Phillips, and A. Landroche.

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We, of the male persuasion, often wonder who is responsible for the oddities and eccentricities of the garments which Dame Fashion decrees that shall drape our manly forms. How eloquently and scathingly have we denounced the insidiousness of the bell-bottom pants and all the other trappings whose use makes us cake-eaters and whose non-use makes us Victorian! Gents, step this way and lay your complaints before "Dame" Fashion, who in this instance is one of our own alumni. He is Clarence Hudon, '18-'19. Clarence is a prominent fashion designer and is the manager of the Clarence-Lee Shop.

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An Ottawan alumnus of ours operates a taxi line there. His name? You've guessed it—Michael Carr, '16-'18.

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Here is an alumnus who is a big man and who holds a big job. A. J. Brousseau is the president of the International Moulders Corporation of New York City. This company manufactures the famous Mack Truck. We are in receipt of a communication of this noted alumnus which is an assurance that Mr. Brousseau still keeps the old school warm in his heart. He expressed great interest in the Drive for a greater St. Viator.

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In this instance to quote the old adage, "Some are born great," etc., would be but a trite expression of a self-evident fact. However, an exemplification of the same idea is to be found in the case of the General Manager of the Seals Force of the American Express Company of New York City. When H. C. Elwes was at St. Viator he had the distinction of being the smallest boy in the whole school. His penchant for distinction did not end there, but he kept on distinguishing himself. He gradually tired of being pointed out as the smallest boy in the yard, so he looked for other worlds to conquer. He continued distinguishing himself—still in a matter of size; but this time for bigness—until—well—look at him now!

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From Anatol Drolet there has recently arrived a letter and his full quota for the Drive. Many thanks, Anatol! Mr. Drolet is now with the American Chemical and Dye Corporation, New York.

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We are pleased to publish the following announcement, which we are sure will be a source of great pleasure to the many friends of Emmet Trainor:

"Jay Fred Reeve and Bernard W. Vinissky announce that Emmet Trainor has this day become associated with them in the general practice of law under the firm name of Reeve, Vinissky and Trainor, with offices at Suite 1534-1538 Otis Building, 10 La Salle



St., Chicago, Ill. Mr. Trainor, who has resigned as attorney for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company, has given special attention to valuation and Internal Revenue matters."

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News from Moline tells us that Mr. Gus De Clercq, '16-'19, is associated in business with his father in the Tri-Cities. De Clercq and Son is one of the principal confectionery depots in the western part of the state.

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The many friends of big Hugh Graham will be pleased to know that he has recovered from the ill effects of injuries received during the Great War. Hugh is now the popular proprietor of the principal Tonsorial Parlors in Ludlow, Ill.

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It is reported that the Quinlan brothers who attended St. Viator's from '10 to '13, have been very successful since their departure from S. V. C. Martin is a prosperous farmer near Ludlow, and Ted is agent for the Ford Tractor agency of Roberts, Ill.

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That Rev. William Cleary, '03, is laboring assiduously in the vineyard of the Lord, may be gleaned from the following clipping taken from the Catholic Messenger published at Davenport, Iowa. "St. Anne's parishioners of East Moline have purchased the William Gulley home next to the church on Seventeenth Avenue and Sixth Street and Rev. W. J. Cleary, pastor of the church, moved in a few days ago, and is now nicely settled in his new home at 606 Seventeenth Avenue. When the new church was built in East Moline two years ago, a house was purchased at 722 Seventeenth Avenue, which is over a block from the church. The property adjoining the church could not be purchased at that time so it was necessary to find other quarters for the pastor. The old rectory will be sold."

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From the far West we have received the news that Professor Reilly, formerly a member of the College Faculty, has given up teaching as a profession in order to devote his entire time to editorial work. He is now editor of the "Northwest Drugless Journal," whose offices are located in Portland, Oregon.

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Francis Devlin, '14-'16, who during his stay here was manager of the College Club Room, is running true to form as proprietor of the Devlin-Miller Poolroom in Chatsworth, Ill.

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The Gallahue brothers, Pete and John, '16-'21, are applying the knowledge which they obtained here as students in the department of Agronomy, and at present are very preoccupied at putting in the crops and we sincerely hope they will reap an abundant harvest.

Leo Carney (Grids), '18, is another alumnus who is a prosperous young farmer near Gridley, Illinois. Grids reports that he expects to raise a bumper crop and to corner the market on corn.

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Harold Balwin, who last year was compelled to discontinue his course at Illinois U., on account of ill health, and who spent several months in Montana recuperating, writes us from Charsworth that he is again able to continue his course in commerce at the State University.

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Quentin Freehill, '18-'19, is pursuing his classical course at St. Bede's College, Peru, Ill., and John Quin, Academy '19-'21, is a member of the senior class of the Streator High School. We expect that both of our former students will return for college work, next fall.

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We ask the prayers of the various alumni for several of our soldier-alumni who are patients in various Government Hospitals receiving medical treatment for physical disability received whilst serving with the colors in France. Mr. William Warner of Ludlow is a patient at the Great Lakes Hospital, Great Lakes, Ill., and Mr. Celestine Walsh of Mattoon is receiving treatments at Jacksonville State Hospital. Both have suffered mental disorder due to shell shock. Mr. Howard De Celles, '16-'17, as well as Mr. Chas. Cleary, '14-'17, is a patient at the Edward Hines Memorial Hospital in Chicago. Camille Bernard, '17-'18, is at the Kenwood Hospital, Chicago.

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Mr. Louis Moissant, '06-'09, is employed in the auditing department of the C. B. and Q. General Offices, Chicago. Bernard McCarthy, '10-'12, is there also.

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James Flood, '18-'20, is in business with his father, a dealer in wholesale foodstuffs in Randolph Street, Chicago. Jimmie and his sister deserves a great deal of credit as boosters of the drive in Chicago, and both we are sure have the thanks and gratitude of all concerned.

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In the recent local elections three alumni, who were candidates for trustees of the village, were elected. Mr. Oscar Byron, Mr. George Arseneau, Sr., and Mr. F. Marcotte are the successful entrants. John B. Flagele was unanimously elected as director for the non-High School district of Kankakee county, according to a canvass of the returns in the office of County Superintendent of Schools Lewis Ogilvie.

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"Mooch" Somers, premier hurler of the championship nine of '17, came to the College to secure a little Spring practice. The big



hurler will perform this year in the Canadian league. Tom Finnegan, coach of Varsity Football and teammate of Somers, will also perform in the same league. Tom has left the college and gone to his home for a visit before joining his club.

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Mr. James D. Sullivan, '10-'13, is another alumnus who has been captivated by the lure of the West. "Jim" is connected with the sales office of the Mid-West Oil Company, with offices at Los Angeles, Calif. He would like to hear from some of the old boys, and so as not to disappoint him, we are giving here his address for his former school-mates. Mail will reach him at his residential address—612 So. Flower St.

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Among the recent clerical changes announced for the Archdiocese of Chicago, one which will no doubt be of interest to the "old-timers" is the transfer of Rev. John H. Nawn, '94-'99, formerly pastor of the Church of St. Paul of the Cross, Park Ridge, Illinois, to the pastorate of St. Francis Xavier's Church, La-Grange, Illinois. We know that his appointment will be a loss to his former parish, but are equally sure that the people of his new charge gain a kind, loving, and considerate pastor whom they will learn to love and revere, as they loved and revered his predecessor, also an alumnus of St. Viator, the late Father Joseph Bollman.

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"Pat" Meegan and "Gus" Doyle have ventured into the business world, and rumor has it that they are making a success in Wholesaling and Retailing Fresh Eggs.

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Reports from the Rocky Mountain Region bear the news that Rev. Patrick Casey, '10-'14, formerly professor of Economics and Sociology at Mt. St. Charles College, Helena, Montana, is at present ill at St. James Hospital, Butte, Montana. We sincerely hope that by the time this issue of the Viatorian reaches the alumni that Father "Pat" will have recovered his former rugged health and again be doing veteran service as pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Judith Gap, Montana.

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The venerable old statesman, Uncle Joe Cannon, that fearless national power for more than a quarter of a century, was always a welcome visitor at St. Viator College, first because he was our friend and secondly because his visit usually meant a "grande Conge." Naturally, we regret that "Uncle Joe" is forced to retire from active life, but we are sure that Mr. Lewman, the Republican candidate for the vacated seat in Congress, will be a worthy successor of him who so faithfully served his country for thirty-seven years. Recently, Mr. Lewman paid us a visit, accompanied by several Alumni, among them Mr. A



Joubert, '98-'99, and Mr. J. Belton, both of whom were delighted with the remarkable display of "Way Back When" pictures, found in the corridors of Roy Hall. Mr. Belton informed us that he was a "kid" at St. Viator about thirty-six years ago and was a class-mate of Rev. James Ryan, the former president of the college. Mr. Belton's visit, although short, was greatly appreciated, and we sincerely hope that he may be enabled to return soon again to meet more of the "old boys."

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The zeal with which Rev. David Scully, '09-'11, is laboring for the salvation of souls, as the Superior of the Apostolic Missionary Band of the Diocese of Alton, is indicative of that almost tireless energy which he displayed while pursuing his studies at St. Viator. Since ordination, Father Scully has devoted his priestly talents to missionary work and to that end, made a course of special study at the Apostolic Mission House in Washington, D. C. We are pleased to learn that his labors are not confined to the pulpit alone, but that he has just recently published a volume of sermons under the title, "My Master's Business" (B. Herder), of which critics have said: "The tone of the sermons is exceedingly fervent, abounding with figures of speech suitable for average intelligence and yet often enough appealing to the cultivated taste of the educated." The authority of fervor characterizes the book.

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In the May issue of the "Columbia" is an article entitled "Religion and the Nation" by the Rev. F. J. Kelly, Mus. D., well known to the many former Viatorian Students, especially those who attended the college before the fire. Father Kelly made his Seminary course here, was the organist and choir director for the wonderful feast day celebrations which were held in the beautiful Roy Memorial Chapel. As a leader of the choir, and director of the orchestra, he was without peer, and his subsequent work in music is a result of his great love for the beautiful as exemplified in the Sacred Ceremonial of the Church. Since leaving St. Viator's, Father Kelly has taken several courses abroad, at Rome and London, where he received his Doctorate at the University of London. In recent years, he has been at the Catholic University of Washington, D. C., and at present Dr. Kelly is Professor of Sacred Music at the Seminary of the Sacred Heart, Detroit, Michigan. We earnestly hope that this distinguished alumnus will find sufficient release from professional duties to pay us a visit in the near future.

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Mr. Leo Walsh, '10-'12, reports that he has rented an extensive farm near Ludlow, Illinois, and is now waiting for a kind providence to produce a bumper crop.



One of the hardest workers in the interests of the Drive is Charles McBride ('04-'10). Charles is in New York with the Noco Petroleum Company. He is an auditor for the concern, and doing well. He reports that the Drive outlook in New York is very encouraging.

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Bernard McCarthy (Big Sol) is quite as successful as "Al," his big brother, is in his line. He is working for the Case Manufacturing Company, Brooklyn, N. Y. Bernard will be remembered by the baseball fans of '06, '07, '08, '09, when he was a great asset to the St. Viator nine.

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Mr. Hugh O'Donnell is still on the New York Times Executive Staff. Mr. O'Donnell is one of the most noteworthy of our alumni. His career in journalism and dramatics has been brilliant to a high degree. He is an earnest worker for St. Viator in the East.

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We are in receipt of a letter from Procter Hansl ('98-'00). Mr. Hansl is with the American Motors Corporation at Plainfield, New Jersey. Mr. Hansl, while here, was a very excellent student, and won the Gold Medal in Philosophy in 1900 at St. Viator's. He has not been back for many a year, and here's hoping that a not far distant "Home Coming" finds him with us.

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We knew Bill Carroll as the capable end of our famous team of 1909. He distinguished himself in France, too, during the war, as an army Captain. He is now doing graduate work in law at Columbia University, New York. Success, Bill.

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Mr. Thomas Cassidy, '12 and '13, of Seneca, Ill., was recently appointed station agent of the Chicago, Ottawa and Peoria Traction Company, and is located in the Company offices at Mar-seilles, Illinois.

## Inter-Alia

**The Year Book** "It's going to be great," is a common expression heard on the St. Viator campus these days. There are anxious hearts, waiting impatiently, for the appearance of that volume of pictures, tales and history of events of the school year. The Viatome is going to be one of the best things that the school has ever issued. If you, an old student, want hours of fun chuckling over old remembrances that are just as fresh in your minds today as they were years ago, if you want to see old pictures of old student groups, of old college scenes, and of other events of past days, memories that are "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," you want the Viatome, the new year book. If you wish to read of days now no more and at the same time keep in touch with the incidents that are today making history and reminiscences for future alumni thirty or forty years hence, you want that delicious treat, that finest of Viator productions, the initial number of the Viatome. This, our first year book, the first complete record of events that make this school not merely the iron-gray buildings of learning, but the home of good fellowship, will be off the press the first week in June and will not only be as "good" as the students wish it to be, but it is going to surpass their fondest expectation.

**Rooters At Drive Meet** Is St. Viators lacking in "pep"? You who think so need but to have been at the opening of the Chicago Drive, April 8, 1922. Between fifty and sixty generous, faithful college men sacrificed their time and money to go to Chicago to inject the lively spirit of the present St. Viator into that meeting. And they did it. The songs and yells made the Elizabethan Room of the Congress Hotel vibrate with the driving spirit of '22. Call on St. Viator boys when you want pep and ginger, when you want to start something big and to make it successful.

**Comic Parade at Kankakee** They came some in rags, some in tags, and some in velvet gowns. When the old Romans wished to produce a comedy they donned masks, but the St. Viator students wore Roman costumes to give the best parade, as one paper expressed it, "that the city ever witnessed." Uncle Sam, Roman senators and gladiators, Roman damsels and modern flappers, Greek philosophers and present-day hoboes, negroes on white mules, babies with ten-gallon nursing bottles( a bath tub natatorium with its two





THOUSANDS WATCHED THE PARADE IN THE RAIN



SOME OF THE OUTLANDISH CHARACTERS PARADING



occupants, and floats bearing a Mardi Gras queen and her courtiers, and representatives of the College athletics, were some of the heterogeneous elements of the greatest comic parade ever held in Kankakee. These parts, enacted by St. Viator students, were so good that the Pathe cinema deemed it wise to catch a few snaps of this mirth-provoking march. This parade marked the opening of the Drive in Kankakee.

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**K. of C. Scholarship Examination**      On April 29 and 30 the K. of C. Scholarship Examination was held. Three college students, Messrs. John Connors, Edmund Sweeney and Howard Kenney, competed in this examination, which awards to the winner an extended course at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. While the results of this difficult test are not known it will not be surprising that at least one of our representatives will be successful. In past years several St. Viator students were winners of this scholarship examination. John Cox, of Chicago; Daniel Sullivan, practicing law in Council Bluffs, Ia.; Reverend Charles Hart, who is completing his studies at the Catholic University, and Reverend Fr. Sheehan, now studying at the University of Louvian, Belgium, are some of the men who were successful in this contest.

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**Announcement of Class Day and Commencement Exercises**      Class Day for the year 1922 will take place on Monday, June 12, followed by the Fifty-Fourth Annual Commencement on Tuesday, June 13. The Right Rev. Edward F. Hoban, D. D., is to honor the occasion with his presence on the closing day as the guest of the Very Rev. President and College faculty. Seven are expected to graduate from the College Department and one of the largest classes in the history of the College is to receive diplomas in the High School Department. We look forward to these days with pleasant anticipation.

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**News Bits**      That horrible trial, the tortuous period of examinations, has been boldly met and bravely conquered by the students of St. Viator College. The Third Quarterly Examinations are, to employ a slang phrase, "ancient history." We believe and hope that the noble efforts extended April 6, 7 and 8 were in a large measure highly successful.

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Monday, April 17, several of the contestants who were striving to be elected Queen of the Mardi Gras Carnival, which was held in Kankakee April 25, entertained the college boys by



giving an interesting program in the College Gym. After the presentation of the program they solicited the votes of the college boys to aid them in their campaign.

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The tight and exciting basketball league, which was dramatically terminated by Tom Jordan capturing two out of the three championship games, was given a still more fitting close by a banquet in the faculty refectory. Lunch was served, speakers gave their bit of wit, and a general good time was had. The boys had worked hard and deserved this little treat, which was enjoyed April 20.

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On Good Friday evening the Very Rev. President was the guest of the Westinghouse Company, Chicago. Father Kirley spoke at the Radio Chapel Services—at Station KYW—on the text from Scripture, "I know not the man." Thus far he has received several communications from radio fans who heard him speak. Incidentally, by way of a conclusion, Father Kirley announced the Half Million Drive.

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Everyone energetically striving to effect a successful termination of the drive, several social affairs have been arranged. "La Fete Boheme," arranged by Arsene Denoyer and held in Kankakee, was highly successful. While the ultimate object of this social event was not pecuniary aid, but strong publicity, the financial result was not to be despised. The spirit displayed by the students, alumni and all co-workers is certainly very gratifying. Success to everything, no matter how small.

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The bumpy boulevard to Bourbonnais is going to be improved. The healthy moral support of the student body, who attended the good roads meeting, assured the inhabitants of the beautiful Bourbonnais township of that. They cheered so lustily when a speaker in favor of the road to Bourbonnais advanced the many cogent reasons why we should have that road, and Father Kirley, our esteemed President, spoke so impressively and energetically that our opponents were frightened and gave us strong hopes of winning this point. The new road will pass through Joliet and Wilmington and follow the county line to Wilton Center, giving the motorist easy access to the Dixie Highway and the Joliet Road.

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Mr. Frank Casey, business manager of the Viatorian, recently visited his home in Peoria. The occasion of this trip was indeed a happy one, not only for him, but for others. During his visit his parents celebrated their silver wedding anniversary.

To Mr. and Mrs. Casey we extend our congratulations for this happy event and wish that they may live to celebrate their golden anniversary.

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Rev. Father George Walsh, Chancellor of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, Diocese, was recently the guest of the Very Rev. J. D. Kirley and the college faculty. Father Walsh came on the eighth of April and spent the pleasant visit at St. Viators, renewing the acquaintance of former faculty of Columbus College. We hope that this distinguished Father will in the near future delight us with another visit.

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Community members and the student body were delighted during the past months by the visit of several priests, alumni of our college and also some of our lay alumni. Rev. Thomas Shea of Bloomington, Rev. Edward Dunne of Rock Island, Rev. James Fitzgerald of Farmer City, Rev. P. Parker of Dwight, Rev. Mainville of Chicago, Rev. Sammon of Peoria, Rev. McMullen of Gibson City and Rev. Harry Weber of Chicago were priests who paid brief visits to our college. Among the lay visitors were Pat Meaghen of Chicago, Mrs. Pendleton, mother of Ralph Pendleton, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. Moxley of Chicago, Mrs. C. McDonnell, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Charles of Chicago.

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The following priests of St. Viator's College attended the following missions on Easter: Rev. J. D. Kirley and Father Kelly, at St. Joseph Church, Bradley; Rev. J. A. Williams, at St. Paul Church, Odell; Rev. J. A. Lowney, at St. Rose Church, Wilmington; Rev. T. J. Rice, St. Anthony Church, Joliet; Rev. A. F. Rinella, St. Stanislaus, Kankakee; Rev. J. R. Plante, Maternity Church, Bourbonnais; Rev. F. E. Munsch, at St. Mark Church, Chicago; Rev. S. Swikoski, St. Montano; Gibson City; Rev. S. E. McMahon, St. Anne Church, Chicago; Rev. J. B. Rheams, Sacred Heart, Goodrich; Rev. J. G. Vien, State Hospital, Kankakee. The Revs. W. J. Bergin, Harrison and O'Mahoney assisted at various missions. Rt. Rev. Monsignor Legris D. D., officiated at Maternity Church, Bourbonnais. Rev. Brother Cracknell assisted at St. Rose Church, Kankakee.

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Little Daniel Cupid scored another perfect mark when he selected Mr. George D. Cyrier, a former student, and Miss Flossie Eva Butler as his targets. His wounds were serious and the wedding took place on April 20 at St. Rose Church, Kankakee.

Daniel kept his perfect score unsullied when, with the impiousness of his stubborn commander, he drew his bow and winged its flight to the heart of Mr. Lawrence O'Connell,



another former St. Viator student, now of Sterling, Illinois, and Miss Helen Coe, of Ward Belmont, at Nashville, Tennessee. To the happy young couple we extend our felicitations.

Another future student of St. Viator was born during the month of April to Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Leary. God has given to them a son whose baby prattle and joy will enliven their home and increase the happiness now theirs. We offer our congratulations and good wishes.

## Obituaries

### Mr. August Conner

It is with regret in our hearts and with words of sympathy on our lips, that we chronicle the sudden death of Mr. August Conner, one of our prominent alumni. Mr. Conner, who attended St. Viator during the years 1890-92, was a prominent athlete and general favorite among the students of his time. As was



his popularity with his classmates, so in after life was his influence with his fellow citizens. He was a respected citizen of the city of Assumption, Ill., and by his sterling qualities of Christian Manhood endeared himself to all who had the good fortune to be numbered among his acquaintances. Educated in the Public Schools of his native city, and after completing a course in commerce at St. Viator, Mr. Conner spent three years at the Business College of Springfield, Ill. That he was successful in his chosen profession, is best shown by the fact that after finishing his courses he became associated with the National Bank of Assumption and remained in that capacity for 21 years. His untimely death comes as a shock to his

friends and family, but they are consoled in the thought that he was a just, honest and upright man. The funeral services were



held under the auspices of the Fraternal Order of Elks, of which the deceased was an influential member. The obsequies were attended by the Rev. D. J. Griffen, pastor of St. Mary's Church, who delivered a beautiful sermon on the occasion, and paid high tribute to his character. Mr. Conner leaves to mourn his loss, his wife, Mrs. Alice LaRochelle-Conner, his mother, Mrs. Leona Stapleton, and two half-sisters, Mrs. H. B. Hershey of Decatur, and Miss Sarah Stapleton, Assumption. Interment was made in Greenwood Cemetery. The prayerful sympathy of the Faculty and Alumni of St. Viator College is extended to the sorrowing wife and relatives, and they sincerely pray that their loved one may serenely rest in peace.

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It is with mingled feelings of sorrow and regret **Martin** that we chronicle the death of Mr. Martin Mroz, the **Mroz** beloved father of Brother Mroz of the College. His death took place at the family home in Chicago, April 3. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Wincelaud Church and the remains were laid at rest in the family plot in St. Adelbert's Cemetery. The following members of the Clerics of St. Viator attended the services in a body: Fathers Rivard, Lennertz, Farrell, La Plante; Brothers Marino, Cardinal, O'Connor, Landroche, Galvin, Fitzpatrick and McEachen. A Requiem Mass was sung at the College and communion was offered up by the student body. We extend our prayerful sympathy to the bereaved wife and sons. May he rest in peace.

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On March 24 The Rev. Joseph A. Bollmann **Rev. Joseph** was called to the reward of his priestly labors. **A. Bollmann** Father Bollmann was an old student of St. Viator and was ordained by Bishop Spalding of Peoria, June 17, 1880. He was appointed pastor of St. Francis Xavier Church, La Grange, Ill., October 9, 1903, where he remained until his death. His memory will be long cherished by his spiritual children, among whom he zealously labored for almost twenty years. More than one hundred priests attended the Requiem Mass and accompanied the remains to Mt. Carmel Cemetery, where his body was interred. May our beloved alumnus soon enjoy the rewards of his faithful service. R. I. P.

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It is with deep regret that we record the death **Joseph** of Joseph Murphy, founder of the Viatorian. Mr. **Murphy** Murphy was born in Toledo, Ohio, and at an early age attended St. Michael's College, Sandwich, Canada. After completing his studies there he came to St. Viator College, where for a number of years he was engaged as Professor of the Commercial courses. The sympathy of the Viatorians



is extended to the wife and daughter, who mourn the loss of a beloved husband and loving father. R. I. P.

The news of the death of Timothy Driscoll at Rochester, Minn., has been received at the college department. Mr. Driscoll was the father of John Driscoll, '05-'08, and his death followed a serious operation. The funeral services were held at St. Patrick's Church, Butte, Mont., his sons acting as pallbearers. His body was laid to rest in Holy Cross Cemetery. The college extends its sympathies to his wife, sons and devoted friends.

John E. Sweeney, uncle of Edmund A. Sweeney at the college, a resident of Bloomington, Ill., died at his home of a severe heart attack, April 10, 1922. A Requiem High Mass was sung by Father Shea at the Holy Trinity Church and interment made in Holy Trinity Cemetery. The Viatorian extends its sincere condolence to those who mourn his departure. R. I. P.

## Our Book Shelf

"Bunny's House." A novel by E. M. Walker. 8vo, cloth, net, \$2.00. Postage 15 cents.

As charming as the smiling countryside which forms the setting for its principal action is this captivating story of a Cockney youth, born and bred amid the narrow streets of fog-wrapped London, to whom the delicious freedom and expansion of material horizon afforded by a sojourn at "Bunny's House" in Cornwall, is but the beginning and type of a spiritual growth which was to more profoundly alter the course of his life.

It is a tale intensely real, with character delineations warmly human, and there is throughout an air of sweetness as fresh and free as the breezes from the snowy cherry orchards about the picturesque old house from which the book takes its title.

Published by Benziger Brothers, 36-38 Barclay St., New York.

"Mostly Mary." A novel by Clementia Matre & Co., Chicago. Net \$1.00.

So successful has been the former works of Clementia that she has decided to put out a new series that will, we are sure, be of interest to her many admirers. Clementia has done for girls what Father Finn has done for boys and we are sure that her series of juvenile works will be even more popular than those of Louisa M.



Alcott, who was made famous by her Little Men and Little Women series. Necessarily a beautiful Catholic sentiment pervades her works, and certainly her works will do much to mold the minds of the young.

"Work, Wealth and Wages." Written by Joseph Husselen, S. J., Ph. D., Matre & Co., Chicago, net \$1.35.

A new book on economic conditions, from the able pen of the Rev. J. Husselen, S. J., dealing with the Christian principles underlying the social questions of the day. Father Husselen is an authority on sociological questions, and as an expert on social problems his new work will be hailed as a treasure by those who are entangled in the meshes of present reconstruction problems. Work, Wealth and Wages is a forcible exposition of facts concerning the burning questions of wages, labor unions, strikes, class struggles, and the all important questions of the union wage earner. In brief it sets forth the Catholic of these all absorbing questions.

## Athletics

### ST. VIATOR 10—A. C. P. E. 1

Tuesday, April 18th, Coach Kelly's tribe opened the season in becoming manner by defeating American College of Physical Education 10-1, on Bergin Field. "Winnie" started the fireworks with a single in the second. Lyons grounded out, McCarthy tripled and Healey doubled, scoring when Kelly dropped "Red" MacLain's long fly to left. The gang added seven more in the next four frames, but went out in order the last two innings. The Chicago nine scored their lone tally in the second, when "Buzz" Sweeney walked Kelly and Ellison and Steger and Sicard hit long flies to the outfield. "Buzz" was in fine form and allowed but one blow the five innings he worked, a single in the fifth. Only three men reached first base while he was on the mound. Both Farrell and Donnelly, who pitched two innings each after "Buzz" retired, had plenty for the American nine, allowing one hit each. Although the score indicates an easy victory, the gang worked the whole way, running the bases cleverly and taking advantage of every misplay. Stegger, who worked for the Chicago team, had plenty of stuff and allowed but eight hits. On the whole the team showed up well for the first game, fielding in nearly perfect fashion, one boot marring the score sheet. A neat double play, MacLain to Lyons with two men on in the eighth, featured the fielding, while Captain Clancy led with the hickory, poling three hits out of four trips to the plate, two doubles and a triple.

Score:



St. Viator—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
MacLain, ss.....	5	1	1	0	3	2
Donovan, cf.....	4	2	0	0	0	0
Clancy, 1b.....	4	1	3	1	0	12
Standaert, c.....	3	1	0	0	2	8
Winterhalter, 3b.....	3	1	1	0	3	1
Lyons, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	3	2
McCarthy, rf.....	3	1	1	0	0	1
Farrell, E., rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Healey, lf.....	2	2	1	0	0	0
Dundon, lf.....	1	0	0	0	0	1
Sweeney, p.....	2	0	0	0	3	0
Farrell, p.....	1	1	1	0	0	0
Donnelly, p.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals .....	34	10	8	1	14	27

A. C. P. E.—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
Sicard, 2b.....	2	0	0	2	3	3
Shopmaker, 1b.....	4	0	0	0	1	10
Rollins, cf.....	4	0	0	0	0	2
McAllister, ss.....	4	0	0	0	1	1
Matthews, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Johnson, rf.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Kelly, lf.....	1	1	1	1	1	2
Ellison, c.....	3	0	0	2	1	5
Stegger, p.....	3	0	1	1	6	1
Totals .....	29	1	3	6	14	24

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
St. Viator.....	0	3	2	2	1	2	0	0	x	10	8	1
A. C. P. E.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	6

Two-base Hits—Farrell, Healey, Clancy 2. Three-base Hits—McCarthy, Clancy. Bases on Balls—Off Sweeney, 2; off Donnelly, 2; off Stegger, 2. Struck Out—By Sweeney, 5; by Donnelly, 2; by Stegger, 4. Double Play—MacLain to Lyons. Stolen Bases—MacLain, Donovan, 3; Winterhalter, Healey, Standaert. Left on Bases, Viator, 3. A. C. P. E., 5. Umpire, Powers (Kankakee).

## ST. VIATOR 14—VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY 2

Saturday, April 22nd, Captain Clancy's nine journeyed to Valparaiso where they administered a severe drubbing to the much touted Hoosier outfit, walking off with a 14-2 count. Valparaiso scored their only runs in the first inning. Norton, lead-off man, walked, went to second on a wild pitch, scoring on Riddle's double. Riddle went to third on an infield out and scored when "Buzz" muffed Conley's hot grounder. After the initial inning Valpo was entirely outclassed, only four more men reaching the half-way mark. "Buzz" was master at all stages of the game, except in the eighth when McKinn hit a homer and was called out for failure to touch 2nd. The fourth inning proved to be Adams' downfall, when fifteen Viator men faced the hurling ace, ten of whom crossed the rubber. Clancy started the disastrous fourth with a four base clout to right field. Adams weakened and allowed four more hits in this frame, which coupled with three errors put the game on ice for our sluggers. The gang added another off Adams in the 6th on an error and two

hits and Martin took up the mound duty in the 7th. He pitched good ball until the ninth when the boys got to him for two singles and two doubles, boosting three more runs across. Sweeney pitched a great game against the Indiana nine and after the first inning never extended himself, holding Valpo to 7 scattered hits. "Buzz" also was there on the offensive, sending three runs across with a couple doubles. His only jinx was Valpo's diminutive lead-off man, whom he walked four times. Lyons and MacLain led the hitting attack with three blows each, two of "Red's" going for doubles, while "Winnie's" one-hand stab of Anderson's hot liner in the third featured the fielding. "Winnie" had a good day on the hot corner, handling eight chances without a bobble. "Dizz" also had plenty to do, taking care of 16 putouts in his usual classy manner.

Score:

St. Viator—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
MacLain, ss.....	6	1	3	1	2	2
Donovan, lf.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Healey, lf.....	2	1	1	0	1	0
Clancy, 1b.....	6	2	2	0	0	16
Connor, cf.....	6	2	0	0	0	1
Standaert, c.....	4	2	1	0	0	4
Winterhalter, 3b.....	5	1	1	0	5	3
Lyons, 2b.....	4	2	3	0	5	1
McCarthy, rf.....	5	1	1	0	0	0
Sweeney, p.....	5	1	2	1	5	0
Totals .....	46	14	14	2	18	27

Valparaiso—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
Norton, rf.....	0	1	0	0	0	2
Bailey, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Riddle, ss.....	5	1	2	1	5	1
Johnson, 3b.....	5	0	0	1	3	2
Anderson, c.....	2	0	0	0	2	6
Conley, 1b.....	4	0	2	0	0	12
Vickers, lf.....	4	0	1	1	0	1
Robinson, cf.....	4	0	0	0	0	1
McKinn, 2b.....	4	0	1	2	2	2
Adams, p.....	3	0	1	1	4	0
Martin, p.....	1	0	0	0	1	0
Totals .....	33	2	7	6	17	27

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
St. Viator .....	0	0	0	10	0	1	0	0	3	14	14	2
Valparaiso .....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	7	6

Two-base Hits—Riddle, MacLain 2, Clancy, Sweeney 2. Home Run—Clancy. Bases on Balls—Sweeney, 6; Adams, 1; Martin, 1. Hits—Off Adams, 9, in 6. Off Martin, 5 in 3. Struck Out—By Sweeney, 5; by Adams, 4; by Martin, 1. Stolen Bases—MacLain, Standard, Winterhalter. Left on Bases—Viator, 8; Valparaiso, 9. Umpire, Cusack (Chicago).

### ST. VIATOR 3—VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY 1

The return game with Valpo was not so easy as the first, but when the smoke had cleared away the gang emerged with a 3-1 victory. "Buzz" was a little off on control, walking six, something



extraordinary for him. The weather man merits a full share of the blame, however, as the mercury was about 20 points too low for a good baseball game. Viator scored in the second when "Coot" Lyons parked a homer in his favorite spot near the right field foul line. The gang threatened again the following inning, but brainy pitching by Smith pulled him out of a bad hole. Sweeney led off with a single, MacLain was given life on Marshall's error. Healey grounded out and Smith walked Clancy, filling the bags. The Indian struck out Connor and Standaert grounded out to short. The Valpo hurler pitched an excellent game of ball the four innings he worked, allowing but three hits and proving himself a clever man in the pinches. He was relieved by Adams in the 5th with the score one all, and the gang ate up everything the Valpo ace had for a few minutes. Healey started with a triple to right center, a terrific clout. "Dizz" doubled and scored on "Dick's" single to left. Valpo scored their lone tally in the 4th when Anderson and Smith hit doubles. Valpo threatened again in the 7th when with one out "Buzz" walked Adams and Norton, but Pat was too much of a riddle for Riddle and struck out both he and Marshall. "Buzz" was the hitter of the day with two hits out of three trips to the plate, while "Winnie" had a good day at the far corner, handling four hard chances without a bobble. The game was called at the seventh because of the cold.

St. Viator—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
MacLain, ss.....	4	0	0	1	2	1
Healey, lf.....	4	1	1	0	0	0
Clancy, 1b.....	2	1	1	0	0	11
Connor, cf.....	3	0	0	0	0	2
Standaert, c.....	3	0	1	0	2	4
Winterhalter, 3b.....	2	0	0	0	4	0
Lyons, 2b.....	3	1	1	0	2	1
McCarthy, rf.....	3	0	1	0	0	1
Sweeney, p.....	3	0	2	0	2	1

Totals .....	27	3	7	1	12	21
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Valparaiso—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
Marshall, rf.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Riddle, ss.....	4	0	1	0	1	0
Conley, 1b.....	3	0	0	1	0	8
Anderson, c.....	3	1	1	0	0	8
Smith, lf. and p.....	2	0	1	0	2	0
Robinson, cf.....	2	0	0	1	0	1
Johnson, E., 3b.....	3	0	0	0	1	1
Vickers, lf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Johnson, C., 2b.....	1	0	0	0	2	0
Adams, p.....	0	0	0	0	1	0
Norton, 2b.....	0	0	0	0	0	0

Totals .....	22	1	3	3	7	18
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	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
St. Viator .....	0	1	0	0	2	0	x	3	7	1
Valparaiso .....	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	3	3

Two-base Hits—Anderson, Smith, Clancy. Three-base Hits—Healey. Home Run—Lyons. Bases on Balls—Off Sweeney, 6; off Smith, 1; off Adams, 1. Struck Out—By Sweeney, 4; by Adams, 3; by Smith, 5. Stolen Bases—MacLain, McCarthy. Sacrifice Hit—Johnson, C. Left on Bases—Viator, 7; Valparaiso, 9. Umpire, Cusack (Chicago).

ST. VIATOR 12—MILLIKIN 3

In the first Conference game of the season Captain Clancy's crew handed Milliken University a 12-3 drubbing, in a loose game on Bergin Field April 29th. The gang got away to a good start when "Red" hit a triple in the first inning, scoring on Clancy's double. Two more were added in the second, five in the third, one in the fourth and three in the fifth. Millikin counted one in the second, when South and Sollars singled, South scoring when Sollars' drive went through Connor in center. Farrell pitched fine ball the four innings he worked. "Pat" allowed but two hits and except for the second was never in danger. "Mick" Donnelly, who relieved him in the fifth, was equally effective, allowing but two bingles in his three innings. Two runs were garnered by Millikin, however, in "Mick's" first inning, when Pfeffer singled and Barnhill got in the way of a fast one. Pfeffer scored when Lyons missed Gaines' grounder and Barnhill counted on "Dick's" had throw to third. The gang hit Barnhill hard the five innings he was on the mound, collecting a total of seven hits and 12 runs. Barnhill was given poor support and the Viator hitters took advantage of Millikin's poor baseball in the third and fifth. After being hit in the arm by Donnelly in the fifth. Barnhill gave way to Pfeffer who finished the game. Captain Clancy and MacLain led the hitting with two each, one of "Dizz's" a double and one of "Red's" a triple. South was the best Millikin hitter, with two of their four hits. Coach Johnson, of Millikin, was quite content to call the game in the 7th and put an end to the slaughter. Score:

St. Viator—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
MacLain, ss.....	4	2	2	1	1	0
Healey, lf.....	4	1	0	0	0	1
Clancy, 1b.....	4	1	2	0	0	8
Connor, cf.....	3	2	1	1	0	1
Standaert, c.....	1	0	0	1	2	9
Winterhalter, 3b.....	3	1	0	0	1	1
Lyons, 2b.....	3	2	1	1	1	0
McCarthy, rf.....	2	1	0	0	1	1
Farrell, p.....	2	2	1	0	1	0
Donnelly, p.....	2	0	0	0	4	0
Totals .....	28	12	7	4	11	21
Millikin—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
Gaines, cf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Brown, 2b.....	3	0	0	0	1	1
Ping, c.....	3	0	0	1	3	6
South, lf.....	3	1	2	1	0	0
Sollars, rf.....	3	0	1	1	0	1
Pfeffer, p. and ss.....	2	1	1	1	3	1
Pearce, 1b.....	3	0	0	0	0	6
Schroll, 2b. and 3b.....	3	0	0	1	0	2
Barnhill, p.....	1	1	0	0	3	0
Hiser, 3b.....	1	0	0	2	0	1
Totals. ....	26	3	4	7	10	18



	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
St. Viator .....	1	2	5	1	3	0	x	12	7	4
Millikin .....	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	3	4	7

Two-base Hit—Clancy. Three-base Hit—MacLain. Bases on Balls—Off Farrell, 1; off Donnelly, 2; off Barnhill, 4; off Pfeiffer, 3. Struck Out—By Farrell, 6; by Donnelly, 3; by Barnhill, 5; by Pfeiffer, 2. Double Plays—MacLain to Lyons to Clancy. Stolen Bases—MacLain, 3; Healey. Left on Bases—Viator, 5; Millikin, 5. Hit by Pitcher—Lyons, Barnhill, McCarthy. Umpire, Cusack (Chicago).

## ST. VIATOR 4—BRADLEY POLY 1

Wednesday, May 3rd, Bradley Tech of Peoria were handed the small end of a 4-1 score, in a game featured by Sweeney's wonderful work on the mound. "Buzz" went the entire route and kept the three hits scattered, striking out ten of the Peoria batters. Bradley gave us one of the best battles so far this year. Tyler, a left hander, was very effective, the gang getting but six hits off his delivery. Viator started in the second when Standard got on through McMahon's error, stole second and scored on Jonas' throw to second. Two more were added in the 5th. "Red" Donovan, our speedy sacrifice man, beat out a perfect bunt and "Dizz" connected for a homer to right center. Lyons added the final tally in the 6th when he walked, stole second and scored on Sweeney's single. Bradley got their lone run in the 3rd, when Tyler was given life on Lyons' error and scored on McMahon's triple. The game was close all the way and full of thrills. "Winnie" and "Red" Donovan captured the laurels. "Red" brought the stands to their feet in the fourth, when with two out and Manley on first he cut off a sure homer in deep right by a sensational running catch of Correll's long drive. "Winnie" was also given a hand in the eighth when he fielded Ettinger's hard bounce at the hot corner, nailing his man by a perfect peg. "Buzz" was hit on the head by a pitched ball in our half of the eighth, but when revived went back and retired Bradley in fast order in the ninth.

Score:

St. Viator—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
MacLain, ss.....	3	0	0	1	2	0
Donovan, rf.....	3	1	2	0	0	1
Clancy, lb.....	4	1	1	0	0	8
Connor, cf.....	3	0	0	0	0	2
Standaert, c.....	4	1	1	0	2	10
Winterhalter, 3b.....	4	0	1	0	1	2
Lyons, 2b.....	2	1	0	1	3	2
Healey, lf.....	2	0	0	0	0	2
Sweeney, p.....	3	0	1	0	2	0
Totals .....	28	4	6	2	10	27

Bradley—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
McMahon, ss.....	3	0	1	1	2	2
Ettinger, 3b.....	4	0	0	1	3	1
Allen, lf.....	4	4	4	1	3	1
Ireland, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0	1
Jonas, c.....	4	0	1	0	1	3
Manley, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	0	3
Correll, cf.....	3	0	0	0	0	3
Schmidt, 1b.....	4	0	1	0	2	9
Tyler, p.....	2	1	0	0	2	0
Totals .....	32	1	3	2	10	24

Three-base Hit—McMahon. Home Run—Clancy. Base on Balls—Off Sweeney, 3; off Tyler, 5. Struck Out—By Sweeney, 10; by Tyler, 3. Stolen Bases—Standaert 2, Winterhalter, Lyons, Healey. Sacrifice Hit—Donovan. Left on Bases—Viator, 9; Bradley, 7. Hit by Pitcher—Sweeney, MacLain, Healey. Umpire—Cusack (Chicago).

### ST. VIATOR 9—COLUMBIA 8

Saturday, May 6th, Columbia fell before Captain Clancy's nine in an eleven inning battle. Donnelly started the game for Viator and although hit hard, pitched good ball, half of Columbia's runs crossing as the result of errors and poor baseball. Columbia started by counting two in the initial frame on two hits and an error. Donnelly settled down and pitched good ball, allowing no more runs until the sixth, when the Hawkeye Champs put across four more. Noonan started off with a hit which fell between Healey and MacLain, and which should have been the second out. This was our worst inning, the entire team not playing their usual brand of ball. The next man up hit between Connor and Healey. Lyons missed McCauley's grounder and Sutton tripled, scoring on Donnelly's error. With the score six nothing Connor left off with a walk, Long booted Standaert's grounder and Lyons was hit by Choquette. Donnelly came through with a hit scoring our third run, but was caught at third for the final out. The gang began to get their hitting togs on and scored four more in the seventh. "Red" Donovan walked, scoring on Clancy's double. Connor was hit by Choquette, and McCauley was sent to the mound to stop the onslaught. Winterhalter doubled and Healey tripled before the side was out. Columbia tied the count at seven all in their half when Murray hit, went to second on an infield out and scored on Lyon's error of McCauley's roller. "Red" started off the eighth with a clean hit, went to second on an infield out and scored on a passed ball. Columbia tied the count again when Long tripled and scored on Noonan's triple after two were out. "Buzz" came to the rescue and pitched one ball to Murray, who grounded out to Lyons. With the score eight all Standaert opened the eleventh with a smashing triple to left and Winterhalter came through with a single, and the game was over. "Dick" and "Winnie" were carried off the field amid the cheers of the crowd. "Buzz" pitched three and one-third innings without allowing a hit, only two men reaching first base, one on a walk and one hit by a pitched ball. Only twelve men faced him and these never threatened. Mick certainly had his share



of hard luck, and if given the proper support would have come through with an easy victory. "Babe" Healey featured the fielding with two beautiful catches in left, and also contributed a triple to the victory. "Red" MacLain and "Winnie" led the hitting with two each, one of "Red's" a double and "Winnie's" last one winning the game. Noonan and Murray were Columbia's best hitters, with three each. Score:

St. Viator—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
MacLain, ss.....	5	1	2	0	2	2
Donovan, rf.....	2	1	1	0	0	2
Clancy, 1b.....	6	1	1	0	0	11
Connor, cf.....	4	2	0	0	0	1
Standaert, c.....	6	2	1	0	1	13
Winterhalter, 3b.....	3	1	2	1	3	1
Lyons, 2b.....	3	1	0	3	3	1
Healey, lf.....	5	0	1	0	0	2
Donnelly, p.....	4	0	1	1	2	0
Sweeney, p.....	1	0	1	0	1	0
Totals .....	3	9	10	5	12	33
Columbia—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
Long, 3b.....	5	1	2	2	0	3
Choquette, cf. and p.....	5	1	0	0	1	1
Noonan, rf.....	6	2	3	0	1	1
Murray, c.....	6	1	3	0	2	6
McDonough, ss.....	5	1	0	1	2	1
McCauley, cf. and p.....	6	1	0	0	2	2
Sutton, 2b.....	4	1	2	1	2	3
Blake, lf.....	4	0	1	0	0	5
Bertsch, 1b.....	4	0	0	0	0	5
Totals .....	45	8	11	4	10	27*

\* None out when winning run was scored.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	R	H	E
St. Viator .....	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	1	0	0	1	9	10	5
Columbia .....	2	0	0	0	4	0	1	1	0	0	0	8	11	4

Two-base Hits—Donovan, Clancy, Winterhalter. Three-base Hits—Healey, Standaert, Sutton 2, Noonan 2. Bases on Balls—Off Donnelly, 1; off Sweeney, 1; off Choquette, 6; off McCauley 2. Struck Out—By Donnelly, 9; by Sweeney, 4; by Choquette, 3; by McCauley, 2. Stolen Bases—Winterhalter, 3; Donovan, Clancy, Connor. Sacrifice Hits—Donovan, Clancy, Long, Choquette. Left on Bases—Viator, 11; Columbia, 9. Umpire, Cusack (Chicago).

## ST. VIATOR 4—BRADLEY POLY 6

Monday, May 8th, Coach Kelly's nine lost their first game of the season to Bradley, at Peoria, 4-6. The game was a repetition of the one last year, when after drubbing Bradley 20-0 on the home lot, we lost to them the following week. Peoria is now universally admitted as our hoodoo. Bradley has a better team this year than last and really played good ball behind Tyler. The Peoria left-hander was hard to solve, allowing but eight hits, while the Bradley outfit hit Donnelly hard in the opening innings. Bradley counted two in the first inning on four hits, one of which hit Umpire Jones and could not be fielded. The Peoria lads added one more in the fifth

and three in the sixth. Sweeney relieved "Mick" in the sixth with one out and the bases full. Ettinger flied to Healey and Standaert missed Healey's throw to the plate, letting two runs across. Allen hit a single, counting the third. Our first two runs came in the fourth. Standaert doubled, "Winnie" drew a walk and Connor and Lyons singled. We threatened again in the fifth when MacLain singled and Donovan walked, but Clancy and Standaert were easy outs. Another desperate rally, netting two runs, was made in the ninth. Jordan, batting for Healey, was hit by Tyler, MacLain doubled, Donovan singled scoring Jordan and "Red." "Dizz" flied to the initial corner for the third out. Only nine men faced "Buzz" in two and two-thirds innings and had the gang been able to hit their usual stride with the willow, the game would have been easy. MacLain and Connor led the hitting, with two blows each, while Healey fielded in excellent manner, with three putouts, one assist and a perfect throw to home which should have stopped Bradley's rally in the sixth, had not old man jinx perched himself on our bench for the afternoon. Allen and McMahon, with three hits each, led the hitting for Bradley while Jonas' spectacular catch of Lyons' foul featured the fielding.

Score:

St. Viator—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO						
MacLain, ss.....	4	1	2	2	3	0						
Donovan, rf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0						
McCarthy, rf.....	1	0	1	0	0	0						
Clancy, 1b.....	5	0	0	0	0	12						
Standaert, c.....	4	1	1	1	2	6						
Winterhalter, 3b.....	3	1	1	0	2	1						
Connor, cf.....	4	0	2	0	0	1						
Lvons, 2b.....	3	0	1	1	3	1						
Healey, lf.....	2	0	0	0	1	3						
Jordan, lf.....	0	1	0	0	0	0						
Donnelly, p.....	2	0	0	0	3	0						
Sweeney, p.....	2	0	0	0	2	0						
Totals .....	33	4	8	4	16	24						
Bradley—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO						
McMahon, ss.....	5	3	3	0	3	0						
Ettinger, 3b.....	2	0	1	1	3	1						
Allen, lf.....	4	1	3	0	0	2						
Ireland, rf.....	4	0	1	0	0	1						
Jonas, c.....	4	0	2	0	0	1						
Manley, 2b.....	4	0	0	0	2	3						
Correll, cf.....	4	1	1	0	0	2						
Schmidt, 1b.....	3	1	0	0	1	11						
Tyler, p.....	4	0	1	0	0	1						
Totals. ....	34	6	12	1	10	27						
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
St. Viator .....	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	4	8	4
Bradley .....	2	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	x	6	12	1

Two-base Hits—Tyler, MacLain, Standaert, Connor. Bases on Balls—Off Tyler, 5. Struck Out—By Donnelly, 2; Sweeney, 3; Tyler, 4. Stolen Bases—Connor. Sacrifice Hits—Ettinger, 2. Left on Bases—Viator, 7; Bradley, 6. Double Play—McMahon to Manley to Schmidt. Umpire, Jones (Peoria).



## ST. VIATOR 11—MILLIKIN 9

The following day at Decatur Millikin University gave the boys quite a scare in the early innings. Millikin earned their first tally after two were out in the first inning. Ping singled down third and South, Millikin's Babe Ruth, hit a triple to deep right. Farrell settled down and pitched a fine game until the fourth, when two walks, three hits and an error resulted in five more for J. M. U. The gang came back in their half of the inning and scored four. Farrell and MacLain singled, Donovan walked and Clancy cleaned the bases with a home run clout over the right field fence. Sweeney relieved Pat and started the fifth. South, first man up, hit Sweeney's first offering for a homer. Brown singled, Taylor walked and Pfeffer singled, Brown scoring when Dick missed Connor's throw. This was "Buzz's" only bad inning and Millikin was never dangerous until Mr. South came up again in the ninth. Sweeney had struck the home run king out in the sixth, but South hit another homer in the final inning. The clout was wasted as South was again first up. "Buzz" helped win his game in the eighth when he hit a homer after Connor was hit and Healey singled, tying the count. The gang came back in the ninth and counted two more runs, driving Pfeffer from the mound. Standaert got in the way of one of Pfeffer's slow ones, Winnie singled, Connor duplicated "Dick's" performance and "Babe" Healey came through with the timely blow, a double to right, driving in three runs. All Millikin could do in the ninth was to count one, on South's homer. Healey, Winterhalter and MacLain led the hitting for Viator with a single and double each, while "Bill" South was Millikin's only clouter, with two homers, a triple and a single.

Score:

St. Viator—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
MacLain, ss.....	5	1	2	0	2	1
Donovan, rf.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Clancy, 1b.....	5	1	1	0	0	11
Standaert, c.....	4	2	0	1	2	6
Winterhalter, 3b.....	4	1	2	1	2	2
Connor, cf.....	2	2	0	0	0	3
Lyons, 2b.....	4	0	1	0	1	3
Healey, lf.....	5	1	2	0	1	1
Farrell, p.....	2	1	1	0	2	0
Sweeney, p.....	3	1	1	0	2	0
Totals .....	37	11	11	2	12	27

Millikin—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
Pearce, 1b.....	5	0	1	1	0	11
Gaines, 1f.....	5	0	0	0	0	1
Ping, c.....	5	1	2	0	3	8
South, rf.....	5	3	4	0	0	0
Brown, ss.....	4	2	1	0	2	1
Sollars, p. and cf.....	4	1	1	0	0	1
Schroll, 3b.....	4	1	0	1	5	3
Taylor, 2b.....	2	1	1	0	3	2
Pfeffer, p. and cf.....	4	0	2	0	2	0
Totals .....	38	9	12	2	15	27

Two-base Hits—Winterhalter, MacLain, Lyons, Healey. Three-base Hit—South. Home Runs—South, 2; Sweeney, Clancy. Bases on Balls—Off Farrell, 3; off Sweeney, 1; off Pfeffer, 4. Struck Out—By Farrell, 4; by Sweeney, 2; by Pfeffer, 7. Stolen Bases—South, Ping. Sacrifice Hits—Taylor, Winterhalter. Left on Bases—Viator, 7; Millikin, 7. Umpire, Liston (Decatur).

### ST. VIATOR 11—EUREKA 1

Eureka College furnished the entertainment for the last game of the trip, falling before our sluggers 11-1, Wednesday, May 10th. The gang was slow getting started but hit hard, far and often when they did, and took advantage of several Eureka errors to pile up the count. Standaert led off in the fourth with a double, Winnie duplicated, Lyons and Farrell were saved by errors and MacLain drove them home with another double. They marked in every frame until the ninth, when Reid relieved Dennis. Only one hit was all the dusky Reid allowed, while Dennis had been touched for 13. Eureka's only run came in the eighth when L. Dennis doubled, scoring on C. Dennis' double, both hits going over Connor's head, who was playing in close. Farrell came into his own and allowed but seven hits, three of which were the worst scratches possible, and hit unintentionally. Pat struck out five and drove one of our runs across with a dandy single. Clancy was out in front with the willow, getting three singles and a double, MacLain and Winterhalter close seconds with two doubles and a single each. The entire outfit looked about one hundred percent better than any previous day of the trip, and fielded in their usual manner, not a boot marring the score sheet. "Red" Donovan duplicated his batting of the day before by beating out another perfect bunt.

Score:

St. Viator—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
MacLain, ss.....	6	1	3	0	3	1
Donovan, rf.....	5	1	1	0	0	1
Clancy, 1b.....	6	2	4	0	1	15
Standaert, c.....	5	1	1	0	0	0
Winterhalter, 3b.....	5	1	3	0	3	0
Connor, cf.....	4	1	1	0	0	2
Lyons, 2b.....	4	1	0	0	3	1
Healey, 1f.....	2	1	0	0	0	0
McCarthy, 1f.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Farrell, p.....	5	2	1	0	6	1
Totals .....	43	11	14	0	16	27



Eureka—	AB	R	H	E	A	PO
Driver, ss.....	4	0	0	2	2	1
Reid, p. and 2b.....	4	0	1	0	2	1
Dennis, L., cf.....	4	1	1	1	1	2
Whittler, c.....	4	0	1	0	2	3
Dennis, C., p.....	3	0	1	0	1	1
Kirby, lf.....	4	0	1	0	0	4
Corey, 1b.....	4	0	0	0	0	13
Johnson, rf.....	4	0	2	0	0	1
Caley, 3b.....	2	0	0	2	5	1
Baker, 3b.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals .....	34	1	7	5	13	27

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
St. Viator .....	0	0	0	4	1	2	1	3	0	11	14	0
Eureka .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	7	5

Two-base Hits—MacLain 2, Clancy, Standaert, Winterhalter 2, Dennis L., Dennis, C. Bases on Balls—Off Farrel, 3; off Dennis, 3; off Reid, 1. Balk—Reid. Struck Out—By Farrel, 5; Dennis, 3; Reid, 1. Stolen Bases—Donovan, Clancy 2, Winterhalter 2, Connor 2, Lyons, Healey, Johnson. Sacrifice Hit—McCarthy. Left on Bases—Viator, 9; Eureka, 9. Umpire, Knable (Peoria).

### ST. VIATOR 16—LOMBARD 8

Thursday, May 11th, Captain Clancy's nine took an easy game from Lombard in the fourth Conference game of the season. The gang scored two runs in the first inning on a walk, hit and a bad throw. From then on it was slam-bang batting inning after inning until in the seventh the boys batted clear around and counted six runs on as many hits. Swanson relieved Nester in this frame after he had been touched for two doubles and two singles, but two more doubles and a single were collected off him before the side was out. Two more triples were banged out by MacLain and Donovan in the eighth. Sweeney was effective nearly the entire game and had but two bad innings, the second and sixth. Three runs were made in the second on one hit after two were out, when MacLain missed Swanson's grounder. The entire team was off color, but considering it was the fourth game in as many days and the ride from the Eureka the night before, it was not expected Lombard be held without a tally. Sweeney had worked in both the Bradley and Millikin games, and was not himself except in the last part of the game. Only nine men faced "Buzz" in the last three frames. Every man on the team got at least one bingle. "Red" MacLain had a good day with his new bat, poling two triples, a single and a double. Winterhalter hit safely three times out of four trips to the plate. "Red" Donovan displayed his wares again, beating out another perfect bunt and smashing a triple. Healey also smashed out a long triple. Lyons fielded in flashy style, accepting seven chances without a bobble.

Score:

St. Viator—	AB	R	H	C	E
MacLain, ss.....	5	4	4	2	1
Donovan, rf.....	5	3	2	0	0
Clancy, 1b.....	6	1	1	11	0
Standaert, c.....	4	3	2	8	0
Winterhalter, 3b.....	4	0	3	2	0
Connor, cf.....	5	0	1	3	0
Lyons, 2b.....	4	2	1	7	0
Healey, lf.....	4	2	2	2	1
Sweeney, p.....	5	1	2	2	0
Totals .....	42	16	18	37	2
Lombard—	AB	R	H	C	E
Blake, cf.....	3	1	1	0	0
Meyers, 1b.....	5	0	1	9	0
Lamb, 3b.....	5	0	0	4	0
Flink, ss.....	4	1	1	6	0
Thompson, lf.....	4	1	1	0	1
Turner, 2b.....	3	2	2	3	0
Paine, c.....	2	0	0	7	0
Swanson, rf. and p.....	4	2	0	1	0
Nester, rf. and p.....	4	1	2	1	2
Totals .....	34	8	8	31	3

Two-base Hits—MacLain, Healey, Sweeney, Standaert, Connor, Turner. Three-base Hits—MacLain 2, Lyons, Clancy, Donovan, Healey. Struck Out—By Sweeney, 6; Nester, 5. Base on Balls—Off Sweeney, 3; Nester, 3; Swanson, 1. Left on Bases—Viator, 8; Lombard, 4. Stolen Bases—Nester, Donovan, Lyons. Sacrifice Hits—Paine 2, Donovan. Umpire, Cusack (Chicago).

## Do You Remember Way Back?

When Vic Leclair went up into the attic above the "poop" to look for a storm window and, accidently stepping on the lathing, fell through the ceiling into the room below, narrowly missing Ned Solon who was peacefully studying his philosophy in a rocker?

When Johnnie Senesac had the candy store?

When Billy Mailleux supposedly took Jack Cullerton into camp and made a boob out of him?

When Bennie Shiel pitched a no-hit game against Illinois University and still lost 2 to 0 by reason of the errors of his team-mates?

When Eddie Stack caught for the varsity, and learned for the first time that he had five thumbs?

When the weekly critic of the oratory class was rather severe on one of the speakers and was called by him "A doorty ironical pessimist"? "To be or not to be" was surely the question that night, as the critic narrowly escaped with his life?

When in the minims' old dormitory, placing a brick upon your bar of soap was the only way to prevent the rats from running away with it?



When after the fire, we tore down the old barn and found eleven skunks hiding under the floor? and how we sent Bergeron's little rat-terrier in after them and how—nuff said?

When Petrus, returning one afternoon from Joe La Montagnes, had his can of beer taken away from him by John Quirk?

When Captain of the Chicago Zouaves used to camp for a couple of weeks each summer with his squad, on the old football field? How also he used to judge all the military contests for the awarding of the swordsmanship medal?

When a team made up of six-footers went down to Peoria, determined to trim Spalding Institute in basketball, and returned with an 81 to 7 defeat against them? We learnt that size didn't count, didn't we fellows? Were you on that team?

When Jimmie Fitzgerald took his basket ball squad down to Decatur to play the much touted and undefeated Milliken University and supposedly state Champions, and licked them 23 to 21?

When we used to have our philosophy class in the sacristy of the village Church?

When Bill Keefe was told by a certain professor, "To take de door down to Fadder Bergin?"

When the students' present refectory was a store room for all things and everything?

When the students were organized by Father Ryan into shifts and excavated the basement of the new gymnasium?

When Jake Schaefer, the present world's billiard champion, played third base for the minims?

When the old juniors' handball alley was the rendez-vous for after dinner and after supper smokers?

When at the commencement of beads, a certain gentleman in trying to extricate his rosary from his trouser pocket, accidentally dropped a bottle of what is now known as "perscription medicine"?

When the old reading and spelling classes were held from five to six and most students were taking post-graduate courses in these subjects?

When on beautiful spring afternoons, we used to impose on the good nature and big heartedness of Father Marsile and force him to give us a "conge"?

When indoor baseball was the popular winter sport?

When Johnnie Monahan, Al Birren and Fred Anderson were the prima donnas of the college?

When Trinkhaus pitched for Armour Institute against us for almost ten years and was very effective till he became too old?

Do you remember what a whirlwind West of Knox used to be?

When occasionally some one or probably two students would once in a while find some one or probably two, beautiful specimens of a peculiar red insect crawling about their bed-springs or mattresses?

When we used to ask old Mr. Houde to repair something and he would always reply "I'll fix mistaire"?

When Jack Hickey, in a tussle with Louis O'Connor, fired a revolver at him, to the consternation and horror of Bill Schoenle, for whose goat-getting the act had been planned and staged?

When Bo Berry stood for a half hour behind a door in Eddie Stack's room with a hook prodding his neck, for fear of being caught by Father Bergin who, while passing Eddie's door, entered and was invited to sit down and explain some knotty question of philosophy?

When Father Kirley managed the baseball team and it rained every day on which a baseball game was scheduled?

When the minim Zouaves used to give fancy drills on all great feast days?

When on St. Cecilia's day, the members of the choir, band and orchestra used to be treated to an oyster supper?

When certain gentlemen hooked some of the neighbors' chickens and after enjoying a swell chicken fry and congratulating themselves on getting away with it, were the next day made to come across and pay for the confiscated birds?

When new students were asked to contribute to the new pipe organ and the funds collected were disposed of in the candy store?

Well, them were the days—weren't they? Huh!

## Viatoriana

Joe—I didn't hear you Prof.

Prof.—Well, if you'd close your mouth, perhaps you'd give your ears a chance.

Harry—Did you hear that Dubs has given up running a Road House, and taken to chicken farming?

Jack—No; I wonder if he has turned his Buffet into a Crow-bar?

Weary Wander—When I went to school my favorite branch was a hickory.

Weary Wayfarer—My specialty was "Roamin" History.

Mac—Why do they call Ed, "Snout"?

Jack—Because he's always nosing around.

Dad—Young man, this puppy love is all bosh.

Lad—Well, you needn't growl until you hear me whine.

Bill (at the Big Parade)—Why do they call those groups on wheels "Floats"?

"Lil"—Don't know, unless it's got something to do with the reign of the Carnival Queen.



## LAMENTATION

Woe, Woe is me,  
 He heaved a sigh,  
 For he worked for an "A"  
 And got an "I".

---

We understand that cheer-leader Maroney believes in the 18th amendment; yet he informs us that it doesn't hinder him from drinking a lot of "root beer."

---

## RHYMING RIDDLE

And still her wide-eyed wonder grew  
 How he could hold so much home brew,  
 And then she whispered that she knew  
 Why a college boy is called a "stu".

---

Joe Ambrosius is out trying to get charter members of a new organization, "The Kussalot Club." Since April 25th his vehement arguments favoring the existence of such a society are held in doors for several reasons!

---

Perhaps you too have met him for he is found at every school—the College pest:

The fellow who likes to borrow your silk shirt, collar and tie to keep a date down town—and doesn't even thank you.

The guy that goes out to see a ball game—and then presumes that he has to entertain the spectators with his "wise" (?) cracks.

The fellow who is everlastingly mooching smokes, and has enough nerve to request you to furnish the light.

The fellow who always knows the why and wherefore of everything and thinks nothing will be successful unless he puts in his suggestion.

The fellow who you purposely lock out of your room, and who continually knocks for admittance, not having enough sense to realize he is a "persona non grata."

The Smart Alek, who always tries to show off in company, on the street cars, in the city and makes us feel ashamed that we come from the same school that he does.

And worst of all, the cheap skate who comes to the dance without a partner, and tries to dance with your best girl, more times than is proper.

The simpleton who acts like a country gawk, when visitors are around and stares as if they were some sort of a new species of animal.

The guys who room over you, and think that they are the only ones in the world, forgetful of the many who are in hearing distance.

Harry—Is Father Maguire back?

Harri—Yes, Back East again.

Professor—If you're a man you'll stand up, and if you stand up, Ill knock you down!

Curriuan—Gee, I don't wanna be a man.

Prof.—What was the outlook of the negro race, immediately after the Civil War?

Hyland—Well, I think it was rather black.

You needn't think you're funny just because you smoke Clown Cigarettes.

Prof.—Now, if water is composed of two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen, why does it not burn?

Eggs—Because it's wet!

We would like to know (if any one will volunteer the information) why Red Mac Lain continually speaks of Chicago Avenue as "Court" Street. Mae-be you know.

Professor (Studying the features of the Sophomore class)—All I can say in your favor is that you might have taken a beauty prize at a baby show, "But them days is gone forever."

John (observing Murph trying to light a cigarette)—Sav. Buddy, can't you keep a match lit, aren't you Irish today?

Murph—Well, you see, I'm only Irish on the Leewardside.

If a vamp is called a "flapper",  
And her dad is dubbed a "dapper",  
If her brother is a "flipper",  
Would you call her ma a "dipper"?

Can you imagine:

Ramon Uy and Enrique Suera arguing about the four power pact?

A school where they have conge every other day?

A Freshman who didn't think that he knew just about everything about a college?

Having a sleep over every morning?

A sophomore who isn't sophisticated?

A junior who thought he wasn't entitled to a whole lot of privileges?

A Senior who was just ordinary?

Can you? Well, we can't, that faculty is not developed enough in us!

Our idea of the height of impossibility is trying to take Father William's picture with a pocket camera.

1st Prof.—We had a roaring good time in recitation this morning.



2nd Prof.—Were all the animals feeling happy?

1st Prof.—No, only Lyons.

---

John—Say, what are you looking so cut up about?

Tom—Oh, nothing, only someone just now wrecked the train of my thought.

---

We wonder if Joe Rink uses Mascaire on his eye-lashes?

---

### FRESHMEN FROLIC

To class, a student one deigh,  
Brought a pony that gave him aweigh.  
He was getting by big,  
But up went the jig,

When the steed for his heigh gave a neigh.

Prof. A.—Don't you ever exercise with dumb-bells?

Prof. B.—Not outside of my own classes.

---

T. J.—Say, you looked pretty rotten playing at 1st.

Mac—That was at first; you should have seen me later.

---

### CLANCY AT THE BRIDGE

A Drama in One Act.

(With Apologies.)

Scene. A river bridge in the heavy traffic district of Chicago. A custodian of law and order walking his beat in the anticipation of stirring events. The sun's rays beating down with the heat of a hot summer's day at 4:00 P. M.

Characters: Pat Clancy, Chicago Policeman. Flivver driver with Ford. Pierce-Arrow chauffeur with car.

As the curtain rises a shrill steamboat whistle is heard and the signal for opening the bridge is given. Pat Clancy comes to attention, firmly grasps the chain which he draws across the opening of the bridge. A Pierce-Arrow rolls to a halt a few feet from the officer. A careening flivver twists its way through the traffic and sinks its anchor in the back of the Pierce-Arrow. The sound of the crash smotes Pat's ears like a French 75. Considering that his authority is being assaulted, Pat straightens himself and manfully struts towards the flivver.

Pat: "And who do you think you are? The president of the United Stets or the high Monkamonk of the toun? Yuh, with your d—— boonch of jounk runnin' round the straits of the Cety and tryin' to murder good and Peaceful citizens. It's the likes of ye should be behine the bars and not gallivantin' with such an infernal contraption."

Flivver Driver: "Well I—well I was—"

Pat: "Shut yourr trap. I'll hev non' of your impidence. Wait now, I'll write you out a shlip, and you can tell yourr troubles to the jedge in the marnin'."

Flivver Driver: "I was just goin'—"

Pat: "Sut up; don't say anoother ward."

Pat, producing pad and pencil: "Now, gi' me yourr name."

Flivver Driver: "Well, let's—"

Pat: "Niver mind, all I want is yourr name."

Flivver Driver, timidly: "Clancy."

Pat: "Whot? whot did you say? Aw, Clancy, uhuh! Clancy uh? And how do you spill yourr name?"

Flivver Driver, taking courage: "C-L-A-N-C-Y."

Pat, forgetting pad: "C-L-A-N-C-Y? And whot part of Ir'land did you come from, Mr. Clancy?"

Flivver Driver, registering relief: "I wasn't born in Ireland, but my father came from County Carey."

Pat: "And whot was his name?"

Flivver Driver: "Michael."

Pat: "Ah, so you're Mike Clancy's son? Shure then, and Mike is a relation of me own. And hoos the old gent gettin' aloong?"

Flivver Driver: "Just fine."

Pat: "And whot are you doin'?"

Flivver Driver: "I'm just working on the drive for St. Viator's College."

Pat: "St. Viator's College? Are you from St. Viator's?"

Flivver Driver: "Sure, I've been there two years now."

Pat: "Do you happin to know Father O'Mahoney?"

Flivver Driver: "You bet I do, he's a fine man."

Pat: "Well, well, just think o' that. Him and Oi were cloose frinds back in the ould country. We went to school together at Fethard. St. Viator's must be a domn foine school if he's there. Ask him if he remimbers Pat Clancy, the fellow who used to fight for him at school. He'll remimber, just ask him."

Flivver Driver: "Sure, I'll ask him."

Pat: "Well, tell Mike I was askin' aboot him, and don't forgit me to Father O'Mahoney. I'll hev to be on me way now, 'cause the bridge will close in a coupla minutes."

Pat, to Pierce-Arrow Driver: "And do you think you own the whole strait; you, with yourr foine show wagon; tryin' to push all these other machines asoide. If I cetch you in sech a case again I'll put you where you'll never back into another Fard."

The bridge is set for traffic and Pat, after removing the chain, bids the traffic to proceed. As the Flivver goes by Pat, with the feeling of duty well done, sends a friendly salute after the driver, ruminating to himself: "Well, I domn near put me foot in it that time, and to think it was Mike Clancy's son, and him knowin' me old frind, Father O'Mahoney. God bless the boy."

"MAC."



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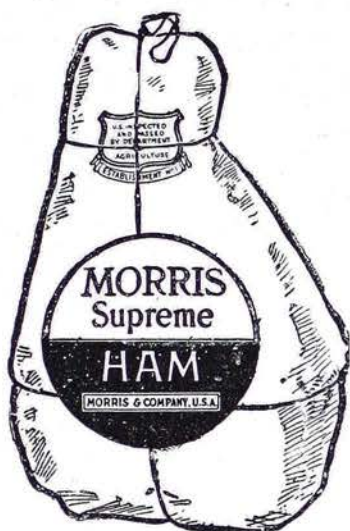
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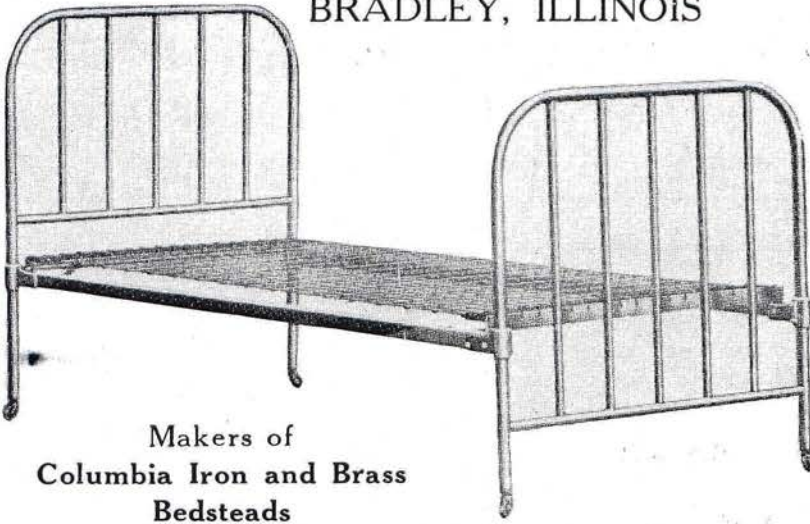
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