

# The Viatorian

---

Published by St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois

---

PUBLICATION OFFICE, BOURBONNAIS, ILL.

---

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief—J. GLENN POWERS, '21

Exchanges—R. LEO RUSSELL, '21      Book Reviews—RAYMOND J. FRANCIS, '21

Athletics—THOMAS CAVANAGH, '21      Viatoriana—EDWARD O'CONNOR, '24

Inter-Alia—J. HENRY NEWMAN, '21      Alumni—J. PATRICK LYNCH, '21

Business Manager—ANDREW A. BRACKEN, '23

---

*Subscription price One Dollar and a Half per year, payable in advance.  
Single copies forty cents.*

---

*All Business communications should be addressed to "Business Manager,"  
The Viatorian, Bourbonnais, Illinois.*

---

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
DEDICATION .....	1
PHOTO OF LORD MAYOR TERENCE MACSWINEY.....	2
POEM—SHAME, ALBION, SHAME.....	3
<i>Rev. J. A. Williams</i>	
SERMON—"He that will save his life shall lose it and he that will lose his life for my sake shall find it." Matt. VI. 25.....	4
<i>Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V.</i>	
IN MEMORIAM.....	8
<i>J. G. Powers</i>	
POEM—HIBERNIA LIKE THE CRUCIFIED.....	10
<i>A. B., '23</i>	
PHOTO—LORD MAYOR MACSWINEY'S FUNERAL.....	11
AMERICAN IDEALS AND NATIONAL HONOR.....	12
<i>Rev. W. J. Bergin, C.S.V.</i>	
POEM—THE ANSWER .....	20
A NATIONAL SOUL.....	21
<i>T. E. Shea</i>	
IRELAND'S HOPES.....	25
<i>T. J. Lynch</i>	
THE GAEL.....	31
<i>E. A. O'Connor</i>	
THE LAZARUS AND THE DIVES OF THE NATIONS.....	36
<i>T. S.</i>	
"AMERICA FIRST" .....	38
<i>J. G. Powers, '21</i>	
JOHN FRANCIS LYNCH MEMORIAL BURSE.....	44
<i>Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C.S.V.</i>	
EDITORIAL .....	49
EXCHANGES .....	52
ALUMNI .....	54
INTER ALIA.....	70
ATHLETICS .....	75
VIATORIANA .....	81

---

---

# IDEAL CANDY COMPANY



**Wholesale Confectionery**  
**Soft Drinks**  
**Fountain Supplies**



Office and Salesroom, 132 S. Dearborn  
Warehouse, 466 S. Dearborn  
KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

---

---

*When in Kankakee Call on Our Advertisers*



Private Exchange, All Departments

Tel. Superior 7970

# **B. A. RAILTON CO.**

## **Wholesale Grocers**

**373-405 W. Erie Street, Chicago, Ill.**

Natural and Sunny Brand Jellies, Preserves and Marmalades are manufactured at our own plant. They are made from choice ripe fruits and cane sugar, scientifically compounded and form a combination table necessity and delicacy, nowhere else to be found.

**Supplying Institutions, Sororities, and Fraternities**



**All Meats Used By  
St. Viator College**

are supplied by

**MORRIS & COMPANY**  
**Institutional Department**  
**CHICAGO**

**Kansas City, E. St. Louis, Oklahoma City, St. Joseph, Omaha**

*Our Advertisers Can Supply Your Needs*

Phone Central 2287

## DANIEL J. SULLIVAN

Sacramental Wines and Olive Oils

Coffee

Prices Quoted on Application

348 River St.

CHICAGO

## DISTILLED WATER ICE



THE FAMILY ICE  
ABSOLUTELY PURE



ROOT BEER  
NON-INTOXICATING BEVERAGE  
F. D. RADEKE BREWING CO.

Both Telephones 132

KANKAKEE

*One Good Boost Deserves Another*



TRADE AT

**Marcotte & Lamberts**

**GOOD SERVICE HARDWARE**

129 E. Court St. KANKAKEE

MAKE THE HOME OF THE

**American State and  
Savings Bank**

**Your Banking Home**

184 Court Street  
KANKAKEE, ILL.

CIGARS :: CANDY

**CARDOSI BROS.**

KANKAKEE, ILL.

ICE CREAM

FRUIT

**GELINO BROS.**

**THE BIG STORE**

Cor. Schuyler Avenue and Court

KANKAKEE, ILL.

**Standard Hardware Co.**

Both Phones 259

Use Our Hardware  
It Stands Hard Wear

**BLUE AND WHITE ENAMEL  
RANGES**

Expert Furnace Men

**RUDY FURNACES**

Groceries

Confectionery

**AMEDEE J. LAMARRE**

BOURBONNAIS, ILLINOIS

Cigars

Notions

Always Drink Pasteurized Milk. Our  
wagons pass your door every morning  
before you have breakfast.

**MILK—CREAM**

**Bulgarian Butter Milk**

**KANKAKEE  
PURE MILK CO.**

306 South Schuyler Ave.

Both Telephones 45 Drink Pure Milk

**CHAS. WERTZ CO.**

LUMBER, CEMENT, BRICK,  
LIME, SAND, SEWER PIPE,  
HARDWARE, PLASTER,  
GLASS, COAL

**BRADLEY**

F. E. LEGRIS, Pres.  
T. A. LEGRIS, Cashier

**Legris Brothers'  
Bank**

4% Paid on Time Deposits

159 S. Schuyler KANKAKEE

Prescriptions

Cigars

**The Jouberts Drug Shop**

In the Cobb Bldg.

**Lovell & Covell**

**CANDIES AND SODA**

*Be a Supporter of Our Advertisers*

FRANK J. BURNS  
President

ALBERT P. HAWLEY  
Vice-President

THOMAS J. SMITH  
Secretary

## JOHN E. BURNS LUMBER CO.

ALL KINDS OF BUILDERS'  
AND  
MANUFACTURERS'

### LUMBER

GOOD GRADES—QUICK SHIPMENTS

700 West Chicago Avenue  
CHICAGO  
Telephone Monroe 211

Phone  
Office, Main 337

Phone  
Home, Main 3073

## WILLIAM P. CANNON, M. D.

House Surgeon  
St. Viator College

Office Hours:  
2 to 4 P.M.  
7 to 8 P.M.

Kankakee, Ill.

WE SELL

CANDY, CIGARS

Call and See Us  
**ATHLETIC ASS'N STORE**  
Gymnasium  
St. Viator College

ICE CREAM, ATHLETIC SUPPLIES AND  
EVERYTHING

*Students: When Buying, Remember Our Advertisers*



SMART STYLES IN  
MEN'S CLOTHING  
AT  
**VANDERWATER'S**

Mrs. D. H. Kamman H. Handorf  
**D. H. KAMMAN & CO.**  
Manufacturers of  
High Life Ginger Ale and Grape  
and all kinds of Soft Drinks  
KANKAKEE, ILL.

Independent Telephone 472  
We Do Repairing  
**F. A. LOTTINVILLE**  
SHOE DEALER  
All New Ideas in Fashionable  
Footwear  
162 Court St. KANKAKEE

**SPEICHER BROS.**  
JEWELERS  
Class Rings and Pins a Specialty  
OPTICIANS  
127-132 Schuyler Avenue  
KANKAKEE

**D. M. NORRIS & SON**  
Dealers in  
Stoves, Ranges, Hardware and  
Paints—Galvanized and  
Tin Work  
Telephone Main 30  
Corner of Court and Schuyler

**GEORGE ARSENEAU**  
**BAKERY**  
BOURBONNAIS, ILLINOIS  
Specialties: Pies and Cakes

LET THEM LOOK YOU UP  
AND DOWN  
You can stand it—in fact, you can  
invite scrutiny when you wear the  
clothes that we recommend for you,  
Young Men  
**J. G. KNECHT CO.**  
"Kankakee's Greatest Clothiers"

**Sulphur Steam Baths**  
For Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nerv-  
ousness and Kidney Troubles  
BARRETT HOSPITAL  
Kankakee, Illinois

Telephone: Bell 237  
**C. RUHLE**  
Manufacturer of  
Lime, Wholesale and Retail  
Cement, Brick, Sewer Pipe,  
Sand, Etc.  
Office and Warehouse, 503 W. Ave.  
KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

Bell Telephone 407  
**Einbeck's Photo Studio**  
143 North Schuyler Avenue  
KANKAKEE, ILL.

*It Is a Matter of Justice and Principle to Support Our Advertisers*





### *Modern Motive Might*

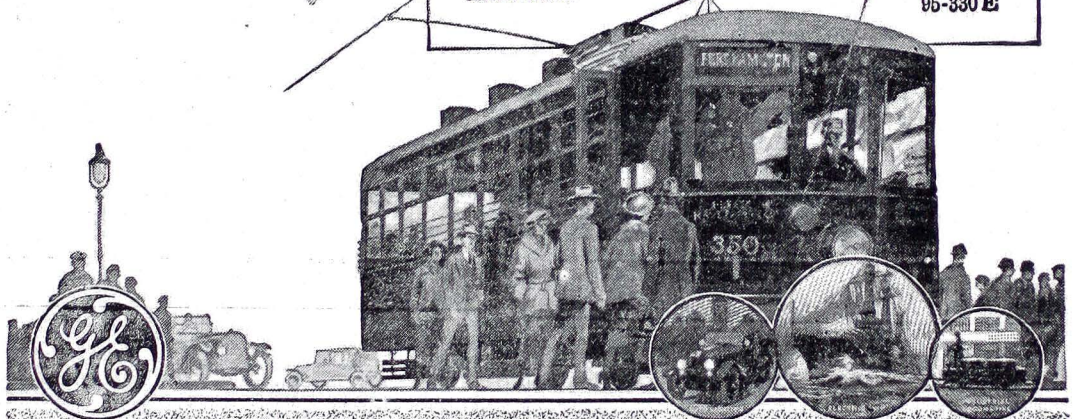
**M**OUNTAINS, miles and minutes give way before electricity, the magic motive power. Properly applied, it drives giant locomotives across the continental divide, tows ocean liners through the Panama Canal, or propels huge ships.

Through good light, safe signals, and illuminated highways, it is making travel better and safer and also is increasing the usefulness of transportation methods on land, sea or in the air.

In short, electricity is revolutionizing transportation, making it quicker, safer, more economical and reliable in all sorts of weather.

And back of this development in electric transportation, in generating and transmitting apparatus as well as motive mechanisms, are the co-ordinated scientific, engineering and manufacturing resources of the General Electric Company, working to the end that electricity may better serve mankind.

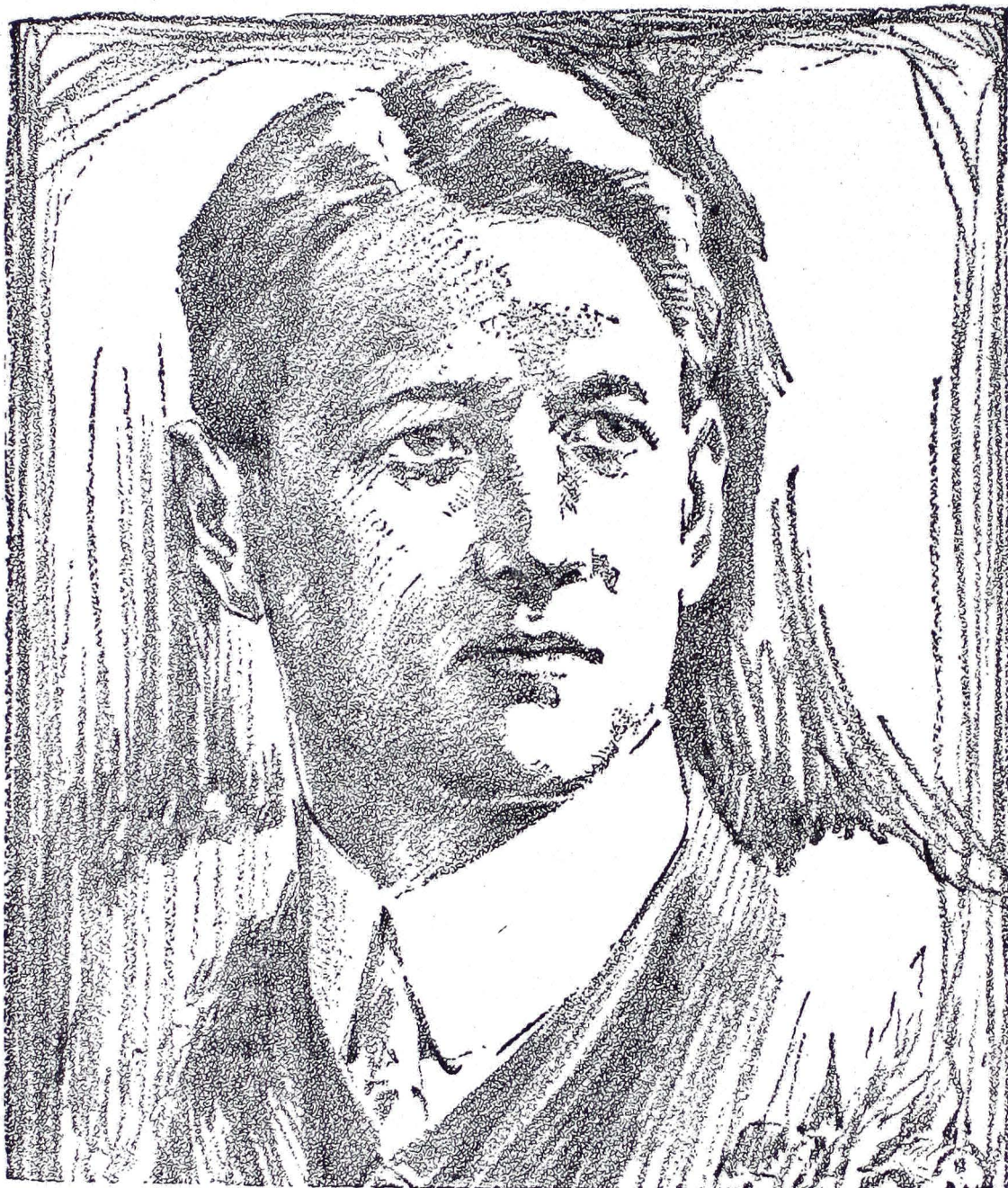
95-330 E



**GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY**



To  
Terence MacSwiney,  
Whose nobility of soul  
The glamour of imperialism  
Could not bribe  
Nor its power conquer,  
and  
Who, dying in bondage,  
Has taught  
Those living in freedom  
The true meaning of liberty,  
The Viatorian  
Is respectfully dedicated.



LORD MAYOR TERENCE MACSWINEY

*"Resistance to tyranny is  
Obedience to God."*



## SHAME, ALBION, SHAME

Shame, Albion! Forever shame!  
Thy demon-work is done—  
He sleeps, the patriot sleeps  
In death the victory won.  
His deed re-echoed is  
From pole to distant pole,  
The crowning triumph that is his  
Sustains sad Erin's soul!

Rest, Martyr! Rest in peace!  
Thy Christlike task is done,  
Sweet be thy blissful sleep,  
Thy sacrifice has won,  
Thy glory will not die;  
Enshrined for'er 'twill be  
Within the throbbing hearts of men,  
The temples of the Free!

Shame, Albion! Forever shame!  
Thy tears can ne'er efface  
The crimes, the woes, the wrongs  
Wreaked on a kindred race.  
Thy tyrant reign will cease  
For Freedom's sun is risen,  
Retribution will be thine,  
Thy sins have cried to Heaven.

Shame, Albion! and forever  
Thine be eternal shame!  
When thine forgot will be  
Will live his hallowed name.  
His sacrifice inspires,  
It makes the tyrant fear;  
O Albion, thou hast sold thy soul!  
Thy end is drawing near.

—J. A. W.

# The Viatorian

FAC ET SPERA

Volume 38

MACSWINEY NUMBER, 1920

Number 1

**"He that will save his life shall lose it and he that will lose his life for my sake shall find it."**

Matt. VI, 25.\*

The heart of humanity has been stirred to its depths by the heroic death of Terence MacSwiney. From a dark silent cell in Brixton prison his dying protest against injustice and oppression re-echoes around the world. We depart from the usual routine of college work to learn from his life and death a lesson whose import is of infinite value. The transcendent power of ideals entrances our souls and often, on the wings of imagination, we soar in poetic reverie to the sublime heights of absolute self-sacrifice, but it is only when these ideals are exemplified in flesh and blood that the motive power of our soul is set in action and we strive to embody in our own lives that nobility which alone makes life worth living. The purity of intention, the invincible determination, the saintly fortitude of Terence MacSwiney in suffering the indescribable torture of starvation rather than surrendering his country's cause presents to the world an example of heroism unsurpassed since the days of Calvary. Like the Christ he died that men might live and thus he merits the Master's commendation: "Greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friends."

His death is an exemplification to the supreme law of Christianity. That law is sacrifice. In obedience to its mandates the Son of God came into this world that He might give His life for the ransom of the human race. Calvary crystallizes this law for all time and from the pulpit of the Cross the God-man promulgates to the world sacrifice as the supreme law of life. There, with body bruised and bleeding, with hands and feet transfixed, with thorn-crowned head and countenance agonizing, he preaches to every generation that he who saves his life by withholding it from a holy cause will lose it and that he who loses his life for His sake shall find it. The dead wood of the cross vivified by the sacrificial blood of Christ became the tree of life and only those who eat of its fruit live eternally.

\*Sermon preached by Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., October 30.



When the lacerated body of Christ was lifted up twixt heaven and earth the Cross was set for the fall and resurrection of many in Israel and for a sign to be contradicted. While the Cross is resurrection and life to those who believe in Christ Jesus, it is death and destruction to those who reject Him. The worldly wise cannot understand the Cross because they have no vision for things eternal. To them it is a stumbling block, a rock of scandal, the foolishness of the Cross. Like the rabble that spewed their venom upon the sacred countenance, they pass before the Crucified, they wag their heads and call him fool.

We are to judge the true worth of men and nations by the standard of the Cross and not by the false standard of the world. The world does not understand the uncompromising attitude of Ireland in this generation, in the last generation and in every generation for the past seven hundred and fifty years of her undying struggle. It looks upon Ireland's crucifixion with the same bleary eyes that the rabble looked upon the Cross of Calvary and its murderous heart can but mutter "fool." Yet despite it all Ireland remains faithful to her ideals. She remains a glorious spectacle unto angels and unto men. "Nothing in her hands she brings, simply to the Cross she clings." Despoiled of everything, stripped of material property, robbed of her language, deprived of the laurels of literature and science, she hurls defiance in the face of tyrants and proclaims to the world that not in bread alone do men or nations live. Her undying faith alone makes her live. When the cruel oppressor would rob her of that faith, though her head was uncrowned for "the emerald gem of the western world was set in the brow of a stranger;" though her hands were manacled, her eye flashed forth the spirit of inborn freedom, for she had known the truth and the truth had made her free and her voice thundered forth the unanimous cry of the nation. "It behooves to obey God rather than man, the faith which Patrick implanted shall never leave my throbbing heart." This, the heroic, this the unanimous answer of the nation to Henry, to Elizabeth, to James I, to Cromwell, to all that strove to separate her from Christ Jesus and the actions of the nation belie not her words. Bear witness to what I say ye ivyed ruins that speak of Ireland's former greatness, ye mountain glens and ocean caves that sheltered our persecuted ancestors, bear witness to the number of hunted priests, the sogarths aroon of my native land, who found in your dark recesses the means of saving to their people a remnant of their priesthood to console, to encourage, to strengthen them for the terrible but glorious martyrdom which awaited them. When her land with desolation was made desolate, when her schools, monasteries and churches were leveled to the ground, when the abomination of desolation stood in her holy places, then did Ireland with that unconquerable heroism with which the religion of Christ alone can thrill the heart of a nation, cry out in bold defiance: "Who can separate me from the



love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress, or persecution or famine or the sword? I am sure that neither life nor death nor principalities nor powers nor things present nor things to come nor might nor any creature can separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus."

Ireland's unflinching devotion to truth and justice has nailed her to the Cross, but for her "to live is Christ and to die is gain." Is it any wonder that in every age a nation so noble should be the fecund mother of heroic sons? She holds out no worldly honors as inducements for her children's love. She presses the cross on their shoulders and the crown of thorns on their head and with a love which the world cannot understand, they pour out their hearts blood for her in return. In every generation her sons rejoice because they are counted worthy to suffer for her. In exile, in prison, on the scaffold, on the battle-field, they pour forth their heart's loyal devotion to their country's cause for it is the cause of humanity, the cause of free men. The world may well look on in admiration at a race of men who march down the ages in unbroken ranks paying the sacrificial homage of their life's blood to freedom's glorious cause. Undaunted they live and undaunted they die for the cross is to them the true measure of life. By betraying their cause they could save their lives, but their hearts ring so true to the spirit of Christ, that no mean dread of death condemns them to the life of paltrons. They mount the scaffold like Israel's watchers of the night and they proclaim that the night is far spent and the day is at hand, and the people down in the valley take up their song of triumph:

"Whether on the scaffold high,  
Or the battlefield we die,  
Oh! what matter, when  
For Erin dear we fall."

The stolid, sodden, stupid world does not understand such sacrifice. No! for it has today but the same eyes that centuries ago looked in leering mockery upon Him Who died upon the Cross to save mankind. Its mean contemptible heart can utter, no articulate sound but "fool." It follows the blind leadership of men who worship at the shrine of Caiphas, the high priest of expediency, who declared that it was expedient that one man dies for the people and they let Him die—nay, they did Him to death. Ireland today is abandoned by the world, alone in the Gethsemane of her agony, her friends asleep, her enemies alert, because it is not expedient to lift the hand that could save her. Oh! the shame of it to think that nations conceived in the throes of oppression, brought forth in the strife of war and established in freedom by the stout hearts of men, who swore that they would be free and were true to their oath; Oh! the shame of it that such nations have so far degenerated that in such an hour when "humanity with all its hopes, with all its fears, is watching breathless on Erin's fate," they turn to the star of expediency with the heartless eyes of commercialism and declare



that it is expedient that Ireland should die rather than that they should lose the billions of treasure which they have loaned to her executioner. "They divided His garments among them and upon His vesture they cast lots." Selfishness is the world's standard and expediency its policy. What wonder then it cannot sound the ocean depths of love! Men wag their heads today and mock the men who prize freedom more than life. But thanks to Christ's undying spirit, there are other men in the world besides the wiley politicians, the sanctimonious hypocrites, the apostles of expediency and the base rabble who surge upon the hill of sacrifice only to mock the Savior. Christ's devotion to a sacred cause ever inspires His followers. They scoff at death when it stands between them and their goal. With marvelous fortitude and superhuman endurance the men of Erin stand today before the onrushing hordes of the mighty tyrant that enslaves hundreds of millions of the free children of God and with a determination invincible, declare that they will defend Liberty's Gap of Danger unto victory or unto death. The struggle will be sharp and decisive for they are determined either to achieve their freedom or to be exterminated as a race. Exterminated they shall not be, for never was a race exterminated that was consecrated to a noble cause and lived true to its consecration. No power even though it were greater than the centuries—accumulated might of the British Empire can keep forever enslaved a race which in very generation hurls into the teeth of her tyrant her bold defiance:

"We may fill your jails and dungeons,  
We may choke your crimson graves,  
We may die upon your scaffolds  
But you cannot keep us slaves."

"By the blood of all our heroes,  
By the truth of the living God,  
We now swear that holy Freedom  
Shall have birth on Ireland's sod."

"Beat the drum and sound the bugle,  
Let the Flag of Freedom fly,  
Rise ye Gaels and seize that banner,  
Fight and bleed and for it die."

Ireland's age-long struggle has kept the fires of freedom burning in the human heart. The world may not understand, but the world is the beneficiary of Ireland's sacrifice. Serfdom would be the lot of countless millions did not the ceaseless struggle of men determined to be free make tyrants tremble and a nation's eternal defiance halt the ruthless power of might in trampling the face of the poor and defenceless. The sword of truth must ever be unsheathed to smite the face of arrogance and oppression. A nation that hugs its chains is a nation that deserves to be enslaved. The cost of liberty



is tremendous, but it is a pearl of great price. The world does not understand today the price which Ireland is paying, but the heart of Ireland is set on freedom and there is no cost too great for that which is dearer than life. "Liberty or death," the clarion call that heralded the birth of a new civilization in the Western hemisphere is the Victory Shout of Erin in her march through the centuries and today her hills and plains resound with that battle cry of freedom. Without the death-dealing machinery of war, without ammunition, without armies, without navies, the battle will be won by the invincible spirit of heroes like McSwiney, who declare that not by the suffering inflicted, but by the sufferings endured will Erin's cause be won. Kindred souls will ever breathe the spirit of the dauntless McSwiney who lost his life in Brixton Prison only to find it forever enshrined in the hearts of a regenerated humanity. The keynote of his life he uttered in poetic prophecy when in boyhood with eyes fixed upon his distant dream, his soul cried out:

"Thou wilt be dead tomorrow—Nay, tomorrow,  
The land will be awake. What recks it then,  
Who will be dead, or I or anyone  
Amongst us who must fall? The land will live."

"'Twere sweet to sink in death for Truth and Freedom!  
Yes, who could hesitate, for who could bear  
The living degradation we must know,  
If we do dread death for a sacred cause?"

---

### IN MEMORIAM

St. Viator, in her wisdom, knows that there is no lesson more elevating than that of high idealism, of heroic fidelity to principle, of all-consuming sacrifice; that there is no example more elevating than the deathless heroism of the patriot and the eternal hope of the martyr. She knows that these teachings and these examples give life to the latent powers of the soul, add fuel to the fire of idealism that mould the character. She has, therefore, at all times, commemorated with fitting solemnity the great days of American history. Upon the natal days of Washington and Lincoln she has paid respectful tribute to their memory and drunk deep of their idealism. Upon Armistice Day and Memorial Day, she has mourned for the heroic dead of the nation and strengthened her soul by re-consecration to the ideals for which they died. She has honored Columbus and imbibed again the deathless lesson of his courage and faith. But more than this. She has paid the full measure of honor to the heroic souls of every land. Is it any wonder then that when the news of the death of Terence McSwiney was flashed throughout the world, that Viator should set aside a special day on which to honor him? He had died for those principles to which every American heart is dedicated and devoted. His death was a



devotion to duty that every heart must admire. His was an example that no man could lose.

On Friday evening, October 29th, the faculty and students of St. Viator College, held a memorial service in the College auditorium. The student body was augmented by a large number of people from Kankakee, who sought this opportunity to pay their respects to the memory of the Lord Mayor of Cork. The gathering was one of the largest in years. Mr. Brunnick opened the program with a speech on "Freedom's Cause," in which he dwelt upon the world-wide appeal of the Lord Mayor's heroic stand. He showed how the Irish Martyr had died for freedom, not for his land alone, but in the cause of all humanity. Mr. Thomas E. Shea spoke on the soul of Ireland. He pictured the centuried persecution of the Irish race, that tragic history of over seven hundred years of death, anguish and torment brightened only by the inextinguishable desire for liberty. Throughout those long centuries the tyrant might torture and imprison and brand body, but the soul they could not chain. He showed how the soul of the Irish Nation, when seemingly dead, had risen again and again purified by the blood of Ireland's heroic dead. Following Mr. Shea, Rev. J. W. Maguire, C. S. V., spoke on the ethics of the hunger strike. In passionate language he denounced those who would blemish the noble purpose and God-like sacrifice of Terence McSwiney with the odium of suicide. Father Maguire marshalled an array of theological principle and moral argument in refutation of this cowardly charge. Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., concluded the program with the address of the evening. He spoke of the great American principles which have made this country the champion of liberty everywhere. He dwelt upon the idealism which led America to enter a world war against the enemies of liberty, and which America sees flouted to-day by her ally. She who had taken up arms against tyranny sees another imperialism slash and burn and kill and ravage. She is again compelled to gaze upon the spectacle of persecution and political tyranny. The reverend speaker cited fact after fact, and in conclusion pointed the way that America must follow if she is to remain true to her ideals, that she must follow "lest we forget."

---

On Saturday morning, October 30th, a Solemn High Mass of Requiem was sung in the College Chapel for the repose of the soul of Terence McSwiney. Rev. W. J. Stephenson, C. S. V., was the celebrant, assisted by Rev. G. P. Mulvaney, C. S. V., as deacon and Brother D. A. O'Connor, C. S. V., as subdeacon. Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., preached the Sermon. He drew from the heroic life and death of the Irish Martyr, a lesson of service, a service that no labor could dismay nor sacrifice falter.

## HIBERNIA LIKE THE CRUCIFIED

Hibernia like the Crucified  
Art low in anguish bent,  
Thy full heart crushed is weighed with woe,  
Thy soul by sorrow rent.  
Ah! though thou wert by Hate betrayed,  
Thy spirit ne'er will break—  
For Justice and for Freedom's cause  
Hast borne all for His sake.

The sufferings of the Crucified  
Art thine, unhappy Isle;  
Like Christ's thy name is glorified—  
Like Christ art without guile—  
Like Christ art patient with the foe—  
Like Christ's thy woes will end,  
For British tyrant overcome  
Must to thy sceptre bend.

Thy hours of trial and agony  
O Mother of the Brave!  
Have made thee like the Crucified  
Who gave all, all to save.  
Soon will Oppression's mighty Stone  
By Peace be rolled away—  
A risen Erin thou wilt be  
For dawns thy Easter Day.

—A. B. '23.





**Archbishop Mannix blessing the casket containing the remains of the late Lord Mayor MacSwiney, at St. George Cathedral, Southwark, London.**



## American Ideals and National Honor

REV. W. J. BERGIN, C.S.V.

EVERY organ of public expression today is urging the wider and deeper knowledge of the history spirit and ideals of America. Every influence which is hostile to these ideals, which seeks to subvert the great principles in which America was conceived and born and by which she lives, is branded and deserves to be branded, with the black note of infamy and treason. That there are such agencies at work, that they are powerful and insidious, is amply demonstrated by the laws we have enacted and by the aroused conscience of every American who loves his country.

At a time like this therefore it cannot be amiss, nay, it is the duty of every American worthy of the name to understand the foundations upon which our government is builded; to rekindle in his own mind and heart and soul the glowing ideals which have made America great and noble; which enshrine her forever in the hearts of free men as the queen amongst the nations; which make her a beacon light in the world towards which the oppressed and downtrodden peoples of every land turn their eyes in hope and benediction.

In the second place, I say, it is the duty of every American worthy of the name to sear with the lighting of his wrath every malign agency which seeks to destroy these ideals; to set his face like steel against every insidious foe and cunning enemy which strives to undermine the only enduring foundation upon which our government or any righteous government can ever rest. It is the duty of every genuine American to resist, with every ounce of his strength and energy, those autocratic powers which trample beneath their brutal feet the sacred principles in which this great republic lives and moves and has her being. The man who cannot pledge his life, his fortune and his sacred honor to uphold these principles against every enemy who may attack them is no American though he should wrap the American flag about his traitorous breast. The American who cannot say amen to these eternal verities is no American be he millionaire or a pauper. And now what are those shining ideals which rocked the cradle of young America? What were the invigorating principles which gave her strength and greatness, which baptized her in the blood of patriots, which sustained and nurtured her youth amidst the privations and hardships of primeval forests? What was the source of that immortal energy which infused into her soul the love of humanity in its fight for the liberation of enslaved peoples everywhere? What divine unction has anointed



her brow and enables her today to rear her conquering head, an acknowledged giant among the nations?

Every American knows the answer. It is written in characters of light in the Declaration of Independence; it is woven into the warp and woof of the Constitution; it is written in letters of blood on every battlefield from Bunker Hill to Yorktown; it is thundered to the world in the passionate battle cry which leaped like lightning from the eloquent lips of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death"; it flames like a meteor across a darkened sky in the immortal challenge of Thomas Jefferson, "We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that whenever any government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of oppressed peoples to alter and abolish it; that all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed." That answer is burned into the consciousness of Americans forever by the glowing words of the majestic Lincoln, "No man and no group of men is great enough and good enough to govern any civilized people without the consent of that people." All the world knows that America is great, prosperous and strong because she is the consecrated home of the largest liberty the race has ever known. Her banner is the most revered national emblem that floats in the sky because no crime against liberty stains the white radiance of its glory. Her mighty name is held in honor and benediction because by word and deed and example she has always championed the cause of liberty and justice and as a nation assists or opposes liberty, so is it blessed or cursed by the judgment of history. Other nations have fought for territory, for ambition or for power. Alexander for universal empire; Caesar for unlimited power; Attila, the Scourge of God, for plunder and rapine; Hannibal for vengeance; Cromwell for fanaticism; Napoleon for world dominion, but it is the crowning glory of America that she has fought, is still fighting and will forever fight for the wider extension of liberty and justice. And woe, eternal woe, to the open enemy or disguised traitor or hidden foe who would divert America from that high destiny. Has she ever drawn the sword from its scabbard save in the cause and for the service of liberty? And down to the present hour has that sword ever been drawn, can it ever be drawn without widening the domain of liberty's blessed reign? All the world knows that America carved the star of American independence out of the heart of British tyranny and oppression. All the world knows that in 1812 America accepted the challenge of that same arrogant and autocratic power and wrung from her reluctant grasp the freedom of the seas. In obedience to the same great impulse of liberty and justice, we staked our national life on the proposition that "all men are born equal and that they have been endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." We plunged



this nation into a fratricidal war with all its bitter bereavement and frightful destruction. We saw the skies darkened above our heads and the storm of popular passion burst in all its fury. We heard the wild elements of disorder hiss and seeth in maddened turmoil. The Republic reeled and rocked in the raging storm of the greatest civil strife the world has ever known. We stood upon the brink of destruction and looking into the abyss of the future we saw a possible world in which America would be no more. We baptized the Declaration of Independence and affirmed our faith anew in its abiding truth in the best blood of American manhood. And why? Because in the language of the immortal Lincoln, "We had highly resolved in the presence of a just and omnipotent God that slavery would no longer find a home on this soil consecrated to freedom."

But in our day and age, no less generously, no less heroically than in the days of Lincoln and Washington, America consecrates herself anew to the great ideals of liberty and justice for all men which are now and ever will be the guiding stars of American destiny. But yesterday the tramp of marching feet was heard throughout the land. The rumble of mighty engines of war broke the midnight stillness of our peaceful cities. The call to arms resounded throughout the length and breadth of the land and in obedience to their country's call, in response to the cry of down-trodden and oppressed humanity throughout the world, the flower of America's manhood ranged itself in battle array. And what was the meaning of it all? Why did America gather her young manhood about her and gird their loins for battle? Why did she spend her treasures like water and dedicate her choicest sons to deadly conflict? Why was the heart of America fired with indignation? Why did she swear before high heaven that her sword would never know its scabbard again until ruthless power and the Christless code of arrogant might had been humbled to the dust? No words of mine are necessary to answer these questions. They have been answered by the authentic voice of America herself in the person of her chief executive and never in all her history has America more unreservedly pledged her fortune, her blood and her sacred honor to the cause of liberty and justice for all the children of men. Not once or twice, but again and again these pledges were renewed, these promises were solemnly repeated, these high aims and holy purposes were proclaimed to the world, from the first moment we entered the war until the last shot was fired and Germany was beaten to the earth by the valor, courage and heroism of America's embattled manhood. Bear with me whilst I repeat the clear and vigorous statement of the avowed purpose for which we entered the war, the great ideals we sought to achieve, the powerful principles in defence of which American blood was shed in torrents on the battlefields of France and Flanders and the bones of America's choicest sons now moulder in foreign graves. On January 22, 1917, President Wilson addressed the United States Senate in these memorable words, "No



peace can last, or ought to last, which does not recognize the principle that Governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed and that no right anywhere exists to hand people about from sovereignty to sovereignty." "I take it for granted that henceforth inviolable security of life, of worship, of social, industrial and political development shall be guaranteed to all people who have hitherto lived under the power of governments devoted to a faith and purpose hostile to their own. Any peace that does not recognize this principle shall be upset and deserves to be upset." We were told that the doctrine of America must become "the doctrine of the world"—that no nation should seek to extend its power over other nations and peoples, but that every people should be left free to determine its own policy, its own development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful." "I am proposing government by the consent of the governed." "These are American policies, American principles. We can stand for no other." "They are the principles of mankind and they must prevail. I cannot imagine any man with American principles at his heart, hesitating to defend these things." Again on April 2, 1917, in an address to Congress the same high authority declared: "In entering this war we have no selfish ends to serve. We are glad to fight for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of all peoples; for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their own way of life and obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the trusted foundations of political liberty." Again on May 26, 1917, in a public document entitled, "What We Are Fighting For," the President says, "It seems opportune and appropriate that I should state again the objects the United States had in mind in entering this war. The position of America in the war is so clearly avowed that no man can be excused for mistaking it. She is fighting for no advantage or selfish object of her own, but for the liberation of all peoples everywhere from the aggressions of autocratic force. We are fighting for the liberty, the self-determination and the undictated development of all peoples. We are fighting for the world wide extension of the great American principles, the principles which must henceforth guide the conduct of all nations of the earth. That no people may be forced to live under a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live."

Are the issues clearly defined? Is the purpose for which we fought clearly stated? Are the principles which aroused America to action doubtful or obscure? Are they not the same blazing ideals which fired the heart of Washington's ragged regimentals and hurled them like an avalanche upon the minions of British oppression and tyranny? Are they not the same generous purposes which "highly resolved in the presence of a just and omnipotent God that all mankind should have a new birth of freedom"? And now that the war has been won; now that the price of victory has been paid in the



blood and treasure of America, what cringing coward, what dastardly traitor dares to propose any other terms? What perfidious hypocrisy dares to counsel America to prostitute her queenly honor, to foreswear herself before the high court of heaven, to accept any other settlement? What American is there with soul base enough or heart black enough to mock the spirit of America's heroic dead who fought and bled and died that these principles might prevail? If there be any such, every drop of American blood, shed in vain, rises up to curse him as the blackest traitor since Judas Iscariot. But with one-third of the habitable globe and one-fifth of the entire population of the world denied the right of self-government can any man honestly affirm—"The world has been made safe for democracy"? With 400,000,000 human beings pleading in vain for the God-given right to live under a government of their own choosing, does any man dare to utter the obvious lie: "That no people is forced to live under a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live"? When we behold an ancient and honorable people chained to the wheels of empire, crushed and broken by ruthless military power, the flower of their manhood kneaded into red pulp by the death-dealing rifle, the bristling cannon, the tank and the aeroplane for the crime of loving freedom, will any man be guilty of the hollow mockery of asserting that "the right of men everywhere to choose their own form of government" has been secured?

I am not speaking of barbarous people and savage tribes who may need the guidance and protection of more advanced nations, but of peoples who have been civilized for a thousand years. I am speaking of Persia, of India, of Egypt, of the Boer Republic, of Ireland—a people to whom an American orator could pay this magnificent tribute: "If I were a sculptor, I would chisel from the marble my ideal of a hero. I would make it the figure of an Irishman, sacrificing his hopes and his life on the altar of his country and I would carve on its pedestal the name of Patrick Pearse. If I were a painter I would make the canvas eloquent with the deeds of the bravest people who ever lived, whose proud spirit no power can ever conquer, whose loyalty and devotion to the hopes of free government no tyranny can ever crush and I would write underneath the picture the name—Ireland. If I were a poet I would melt the world to tears with the pathos of my song. I would touch the heart of humanity with the mournful threnody of Ireland's wrongs and Erin's woes. I would weave the shamrock and the rose into garlands of glory for the Emerald Isle, the land of martyrs and memories, the cradle of heroes, the nursery of liberty. Tortured in dungeons and murdered with impunity, robbed of the fruit of their sweat and toil, scourged by tyranny and plundered by the avarice of heartless power, driven like the leaves of autumn before the keen winter winds, this sturdy race of Erin's sons and daughters have been scattered over the face of the earth, homeless only in the land of their nativity, but princes and noblemen in



every other land where merit is the measure of the man." And yet this magnificent race, whose sons have shed their blood on every battlefield where liberty was at stake, has not been able, down to the present hour, to secure their God-given right to choose their own form of government; have been forced to live under a sovereignty under which they do not and never will wish to live.

And now I ask you why these things are so? Why government by the consent of the governed is not a universal fact in the world as God intended it to be? Why 400,000,000 human beings are denied the priceless blessing of Freedom and self-government, guaranteed them by every right, human and divine—blessings without which the earth itself is a dungeon and life a prolonged slavery? The answer is written in such luminous characters across the firmament of history that only the wilfully blind or utterly ignorant can fail to understand. It is due to the blighting and withering curse of empire. During the past 150 years there never has been a war of aggression upon a peaceful people; there never has been an organized attempt to rob and plunder defenceless nations, the insolent and arrogant denial of the right of people everywhere to choose their own form of government has never been challenged by armed force, save by one or other of these six imperial dynasties—the Hapsburgs of Austria, the Romanoffs of Russia, the Napoleons of France, the Mikados of Japan, the Hoenzollerns of Germany and the Hanovers of England. And it is well to remember the two last are two branches of the one evil tree; that the last of the Hoenzollerns, William of Germany, is the first cousin of the last of the Hanovers, George V of England.

And now with all history to sustain me, I confidently affirm that the peace of the world can never be secured; the right of self-determination for small nations can never be assured; the world can never be safe for democracy; the unquestioned reign of government by the consent of the governed can never be established in the world, until the last bloated empire has been beaten down and destroyed by the aroused conscience of the civilized world.

Four of these empires have fallen never to rise again. And every man who loves his fellow-man, who detests tyranny and oppression by whomsoever perpetrated; who believes in the reign of liberty and justice for all men, is hoping and praying that these two remaining empires, the last strongholds of tyranny, will go the way of the Hapsburgs, the Romanoffs and the Hoenzollerns. It is significant of much that these two empires, representing totally different races, separated from each other by the whole width of the globe, are united in the bonds of fellowship by a solemn treaty offensive and defensive.

Let no man deceive you by soft words or hypocritical phrases. The most determined enemy of democracy in the world to-day; the most powerful opponent of every ideal of government dear to the heart of Americans; the most shameless and brutal violator of the



rights of small nations; the most cruel, criminal and heartless aggressor upon the life and liberty of millions of human beings is the British Empire—an empire which enslaves ten times more people than Germany and Austria combined; an empire that is perpetrating to-day every atrocity which drew down upon the Empire of Germany the curse of humanity; an empire that keeps no faith, save when she is constrained by fear or gain; an empire which at one time or other has blackened the character, besmirched the fair name, befouled with calumny and slander the honor of every people on earth, including the United States of America when they dared oppose her policies, resent her encroachments or challenge her arrogance.

Read the warning words of one of the greatest statesmen and certainly the greatest orator America yet produced, Daniel Webster: "A shipwrecked sailor lands on an unknown coast and begs for a bed at night. The next day he asks permission to build a hut, the next day to plow a furrow and to plant a field; but the next day the hut becomes a fortress and the furrow a trench over which floats forever the flag of Great Britain. The policy of the British Empire is the policy of ancient Rome. We would not be worthy sons of our fathers if we looked with indifference upon her encroachments upon the liberties of weak peoples. Those fathers saw in the claims of the British Empire a principle fatal to Freedom. They dragged the wicked thing into the light, they tore from its face all its cunning disguises; they struck the ugly thing with the might of freemen nor did it elude their steady eye or well-directed blows until they had extirpated and destroyed it to the last fibre. They raised their flag against a power which, for purposes of foreign conquest and the subjugation of peoples, Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drumbeat, following the sun, circles the earth daily with a continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England," and I may add, wherever that drum beats, wherever that flag flies, with but few exceptions, liberty dies, self-government is destroyed and the chains of servitude are riveted upon the limbs of men. When thousands of unarmed men, women and children are butchered by a brutal soldiery, under the authority and by the command of high officials; when hundreds of men are hung up by the hands and scourged until the blood runs in crimson streams down their torn bodies, whilst their helpless wives and children render the air with cries and shrieks of agonized despair; when the entire population of cities—men, women and children—are compelled to crawl through the streets to avenge some fancied insult offered to a military despot; when the towns and villages of unarmed and utterly defenceless peoples are riddled by machine gun fire, bombed and torn by aeroplanes and the population bayoneted and sabered in the streets; when enlightened patriots are



thrown into noisome and feted dungeons, unfit for the abode of wild beasts, not because they had committed any crime, not even because they had been accused of any crime but simply and solely because they had the courage and manhood to raise their indignant voices in hot protest against the enslavement of their people and the bloody outrages perpetrated upon them; when there is overwhelming evidence to prove that the British Empire has been guilty, within the past years, of these and a thousand other atrocities, is it not time to tear the mask of hypocrisy from her insolent and brutal face and to summon her in her crimson shame before the tribunal of an outraged world? When the United States of America is asked, not only to condone these atrocities which outrage the majesty of a just and holy God, not only to clasp in friendship the hands of an empire whose soul is black with the blood and plunder, the tears and agony of millions of enslaved peoples, but to guarantee by her power and resources that cruel and rapacious empire against the aroused indignation of any gallant, liberty loving nation, is it not time to proclaim from every forum in the world: "As sure as an all holy God rules the world and the claims of justice and liberty find an abode in the hearts of men that black and hideous lie can not be consecrated into God's hallowed and abiding truth." "Those who care not for the liberty of others deserve it not for themselves and under the rule of a just God cannot long retain it." If America looked on unmoved; if she uttered no word of protest against this brutal aggression; if she made no effort to vindicate the claims of outraged justice and humanity; if she suffered, unchallenged and unrebuked triumphant tyranny to trample liberty beneath its savage feet and to drag the mangled form of justice by her golden tresses along the pavement of the streets; if she made no effort to redeem her solemn promises to a raked and tortured world, would she not be false to her high mission; would she not dishonor the memory of Washington and Lincoln; would she not be a craven apostate to her national faith and honor?

Never can America stoop to dishonor: never can she suffer her plighted word to become a mere mockery: never can she belie the high hopes and unshaken faith the oppressed peoples of the world repose in her; she will continue to be as she always has been in the past, the divine embodiment of glorious ideals. Above the turmoil and strife of warring nations the majestic voice of America, like a herald of God, will thunder in the ears of tyranny the world-wide emancipation proclamation: "In the name of justice, right and liberty arise, ye downtrodden peoples; shake off your chains, ye fettered peoples; lift up your eyes, ye tortured races; ye are the brothers of Christ, the sons of the Eternal Father. From hence forth your God-given heritage shall not be withheld; you shall be free to live your own lives, to work out your own destiny. The honor, power and influence of America is enlisted in your cause, for the cause of Freedom is the cause of God."



## THE ANSWER

We may fill your jails and dungeons,  
We may choke your crimson graves,  
We may die upon your scaffolds  
But you shall not keep us slaves.

By the blood of all our heroes,  
By the truth of the living God,  
We now swear that holy freedom  
Shall have birth on Ireland's sod.

Beat the drum and sound the bugle;  
Let the flag of freedom fly;  
Rise ye Gaels and seize that banner,  
Fight and bleed and for it die.



## A Nation's Soul

T. E. SHEA

As we individuals plod our weary way along the crowded throughfare of life toward that land from whose bourne no traveler returns, we stop from time to time to observe occasional phenomena. At one time from out the darkness round us, the shriek of human being in agony pierces our ears; at another, the soft sweet song of a soul at peace steals in upon our thoughts. At one time the sound of revelry of him whose efforts have been crowned with success breaks upon the air; at another, the low, hard curse of despair of him whom failure has marked for her own is borne upon the wind. Whatever it be we pause only for a moment and then pass on our way forgetting what we have heard.

Within the past few weeks this humanly strange old world of ours hesitated in its maddening flight towards eternity, paused, turned aside and stopped for a moment. What sight or sound or spectacle claims its attention. A grey, repulsive prison and within its dungeons the wasted form of a dying man. Upon a hard prison slab his starving body rests. The cold, grey walls of a prison cell, whose very stones, perhaps, have been cut and hewn by enslaved human hands, are the only things that meet his glassy stare, save the figures of a few dear ones whose familiar faces against that drab background seem the ghosts of spirits fled. His ears that once tingled with the music of childish voices and the pattering of baby feet, now ring only with the clang of prison chains, the metallic echo of prison doors and the harsh rasp of goalers' commands. His fingers that once caressed with loving touch the soft, silky locks of baby hair, now clutch with fevered nervousness the hard, coarse texture of prison bed covering. His voice that once crooned sweet lullabies for tired baby hearts, now gasps weak, but determined defiance to tormentors' cruel threats. Upon his bed of pain he tosses in wild delirium. His fevered brain takes him back over days long past and gone and far into the years yet to come; but always his dreams are centered around the object dearest to his heart, his own beloved land. Along her green valleys and through the streets of her cities he marches in rebel uniform, dealing death blows for her glory. Through the smoke of rifle and the flash of bayonet he sees her tri-colored banner. Through fire and blood and death he struggles on, on to victory and freedom. With these wild phantasms his life's flow slowly ebbs away. His eyes close on prison walls; his voice sinks into a low, unintelligible mutter, his hands move more slowly, and he is dead. And the meaning of it



all, what is it? It is this; it is a soul's last fight for that which is dearest to every human soul—freedom.

Now, the wise world stops to judge him. Some wag their heads and say he is a fool; some call him mad; some say he has failed. Fool? Mad? Failed? Never! A soul such as his could never be a fool; a soul such as his could never be mad; a soul such as his could never even know the meaning of the word failure. Against the tyranny, injustice and oppression of the hated British Empire, Terence McSwiney pitted his strength. Into the teeth of the most despotic tyrant of the world, he hurled open defiance. Against the mightiest empire in the world, he battled with no weapon save his own naked body and courageous soul, and in that battle Terence McSwiney has won. His body broken, his soul grew stronger and in death he is the victor. The titanic power of a robber nation thought to crush his spirit, thought to snuff out within prison walls the flaming desire of freedom that burned his noble soul. His body, they could chain, his soul, they could never bend.

Unable to chain the soul of Cork's Lord Mayor, British imperialism or any other imperialism, for that matter, is no more able to chain the soul of Ireland. The soul of a nation, as the soul of a man, is never enslaved though the chains of a tyrant forever cut deep into the flesh of its body. They may imprison, they may starve, they may kill the body in one generation and the restless spirit will take up its abode in the next. When ten men fall in one generation, a hundred will rise to defend their cause in the next. When the hundred go down in defeat in that generation a thousand will rise in the next to catch the torch that is flung to them.

Ireland, as did the gallant Lord Mayor, who in the present day typifies her spirit, once knew the light of God's sunshine of freedom, but she, too, felt the felon's irons grip her limbs. Along her enchanted vales where once swelled the song of her bards she heard the mad cry of the plundering horde. On her picturesque hills where once circled the mists of romance she caught the red blaze of the invaders' fires. She saw her fair fields of waving grain and scented meadow made white with the skeletons of her starved children. She saw the last remnant of her persecuted race scourged into "a lone, bleak land where only the sea-fowls sleep." Her body was wasted, racked and ravished but her soul, the soul of a nation, could never die while one Irish heart pulsed for freedom. From the bare uplands of Connemara, as from the cell of Brixton prison, a soul hungering for freedom cried out its immortality. During that time from the cry from Connemara's black waste to the cry from Brixton jail, the soul of Ireland has evidenced its life on a thousand battlefields, on a thousand scaffolds and in a thousand prisons.

Nor let that cry be misinterpreted. Throughout her tragic history of eight hundred years it has struck one single note, the determination to be free. The last gasp of the aged sire lying



down on the roadside to die within sight of his wrecked homestead was not a plea for pity, but a cry for freedom. The last word of the starving young mother, who clasped her dead child to her dried breast, was uttered not for bread, but for freedom. The last expression of the brave young patriot on the scaffold was not formed of despair, but spoke of a heart born only to be free. The last tears of the exile falling on his native soil fell not in selfish sorrow, but to bedew the very sod beneath his feet so that each leaf of the Irish shamrock would cry out the threefold demand for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Whenever and wherever the cruel tyrant tried to subdue the race by fire and famine, by sword and scaffold, the soul of the nation voiced its eternal cry for liberty. Destined by God to be freemen, the Irish people never yet sold themselves into slavery. Had they been willing to prostitute their nationhood, they might have been as materially great as the empire that grinds them beneath its heel; but mindful of the free soul an Eternal God had given them they have always said, "What doth it profit a nation to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of a national soul?"

Freedom is their one aim and freedom they will win if, to gain it, they must pull an empire down to crumbling ruin. Do obstinate British ministers foolishly hope that a policy of inhuman coercion will break their spirit? Do compromising American diplomats labor under the delusion that they are too weak to continue the fight? Listen to the oath of a people sworn at the deathbed of their latest martyr: "At the shrine of his bier and the deathbed of his comrades we pledge that while an Irish heart beats we shall resist till the hands of those who would rob our country of its independence shall fall nerveless or a Just Judge has taken His vengeance." A spirit such as that can never be broken though the powers of hell itself be unleashed against it. Through eight centuries of death it has lived and, adapting the words of Macaulay, "It will still live on in undiminished strength and vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul."

Alone and unaided for eight hundred years, Ireland has fought the great fight of freedom, the fight of a soul for its heritage. So far she has failed, but what of that? Other nations far greater in power than she have won, but in winning have lost the nobility of soul that is still hers. In a world of causes which have been ruined by the nations that professed them, which have withered under the hot sun of success, Ireland's cause is kept clean by failure. How many of the nations, think you, that six years ago or three years ago girded themselves for battle against that power which they said was living on the blood of the weak—how many of them, now victorious, have not lost their nobility? Possibly one. Before high heaven they pharisaically swore the unselfishness of their aims and the purity of their motives but since then their actions have belied



their oaths and protestations. From the throne of imperialism they pulled down one beast only to place another and a worse in its stead. Possibly one, I say, may not have lost its nobility; our nation alone *may* be excepted. She has yet time to save herself, to keep her plighted word; but the time grows apace. Continued delay on her part may drag her down with the rest into the muck of broken pledges and unredeemed promises.

Alone and unaided Ireland wages the same fight to-day not only for herself, but for the oppressed nations of the whole world. A great nation like ours may consider her battle not worth the fighting, but the shame is ours, not hers. Great statesmen like ours may consider a word of encouragement undiplomatic, but where diplomacy is a curse to a sacred cause the guilt is ours, not Ireland's. Alone she has carried on the fight; when others forgot or were bribed to silence, she still remembered and spoke; and to-day after a war that was fought for principles that leaders never meant to practice she stands as the one single nation in the world that is unwilling to sell her birthright for a mess of pottage.

Terence McSwiney is dead. He has gone to join that innumerable band of Ireland's saints and martyrs who plead their country's cause before a tribunal far more just than the unscrupulousness of politicians could constitute. Upon this earth they gave their all for freedom's holy cause; to-night their pure white souls pray God for the success their weak bodies on this earth could not win.

"God rest you, rest you, rest you Ireland's dead!  
Peace be upon you shed,  
Peace from the mercy of the Crucified,  
You, who for Ireland died!

"God rest you, rest you: for the fight you fought  
Was His; the end you sought,  
His; from His altar fires you took your flame,  
Hailing His Holy Name.

"Triumphantly you gave ourselves to death:  
And your last breath  
Was one last sigh for Ireland, sigh for Him.  
As the loved land grew dim.  
And still blessed martyr souls! you pray  
In the same faith this day:

"Not unto us," you plead, Thy goodness gave  
Our mother to unslave:  
To us Thou gavest death for love of her;  
Ah! what death lovelier?  
But to our children's children give to see  
The perfect victory.  
Thy dead beseech Thee: to thy living give  
In liberty to live."



## Ireland's Hopes

T. J. LYNCH

To-day democracy is rejuvenating and purifying the sorrows of the world. Democracy would liberate mankind from the oppressive yoke of a galling servitude and terminate the long night of blasted hopes and blighted national ambitions that have constituted humanity's sorrow and despair. It would dry the tears and rectify the violated pledges of the past and with the radiant gleam of joy and hope, it would illumine peoples now in slavery into the promised land and destined home of national emancipation. By democracy humanity's weary road of pain and dereliction would be transmuted into peace consequent on the fulfillment of the divine message of the equality of man. Democracy would obliterate the petty national jealousies and rivalries that rule international affairs to-day, because it would level national boundaries and draw all men to its bosom in a spirit of co-operation and love; yes, by the divine touch of true democracy the chimerical justice of to-day would be converted into real and enduring justice. Democracy demands that man be ruled, not by shackles forged in alien parliaments totally ignorant of the national culture, national idealism and national aspirations of the country for which they legislate. Democracy imperatively asserts that no man, no race of men, yes, and no country, can claim the inalienable right to rule another country in exposition to the express wishes of the people governed. Democracy discards the idea that a just God ever created any nation or people so panoplied in the armour of justice and truth, whose predestined role it was to arrogate to themselves the majestic title of the imperial rulers of men.

To-day this leveling and healing power of a democracy founded on the eternal principles of right and justice is asserting itself throughout the world. Subject countries are arising from their long night of oppression and national despair to meet the sunburst of democracy as it gilds their valleys and hills. Wherever men are found actuated with the burning conviction of right, truth and justice, the unjust usurpations of imperialism, whose power is based on the tyrannical love of conquest and whose gold is wrung, welded and coined from the tears and groans of oppressed and outraged men, is the object of their just and righteous indignation. Lovers of democracy, nay, of humanity the world over, have made a covenant in their hearts that this mephitic cancer of imperialism cannot, vulturelike, whet its lust for gold and dominion on the very bones and vitals of subject countries, that imperialism cannot rear



a dome of pleasure on the ruins of national aspirations. Lovers of democracy know that imperialism is based upon a succession of accumulated injustices, that it violates the conscience and the political idealism of the subject country, that it degrades the essential principles of man and nationhood, that it perverts the divine message of God, because its power is welded in the forge of might, which it parades under the disguise of justice to humanity. For this reason lovers of humanity and of the oppressed of every land have sworn before the High Court of Heaven that the world cannot exist half slave and half free. The conscience of the world to-day purified by the holocaust of the late war, aroused from its degradation by the sublime but broken pledges of imperialistic statesmen, is too politically sensitive to allow the upas tree of imperialism to encumber the earth with its baleful influence. Hence the subject races of India, of Egypt and of Ireland, whose woes cry to Heaven for redress shielded with the breastplate of justice and confident of the world's sympathy, cry and beg that the grinding tenacles of British Imperialism be loosed from their sorrowing nationhood. From the anguish born of desolate experience, from national hearts laden and burdened with the imperialistic injustice of centuries, broken and sorrowful they stand to-day on the threshold of the promised land of their national emancipation. With minds purified by the healing tears of centuried persecution, Ireland and all the races subject to British dominion hymn the chorus of their national independence; with a heart throbbing with a centuried desire for liberty, Ireland looks towards the future with a chastened awe, with a brighter desire for the consummation of her national hopes.

Ireland, burdened with a centuried sorrow begot of damnable misrule and alien tyranny based on the galling yoke of unjust usurpation, has declared that the Hand of God has irrevocably fashioned her national boundaries and declared her national characteristics with the sign of His beneficent approval. Actuated by an undying, unquenchable and imperishable desire for liberty, Ireland to-day, in the poverty of her isolation, has declared eternal war and unrelenting hostility to England, the desecrator of Irish homes and the despoiler of Ireland's nationhood and manhood. Impelled by the noble heritage bequeathed from a valiant but sorrowful national past, Irishmen in the anguish of their poverty but enriched by these sublime and heroic traditions have disputed England's claim to their country. Fired by the golden hopes of Ireland's greatness they defy England's power to grind their country under the wheels of an unrelenting persecution. They see that England has whetted her lust for gold on the debasement of their nation and that she parades her greatness before the world on the crimes wrung from the widowed tears of Ireland's outraged nationhood. Irishmen see the imperial diadem of England's king scintillating its hypocritical rays of justice throughout the world, but they know that the brightness



of its gold was welded from the clanking chains of Ireland's servitude and that its lustre shines brighter from the sparkling tears of starved and maimed Irish children. They see England's financial greatness becoming a menace to the world's liberty and they know from hearts purified in the furnace of persecution that England's boasted claims to greatness are based on the impoverishment, humiliation and degradation of Ireland. Irishmen in Ireland know from experience that "All England's claims to rights in Ireland are accumulated wrongs, therefore, they are determined that it is the braver, saner and truer thing to be a rebel against such circumstances than to tamely accept them as the natural lot of Irishmen." England's rights in Ireland have become murderous wrongs which no sophistry can justify nor no tongue attenuate. Therefore, Irishmen, seeing their plundered and brutalized national past, seeing the corpse of their nation the prey of English ghouls, seeing Ireland the camping ground of English warfare, have determined to revivify and consecrate the mangled hopes of their bleeding nation; yes, they are determined to uproot the last vestige of English rule in Ireland and to dedicate Ireland to the work of freedom.

Therefore, Irish patriots certain that their country is a nation believe and practice the principles enunciated by the galaxy of America's truest statesmen. They, with Washington and Lincoln, believe that all just power and government is based on the consent of the governed, that all nations have the divine right to national self-determination. Like Lincoln they believe that these principles are as illimitable as space and as enduring as eternity, and with Washington they believe that no nation has the right to prevent the onward march of a people. With Jefferson they believe that humanity and nationality is too sacred to chain its potential powers. Irishmen claim that when it is a question of the preservation of a nation's soul and honor that justice should neither be restricted nor circumscribed by natural boundaries, but that it should reside in the bosom of humanity. Like Washington they assert that they who seek nothing but liberty for their race have always a claim to it. On these solemn principles of eternal truth and justice. Irishmen have erected the sacred palladium of Irish Liberty in the form of an Irish Republic, consecrating Ireland to the work of Freedom. To-day Ireland has passed the Easter morn of her resurrection and Irishmen look to the future and see Ireland the home of liberty. In this hour of their national self-assertion they see their country take her place in the industrial, educational and religious destiny of the world. From the standpoint of industry and national culture Ireland denies England's right to rule her whilst England justifies her right on the grounds of Ireland's poverty.

Yes, Ireland is poor. To-day she stands the sorrowing mother among the nations of the world. Alone she stands and chants the threnody of her outraged nationhood, but her tattered rags are dearer to her than an imperial diadem. She has not the burden of



a world's injustices to mock her in her glory, her poverty is the result of her love for justice and her hatred of iniquity. She is poor because she did not enslave the nations of the earth, upon her neck she has not to bear the groans and moans of enslaved humanity. By England, "Ireland was ravaged from her house, seized in imperial lust, beaten, broken, brutalized, seduced and thrown aside. False was her betrayer, heartless and cold." Yes, Ireland is poor in the midst of her native opulence, because England has coined gold from the tears of Ireland's nationhood, has converted Ireland into a wilderness and forbidden Irishmen to subsist in their own land. She has closed the door of advancement to Irishmen, who retain inviolate the consecrated pledge of their nationhood, whilst hirelings devoid of justice and humanity administer the English code of justice to Irishmen. Yes, Ireland is the Lazarus among the nations, because it is England's boast that she has made Ireland an economic slave. Ireland well may say to the nations of the world, "Stand and see if there is any sorrow like unto mine." Her poignant grief is intensified when we remember that Ireland's poverty is England's crime due to her overtaxation in Ireland.

The Financial Relations Commission appointed by England reported that since the year 1800 Ireland was financially drained and drugged to the amount of seven and one-half billions of dollars. Our mind is horrified when we remember that this was wrung from a starving, plundered and butchered Irish peasantry. Our wonder mocks us when we know that England had no right to this money, when we understand that Irish children were suffering from the nightmare of legislated famine and that Irish mothers saw their property confiscated, whilst their babies were dying. Ireland is annually overtaxed \$13,750,000. This is the price an Irishman has to pay for a thatched cabin whilst the plunderers of his country live in luxury. Yes, this is England's generosity to Ireland. As a result of the European war from which Ireland received no benefit except deeper political debasement she has to pay an annual sum of \$100,000,000. This is the amount that Ireland has to pay because England was at war, this is the amount that Ireland has to pay whilst the children of the cities of Ireland suffer hunger and thirst. This is what an Irishman has to pay to be ground beneath the wheels of English injustice, to be made the slave of British capital. By all the principles of divine and human justice this money should redound to the benefit of Ireland, but the English government by a system of unscrupulous-exactitudes desires to weld closer the chains of slavery on Ireland so that the national spirit of the Irish may die and may become a "corpse on the dissecting table of English Legislation." To-day England holds Ireland by the ruthless force of military occupation with a standing army of 70,000 men. This system of occupation costs Ireland \$100,000,000 a year. This is the price that Ireland has to pay for England's supervision. Yes, it is the price that Ireland has to pay for her national subjection. This



is done to-day by England, the champion vindicator of Belgium's rights, yes, it is done by a just England that claims the right of self-determination for small nations. This is the reason why Ireland is poor, because the plunderer has stolen her national treasure. But England is generous because she allows Irishmen to cultivate their own lands. Even for the right to reap the fruits of their own land, Irishmen have to pay England \$500,000,000 therefore even to live in the land of their forefathers and to cultivate their national heritage, Irishmen must live on the crumbs that fall from the table of England's generosity. As a result of this overtaxation Irish commerce has atrophied and the population decreased by 4,000,000 within the last half-century. These are the bare facts that to-day demand the swan song of British imperialism in Ireland. These are the facts that have justified the foundation and perpetuation of an Irish Republic.

The future of the Irish Republic must overcome these obstacles in Ireland's path of progress. Under a republic, Ireland will be administered according to Irish needs and the ruthless system of English overtaxation will be converted into channels to meet the needs of Ireland. Under the Irish Republic, Irish finance will not be a pawn in the hands of England, but it will foster Irish industries. To-day Ireland is poor because her natural resources are perverted into alien channels, whilst under the republic they will be fashioned by hands sensitive to Irish needs. Under the republic Ireland's harbors and trade facilities, which are the wonder and the admiration of the world, will be administered to meet the needs of Ireland, whilst by reason of English trade laws they now lie idle. To-day England directs the national wealth of Ireland for her own aggrandizement, while a free Ireland would make her valley's hum with honest toil and industry. Ireland separated from England would be her own master and the curse of depopulation would cease. An Irish Republic will make Ireland industrially free. But it will do something more divine, it will dispel the long night of Ireland's intellectual bondage.

England, in her greed for Irish conquest, dared to lay her hands on the intellectual advancement of the Irish race. By the most fiendish enactments in history, England devised a legislative code to rob Ireland of her cherished intellectual treasures and fetter the Irish imagination. I am not now speaking of Ireland's past but of the present. The Irish educational system legislated by England is the laughing stock of Europe. It is primarily intended to spread English Kultur in Ireland. National culture is the priceless jewel of every country and no legislative assembly has the right to trammel the intellectual development of a nation. The resources of the mind are the sacred cradle from which originates the ripe fruits of the nation's culture, hence no power has the right to keep a nation in ignorance. National culture has spiritual values which are unintelligible to alien minds, national education is the force that



shapes the destiny of a country, hence it needs the fostering touch of sympathetic hands to make it bloom and blossom to its utmost fruition. England would cast her darkening shadow over the vivid imagination of Ireland's youth, it would compel them to worship that imperialism that holds them in intellectual slavery.

Hence the primal purpose of an Irish republic will be educational, because it alone understands the possibilities of the Irish intellect. It will liberate the youth of Ireland from the yoke of intellectual servitude that is now their sorrowing burden, and with treasures that have previously flowed into the hands of England it will foster the cultural resources of Ireland. It will understand the needs of Ireland "because from minds alight with Ireland's vivid intellect it sprang and in hearts aglow with Ireland's mighty love it was conceived." If to-day Ireland is contributing her generous portion to the sum of the world's culture, we must remember that a nation in chains cannot produce the choicest fruits of ripe culture because the powers of the intellect are chilled by domination. Under the paternal solicitude of the Irish Republic the liberated manhood of Ireland will keep aglow the intellectual idealism of the Celt, whilst under England "Irishmen must beg with bated breath not only to subsist in their own land, but to think their own thoughts and sing their own songs." The Republic will undo the past of Irish history, it will stabilize Irish industry, and enliven the intellect of Ireland. An Irish republic "can look to the past and find nothing to bind its soul, but it can look out and beyond firmly confident that—"

*"Romantic Ireland is not old!  
For years untold her youth will shine,  
Her heart is fed on heavenly bread  
The blood of martyrs is her wine."*

---

#### IRELAND FOREVER

Thine own Gethsemane is done,  
Thy Dolorous Way is trod—  
Thy martyr-gift—a Calvary—  
Thy cause, the cause of God.  
Gone, gone fore'er are mists of woe,  
Thine agonizing night;  
And glorified, thou art enthroned  
Upon thy Thabor height.

—J. A. W.



## The Gael

E. A. O'CONNOR

It was through mere curiosity that, one brisk afternoon in October, I strolled upon the docks of New York Harbor. With the possible exception of the downtown district when a thousand factories and large department stores, those miniature cities, relieve that army of toilers who in their eagerness to get away from the hum and whirl of transaction and machinery jostle and push their way into already overcrowded street cars, there is no place where humanity evidences such feverish activity as on the New York Docks. To an onlooker it might seem that each individual is racing with death and that every other individual is continually obstructing his path. Soon I was caught in this great confusion of seething masses of impatient and expectant individuals. Faithful promises, which quite naturally would never be kept, and premature farewells were mingled with the hard, rasping commands of the harbor officials. Representatives of every nationality surged around me. Perhaps diplomats and plutocrats were brushing shoulders with me as I wandered, or rather was pushed, aimlessly through this vast throng. Whilst this great crowd was moving forward, a stockily built young fellow was almost knocked to the ground at my very feet. It was only my assistance and his natural ability that saved him from being submerged in that flood of life.

"A very bad crowd it seems," I remarked as he recovered his balance and thanked me. Had his features been less indicative his accent would have told me his nationality. He was a young Irishman, whom I judged to be in the thirties, with clear cut features and flashing blue eyes. Hair of reddish hue bristled atop a high and intelligent forehead. As he replaced his soft hat on his head and edged his way to a spot where he might stand with some little assurance he remarked, "I was lucky indeed not to be tramped beneath that rushing melee." There was nothing peculiar about the remark itself, but its tone and the expression on the countenance were strangely, strikingly noticeable. There was reticence there and yet not the kind that grows out of bashfulness, but more of the kind that is puzzling and surprising to the observer. It was the reticence one finds in him whose thoughts are concentrated on a problem that admits of no distraction. There was something novel here and I became strangely interested in the man.

"Was he traveling?" I meekly remarked rather than asked. A laconic "yes" answered me and now it was evident that he was not in a talkative mood. I decided to try once more, however.



"May I inquire what country you are bound for?" He seemed a little surprised, and I noticed a queer light flash in those clear, blue eyes, as he replied, "Ireland." Again it was not the answer, but the manner in which it was said that interested me. Blended with a touch of sadness was a note of determination. That one word must have had a deep meaning for him, for, he turned his eyes from me and gazed out in front of him seeing nothing around him and yet at the same time seeing perhaps a world of memories, actualities and possibilities. For a moment I was restrained from breaking in upon his thoughts and why I did so at all I cannot explain for surely I was given no encouragement; perhaps it was the human in me, that which we sometimes call curiosity, that impelled me to remark inquisitively—

"Surely, in these troublous times you can have no pleasure in such a trip."

"Pleasure is not the only motive that impells a man to action," he answered.

"No, but at this special time, you even risk your life in returning to Ireland."

He smiled cynically. "Perhaps it does seem strange to you, yet I will enjoy this trip. To me it is the best thing that I can do. My real pleasure will come in the event that I will become involved in some dangers over there."

"But why should you go back to Ireland, now, and risk your own life?" I insisted. The expression that I had noticed in his face became more pronounced; it was like the faint traces of a dim outline suddenly taking flesh and blood. His lip tightened, the lines about his mouth deepened as he turned to me and answered,

"I have often asked myself the very question you have just put to me and my answer to it is the reason why I am standing here to-day. Why should I go back to Ireland now? I'll tell you why. It's a history, but it is only in history that we can find an answer to anything. I was born in the vicinity of Lough Foyle, the youngest of a large family. In a lowly thatched cottage, where love and tranquillity prevailed, I spent my baby days. By a little brook, I played and sang with little children whose Gaelic accent sounded like the music of the harp. A mother's loving care and a father's guiding influence kept watch over us from daybreak to sunset. Gaily we played and romped around, little reckoning with the sorrows and care of this old world. Then one day, like an on-rushing demon of destruction and deviltry, our happiness was forever blasted by the tyrannical fury of an English landlord. Our humble home was taken from us and burned in our sight. Like cattle we were driven out into the open with no home, no fireside, no shelter left to us. The warmth of the simple peat fire was denied us by the domineering hand of an alien tyranny. Out in the open for ten long days we lived. Our solitary shelter was a little birch tree, the only protection from the inclemencies of the



weather. My father and mother rested not a single hour in the long vigils of the night, watching over us and protecting us as much as possible from the cold frost of the early morning. Night after night they sat up watching us and longing for their little thatched roof, with only the howling wind to keep them company. How long we would have had to endure this I do not know; I know relief came only when through an act of Providence my father secured passage for us to America."

Here my friend shuddered as he seemed to relive those gruesome days that had seared his very soul. After a moment he continued:

"Alone and friendless we landed in New York in early Spring, exiled from that land we loved so dearly. Great as was our sorrow, still greater was the intense sorrow and loneliness of my father and mother. Here they were in a foreign land far away from the Isle with whose destiny their young lives were inseparably linked. We could easily perceive they had had for that fair land which now to them was only a land of hallowed memories. But what was there left? We could not choose and so we set ourselves to the task of finding a little home in New York City. Great were the difficulties we overcame, but in the end we were comfortably settled. All of us who were old enough went to work supporting the younger ones and my father and mother. As time rolled on, we young people became accustomed to our new habitation and forgot our former experiences. Time was healing our wounds and our yearnings for Ireland were completely forgotten. But time, instead of healing the wounds of my father and mother, who were now aging fast, seemed only to intensify them. That indefinable tie which bound them to the land of their youth was more evident in old age. Night after night as they sat by the fireside, they seemed to picture in the leaping flames a lowly thatched cottage with ivy clinging round the doorway. Bitter loneliness was gnawing their broken hearts. They wanted to go back, even if to suffer more than before. They were only human; like all old Irish exiles they wanted to return, if it were only to die in old Ireland."

"We could not stand the loneliness of this old couple. Through scrimping and saving, we were able to secure enough money for their return to Ireland. And how happy they were the morning they sailed! Happy because they were going back. They cared not what the future would bring, just the mere return to the land of their birth was sufficient for them. So they sailed back to the land of their dreams, their sorrows and trials. Ay, back to the land where only sacrifice and care crowned the labors of the toiling peasants."

He stopped again, as if reluctant to relate what followed and I feared he would not finish; but once more he continued.

"Letters came to us frequently from the old country. They were satisfied, their great expectation was realized; they were back



in Ireland. How happy they seemed, perhaps in less comfortable circumstances than over here, but nevertheless more dear to them because of their privations. But always they wrote how contented they were and how their dear old Ireland fared. Then they wrote of evil forebodings that seemed to threaten the peace of the country. It was the days preceding the fateful Easter Week. They wrote of the rising spirit of nationality that pervaded Ireland; that once again men were preparing to fling defiance into the very face of the oppressor. Whether they succeeded or not mattered little, but they would not sit serenely by and be trampled under English tyranny. How eagerly they wrote of these preparations and then—Easter Week. You remember the horror, the bloodshed, the injustice of it all. How the noble sacrifice of a few was pitted against the strength and flower of the British army. During this time no letters nor any word from my father and mother. How we waited and feared during those days, God only knows. Then came the sorrowful news. Both father and mother were shot down in the fury and vengeance of the English soldiery. Yes, these two, old and harmless, were only some of the hundreds cruelly murdered by the tyranny of the British Government. And for what reason? Merely for the same reason that drenched the fair, green Isle for the past eight hundred years. Because there still remained in Ireland men who possessed that true nobility to denounce injustice and even attempted to crush it with their very lives. Foolish? The materialist of our day called the sublime idealism of these Irish heroes foolish. A sensual world called their revolution purposeless because it could not understand the glory and the triumph of failure. The modern world could not see why the mightiest intellects in Ireland had to be sacrificed as a holocaust for the resurrection of their country. Hence realists called their efforts foolish and unsuccessful. They did not succeed? No, they did not succeed. It was therein that their true nobility became evident because they were noble enough to sacrifice themselves in order to protest against the injustice and tyranny that have ravaged Ireland for the past eight hundred years.

“That is why I am going back to Ireland. Not only to avenge the murder of my father and mother, but to do my share for the freedom of Ireland. The time is here when a man must assert himself in the cause of liberty. Every noble minded man must today league himself on the side of justice and he must make its shining symbol the star that guides his life. Every man of Irish birth, who stands idly by when he knows of the crimes of injustice that are being committed in Ireland today is not a man. If we saw an individual being attacked by a gang of highwaymen, we would readily assist him, ay even kill these highwaymen. How much more imperative it is then to protect that nation, that not only is being attacked, but has been harassed by *political highwaymen* for the past eight hundred years. The case is magnified millions



of times. In one case only an individual is concerned, in the other, the lives and souls of over four million individuals are threatened. Which case demands more immediate action? We can not stand idly by any longer; the time is ripe for action and I am going back to do my share for Ireland. Perhaps I may fail as did many others before me but at least I will have the satisfaction of saying that I fought for the liberty and the preservation of a nation's soul and honor. I retain enough manhood to fight for justice, even though I know my battle may be useless. As it is with individuals so should it be with nations. Any nation that professes to defend justice and respects its influence and which stands idly by whilst Ireland is desecrated and ravaged is hypocritical. That nation is false to its ideals, false to the purpose for which it came into being."

Suddenly the last warning siren sounded calling all passengers on deck. I had met a man imbued with the spiritual and national idealism of a Pearce, who was willing to lose all to save the soul of a nation.

---

### CALL TO ARMS

Ye Freeman clans, to arms, arise!  
Sound loud the battle cry—  
Make haste, ye hearts by ire stirred  
To Freedom's standards fly!  
Down! Down with hated Tyranny  
And with her Moloch power,  
For Liberty must rule the earth—  
'Tis Erin's Holy Hour.

O Erin blest, thy tears and blood!  
Have not been shed in vain,  
The Freeman clans are gathering  
From mountain, hill and plain;  
Thy mighty flood of blood and tears  
Will thy fell foe devour,  
And sweep away the Tyrant's throne.  
This is thy triumph hour.

—J. A. W.

---

On November 9th, Mr. Laurence Ginnell and the Hon. P. H. O'Donnell, addressed a large gathering of people at the Majestic Theatre in Kankakee. The meeting was under the auspices of the local chapter of the Friends of Irish Freedom.

Through the activities of Rev. J. W. Maguire and Rev. W. J. Stephenson, the College is connected with the Kankakee chapter of the Friends of Irish Freedom.



## The Lazarus and the Dives of the Nations

Somewhere in the Gospel narrative is related a story that cannot but fill the human heart with emotions of pity, tender pity, and hatred, bitter hatred. There once was a poor man, the Gospel relates, whose name was Lazarus. Goods of the world he had none. At one time possibly he was rich in the world's treasures; had gold and silver; was softly clothed; had abundance of delicacies to eat; was endowed with grace and health and beauty; had leisure to sit and listen to his children play sweet music. At one time, possibly, he had all these luxuries of life; the Gospel does not tell. Nor does the Gospel tell how he lost his possessions, if possessions he once had. All that it does tell us is that Lazarus was a poor man; in fact, it says he was a beggar and that he was full of sores. At the same time there lived a certain rich man, Dives. Dives, the simple narrative states, "was clothed in purple and fine linen; and feasted sumptuously each day." He was rich, therefore, in this world's goods. How he acquired his wealth we are not told. Possibly he was a highwayman who preyed upon the weak and the defenseless and robbed them of their treasures either by brute force or cunning deception, the Gospel does not tell. All that it does tell us is that Dives was rich and dined sumptuously each day. The narrative then goes on to say that Lazarus, the beggar, every day lay at the gate "desiring to be filled with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table." Truly a most abject lot, this, for one who once enjoyed all that life could give. A beggar! Forced to ask for the crumbs that fell from another's table, possibly the table of him who robbed him, and glad to get that much. Pity and hatred! for, the Gospel says, "and no one did give him; moreover the dogs came and licked his sores." The very dogs of the street had compassion while men with human souls scorned. The reader of the narrative pauses here while anger gives rise to a thirst for vengeance and he would fain rush into the feast chamber, strip the fat, sleek Dives of his purple robes and fine linen and place him, a beggar, at the gate whilst Lazarus takes his place at the table.

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago that story was told and it was only a *story*. The reader shudders at the thought that two such men should ever be found in flesh and blood. He does well to shrink from the thought; 'tis but human that he should, but what would the sensitive reader do if he knew that among the nations of the world there are a Lazarus and a Dives. Ireland was once rich in this world's goods; gold and silver once had she; once



she had an abundance of delicacies to eat and was softly clothed; once she had the leisure to listen to her children play sweet music; once nature endowed her with grace and health and beauty. But she has lost all; she was robbed. Her silver and gold have tarnished and become base jingling mettle. Where once was a land flowing with milk and honey there now exists a desolate waste o'er which some demon hand has swept leaving naught but hunger and starvation in its wake. Where once men bent themselves to pleasant tasks with songs upon their lips, broken human beings are now driven to their labors with wailings in their hearts. Ireland, once rich and prosperous, is despoiled of all that is worth while—her freedom. Her health and grace and beauty that once attracted the admiration of the entire world have faded and fled; now she is full of sores, the effects of the brutality of her despoiler, the thief, the Dives of the nations who, glutted with the blood of the innocent and the weak, sits "clothed in purple and fine linen" and dines sumptuously every day. Poor Ireland, the Lazarus of the Nations, for the past eight hundred years has sat at the gate of the Rich Man begging for the crumbs that fall from his table. Ireland, once the noblest, a beggar for crumbs! Not one to heal her sores as the dogs tried to do for Lazarus! Why must she beg from the gluttonous Dives that has robbed the world? Why must she desire to be filled with the crumbs of life that fall from imperial tables? Why is England clothed in purple and fine linen whilst Ireland shivers in rags? Is there not one single nation in this world of human beings that is human enough, not to say charitable enough or just enough, to be willing to do for Ireland what the dogs did for Lazarus? Is there not a single nation in the world that is inspired with enough love for freedom that it will raise a voice in protest, not to say one whose soul would flame with indignation, one that would pull the British Dives from his table and tear the purple robe from his foul body? We speak of nations with souls so noble that for pure love of justice and sheer hatred for oppression they could not stand idly by and see an autocratic power crush a Belgium. If that is not a lie; if their motives were so high then, where are they now? Poor Ireland, is there none to pity? Poor Ireland, the Lazarus of the nations; England, the Dives! It may be that in this world there is no one to give Ireland even the crumbs of freedom but she will eternally stand as a condemnation as does the Lazarus of the Gospel.

"And it came to pass," continues the Gospel, "that the beggar died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. And the rich man also died; and he was buried in hell." We dare not continue the parallel, for it is not for us to judge, but if eternity has any resemblance to time, if there will be nations there as there are here, we cannot but wonder will there also be there as there is here a Lazarus and a Dives amongst them.



## "America First"

*J. G. Powers, '21*

Another crisis of American political history is safely passed and the country enters upon a new era of national activity. In the November elections the American people responded to the cry of "America First" by one of the most sweeping elections in the history of the country. The result does not indicate a partisan rout but a national protest against the misrule of the present administration. It is the expression of popular disfavor for and displeasure toward an iniquitous and misguided foreign relations policy. The coming four years shall tell whether this tremendous outburst of public disapproval is but the flash of a sentimental response to a catching slogan or a stern demand for the accomplishment of the real significance of "Americanism First." Four years ago one man rode into office upon a wave of sentimentalism aroused by the specious cry, "He kept us out of war." It was a national crisis, a time of tension in our foreign relations. The people responded to the principle and rallied to the standard of the candidate. The election returns had hardly been flashed throughout the country before the principle as embodied in that slogan was directly reversed. It is not our intention to criticize the action of the Administration of that time but the step indicates a dangerous tendency. It indicates a certain unscrupulousness on the part of political candidates to flaunt the sentiment of the people. It demonstrates a readiness to ignore the issue upon which the campaign was grounded and which was epitomized in the slogan. Shall "America First" be relegated to the scrap heap of partisan rally cries or shall its true interpretation, "Americanism First," be the guiding principle of the new Administration? To avoid the former and to assure the latter the American people must recognize the true meaning of the slogan. There are two interpretations which may be placed upon the slogan of American political thought of today. The League of Nations has divided the political thinkers and government officials into two hostile camps. Political controversy on the issue has warped public opinion and created erroneous impressions. The leaders of the opposition against the League seized every advantage to drive home the fallacious and unjust principles upon which the covenant of the league is based but to accomplish their end they realized the futility of appealing to the calm judgment of the people upon whose emotions and passions the propagandists of the league were playing. The defenders of the league resorted to a propaganda that obscured the real issue and played upon the weaknesses of the nation. Their



plea was based upon the league as a commercial advantage to the country. It was no longer, "We must enter the league to save the heart of the world," but "we must enter the league to save the commerce of our country." We must enter the league or our commerce shall suffer, our debtors shall be reduced to bankruptcy, the balance of trade would destroy our credit and we would be compelled to pay higher taxes for the maintenance of a large army and navy. They drew harrowing pictures of commercial depression, industrial stagnation and a vast army of unemployed. Their arguments were based upon the selfish motive, they looked to the material advantage only. The opposition were compelled to meet this attack by a similar campaign. The daily papers ran lengthy editorials concerning industrial subjection to the whims or schemes of an alien council. Other nations were to dictate our tariff, our commercial relations and our immigration. The newspapers printed numberless cartoons depicting our soldiers, the youth of the nation, standing at the beck and call of an alien power. They met propaganda with propaganda.

The people, influenced by the popular method of argument, have come to place the wrong interpretation upon this slogan. "America First" has come to mean America First indeed, our material advancement, a program of national isolation. This principle, this actuating force of our new administration, does not signify material "America," but rather the ideals for which our Government should stand. It calls for no program of isolation but a progressive and vital interest in the affairs of the world and a sincere desire to spread abroad the ideals embodied in our Constitution and in the Declaration of Independence. It is not an appeal to the selfish interests of the American citizen but to his sense of justice and humanitarianism.

A nation is an entity in itself, it is true, but it is but one of the great units that enter into the social structure of all the race. Nations, like individuals, have duties and they must meet their obligations, no matter what the price. America is something immediate and personal; Americanism is broader, more universal and comprehensive. "America First" is the immediate advancement of the race but if permitted to stop there becomes a selfish principle. The principle of Americanism though conceived and brought forth and nurtured in the nation, has outgrown the nation. It is broader than the nation; it is as broad as humanity itself. This struggle in American politics of today is, then, one of ideals, whether America shall predominate over Americanism or Americanism triumph over America. Our country must assume its true position among the nations of the world. In social justice it cannot espouse a program, it cannot confine itself to its own material advancement to the exclusion of all other considerations. This government must meet its obligations to all the peoples of the earth. Does this mean entrance into a league such as the past administration so insisted upon? A careful consideration of the motives and the aim of that



covenant and a careful scrutiny of the arguments advanced would lead us to conclude that such a step would be contrary to our moral obligation as a nation.

A few short years ago America engaged in a gigantic struggle not because we as a nation were in danger but because this nation felt that the sacred principles of our political structure were in jeopardy. Our chief executive voiced the sentiment and the conviction of the people when he said that we entered the conflict not for material gain but that all peoples might enjoy the blessings of democratic government. We turned the tide of defeat and struck a levelling blow at autocracy. The ideal of Americanism had destroyed the false system of the Prussian and the Junker and the world looked forward to the concrete application of the victorious war aims. When the armistice had scattered the vast armies, the leaders of the nations sat about the peace table and repudiated those dearly purchased blessings. America saw her ideals impugned and sacrificed to diplomacy. These men sought to mislead us by a specious League of Nations to which our president gave his approval and to which he pledged the support of the American people. Fortunately American thinkers led the American people in a determined stand against this diplomatic wile and cautioned delay that calmer judgment, following the frenzy of victory, might show us the light. The people have seen the light and have recognized the fact that the league stands today the guarantee for the advancement of America but the death warrant to Americanism. Europe would have us sign away the ideal that prompted us to squander our treasure and spend our manhood. She would have us, but recently the avenger of oppressed peoples and the scourge of autocracy, become the complaisant abettor of political tyranny and the safeguard of imperialism.

This is not an idle assertion but a startling fact. The world must daily witness the brutal crimes of tyrannical monarchies. In India and Egypt and Ireland, each day dawns upon some act of injustice, bloodshed and oppression. Nations which have proven their ability to rule themselves, which have signified their desire for liberty and freedom, contrary to the expressed principles for which we gave 70,000 lives, are kept in subjection. In Egypt and India we must gaze upon the spectacle of massacre and brutal suppression grounded upon no just reason but upon the whims of the military machine of an autocratic power. In Ireland we see the bestial crimes committed in Belgium by the German horde repeated by the perverted scoundrels enrolled in the black and tans. Our reason is insulted by the absurd and hypocritical cry of England, the guiding spirit of the league, that she cannot restrain these murderers. Does this autocracy consider America the gullible fool among the nations? Can it expect to foist this excuse upon us? A mighty nation cannot hold in check a mere handful of police and scoundrels and criminals! The bare statement brands it a lie, the real reason behind this is obvious. It is simply that England, the champion of self-determina-



tion, has resorted to a terrorism more brutal and cowardly than the German crime against Belgium and France. Belgium had a military organization, she had the support of powerful allies and she received value for value in the end. Ireland and Egypt and India, all sovereign peoples, must suffer this crime against humanity and alone they must strive for a moral victory.

This consideration alone should stifle the cry, "America for America only." There are other facts as strong. That august tribunal, the council of the league, has chained a nation of free people, Shantung, to the throne of another imperial power. Does history afford any greater or more damning display of hypocrisy than this? This same tribunal does not demand the freedom of all peoples, as this nation demanded at its entrance into war, but concerns itself with those nations only, who were held in subjection by conquered countries. We do not deny the right of these peoples to self government but we ask, "Why are the others excluded?" The defenders of the league have evaded this issue. Their hue and cry have been America. They render the ideals of American history and government secondary to monetary considerations, to commercial advantages and high places in diplomatic circles. Why have they failed? They have failed because they lacked the vision of statesmen and humanitarians and saw only the advantages of pure barter. They stood ready to sell the national soul for the payment of a debt; they signified their willingness to pledge a people of unblemished history to an iniquitous program of tyranny for mere material consideration.

The guide of America in her foreign relations lies in her Constitution. She did not hesitate to defy the autocratic government of Germany and to act in accordance with the dictates of her national conscience when, in 1917, an ambitious power had sinned against the rights of a world. She stood ready then to defy this beast, cost what it would. That "all just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed" is the principle for which she fought and for which every true American must stand ready to defend. Principles do not change to meet the exigencies of the moment. If the American people felt themselves bound to the defense of this principle in 1817 the same bounden duty rests on them today. Our love of liberty, truth and justice found expression in the principles of self-determination for all peoples and covenants openly arrived at embodied in the chimerical fourteen points. Though these points have been repudiated the principles remain. If we are a truly great nation we will not hesitate to meet our foreign obligation as expressed in those points. We have assumed the role of champion of the weak and by reason of our pledges and by reason of our nationhood we must act our part. Our foreign relations policy should be grounded on truth, justice and humanity, justice to the oppressed, encouragement and support to those who suffer in the cause of political emancipation, recognition of the righteous claims of all peoples.



To us as Americans Americanism should come first. Our national ideals are too precious to be jeopardized by emotion or sentimentalism or selfishness. Lasting peace is a desirable and beautiful ideal. It arouses our emotion but we should not allow the passion of a moment to warp our judgment. If we do we shall always find ourselves, under the spell of emotional enthusiasm, drawn into such hypocritical entanglements as the league. Our calmer judgment cannot but convince us that lasting peace cannot be realized until all peoples enjoy the blessings of self-government. That "a house divided against itself cannot stand" is true of nations as well as individuals cannot be denied. The world cannot stand divided. We cannot cast aside the invincible conclusions of history and the ever present weaknesses of human nature. Where there has been slavery there has ever been strife, where there has existed political oppression there has ever followed downfall. We cannot cast aside this fact, we cannot allow our sentiments to be played upon by perverted propaganda. Our sympathy is aroused by harrowing tales of the brutal death of "helpless and well-meaning" police and military, and by the accounts of a generous government flouted by ignorant peoples. The other side of the story is kept from us. We are told of the touching appeal of generous hearted ministers to refractory "subjects," of the insane fury of people who cannot govern themselves and we feel for the ministers. We are lulled by flattery, deluded by false displays of esteem and deference and won over by the sobbing appeal of common ideals, nationality, language and thought. Clever propagandists play upon our selfish nature. They picture to us the loss of credit and markets, the loss of commercial prestige. The working man is terrorized by the bogie of falling wages, of restricted consumption and decreased production. We are told that interference, even where just, would entail both economic and social suffering; but they dub us a nation of dollar worshippers if a like system of argument is used against them. The American people cannot be duped. They have learned the bitter lesson of sacrifice in their own struggle and in this last noble stand for democratic principles. The lesson has taught them that the fruits of sacrifice are sweet. We are a young nation, it is true, but we are not a race of children to be won over by bright objects and toys—mere wealth, position and power. It is ours to bring the blessings of our own land to others. We must fulfill our duty to humanity, cost what it may. If we hesitate, if we fail, if we allow money or power or selfishness to influence us, we barter our national soul.

"America First" was the slogan of the league; "Americanism First" was the rallying cry of the true American. The second is as superior to the first as the ideal is to the material. Material considerations, it is true, are not to be passionately cast aside. The material progress of a nation is essential to its nationhood, but if the material predominate over the ideal, that nation is without soul,



a beast and a scourge. We see the autocratic power that would render us an accomplice deride a people's demand for freedom, deride our basic principle of government that "all just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed." If we tacitly sanction their act that principle becomes a hollow mockery. We see other governments crush the liberties of free peoples and if we stand idly we share their guilt and repudiate our democracy. The way is clear. It is the American people's to choose.

---

### LINCOLN'S CONDEMNATION

"England is perpetrating a very atrocious injustice against poor Ireland. The pride of little England must be reduced to its legitimate proportions, it must be restrained and contained within its right limits, ethnographically speaking. In principle we must not admit the voracious avidity of one people to the detriment of another. True freedom will never exist if it does not recognize for all people their legitimate independence. What right has England to appropriate to herself Gibraltar and Malta? Is not such an unjust appropriation a justification of the right of the pirate and robber?"

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

---

### MAYOR MACSWINEY'S PRAYER FOR IRISH REPUBLIC

Lord Mayor MacSwiney sent the following message recently to eleven Irish republicans who are on hunger strike in the Cork Jail:

"To My Comrades in Cork: On your fifty-seventh day, I greet you. I ask you to join with me in the following prayer for our people suffering such persecution in the present crisis:

"'Oh, my God, I offer my pain for Ireland. She is on the rack. My God, Thou knowest how many times our enemies have put her there to break her spirit, but by Thy mercy they have always failed. I offer my sufferings here for our martyred people to withstand the present terror in Ireland, not only for two months, but for two years if need be, that by Thy all powerful aid the persecution may end in our time and Ireland arise at last triumphant.

"'God save, bless and guard the Irish Republic, to live and flourish, and be a model Government of truth and justice to all nations. May the liberty of the Irish people shine with Thy glory, Oh, my God, for ever and ever. Amen.'"

---



## **"John Francis Lynch Memorial Burse"**

*By the Rev. John P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V.*

Many reasons prompted me to a ready acceptance of the invitation to take an official part in the formal establishment of the JOHN FRANCIS LYNCH MEMORIAL BURSE. My attachment to St. Viator College, begun in youth, grows in intensity with advancing years, until today it is something akin to a passion; consequently, its welfare is my first thought and any contribution of mine thereto is both a duty and an honor. My appreciation of the rich talents, the exalted principles, the tireless and manly service, the pure and sacred friendship of its magnanimous President exercises such a sway over my heart that his slightest wish is for me a holy law. My personal friendship, springing from that combination of circumstances which alone can weave the silken bonds of affection towards him whose name is perpetuated by this memorial makes my part in the proceedings an expression of love for a pupil whose kindly heart captivated both master and classmates, as well as a tribute of respect to that noble woman whose abiding faith and constant charity are so well reflected in her Christian family. I am, therefore, deeply conscious of the privilege which is mine today.

I have grown so accustomed all my life to dream dreams and to see visions that for me my dreams are realities and my visions are palpable. Those dreams are centered in Viator and like all dreams they gather the fairy gossamer which constitutes their warp and woof from the actualities of the past and the hopes of the future. In my vision Viator is a growing youth, a comely youth, a youth with a predestined future. Born in poverty, cradled in adversity, nurtured in the sorrow of struggling hope, he has waxed strong into the proportions of an athlete prepared to do battle in the world's arena. Throbbing with life and activity, with vigorous blood pulsating through his veins, vitalized with that spirit which begets energy, he is fitted to reach the full stature of true manhood. Yet he is but a youth, a promising youth it is true, yet merely a youth, and he needs to grow. The elements which gave him birth, sustained his life, and which enrich his being today, are the same elements which must be poured out in abundance upon his flesh if he is to step forth into fixed existence with a soul that shall never die.

*"In beauty clad,  
With health in every vein,  
And reason throned upon his brow."*

Those forces which will perfect and perpetuate his life and which will multiply and enrich the fruits thereof are, that mountain-moving



faith which will draw men from every generation and walk of life to dedicate themselves to his service to do the deeds of learned, high-minded, God-fearing men; that ever-increasing discipleship which will enshrine loyalty, scintillating with devotion, in student hearts that never grow old; that friendship true and unalloyed which by deeds of loving generosity will extend the sphere of his activities. Give Viator these and he will go forth at the bidding of the Lord with the intrepid courage of a David to confound the Philistines and to lead the children of God through the paths of knowledge into the promised land of truth.

All who can thus visualize the worth of such an institution as St. Viator College unite with those who are intimately connected with its destiny in expressing their gratitude for the good deed done in the name of Jesus of Nazareth—the good deed through which another of St. Viator's many friends steps out from the ranks and stands among those whose practical friendship gives them the right to the title of benefactor. By her munificent gift Mrs. Mary Lynch not only perpetuates the inspiring memory of a young life, beautiful in its fidelity to God expressed by the pious and constant practice of religion, ennobling in its patriotism manifested by good citizenship and crowned by the supreme test of giving his life that his country might live, but she also expresses in the eloquent language of deeds her appreciation of those schools which enable parents to complete their God-given task of bringing up children in the fear and love of the Almighty. St. Viator College rejoices not only in the increased possibilities for good which spring from this generous act, but even more so in the highest earthly approval which every good school should covet, the verdict of a mother's heart. As long as the loyalty of Viator's Alumni is nurtured and strengthened by the gratitude of their parents, so long shall our Alma Mater go down the ages through ever-increasing cycles of influence performing the works of Christ, dispensing blessings throughout the land.

The tablet erected in our halls today is a mother's appreciation of the need of Catholic higher education. With her keen insight into life, the outgrowth of natural talent supplemented by a long and vigorous experience in the practical school of the world, she is alive to the needs of the times and she realizes that unless the mighty forces which are now so active are tempered by the staying influences of religion the ideals of America are endangered and the progress of Christianity interrupted. Never more so than today in the social and political life of our country was there need of men and women imbued with the principles of sound morality and the ideals of true patriotism; men and women not only of ideals but with the virtue and courage of their convictions. Never was there greater need for enlightened leadership, intelligent strategy and courageous action. We Catholics cannot stand aside and let events shape their course, nor can we be content with servile following of



blind leaders of the blind. God through the inspired voice of a Leo, a Pius, a Benedict, calls upon us from the eternal hills whereon His throne on earth is established, laity as well as clergy, to struggle with might and main until Justice shall rule the hearts of men, the parliaments of the world and the councils of the mighty. Peace! peace! there is no peace in the world today but the peace of starvation and death; of greed, rapine and plunder; of humanity enfeathered, enslaved in its hundreds of millions crushed beneath the crunching wheels of the Juggernaut of might; and there will be no peace as long as the mass of humanity in supine indolence passively tolerate the blasphemy of their leaders who banish God from their deliberations. Where can we find men and women with the ability, the training and the virtue to concentrate the mighty forces of good which need only organization and leadership to win the battle of Armageddon? Our Officers' Training Camps are the Catholic Colleges of the land. There the leaders of Catholic thought, policy and action are to be moulded. Through the broad and humanizing influence of a liberal education vitalized by the spirit of religion there is growing up in our Colleges a manhood and a womanhood which warrant us in making the assertion that we are doing our share to help our country solve the mighty questions which perplex her and to solve them, too, not in theory merely, but to solve them in flesh and blood. In our Colleges is imparted an education which is complete, which neglects nothing, which is essential to the full development of the physical, the intellectual and the moral man; an education which floods the mind with the light of truth while filling the heart with the sublime principles of religion and morality as the main springs of noble deeds, heroic action and glorious achievement; an education in which the elements are so perfectly blended that it draws forth and develops the latent powers of human nature and infuses into them strength, vigor, life, energy, until these transmuted into character, present for the admiration of the world the noblest work of God—honest, upright men, modest virtuous women.

Are our Colleges sufficient for the task? Are they efficient? They will be sufficient, they will be efficient when the Catholic wealth of the country adequately supports them. Then and not till then in the titanic struggle of justice against injustice will the Catholic Church of America take the place which is hers by right inherent and by the guaranteed rights of the American Constitution. We need men to man our Colleges, men of noble instincts who by nature and grace are fitted to meet the sacrifices which will make them worthy to dedicate their lives to the glorious cause of religious education. As long as the religion of Jesus Christ retains its divine charm to draw the heart of man to the service of love, so long shall the consecrated efforts of the Christian rostrum lead men through the enchanting vistas of science into the realms of light supernal. God will do His part, He will supply the men, but indispensable



though this element is, yet it is not sufficient for the triumph of Christian Education. We need men to fight battles but it would be perfidious treachery to send them forth to meet the enemy without arms and ammunition; so likewise if we desire the triumph of Christian ideals we Catholics must forge the weapons and contribute the means which will make our Catholic educators valiant in God's holy cause. We want our Colleges to stand in the forefront of scientific progress, we want their equipment to meet the exacting test of modern standards, we want them to lead, not to follow. For this we need wealth and need it badly to supply the sinews of war. The paltry pittance of tuition fees but mocks our poverty. Borrowed funds and mortgaged estates but enslave in entangled finance those who turned their backs upon the marts of trade that by sacred vow they might renounce earthly pursuits so as to give their emancipated souls free and undivided to a work which demands the whole heart, the whole mind, the whole body, the whole soul, the entire man. Their sacred and exacting vocation enjoins upon Catholic educators the stand taken by the Apostles when they said to the multitude: "It is not reason that we should leave the word of God to serve tables. Wherefore, brethren, look ye out among you . . . men . . . whom we may appoint over this business. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the word." The material needs of our institutions of higher learning then must be provided for by those whom God has blessed with wealth for no other purpose than to use its surplus in promoting the welfare of their fellow-man. There must be in this land of ours, so rich in its resources, so magnificent in its enterprises, so bounteous in its opportunities, an awakening of faith which will make our Catholic people rival their ancestors who delighted in crowning hills and sanctifying valleys with schools and monasteries, thus exemplifying to the world that human life even here in this world is glorified by consecrated effort. Wealth should rejoice in the opportunity of doing good and what greater work can we do than to do manfully the part which God through the circumstances of life has assigned us in the unceasing battle which the forces of good are bound to wage against the forces of evil until the Great Arbiter shall close the gates of time and gather into the blissful realms of eternity those who have fought the good fight and kept the faith. In this glorious conflict for the triumph of right some are to give their lives, some their service, others their substance; all are bound to do their share according to the gifts which the Bounteous Creator pours out into every human life with a profusion far beyond the merits of even the most deserving. "To whom much is given of them much shall be expected." Those, therefore, whose fields, whose mines, whose factories, whose bonds, whose stocks have been enriched by the dews of heaven even more than by their own labors are called by Our Father Who is in heaven to be here on earth the administrators of His wealth for all those benevolent enterprises which are the instrumentalities through which faith and



hope and charity make the Spirit of the Father live, flourish and reign in the joyful hearts of His children. Today's gift will fructify a hundredfold in time and beyond all measure in eternity both for the recipient and the giver because it is prompted by the spirit of faith. By the stimulus of good example it will add to its own fruit the multiplied effects of the good deeds of those generous natures that respond to the Master's injunction: "Go thou and do likewise."

In the event which we solemnize there is implied a breadth of vision whose horizon is not restricted to the environs of this College but, while centered here, it encircles the nation. This benefaction gives annually, in perpetuity, two college graduates to swell the ranks of Catholic leaders. This represents the contribution to virtuous and enlightened leadership, of a woman who had to fight the battle of life alone and unaided save by that God who has promised not to be outdone in generosity; of a woman who dedicated two of her noble sons to her country's glorious cause, one of whom God has brought back to her from Europe's gory fields, the other whose memory by this foundation shall be perpetuated as a benediction, served, where obedience called him, in the camps at home; aye, served even unto death for when our military camps were ravished by the dread plague he gave his life with Christ-like charity, in administering to the stricken. The closing of his career at the very morning of life, just as he had reached the hilltops and was looking down the valley of expectation is beyond human comprehension but to the eyes of faith God's purpose is evident. We stand at His bidding and He sends and calls us when our going and coming suits His eternal designs. In life and death God's ways are best. The personal memory of John Francis Lynch will live at St. Viator College as long as live the hearts of teachers and classmates wherein his kind and manly deeds have enshrined it. When they pass away they will bequeath his memory as a blessed tradition to their successors and thus his example shall be a living lesson of that abiding faith which made God the object of his life and service the measure of his love. To the noble Mother of such a worthy son, whose Christian heart wavered not in interpreting God's holy will, I am voicing my own sentiments and those of the Alumni and Faculty of St. Viator College when I say we are proud of her boy, we shall cherish his beautiful memory and noble example and our hearts shall ever throb with gratitude to her for this magnificent expression of faith and charity which will surely bring upon her and her dear ones Heaven's benediction.

---

"The liberty for which we today strive is a sacred thing—inseparably entwined as body with soul with that spiritual liberty for which the Saviour of man died and which is the inspiration and foundation of all just government.

—Lord Mayor McSwiney.





Terence MacSwiney is dead and a mourning world has paid him its last sorrowful tribute. Men, as though it were given to men to judge, now stop to judge his motive, his act and his death. Some there are who call him fool and failure. For these we have nothing but the just censure of ignorance and prejudice. The man who dares to brand his memory with the odium of "fool" scoffs and derides the greatest names in American history. Our heroic dead fought and died for the self-same principles that prompted Cork's Lord Mayor to lay down his life. He fought for the sovereignty of his people, for their right to a government based upon the consent of the people. He died as a protest against the unjust right of an alien to rule the destinies of his nation. Were these not the same ideals that have prompted American patriots of all time?

Failure! MacSwiney has won a moral victory that has shaken the British Empire to its very foundations. Occupation of the seats of the mighty and the powerful, by force of arms is not the only element of success, nor is it the only means of accomplishing a desired end. Success has spiritual as well as material standards and values. Like all men who have died in the defence of a noble cause it was not given to him "to see the perfect victory." He has gained a tremendous moral victory. With every heart that Terence MacSwiney won, the British government lost another stronghold of indifferentism, passivism or tolerance.

Suicide! Those who call him suicide and deride his sublime heroism by the charge of moral cowardice are base and ignoble calumniators who have not even the defence of ignorance. The American citizen who gave credence to this slander impugned the motives of every American life that has been spent on the battle-fields of this nation. Terence MacSwiney died in the defence of his people and of a government justly established. If we believe in the principle that all just power of government is derived from the consent of the governed then we are compelled to admit by force of principle the sovereignty of the Irish Republic. Ireland in her last general elections entrusted the power of government to



Irishmen and not to British Parliaments. Furthermore Ireland has never admitted England's right to rule her. This should convince any American citizen of the justice of Ireland's claims. If we do not admit this we tacitly declare our own government an unjust and unsound foundation. MacSwiney died in defence of this trust of the Irish people.

Suicide is an act of moral cowardice. MacSwiney died after seventy-four days of physical agony and mental anguish. He died of the indescribable torment of starvation and the terrible scourge of scurvy. Would any moral weakling choose such a death? An affirmative answer would insult the intelligence of any right thinking man.

Would these considerations indicate any but a high and pure intention? Intention is the refutation of this charge, for intention is the crux of the moral controversy. From his prison cell MacSwiney spoke to the world,—“I am content. I will have died for Ireland. It is wonderful to think that I am privileged to give myself for my country. I harbor no vengeance and hold no grievance. Whatever happens is for the best.” It is hardly conceivable that a man suffering such torture for any but a high and exalted motive would forgive his enemies. Only the determination of a patriot would hold a man to suffer and die so resolutely.

Nineteen hundred years ago a Man died for the emancipation of the souls of all. He too was called on to die and He went voluntarily to His death. He did not have to die, for the Gospel tells us that on other occasions when men sought His life, He eluded them by the intervention of His divine power. When they sought to seize Him, He passed unnoticed from the midst of them. His death was voluntary and in His anguish He forgave His executioners. Dare anyone call His act suicidal? Dare anyone impugn His motives?

---

The tremendous flood of Republican votes that issued from the recent national election has a deep two-fold significance. The vote was universally admitted as being tantamount to a referendum on the question of the League of Nations. The Democrats stood uncompromisingly for the present covenant as drawn up at the Versailles Peace Conference; whilst the Republicans, although indefinitely committing themselves to be in favor of some form of international association, vigorously condemned the proposed league. Hence, the results of the election may be considered not as an absolute tribute of confidence to the victorious party, but rather as a severe repudiation of the present national administration, and also as a solemn warning to foreign countries, whose motives may be rightly considered with serious apprehension and grave suspicion.

#### **The Presidential Election**



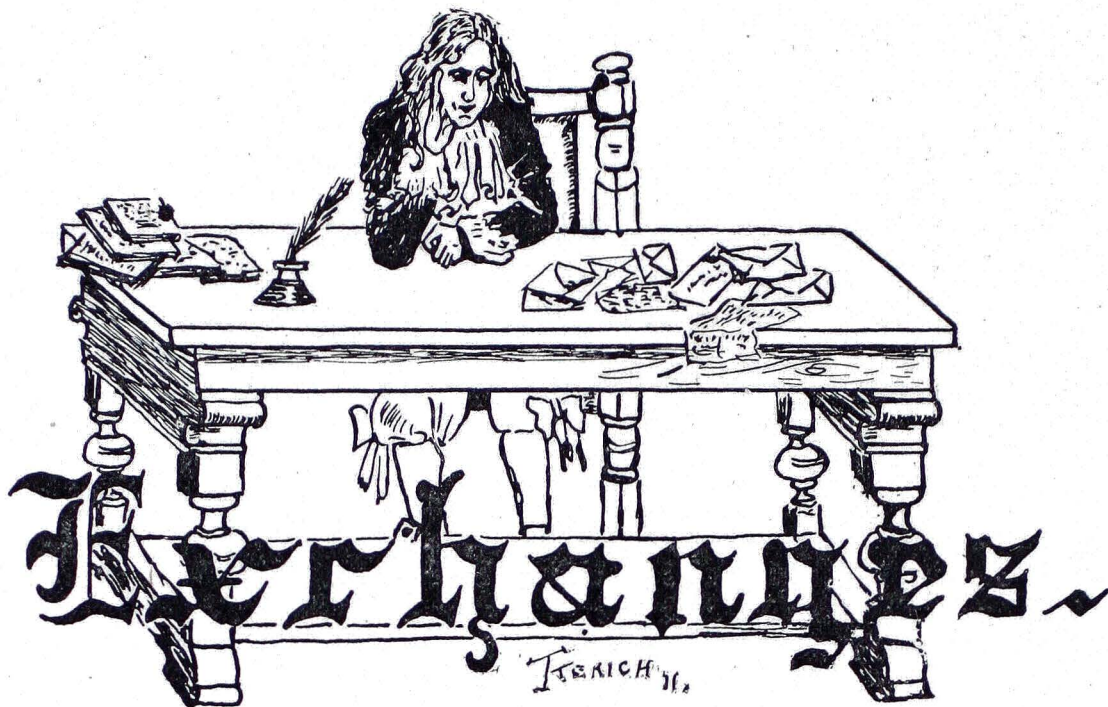
The election has proved that our Federal Administrators of the past four years have either ignored the principles upon which democracy rests or have failed to understand and interpret public opinion. If the present world's covenant were the principal issue of the campaign, and if public opinion were in favor of it, surely the various other differences between the political parties would have been set aside, and the Democratic Party would have gained an easy victory. But the seven million plurality of the negative side is the most convincing argument that the Administration did not re-act to public opinion. If the authorities did this knowingly, then the principle of majority-rule was violated, and autocratic power was assumed. But we would rather accept the other alternative, and attribute the Democratic defeat to the Administration's misunderstanding of the public mind.

The other outcome of the presidential strife is the message of warning which it conveys to foreign powers. Americans are lovers of justice and peace, and they are ready and willing to enter into any fair international compact that will promote and foster these sacred ends. But nations desiring such alliances with America must show some unmistakable evidence of their sincerity to promote justice. Those seeking equity must "come into the court with clean hands," but according to present indications there must ensue a great scrubbing and scouring of hands before anything like an effective League of Nations can be established. America's repudiation of the present league is, to our mind, a mere declaration of the above principle, and this is the chief significance of the overwhelming Republican victory. It implies a message to certain foreign powers that their houses must be set in order before an international court of justice, of which they are to be members, can win the confidence and sanction of the world's political opinion.

---

"To anyone familiar with Irish opinion today it is perfectly obvious that the Irish people would turn a deaf ear to an angel pleading for compromise with the Empire. Not that an angel were likely to plead in such a cause.—"*Old Ireland.*"





*"Blame where you must  
Be candid where you can  
And be each critic, a good natured man."*

The Viatorian stands on the threshold of a new journalistic year and the staff extends to all its friends in the field of college journalism a hearty welcome and sincerest wishes for their success and advancement. The Viatorian shall strive, as in the past, to maintain a high standard and earnestly requests the co-operation of its fellow publications in realizing this purpose. We, in turn, shall endeavor by honest criticism to add our measure of helpfulness and we ask of all a like assistance.

It is with feelings of delight that the Exman again assumes the responsibility of this office. It seems to have been the custom of the Exman in this, the initial issue, to come out gracefully upon the stage, bow profoundly and then discuss most sagely the philosophy of criticism. The present Exman begs to be excused this ordeal, but he considers it not amiss to contribute a few remarks on the subject of criticism. Criticism is not confined to effusive praise or caustic comment, but is rather an honest effort to be constructive. The Exchange is not a department wherein a writer finds opportunity to perfect himself in bitter invectives, no more than it is a medium for the purveyance of honeyed language and extravagant praise. It is rather a department where the relative merits of a piece of literary work is weighed and passed in judgment. But, unfortunately, we do not always find the latter to be true. We are always compelled to deal with three types of critics, classified according to their ideas concerning criticism into the flattering critic, the sour critic and the just critic.



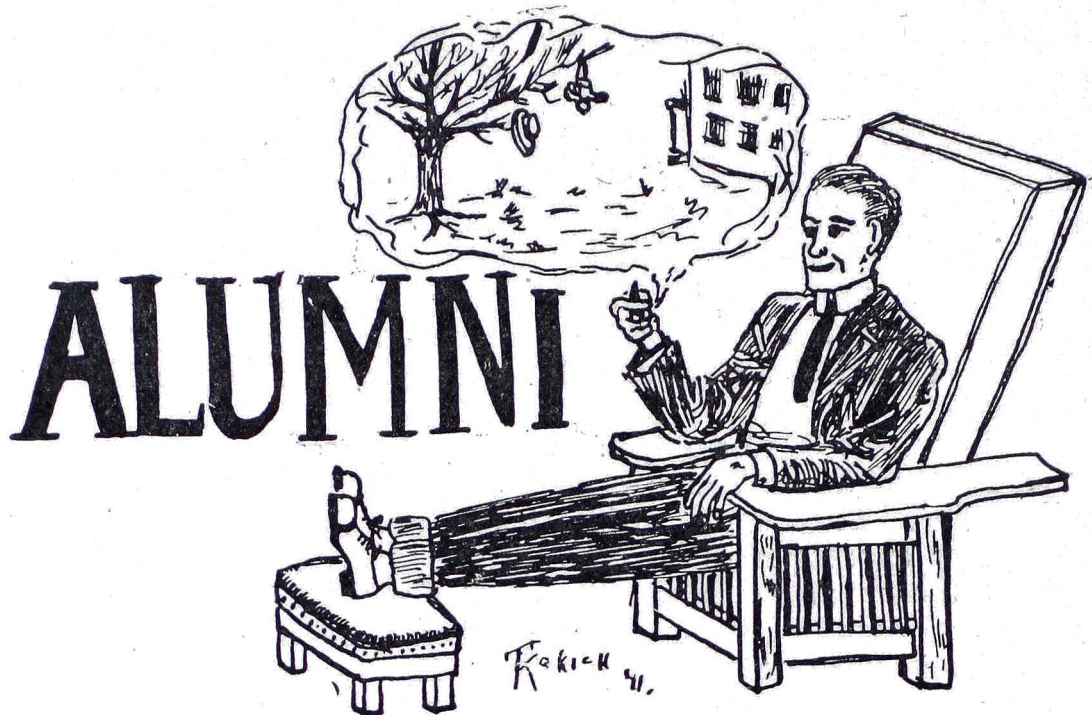
The flattering critic is one who sees but the praiseworthy in an article and lacks either the desire or the discernment to see the faulty. He has no real standard of criticism, for criticism is to him a means of bestowing extravagant compliment. Out of the abundance of his "charity" he scorns just censure and refrains from "blaming where he must." He seems to be obsessed with the fear of giving offense. This man is of no material advantage to the world of college journalism where all must learn by correction and none is above correction. His incompetence redounds to the detriment of his staff and the sphere of college literary endeavor, for he is a simple flatterer and therefore more to be feared than defended.

The critic who sees only faults in a magazine or magazine article is as misguided and incompetent. Such criticism as his is purely destructive. Criticism is to him a medium for venting his spleen and giving expression of his much prided ability to detect the faulty. Such criticism arises from a sense of the critic's importance, for others are asked to believe that he alone has the acumen to see hidden fault where others have failed. His overweening confidence in his "message" will not permit him to see the good nor appreciate the honest effort. He sees only what his prejudice may feed upon. Such a critic is as dangerous as the first and he and his method should be relegated to the scrap heap of the dangerous. That he is dangerous there is no denying, for to him may be attributed the discouragement of earnest endeavor and the repression of much that is both good and praiseworthy.

The true Exman is he who strikes the happy medium. Both the good and the bad are apparent to him and he does not hesitate to judge each article on its own merits. His column consists of something more than fullsome praise or ridicule. Not his prejudice but his judgment is the standard he sets for himself. Such a critic is a power for good and justly and faithfully serves the cause of college journalism.

It is the desire of the Exman of this paper to follow the principles of the true Exman. Whether he shall realize his desire remains for the year to tell. While judging the merits of an article he shall endeavor to keep always before him the true aim of the critic and model his policy according to the principle that heads this column. To insure this he invites criticism of his department, for he is of the opinion that there should be criticism of criticism.





The staff presents the notes of the 1920 banquet and Homecoming, which was to appear under a special issue of the Viatorian. The staff take this opportunity to express their regret for the failure to make the Alumni issue a success. The blame in this matter lies with the printer and was due to circumstances against which the staff was powerless to act.

The following is a report of the "toasts" at the Alumni banquet:  
 Toastmaster: (Mr. James G. Condon, '91.)

At least once a year, the man who has the honor of being the President of this Association should assume the function; and it would be most appropriate for me at the beginning to apologize for the lack of functioning during the rest of the year. However, it was due to a set of circumstances which I could not control, with which Father Bergin was familiar, and heartily approved of. So all the "old boys" of St. Viator who are here today will have to accept that statement without any corroborative proof of the attempt at least that I have made to do my duty.

This is a very happy occasion. Those of you who were fortunate enough to be here this morning heard a very, very wonderful address. The great charm and beauty of Father Bergin's masterful effort this morning was not so much that he had a wonderful array of facts, very fine thought and very perfect expression, but that he gave utterance to his thoughts with a force and conviction that was calculated to crystallize his words into the more lasting language of deeds. Father O'Mahoney's very earnest appeal on behalf of higher education is only another attestation of his life-long effort in that regard. The display made on the campus recalled to many



of us the days gone by when we had everything but the correct military discipline. I say that because I was colonel of the regiment at one time, and we all know that in order to have correct discipline the commanders must give good example. We come now to this particular moment and it is a great pleasure to welcome all the boys back again, and also to have so many friends, both ladies and gentlemen, here today. The list of toasts selected might at first impression seem a little out of the ordinary, but I think as each man is heard, you will probably see the correct application to the subject. One of the important functions of the toastmaster is to let someone else respond to the toasts, and, so far as it is humanly possible, I intend to carry out this particular obligation. The first toast on "What I Saw in Europe, Including Cooties," is to be responded to by Mr. Emmet Trainor, '11. I have failed to give him his military title, but I presume in his response he will demonstrate a capacity far beyond his actual title. The subject was made to include cooties, because it was thought that if there was anyone we wanted to have around us on this day it was our own friends, and of course I doubt very much whether the lieutenant taking into consideration his school days as well as his days out in the world has found any closer friends than the cooties. The toast is "what I saw"; the lieutenant may also, if he wishes, include how he felt. I have great pleasure in introducing Lieutenant Trainor.

Mr. Emmett Trainor, '11, responding to the toast: "What I Saw in Europe, Including Cooties."

Mr. Trainor spoke very interestingly of the part the marines played in the winning of the great war. He described very graphically some of the great engagements in which he took part. The lieutenant's words were all the more convincing because of the fact that he sacrificed an arm in one of those great battles. He pointed out the fact that it was quite evident the Americans were not sufficiently trained to meet the veteran soldiers of Germany, and in spite of their splendid dash and courage, they were obliged to sacrifice many more men than they otherwise would have lost. This, in the lieutenant's mind, is the strongest argument in favor of some sort of military preparedness for America. He concluded his talk by paying a glowing tribute to Chaplain Harris A. Darche, an alumnus of St. Viator, who participated in many of the great engagements. Mr. Trainor said that the high courage and devotion to duty of Chaplain Darche won for him the admiration and respect of everyone who came in contact with him, both Catholics and non-Catholics.

Toastmaster: The lieutenant demonstrated that makeup of quiet power which no doubt had great force in the wonderful momentum of that great drive. This morning as we reviewed the boys out on the campus in their parade, I presume many of you felt



as I did. It was only a short time ago when their counterparts were walking on the fields in France meeting fire as American boys can meet fire. You no doubt felt as I did, that if that sort of thing ever came again, that the same type of men we saw on parade this morning are ready to go "over the top" as the lieutenant and his wonderful comrades did.

The next subject is really a very serious one. The gentleman who is to respond to it is now clearing his nasal track—I don't know whether he is going to whistle or sing. This subject was given to him because it has a historical value when responded to by Father Conway. Years ago when he was a student here it became necessary, after his first year, to raise the price of tuition, because the college authorities then had the first evidence of the high cost of living. It was most appropriate that Father Conway should be selected for this subject, because it is accompanied necessarily by the movement for increased wages, and the high cost of wages; Father Conway, of course, is no advocate for the reducing of working hours, because he recognizes so far as his own working hours are concerned, it would not be at all appropriate to enter upon a demand for reduced working hours, for he is sufficiently versed in mathematics to know that we cannot subtract from nothing and get anything. What kind of argument he can offer on the high cost of living, I don't know. I have had some experience with men who are engaged in making statistics along that line, and in every instance they were selected on account of their physical makeup, and they looked like the type of man who had not had enough to eat. Usually they were put on the stand in order to demonstrate that the whole body needed more food. Father Conway, I will admit, isn't a portly gentleman—he is so long it doesn't show in spots—however, if you put him on the stand, he will measure up to the full standard of the heavyweight class. Father Conway joked with your very distinguished President this morning on the score that God seemed to be good to the President in blessing him with a full head of hair; Father Pat was in the President's room at the time, and he happened to see a comb there. "Oh, I see you use a comb," said Father Conway. "Why, I don't use anything but a towel." I do not know how he is going to treat the subject, but I am inclined to think that no matter how he views it, we will find something good in the high cost of living as it is felt at the present day. Dear old Father Pat Conway—old Conway.

Rev. Patrick C. Conway, '84, responding to the toast, "The High Cost of Living."

Toastmaster, Reverend Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen: The toastmaster is curious to know whether I am going to whistle or sing. I can do both equally well. While we are talking about whistling, it reminds me of a Scotchman who was called upon for a donation on a bell bought for our church. The Scotchman wanted



to know where the bell was going and what it was for. The Irishman who was taking up the collection explained that they wanted to buy the bell for the church. "What do they want a bell for?" said the Scotchman, "haven't they got steam there? "Yes." "Well, why the devil don't they put on a whistle?"

Now I think there is an axiom in mathematics which says if you multiply two elements by the same number, you do not change their value. Then for the life of me I cannot see that there is any such thing as the "High Cost of Living," because when we speak of the cost of a thing we usually go back to the pain it cost in obtaining it; but people are not suffering any pain today; there is no one starving for want of money; there is no depression. We have got plenty of money, and we have got more things today than we ever had before, and there are more people who have more things than they ever had before. The only thing is we are paying out more money than we used to pay, but we have got a whole lot more than we used to have. I heard a very good definition of a profiteer the other day. It ran like this: "A profiteer is everyone but yourself." I think that is pretty well illustrated by the story of another Scotchman, who, after having spent 25 years in this country went back to Edinburgh. While there, of course he met many of his old-time friends. After having spent ten or twelve days in Edinburgh he was accosted by one of his old friends who said: "Now, Sandy, you have been in America for a long time, you are well acquainted with the American people and their customs, and you also know what conditions are here. Do you mind giving us your interpretation of the difference between the people here and there." Sandy said: "No, not at all. The thing that strikes me most as different betwixt the people here and there is the nearness of the people here; they are very, very close. Now over in America we are very liberal. We think nothing at all of money. Now to illustrate. I went into a tobacco store over here a few days ago to get a cigar. When I got my cigar I asked the storekeeper for a light. 'No, no,' he said, 'we will sell you a box of matches.' I said, 'I have bought a cigar, now give me a light.' He said, 'Nay, but I will sell you a box of matches for a ha'penny.' I talked to him for half an hour but he would not give in. And would you believe it, sir, I had to walk back eight blocks to my house before I could light my cigar. They are all very close over here." That is just about the way we are with the high cost of living. We are all trying to fool ourselves into the thought that there is a high cost of labor and a high cost of enjoyment, and a high cost of this and that. Why, Mr. Condon speaks of the days when they first raised the tuition at St. Viator's. I am sure he did not mean that my coming here was so disastrous to the culinary department that they had to raise the rates. We were gentlemen then, and we eliminated a great deal of washerwoman's work, as Dr. Hughes and many



others around here—Fathers Berard and Libert, and the good Dick Bradley can tell. Why we did not have to have a prefect at the head of every table to keep us in order. We used to take our knives and forks and spoons and clean—I was going to say do our chamber work—they right here at the table, roll them up and put them away. We used to have to work our way through here then. We did not claim to have been raised delicately—we were just college boys, but now of course they have to have a whole lot more.

The High Cost of Living! Why, we are having better things nowadays than we used to have. The boys who came down here for breakfast now have their fine bacon and eggs, but there was a time when they were satisfied with porridge in the morning. Of course if we want these high things, we might just as well wish for the good old days before July 1st when a man could have something in the morning, as to expect to live high without paying the price. That reminds me of a good joke Bishop Muldoon had at my expense. I always tried to camouflage my family—tried to make out that I belonged to a high family, but Bishop Muldoon was pretty well on to me. We were attending a big function and had some champagne on the table. I had the bottle in my hand—never having used it to speak of since I left the farm. I said to one of the priests: Now let me serve you some of this champagne; you know I was raised on it. Mother would always insist on our having this after our bath. "Yes," said Bishop Muldoon, "I guess he had one about as frequently as the other." But even though we did not have champagne, we did not have the desire for it either, and so were just as happy.

I believe, ladies and gentlemen, that this high cost of living is a most magnificent form of a disagreeable grouch—that times were never as good in the United States as they are today. They were never as good for the laboring man; they were never as good for the professional man—of course, outside of my own profession. We see very plainly that our great statesmen are most sedulously considering and trying to legislate to prevent the high cost of living, and it is a surprise especially to us who were so highly praised for the deeds of sacrifice we performed three or four years ago. We were then laying down our very lives and were willing to make every sacrifice in order to sustain the men who were willing to shed the last drop of their blood to protect our interests, but today for fear the taxpayer and consumer will have to pay one cent more for commodities, we higgie over a miserable pension for the men who went "over there" to die for us, and for whom we promised so much. It shows, gentlemen, that the economics of our country are in such good hands that things will certainly not get any worse. But whatever happens, I hope that this nation of ours will not want to be a party to any legislation that will deprive our brave lads of all the bonus that can be given to them.



I was not called up here to give a talk of this kind. They told me, "we want you to be just as funny as you can," but today is Decoration Day, and I feel that I must do something to show my patriotism. While I am on my feet, there is one thing more I wish to say. I do not remember of ever having appeared before a gathering of the old boys here without saying something about the real purpose for which we come here. We are here because we want to perpetuate the love we have for the college. All of us, I am sure, come here for that purpose. I feel it perhaps more intimately than some of you younger men do today, because I find that I am standing here surrounded by only a few of my old classmates in contradistinction to the days when I sat amongst a large crowd of the men of my own time who were recalling the scenes of days gone by so vividly that I lived them over again. But now I am getting into that class known as "old-timers." Of course I am not as old as the Mainvilles who came here forty years ago, or the Labrees, who were here fifty years ago, or the Legris who have been here forever, but I am getting along among the antiquaries anyhow; but I do hope that I will be enabled to say my last public words and make my last public appeal for the loyalty and the love of Viator's sons for the old Alma Mater that we want to see loved better and deeper as the years roll by.

Toastmaster: Father Conway always demonstrates his nobility, and that includes at all times an appeal for old St. Viator. I cannot, however, believe everything he says. Now I have a mental picture before me of Father Conway with that champagne bottle. I rather gathered that Father Conway wished to give you the impression that he was very anxious to serve the champagne to his neighbor, but you will observe that Father Conway was holding the champagne bottle all the time, so I feel he betrayed some very noble blood. The best proof Father Conway has furnished that he belongs to a royal family was that given to Father Bergin this morning when he declared he never took a bath when he was a young lad.

Now we have a very sad, sad toast; it really fills me with so much grief that I can hardly speak. I am informed that there is a considerable amount of trouble in the Peoria diocese. I do not know whether it is true or not, but I have heard it said that many of the clergy in the Peoria diocese have recently asked for a change. I hope they will reconsider. I recently heard a little story that goes with this toast. It shows that there is a very beautiful sentiment existing among the men of Peoria. Several Irishmen for a long number of years had been great cronies, and always enjoyed their little celebrations together. They enjoyed them in a quiet way. On one occasion, the particular friend of mine, who was one of the group, was very ill at home, and all the old cronies came to see him, and get his last blessing. At length they started to leave. The old fellow who was lying in bed said: "Boys, before you go



I want to tell you a secret. Over in that bureau drawer you will find a bottle of whiskey. I am going to die, and it is cold weather we are having. I know you will want to go to the funeral, so I want you to take that little bottle, and I want you to keep it until the day of the funeral." One of the men took the bottle, and said: "We will take a drop of this coming back from the graveyard, and we will remember you by it." The sick man looked at him and said: "No, boys, take it on the way out, because I won't be with you when you are coming back."

As boys we learned the story of Pompey. I want to recall vividly not only the statement of the facts as they are recorded in history, with reference to that great event, but I wish to relate a very beautiful story that is told as a result of that disaster. Pompey, after the eruption of Vesuvius, was buried so deeply in debris that it took centuries for archaeologists to unearth it; but it wasn't in as bad shape as Peoria is today. We read in some of the stories about Pompey that after centuries had passed they succeeded in digging down into that mystery and they unearthed many human skulls. Many students of psychology and human nature undertook to interpret what was in the minds of the men or women who were smothered in that eruption. I have no doubt that when some of the scientists of the future dig down into the abyss where Peoria once stood they will be interested in interpreting the thought that was in the minds of those people, and I am quite sure that they will have no difficulty in determining that the thought was: what will you have? And I do not know of anyone living in Peoria or anywhere else who would respond quicker to the invitation "What will you have?" than Dick Bradley.

Mr. Richard Bradley, '90, responding to the toast, "Peoria Without Distilleries."

Mr. Toastmaster, Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen: Today we have kept our promise of assembling in the "con-con" convention. First let me pass a remark about the closeness of the cooties. The cooties are closer than friends; they are relatives, because they live off of you. No matter how high the cost of living may go, it has no effect on Father Conway's wit. He said he was not a member of the royal family, but I think the other way. He is a member of the Lord's family.

One of the impressive features of this celebration was the trip we had coming over from Peoria. You know Pete Coffey, who is blessed with a lot of this world's goods, invited several fellows to accompany him here in his automobile. We thought this would be an inexpensive trip, so of course we consented. But, unfortunately, I have been in Belgium this trip. You know Pete has all the modern equipage on his car. The car almost steers itself, and runs without brains. We had some rather interesting experiences on the road. As we were coming in near Bourbonnais we found a Ford in distress. I stuck my head out of the car; of course I



wanted to make myself important, so I said: "Pull that Ford out of the way." Father Bergin said to me: "Pull your head in and that woman gave you an ugly look." "Oh, no," said Father Gordon, "he had it when he stopped here."

I would like to have seen Bishop Dunne here today, for I am sure he would enjoy this little story. I have a little boy of five by the name of Dick. It is very difficult to dress him. One has to start early in the morning, and he generally leaves for school with barely enough clothes on. On Easter Sunday I took Dick down to the Cathedral. Dick was much interested in the pontifical high mass, and he saw all the ceremonies. The bishop was led to the altar accompanied by a number of little boy and girl angels. Of course Dick was much impressed by the appearance of the Bishop when he had on his high "hat," and his staff in his hand. It was quite a task to dress the Bishop in his many robes—and I will say this, that the Bishop of Peoria was never built for lace. They were busy in tying ribbons and arranging lace, much to the discomfort of the Bishop. Dick was taking it all in, and at last he leaned over to me and said in a rather loud voice: "The king don't like to get dressed either." Another time my daughter Frances was rather late in returning from school. When she finally arrived home, I said to her: "Why, Frances, what delayed you? Your father and mother have been worrying about you." "Oh, Father," she said, "I have had the grandest time. Father Sammon's wife gave me a lot of cookies."

When I saw the boys on parade here this morning my mind went back to the time between the 80s and 90s when I took my philosophy here. Those were the days when Father Marsile would give his famous sermons. Those sermons remind me of the story told about the Parisian professor who had spent two years in America. When he returned to Paris, he determined to give a lecture in English. He began in this way. "My dear friends: To-day I will take for my subject a wonderful story. You understand I speak pretty well English, so you can all pretty well understand it. My subject shall be: 'Can ze Ethiopian change his skan or can ze leopo change his spo?'"—which translated means: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or can the leopard change his spots?" That is about as much as I remember of Father Marsile's sermons.

After I left college, and began to learn things, I took a sort of post-graduate course in the Grand Central depot at 4th Ave. and 42nd St., New York City. I held there the very exalted position of porter. One of the principal things about the position of porter in the Grand Central depot was the privilege of membership in the Grand Central Employees Association. The function of this association was to look after the burial of its members when they died, and if a member was sick, his comrades would come to console him. We used to take turns going to console the sick. One day an Irishman went over to see a sick man. The poor man lived on



the third story of a wretched tenement block, and Clancy, the Irishman, was tired of the narrow winding stairs when he arrived at his friend's room. "Well," said Clancy, "I never saw a man looking so bad. How long have you been sick?" The poor man answered about a week. "Why, man," said Clancy, "I have been sick three months, who looked better than you do." "And the doctor says you will get well? I wouldn't believe a word of it. I was just thinking as I walked up the stairs what a hell of a time we are going to have taking out the coffin." Some consolation!

When Father Bergan of Peoria made his initial appearance after his ordination, the friends of his boyhood days gathered in great numbers to assist at that wonderful first sermon. He got up and took for his text that very beautiful part of the scripture which says: "A little while you shall see Me, and a little while again and you shall see me not, for I go to the Father.—My dear friends, my text for today is 'A little while you shall see Me, etc.' On occasions of this kind when, as I say, we take for our text the beautiful words of scripture which I have repeated to you: A little while you shall see Me, and a little while again and you shall see me not, for I go to the Father—a blessing which I wish you all." And he climbed down out of the pulpit. As he was passing by the front pew, one of his old friends leaned over and said: "Gerald, give my regards to the old man when you see him."

There was another Irishman who went to visit a dead member of the porter's association who did not believe in heaven, hell or purgatory. His friends used to urge him to prepare for the next world while he lived, but he only laughed at what he called their pagan superstition. The Irishman began to laugh when he viewed the corpse and one of his fellows asked him why he laughed at so serious a time. "Why," he said, "our friend here is all dressed up and has no place to go."

After I was married, I went to a hotel in Chicago. I was so tired of elegant dishes that I determined to order a good mulligan stew. Just after the stew was placed on the table, I was called to the telephone. The waiter said to my wife: "Well, madam, how do you like your Irish stew?" My wife said: "I cannot really say; I have not been married to him very long."

Regarding my toast: "Peoria, Without Distilleries," if I understand the subject correctly, I might express it in the following terms: "Domus, sine spiritu—Chez-nous, sans vin." There was a time in my career, whenever I heard the word Bourbonnais, a tear welled up in my eyes, and even now it makes me thirsty. One principal feature of prohibition in Peoria is that they can almost do away with the early masses on Sunday. The boys used to stop in to mass on the way home. Prohibition has been productive of several things that have been bubbling up and entertaining my mind. All you folks will agree with me that every educated man should delve into poetry. While we were bouncing over the hard pave-



ments coming from Peoria a poem came into my mind, which fits this subject:

“Her face is not her fortune;  
Her form a Ford would fill,  
But, she’s a moonshiner’s daughter:  
I vow I love her still.”

“Peoria without Distilleries,” is not the calamity one might suppose. The closing of the liquor manufactories in Peoria has only meant the opening of new and more profitable industries. Those huge buildings that formerly made the beverages we loved so well are now being used to make some of the choicest products—canned fruits, etc. Peoria has many excellent things to boast of. We believe in the slogan of progress. The old idea of judging a man is past: this is the age of personal achievements—that is the only aristocracy the people of Peoria recognize. Our motto is “Do Good to All.” A man’s standing in our community is not judged by the amount of money he has made: we do not look upon the man who has gathered a few hundred thousand as one of our great citizens—that doesn’t test his worth to our community. That is what he has cost us. In our city we have adopted the habit of judging the worth of a man by what he gives back to the community. Peoria has indeed progressed, and all the credit for the advancement we have made is reflected back on St. Viator College, for many of our prominent men are her alumni. We have Father Shannon, who unfortunately could not be here today, Fathers Sammon, Bergan and Gordon—all these gentlemen are giving the best they have in life for the good of our city and they are shaping the destiny of our city.

I think it is eminently fitting for us to draw our inspiration from this day—Memorial Day—in order that we may honor our great men. This gives us a renewed appreciation for the boys who have suffered that the things we enjoy now might live. Other nations may have their heroes, but our boys are more than heroes—they are saviours, because they have saved a treasure which can be transmitted down through the ages—that priceless heritage of freedom, that was purchased by our forefathers in days gone by. Through their splendid sacrifice the world was saved, and today the nation approaches their graves with reverent step and lays upon them a tribute of nature’s sweetest garlands. We do well to give the sweetest products of our native land in commemoration of those who fought so well, for these garlands are but symbolical of the prayers and tears of a grateful nation raised to the throne of the Almighty to obtain pardon for their transgressions. In closing I wish to thank you for your attention during my remarks. Another poem has blossomed in my mind during the course of my talk, and as it expresses the sentiments that are in my heart I will offer it to you:



*Once more we come, old friends of mine,  
To sit around the board and dine;  
And for a time to bide a wee  
In the good old days that used to be.*

*It's not the menu's luring charm  
That draws us close to a brother's arm,  
But just the thought, you will agree;  
That I knew you and you knew me.*

*'Tis knowing folks that brings us here;  
It is knowing places to each most dear;  
It's knowing men that boys once were;  
And it's to know them better that we're here fer.*

*Right here and now I propose a toast  
To the plain old school I love the most  
To you all here and to them that's not  
Good luck, good health, and the best I've got.*

Toast master:

I think we will all agree that Peoria has improved a great deal since July 1st, last. Dick's story with regard to moonshine or rather reference to it, reminds me of a little story. I am not sure that I did not tell this before, but I will hazard it. The story is about a young negro. This young man was a caddy down at Excelsior Springs. I asked him where he came from? He answered from Kentucky. I asked him how he happened to leave his home, and he answered that it was a rather interesting story. Of course I asked him what it was all about, and he said: "You know, where I came from there are lots of moonshiners and bootleggers, and sometimes they are arrested. One day I was arrested and brought before the judge. He said: 'Jim, you have been bootlegging.'—No, sir, your honor.—'I am going to give you just twenty-fours hours to get out of this state.'"

Jim said: "Do you know, sir, Kansas owes me just 23 hours and 55 minutes."

Unfortunately Father Shannon is not able to be here today. One of the boys of 23 years ago is going to speak in his place. Out of consideration for this speaker, I think it proper that we change the subject from "Tomorrow," to "Today." I have a feeling, gathered from my close contact with him here, that this day has brought a great deal of good cheer to Father Bergin, and that the enthusiastic spirit manifested here today has given him great pleasure. It is not a reflection on any man who has held the important office of President of St. Viator College to say, and say it with a great deal of sincerity that Father Bergin is the great guiding spirit of Viator's destiny. Judging from Father Bergin's masterful speech of this morning, I feel sure we will all take great pleasure in hearing Father Bergin say something on "Today."



Toast of Father Bergin :

Toastmaster, Reverend Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen :

I think you will agree with me after listening to the wit and the humor and eloquence that has been expressed at this board this afternoon that it would be like painting the lily to attempt to add anything to it. I merely wish to say that we are profoundly grateful to the dear old alumni, who gather around us from time to time, who cheer us on the way, who fill us with courage and with hope, and who maintain us in the strong faith that whatever shadows or clouds may hang over our college home, we need have no fear for the future. I doubt whether any of you gathered here today realize what this means to us. It is like sunshine after darkness ; it is like the gentle rain after a drought ; it is like the morning dew on the parched summer grass—we are refreshed and revived again by your gracious and encouraging presence. I wish to thank from the bottom of my heart every one of you who has made this day for us a memorable day in the college year—a day that is forever glorified by beautiful and happy memories ; a day that will live long in our memories, and that shall not soon fade away.

We are of course happy and proud to have with us our generous benefactress, dear, good Mrs. Lynch, who in times gone by entrusted to us that most precious of all gifts—her son. She believed in us with that faith than which none is higher, and entrusted to our humble hands the formation of the destiny of those so dear to her heart. Now, in addition to that she has laid us under a perpetual debt of gratitude—and it is one of the blessed things of gratitude that it can go on paying forever, and still be forever in debt.

I wish also to thank our good President of the Alumni Association, who has worked so hard, not only today, but for many days past to make this occasion the beautiful and memorable event it has been, and who has filled so charmingly the chair he occupies.

I am sure there is not a single student, past or present, who did not feel a thrill of pride—who was not glad that he is a fellow alumnus of the young lieutenant who told us in his own modest, humble way of the shining path of glory that he marked on the blood-stained fields of France. He did not have to talk to us ; no words in his mouth were necessary : there is no book so deep and sublime ; no speech so eloquent has ever been made on patriotism, and devotion to high ideals and to humanity, as his presence here today—for he has sacrificed the next thing to life for his country and for humanity. I wish to assure him that we are profoundly grateful to him for his presence here today.

And then that man amongst men, who does not need to prove by any historic documents that he is of royal blood—he never does and he never can open his mouth to express the great sentiments that glow in his breast without proving that he is regal in every inch of him—the great Father Conway. He may not have a purse



shining with gold, but he has a heart which is an inexhaustible mine of the finest gold of human kindness, noble sentiment, of generosity and splendid manhood. We are proud to have him with us today. It is a privilege and a pleasure to know him, to be associated with him, and to have him from time to time shed the light and encouragement of his gracious presence in these humble halls.

And lastly that wondrous artist of wit and humor, who might have whiled the hours away and make them seem like minutes—the master of laughter and pathos, the great Dick Bradley of Peoria. I do not know what school he went to after leaving St. Viator College, but I like to believe, I like to persuade myself that St. Viator College can claim some little share of the credit for the formation of that brilliant mind and genial heart. Him also, we thank most sincerely for coming to visit us today, for he has shed over this gathering the light of his genial humor. He was like the pure rays of the setting sun, making all things bright and glad and golden—but I would leave you with that delightful impression still filling your minds and glowing in your hearts; and I sincerely hope that when another Home coming day comes around, we will have all of you present again with us, and that everyone of you will bring with him many others of the old alumni—that we shall all enjoy a beautiful and perfect day such as this. Thank you once more.

Toastmaster:

In behalf of the alumni association I desire to thank the friends who came here to be our guests today. I am sure that all the alumni present today feel as I do, that we should always be loyal to old St. Viator, because when men such as Father Conway and Mr. Labree are willing to come a great distance in order to spend the day with their Alma Mater, it makes us reflect what a great void there would be in the life of each one of us if there was no such place as this to visit. All the enthusiasm and joy of this day will be of small importance and small consequence unless we are willing to perpetuate this enthusiasm by means of some definite plans and practical resolutions for the future of St. Viator's.

While I am still addressing you, I want to call attention to this interesting fact, that there is sitting at this table a gentleman from So. Dakota, Mr. Anatole Labree. Mr. Labree was the first student who took a meal in St. Viator College as a boarding student. When you reflect that we have as our guest today the first boarding student of St. Viator's, you can see that a great deal has been accomplished by the college during the lifetime of a single man. I am not going to ask Mr. Labree to make any remarks, but I should like, however, to present Mr. Labree, the first boarding scholar that entered St. Viator College.

Mr. Labree:

I am going to take advantage of this occasion to address you in a few words. I am a good deal like the fellow I read about the other day. A friend of his said: "John, I hear your wife complains



that you speak to her only about once a week.”—He answered: “Yes, I guess that is about all I interrupt her.” When I first came here this morning with my brother, Father Labree, I looked for some of the old buildings, but they are all gone—I could not find a single place where I had gotten a licking. When I was a boy I had considerable trouble in learning to write. I write a pretty fair hand now, but one licking was the cause of it. I had my copy book spattered up with blots, and one of the brothers said, “if there are twelve blots in that book, you will have to take a licking.” He found the twelve blots, and I had to take the licking, but I can assure you I never made another blot in my copy book. I have been very happy in looking around the college: in fact there has been nothing to mar the pleasure of my visit. I have been much more fortunate than the man who was attending his wife’s funeral. The undertaker wanted him to ride in the same cab as his mother-in-law. The man refused and the undertaker said: “I have charge of this thing, and you are going to get in there.” The poor fellow saw it was useless to argue with the undertaker so he said: “All right, I will, but it is going to spoil the pleasure of this trip.” I do not think there will be anything to spoil the pleasure of my visit, for I have enjoyed every minute of the day; I have seen many friends, and it has been a real treat to me to see so many fine people who have been educated by this college. I, for one, feel that whatever success I have had in life is due to this college. I came here in September ’66 and stayed until ’71, and I never went to school after that. I did not, like Mr. Bradley, learn everything after leaving school. Of course I have learned many things that I could not learn at school, and amongst those things I have learned this: that the fellows who are married amongst the boys here should send their children to Catholic schools, and to the boys who are not married, I would say: pick out good Catholic wives, and raise your children to be good Catholics, for if they are good Catholics, they will be good American citizens.

---

Due to ill health Brother McEachen has taken up his residence at St. Viator Parish, Chicago. For twenty years Bro. Mack, the respected friend of every student from the smallest Academic to the biggest Senior in the yard, has labored at the College and his absence has left a void that no one may fill. The old students take this opportunity to wish Bro. Mack every blessing and good wish for the coming years.

---

The following extract from a Chicago paper will be of interest to the students of 1914-1915. “Adrain Lynch, a right hander recently purchased from Des Moines, pitched the St. Louis Browns to a six to four victory over the Red Sox yesterday.” “Slim” Lynch, the popular idol of the Viator fans of ’14 is the latest St. Viator contribution to big time circles.



At the beginning of the scholastic year Ed. Kelly '18 was raised to the Diaconate. Brothers Richard French, Stanley Swinkowski and Christopher Marzano received Sub-deaconship.

---

Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney C. S. V., for the past year Director of the Seminary Department of Columbus College, has returned to St. Viator. Father O'Mahoney will guide the financial destinies of the College for the coming year. Father Maguire has been recalled from the University of Illinois, where he held the chair of Catholic Philosophy, and will again assume the duties of Dean of the Sociological Department at St. Viator. Rev. G. P. Mulvaney, C. S. V., who for the past four years has served as Chaplain of St. Joseph Convent, Forth Worth, Texas, has been appointed Director of Studies for the coming year. Rev. J. A. Williams has returned from the west and will be a prominent figure in the English Department.

---

Fathers Martin O'Connor and P. Moynahan of Sioux Falls and Fathers F. Sheen and Charles Hart of Peoria have enrolled at the Catholic University for the coming scholastic year.

---

Jawn Tinley has gotten over his wanderlust and will remain loyal to his fair state and commonwealth for the next four years at least. John informs us that he intends to grace the campus of the University of Iowa for the next four cycles and will wrestle with Spanish and other odd subjects for the time being. He finds relaxation in football and we are sure that Jawn's gentle ways will find full appreciation in that field. Snarf, Jack, eh,

---

John Madden and our little friend Pat Meegan spent a few hours at the College recently. They were on their way back to the home digging after a hunting trip down state. Pat informs us that among the other big game he bagged, was a number of pigeons, but we are inclined to believe that it was the barn on which they were perched that he hit. Pat and John were considerably incensed at the railroad service and rode from downstate to the College at the expense of the railroad. Pat intersperses his hours of play with a few lusty calisthenics as a steamfitter's helper. Jean is preparing to make life miserable for the general public in the dental profession.

---

Another old student has joined the ranks of the Benedicts. On August 25th, Thomas Marron H. S. '17 was united in marriage to Miss Hilda Cassidy, of Penfield, Illinois. After the honeymoon, the young couple took up their residence on Tom's farm near Penfield.



On August 15th, James Sees and John McEnroe, H. S., '19, pronounced their first vows at the Viatorian Motherhouse in Chicago. On the same day John Ryan, Andrew O'Loughlin and Eugene Surprenant, all of the High School graduating class of '20, received the habit of the Community. Their many friends unite in extending their heartiest congratulations to the young religious.

---

Thomas Cannon '12, has entered into competition with Henry of Detroit. It is a rather startling coincident that shortly after Tom arrived in Detroit, Henry was compelled to lower the price of his "cars." Another moral victory for the Alumni, Tom.

---

John Brennan, H. S. '19, has entered the newspaper game in Chicago. John's first step is reporting for the City Press.

---

The following clerical changes should be of interest to the old students: Father Surprenant, C. S. V., from Beaverville to Maternity Church, Bourbonnais; Rev. F. X. Hazen, C. S. V., from St. Edward's Parish, Chicago to Beaverville; Rev. P. O. O'Leary, C. S. V., from St. Viator Normal Institute to St. Edward's, Chicago, and Rev. M. Mugan from Annunciation Parish, Chicago, to St. Basil's, also Chicago.

---

Columbus College is fortunate in securing the services of Father Farrell, C. S. V., and Brothers Lee, Gedwell and Ronald French who have replaced Brothers Mitchell, Fitzpatrick, Swikowski, Richard French and Ryan, recently transferred to St. Viator College to complete their theological studies.

---

St. Viator's Day found many old alumni hurrying about the Campus in search of old acquaintances. The football game with Columbia (formerly Dubuque) brought many of the old stars of Viator's past athletic history. Among the old athletes present at the game were Fathers James Fitzgerald, Thomas Welsch, H. Kaspar, Edward Dunne and Irv Murray.

---

During the past month the College faculty and student body have entertained the following welcome visitors: Rev. P. Conway of Chicago; Rev. E. Hagen, Rev. J. D. Sullivan, Rev. M. P. Sammon, Rev. L. O'Connor, Rev. F. X. Hazen, C. S. V., John T. Bennet, Rev. E. Dillon, Rev. C. J. St. Amant, C. S. V., Rev. A. Mainville, Rev. A. Rebedeau, Rev. P. O'Leary, C. S. V., Rev. Harris Darche, Rev. T. G. Flynn, Rev. T. Harrison, Mr. Frank Rainey, Harold Arnberg, James Corbett, James McGarraghy, Amos Loftis, James Creighton, James Kavanagh, Vincent Cahill, Anthony O'Mahoney, Joseph Reading, Willard Wirth, Walter Marquardt and Patrick E. Meegan.





The purpose of this column is to cover those "other things" which happen in the daily life of the college, the activities of the different class organizations, the entertainments and that news which is of interest to the student and alumnus of the College. The matter of this column is necessarily of a miscellaneous nature and we solicit your aid in making it complete by sending in any material that you may judge to be of interest to every reader of the Viatorian.

"And among other things—"

---

## SOCIETIES

### THE CHOIR

Under the direction of Reverend Father Sheridan the choir, after a few days of intensive training, rendered the beautiful mass for St. Viator Day. Father Sheridan has expressed his satisfaction for the musical talent evidenced among the student of this year and under the training of this able Director the Choir should surpass the accomplishment of past years.

---

## THE HOLY NAME SOCIETY

The College branch of the Holy Name Society held its first meeting on October 24 under the direction of Rev. W. J. Stephenson, C. S. V. The following men were elected to offices for the year: Vincent McCarthy, president; Edmund A. O'Connor, secretary; Thomas J. Cavanagh, treasurer. In the Junior division the following were elected: Murel Vogel, president; Ivan Leahy, secretary; James Thulis, treasurer. The College branch desires to express its thanks to the Archdiocesan Union for the courtesy and encouragement so generously given. The Holy Name lecture bureau has offered to send, during the year, many of its highly instructive numbers.



### THE BAND

Professor Martineau is fast rounding the band into shape and will soon be ready to take its place as a regular department of the Reserved Officers' Training Corps. The first demonstration of the year was given on St. Viator's Day at a field review in which the entire unit took part. Mr. Edward Cody has been appointed sergeant of the band and has proven himself an able director.

---

### THE ORCHESTRA

Professors Elmslie and Martineau are training the orchestra preparatory to a recital to be given on St. Cecilia's Day. Most of the members of last year have returned and there are several promising new members.

---

### THE COLLEGE CLUB

At a recent meeting of the Senior class the necessity of a college club which would include all the members of this department was discussed. As a result a meeting of the college men took place on October 15th and the plan was suggested to the department. It was met with immediate and enthusiastic support and before the meeting had closed it had become a reality. Mr. Thomas F. Cavanaugh, '21, of Chicago, Illinois, was elected president; Mr. Howard Kenny of Peoria, Illinois, vice-president; Mr. Edmund O'Connor, '24, of Chicago, Illinois, secretary, and Mr. Vincent J. McCarthy, '23, treasurer. Committees were appointed to organize a rooters' club and to choose proper songs and yells to be used on occasion. The principle purpose of this organization is to support the athletic teams and to take charge of all the various activities that do not fall within the province of any individual class organization. The club is a part of the plan to make the year of 1920-21 one of the greatest in the history of the college on the field and in the gymnasium as well as in the higher fields of intellectual attainment.

---

### CLASS ACTIVITIES

#### THE SENIOR CLASS

At the final meeting of the Junior class of last year Mr. Glen J. Powers of Chicago, Illinois, was elected to guide the destinies of the Senior class in the last stretch of its journey. With Mr. Robert L. Russell of Decatur, Illinois, assisting him in the role of vice-president, Mr. Raymond J. Francis of Detroit, Michigan, as secretary, and Mr. John P. Lynch of Champaign, Illinois, as treasurer, to uphold the best traditions of class history and organization.

At the first meeting of the class this year the class roll was responded to by all the members of last year's class with the exception of Mr. Gerald M. Lee of Springfield, Illinois, who is now enrolled at Columbus College, Chamberlain, South Dakota. The names of Walter J. Ryan of Chicago, Illinois, and Mr. Benedict Connors of Wilmington, Illinois, were added to the class roll. Plans



were drawn up for the success of the Senior class and they have already started to be realized. The formation of a college club and a rooter's club were ideas born in the minds of the seniors that have already come into being. Other plans are on foot which will come to light in due time. A committee has been appointed to wait on the officers of the college to discover in what way the Senior class can best co-operate with them in the activities of the year. The class will meet on the first and third Sundays of each month or at any other time that the president may see fit.

### THE JUNIOR CLASS

At an initial meeting of the class of '22 Mr. Howard Kenny of Peoria, Illinois, was elected president, Mr. Edmund Sweeney of Bloomington, Illinois, vice-president; Mr. John V. Connors of Wil-  
mington, Illinois, secretary, and Mr. Francis J. Lawler of Quincy, Illinois, treasurer. Plans were discussed and resolutions were taken to assist the Senior class in all its activities. Mr. Kenny is a hard worker and has been prominent in all college activities since his entrance here two years ago. Under his direction the Junior class feels that its destiny is in the best of hands. Mr. Kenny is also vice-president of the College club and a most efficient factor in promoting college spirit.

### HIGH SCHOOL CLASS

Mr. Joseph Riley of Assumption, Illinois, was elected president of the Fourth year High School class at the initial meeting of that organization. Mr. Robert Heintz of Chicago, Illinois, was chosen vice-president; Mr. Joseph Marron of Fithian, Illinois, secretary, and Mr. Ralph Salerno of Chicago, Illinois, treasurer. Mr. Thomas E. Shea was chosen as moderator for the class.

### ENTERTAINMENTS

Reverend F. A. Sheridan, C. S. V., director of dramatics at the College, has selected a course of entertainments for the winter months. They are chosen for the most part from the Redpath Circuit and are unsurpassed for their quality and interest. Among those already on the program are the following:

The Metropolitan Orchestra.....	November 10
Sacred Concert.....	November 22
Local Talent	
The Dreamer's Immortality—a lecture.....	December 6
Reverend J. W. R. Maguire, C. S. V.	
The Passion Play.....	December 10
Local Talent	
Sidney Landon—Impersonator.....	December 14
T. A. Daly, Poet—a lecture.....	January 6
The Fine Arts Quartet.....	January 25
Ralph Parlette, Author, a lecture on Human Efficiency	
.....	February —



Lectures by Doctor Melady and Judge Marcus Cavanaugh of Chicago, Illinois, are pending. With these entertainments together with a championship basketball team and our Saturday night movies the long winter hours shall be robbed of their dreariness. Other numbers will be added to this program in the next issue of the Viatorian.

---

### THE MOVIES

In the past year the weekly movie has become an institution at St. Viator College and Father Sheridan promises us the very best that can be had during the coming year. No complete program has as yet been arranged and hence we cannot give our friends any information regarding them, but we hope to be able to do so in the next issue of the Viatorian. To add to the attraction of the movies the orchestra will furnish music in the way of popular songs.

---

### NEWS BITS

#### ST. VIATOR DAY, OCTOBER 21

Beautiful weather and the "big" game with Columbia College of Dubuque, Iowa, brought a large crowd of alumni and Viator fans home for the annual reunion of St. Viator Day. The program of the morning included a solemn pontifical mass, sung by the Right Reverend Monsignor G. M. Legris, D. D. The choir rendered the beautiful Concone's mass in grand style. Reverend Father Haden of Wapella, Illinois, preached a touching sermon on the life of St. Viator and the ideals for which the College, dedicated to his sacred name, has always stood. A review of the Reserve Officer Training Corps in which three hundred "soldiers-in-the-making" participated completed the morning program. Dinner was served to the guests in the College dining hall at 1:00 o'clock and a football game which the St. Viator warriors won by a score of 21 to 0 furnished the attraction for the afternoon.

---

### THE VIATORIAN MISSION BAND

Word has been received from several quarters telling of the work of the Viatorian Mission Band which has recently been re-organized under the direction of Rev. P. E. Brown, C. S. V. Father Brown and his party have everywhere met with tremendous success and are engaged for some months in advance. A special branch of the work of the band is the giving of non-Catholic missions and these have been very well attended and have been the means of bringing great numbers into the fold. The headquarters of the band are at the St. Viator Normal Institute at 3208 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

---

### OBITUARIES

#### MICHAEL J. O'MAHONEY

On St. Viator Day, October 21, the angel of death claimed the soul of Michael J. O'Mahoney, brother of our Reverend treasurer,



Father O'Mahoney. His death was sudden and unexpected and the whole College shared the grief of Father O'Mahoney in the loss of one so near and dear to him. Solemn Requiem mass was sung in the College chapel for the repose of his soul. To Father O'Mahoney and the other bereaved relatives of the deceased the Viatorian extends its most heartfelt sympathies.

---

#### HARRY DELBERT VICORY, JR.

Word has just been received from the relatives of Harry D. Vicory announcing his decease. He will be well remembered by the students of a few years back for his general amiability and his genuine piety. He passed away on the 13th day of September after suffering for several weeks with Brights' Disease. Solemn Requiem mass was celebrated at St. Joachim's Church and interment was made at Mt. Olivet on September 15. To his mother, Mrs. Martha Vicory, and to the other bereaved relatives and friends of this splendid, young man the Viatorian offers its sincerest sympathies and shall not forget him in prayer and holy mass.

---

With deep grief we chronicle the death of William C. McKenna, President of the Class of 1906. He died suddenly on September first in his thirty-fourth year and was buried in Calvary Cemetery from St. Mary of the Lake, Chicago. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by his classmate, Rev. Louis M. O'Connor, Urbana, Illinois, assisted by Rev. D. L. Monahan, Oxford, Indiana, as Deacon, Rev. J. B. Shiel, Chicago, as Sub-deacon, and Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V., St. Viator College, Master of Ceremonies. Very Rev. W. J. Bergin, C. S. V., President of St. Viator College, preached the funeral sermon. In his public and private life Mr. McKenna always exemplified the high principles of his strong Catholic faith. His manly character contributed as much to his success as his brilliant mind. His beautiful spirit of Christian Charity made him a delightful friend, a loyal alumnus, a dutiful son and a devoted husband. In his death St. Viator College loses an alumnus who always took an active and generous part in promoting its welfare. As a student he manifested his great ability as a leader in establishing class organization and later on he took a prominent part in perfecting the Alumni Association and forming Viatorian Clubs. It was sufficient that any project gave promise of advancing the cause of his Alma Mater for him to give his time, his talents and his means to make it a success. In a few years he forged his way to the front rank of the legal profession in Chicago. As a member of the firm of Cummins, Raemer, Flynn & McKenna and as a teacher in Loyola School of Law, he laid the foundations of a most distinguished career. To his bereaved mother, brothers and sisters and to his little orphaned son, William, Jr., the VIATORIAN extends its sympathy and the assurance that at St. Viator College he will be long held in prayerful remembrance.

---





When the call for candidates was issued by Coach Finnegan, the vet backfield of last year's aggregation responded, but Riley and Lynch were the only line performers of last season to report in uniform. Despite the lack of veterans in the forwards, Coach Finnegan found an abundance of material in the new candidates. The Crane game was the initiation and among the new men who loomed up as real line timber were Farrell, Winterhalter, Emmett Murphy, Lewis Murphy, Walsh, Barrett, Sees, Newman and Northforth. After the preliminary Coach Finnegan set about to build up his offense. With his veteran backfield as a nucleus, he developed a shift attack that brings all the power of a heavy line and a hard-hitting back field in the drive. The shifts gave the outfit a versatile attack, which in the hands of Captain McCarthy has proven its ground gaining power against some of the strongest College teams in the section. The line has been drilled until it is a fast, shifty and heavy forward combination that moves like a machine. Behind this wall the Viator backs may strike at any point of the opponents defense and it is this attack coupled with Mac's generalship that makes the team a power. The return of Connors at guard, a thinking, clearheaded and aggressive forward and Langan, the giant tackle, has helped to bolster this assault. With O'Connor's driving line tactics, MacLain's spectacular running and punting, Healey's strong plunges, and in that line St. Viator has a line attack that means much ground at the needed moments and a flock of first downs. Captain Mac's spectacular and accurate heaving and Bushell and Winterhalter's sensational receiving gives the aggregation a strong skyline attack. The close of the season should see St. Viator with a powerful, smoothly running grid machine under the leadership of one of the best gridiron generals in the State.



## CRANE VS. ST. VIATOR

St. Viator opened the season with a win of 47-0 over Crane College of Chicago. Play was ragged throughout as the aggregation had been together but a week and the fracas was featured by the individual brilliance of several stars in the Viator lineup. Though the line lacked co-ordination, there was clear indication of the calibre of the forward crew. Riley at guard and Lynch at tackle were the only vets in the line and showed up well. L. Murphy, Newman and Farrell loomed up as the best bets among the new forwards. Crane had a tough go of it making first downs four times against the outfit. McCarthy at quarter gave an exhibition of his last year's clever open field scampering. Mac is a good field general and kept his green outfit well in hand and worked his veteran backs to advantage when the punch was needed. O'Connor and MacLain at halves played a consistent, hard game with MacLain bursting into the limelight with several brilliant flashes in off-tackle drives. Francis at full played the same great defensive game. Every candidate for position was given an opportunity and gave much promise.

---

MILLIKIN 20—ST. VIATOR 0

On October 2 St. Viator staged a curtain raiser on football relations of the two schools. St. Viator opened the tussle with a green line and had to take the small end of a 20-0 score. Battling a seasoned outfit made up of vets and meeting concerted attack with individual brilliance, St. Viator put up a defense that the score fails to indicate. The game coming as it did at the end of the first two weeks of practice placed the team under the handicap of lack of co-ordination. Murphy and Sees played the star roles in the line and the off-tackle drives of O'Connor and MacLain, the defensive playing of Francis were the features of the attack. The aggregation oiled up their skyline attack in this fracas and McCarthy loomed up brilliantly in the heaving department.

---

WESLEYAN 14—ST. VIATOR 21

On the following Friday Viator staged a come-back against Wesleyan at Bloomington in one of the greatest demonstrations of spectacular passing and slashing line attack seen downstate this season. St. Viator entered the game with a shifted line, but the loss of Murphy and Walsh early in the opening period threw a wrench in the works for the collegians in the first half. At the end of the period the score stood 14-0 against Viator. In the first few minutes of the second half Viator took the offense with McCarthy outgeneraling the Wesleyan line and advancing the ball by driving off-tackle smashes and hard line cracks in which Healy, O'Connor and MacLain did the honors. The third period found Wesleyan playing a defensive game with the score standing at 14-7. Spectacular and cleverly executed heaving by Captain Mac and sensational receiving



by Bushell and Winterhalter sent Viator for the chalk mark for the second counter. With three minutes to play Healy received the kick-off and ran the ball sixty-five yards to the University's ten-way mark. Two line smashes brought the ball to the ten-yard and with thirty seconds to play, a pass made by McCarthy to Northforth put the ball over for the win.

### ST. VIATOR 21—COLUMBIA 0

On October 21 St. Viator won the classic of the year over their old rival Columbia, formerly Dubuque College, by the decisive score of 21-0. Columbia was never dangerous after the first half and failed to pierce the Viator defence for substantial chunks. St. Viator's rebuilt line played a spectacular defensive game figured by hard tackling and a hard driving attack that tore the visitors' offense to shreds. Connors at guard was the favorite in the line playing a heady game and smashing the interference. Lynch at tackle did great work in piling up Columbia's off tackle attempts. It was the line's game from whistle to whistle, each man playing together and the entire gang utilizing every ounce of power in the driving attack that Captain McCarthy launched against the Columbia forwards early in the second quarter. In the open work in the second quarter, Bushell starred in the grasping section while Mac did the honors on the heaving end. MacLain's putting was the feature of the offense and several of his trials at goal missed by a narrow margin. O'Connor at left half played a slashing defense game and started in breaking up the visitors' aerial trials. Healy, playing for Francis, proved a hard man to stop.

### LINEUP

St. Viator.	Position.	Columbia
Winterhalter.....	L. E.....	MacAreavey
Murphy, E.....	L. T.....	(C) Oberbroeckling
Lagan.....	L. G.....	Kinane
Sees.....	C.....	Martin
Newman.....	R. G.....	O'Toole
Lynch.....	R. T.....	Galvin
Bushell.....	R. E.....	Kaffron
McCarthy (C).....	Q. B.....	McDonough
MacLain.....	R. H.....	Long
O'Connor.....	L. H.....	Blake
Healy.....	F. B.....	Coogan

Substitutions: Sutton for MacAreavey; Barrett for Bushell; Riley for Newman; Connors for Lagan; Welch for Murphy; Farrell for Winterhalter; Norfolk for O'Connor; Jordan for Healy.

Touchdowns: MacLain, 2; Healy, 1.

Field Goals: MacLain, 3.

Referee: Graves, Illinois.

Umpire: Young, Ill. Wesleyan.

Head Linesman: McCord, Illinois.



**CHICAGO TECH., 0—ST. VIATOR, 20**

On Saturday, October 30, Chi Tech was taken into camp to the tune of 20-0. The game was ragged throughout with the Viator line playing good defensive ball but lacking the drive in attack. The entire game was played in Chicago Tech territory but lack of punch at crucial moments kept Viator scoreless in the first session. St. Viator showed a decided slump in the open game in the first period and the backs made little headway against the Chicago aggregation. In the second period the McCarthy-Bushell-Farrell combination ate up the chalk marks via the air route. But in the third quarter the open attack fell flat and Nothforth, MacLain, O'Connor, Healy and Jordan, sharing backfield honors, began hammering the line for a sweepstakes down the field. In the last quarter St. Viator chalked up twenty points and had the ball on the visitors' half-yard mark when the whistle blew. Walsh starred in the line. O'Connor's vicious tackling and hard defensive playing was the one bright light in the backfield.

---

**ST. VIATOR, 41—LINCOLN, 0**

After the ragged playing against Chi Tech, St. Viator sent in a powerful, smoothly-running grid machine against Lincoln, defeating the down-state school at Lincoln on Nov. 6. Lincoln never gave any serious opposition to the Viator steam-roller. St. Viator's revised attack tore the Lincoln forward defense to shreds and skirted the ends for substantial gains. The line loomed up well and showed a decided reversal of form. Sees at center, Riley at guard and Langan at tackle were a tower of strength on the defense.

---

**HIGH SCHOOL****ST. VIATOR ACADEMY vs. ST. MEL'S HIGH SCHOOL**

St. Viator Academy opened the season on October 15 by staging a win over the fast St. Mel's team of Chicago. The Academy gave a fine exhibition of early season class and played a good ball featured by slashing line attack. Quinn and Clancy drove into the limelight with some stellar line plunging. Walsh added the dash of the spectacular with his wing plays finding the ends for considerable gains. At quarter Heintz looked the class handling his team to advantage. The line played a great defensive game. Doyle at end did some vicious tackling that stopped any end swings in his direction.

---

**ST. VIATOR ACADEMY vs. ST. IGNATIUS**

In this fracas the Academy aggregation edged out St. Ignatius, one of the strongest Academy outfits in this section, by a score of 10-7. Coach Fitzpatrick's huskies showed decided improvement over the St. Mel tussle and gave a demonstration of strong defense and strong attack that Heintz had well in hand and handled like a vet. Though outweighed in the line, the heavy St. Ignatius forwards



could not break down the Viator defense and early in the game both teams were compelled to stick to open game with Viator grabbing all the breaks.

In the first quarter, a long pass and a wide end run gave St. Ignatius its first tally. Two minutes later Doyle grabbed a fumble and raced to the five-yard. On the next play, Quinn drove through for the first Viator romp over the line. McGinnis kicked goal. The game then settled down to sensational passing and slashing line drives with both teams unable to find the other's defense for substantial chunks of territory. In the third quarter Quinn and Clancy broke loose for telling gains and with the ball on St. Ignatius' 20-yard line and the score 7-7, McGinnis dropped one over the cross-bar for the winning tally. The ball then stayed in midfield until the final minutes of the last quarter when the visiting quarter tore off a few end runs that threatened to put the ball over, but Viator held for downs and McGinnis punted out of danger. The game ended with the ball in midfield.

---

#### ST. VIATOR ACADEMY vs. LOYOLA

With their stars on the cripples list and still nursing injuries received in the hard St. Ignatius scrap, St. Viator Academy went down to defeat to Loyola at Chicago, 20-0. Loyola had all the breaks from the first whistle and this advantage coupled with the superiority of weight and experience proved a strong handicap to the weakened St. Viator outfit. But the gang put up a beautiful battle and despite the score played a hard defensive game that did much damage to the Loyola attack. Hobert and Ambrosius played the star game in the line and loom up as two of the best Academy guards in this section. Quinn in the backfield did some desperate defensive training that made him a feared man at all times and a terror to the smashing backs. The game was a great tussle and the Viator lads gave one of those grand exhibitions of that never-say-die spirit that has ever made Viator feared on the gridiron.

---

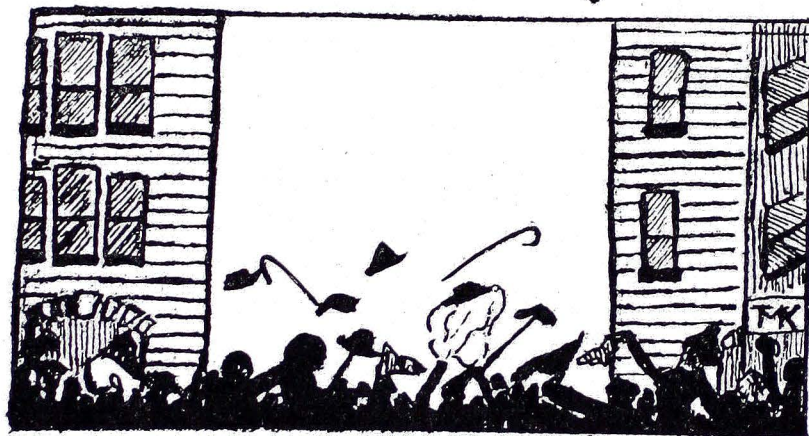
#### INDEPENDENTS

School opened and the Maj. landed at the old School with bag and baggage. But the Maj. was sore—he was too light to play Varsity football and he was ineligible to play on the High School. Now if there is anything the Maj. likes it's football and he dotes on the center position because it keeps a chap in the middle of the fighting and gives him a fine opportunity to play hard ball and to give and take with the best of them. So the Maj. decided that if he couldn't play on the Varsity he would turn out a team of his own that wouldn't have to take off their hats to the world and the Maj. did. Major Kilcrece has whipped an aggregation into shape that has proven itself one of the best independent aggregations seen on the Viator campus in many moons. That gang is a real outfit with the fighting spirit of the Maj. and with all his joy of battle. In the



opening battle they tumbled the strong Bradley stars. The Maj. starred in his old position in the line with a smashing style of play that raised havoc with the visitors' interference and spoiled their attack before it had a chance to develop. Luke O'Brien, the Maj's side-kick, did some line smashing that tore the Bradley line to shreds. Maj. has proven himself somewhat of a wizard in unearthing hidden football talent. He found McGinnis, Academy star who pulled a victory for the Academy in the St. Ignatius battle, and he has shown the world that Thompson is some halfback and Cunningham some end. Delihant at tackle and Grimes at guard are both fine performers. The team plays two strong aggregations on Armistice Day and on Thanksgiving.

## After The Dubuque Game.



T. McKenna.





### THE GANG'S ALL HERE

There's Mack from Rock Island, a farmer boy  
 Who first used a plow as a baby toy.  
 And Yutch from Clinton, stands six feet;  
 Took every race at the cripples' meet.  
 Dizz from Odell, a loosely built lad,  
 Goof all you will, he never gets mad.  
 Johnny from Chi, the gang is sure glad  
 To have again with them, this serious lad.  
 Bush from Peoria, the medal we pass  
 To him, fair lad, for attending class.  
 Then Red from Davenport, the son of a gun,  
 When Red gets mad, then comes the fun.  
 Then Johnny from Wilkes-Barre, just give him a chew,  
 Then Jawn is contented for an hour or two.  
 There's Babe from Iowa, he slicks his hair  
 And boldly flirts with the ladies fair.  
 Tom is our preacher, his lectures not few,  
 We're all set to go when Tommy is thru.  
 Now there's the whole gang, say what you like,  
 They've all been mentioned except old ——.

---

### THE POP FIEND'S HYMN OF HATE

And I long for the old Green River,  
 My grape and a shot of Orange;  
 For the toper lives forever,  
 But the abstainer, the whole world scorns.

---

It is well to notice how the disposition of Red Eye is effected by the U. S. Mail Service.



## HEARD IN CHEMISTRY

Prof.: Liquid air freezes at 180° below zero.

Charlie: My Gawd, Prof., that's almost as cold as the dom.

## EXTRA!!!!

Assumption lad receives recognition as a poet. It is our pleasure to present the only printed edition of Joseph A. Riley's heart-rending pome. We do not believe that we are guilty of sacrilege in printing this for you will recognize and feel the depth of this poetic thought.

## BUCK'S LAMENT

"Twas in a graveyard dreary  
That this thought came to me;  
It makes my old eyes teary.  
Oh! the spirits that used to be!

## II

"I saw the spirits 'round me  
And my heart within grew sore.  
Till I thought I would go drown me.  
Oh! the spirits that are no more!

T: Why is a crow?

Audience: Don't know. Why?

T: 'Cause.

Smart men will have their little puns.

Local No. 303 of the Order of Professional Mourners has been organized. Those desiring membership will apply to Grand Regent Kenny.

Once upon a midnight dreary, as the boys wrote weak and weary  
On scattered papers that bedecked their table bare.  
Almost weeping; came a tapping, gently at their cloistered door.  
As of someone softly rapping, then was oped the battered door.  
"Why the writing?" Came the answer from the cloistered walls of  
four:

"'Tis compositions—nothing more."

## SIGHTS TO BEHOLD

Red Byrnes smoking a cigar.

The new student in his first issue of R. O. T. C. clothing.

Scut, after his all-night ride in a coal car.

Kike Manaco's nose.

Jawn and his jazz-bo tie.

Kenny after that trip to Chi.



## OH! LENGTH SUBLIME!

The boxcars tall, the ones petite,  
Or be they fat or slim;  
When Ray extends his dangling feet,  
They're all the same to him.

---

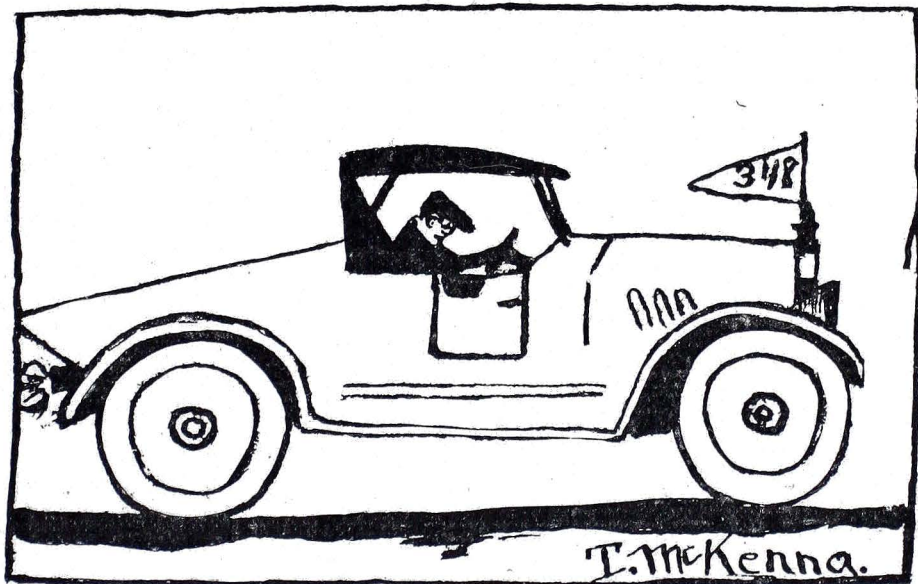
Ocerguard on the sidelines at the Lincoln game when Bush dropped a pass: "I guess he didn't go to Communion this morning."

---

Student: Where are you going?

Second Stude, on way to pool room: Oh, over to the Lyons' den.

## Shorty McGovern's Car.





# EDELWEISS FOOD PRODUCTS

**The Accepted Institutional Standard**

---

**Established 1883**

ORGANIZED WITH THE SPECIFIC  
PURPOSE OF CATERING TO THE  
PARTICULAR REQUIREMENTS OF  
HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, CLUBS,  
RAILROAD DINING SYSTEMS,  
STEAMSHIP LINES, INSTITUTIONS

---

**JOHN SEXTON & COMPANY**

**Importers —WHOLESALE GROCERS—Manufacturers**  
**CHICAGO**

*One Good Turn Deserves Another—Buy From Our Advertisers*

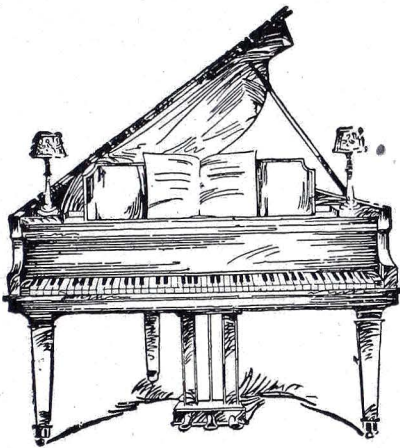


DON'T FAIL TO CALL AT  
**D. E. MEYER'S**  
**NEW CLOTHING STORE**

172 East Court St.

**EVERYTHING MEN WEAR**

Special Attention Given to College Students



*The LYON & HEALY*  
*Apartment Grand Piano*

Supreme in tonal  
 and architectural  
 beauty

**LYON & HEALY, Chicago**

**JOHN J. DRURY**  
**PLUMBING**

Steam and Hot Water Heating, Gas Stoves and Ranges  
 Coal Ranges, Hard and Soft Coal Heaters

Both Telephones 72 KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS 276 Schuyler Avenue

**W. S. QUINBY COFFEE CO.**

Importers—Roasters—Jobbers

**High Grade Coffees and Teas**

BOSTON—CHICAGO

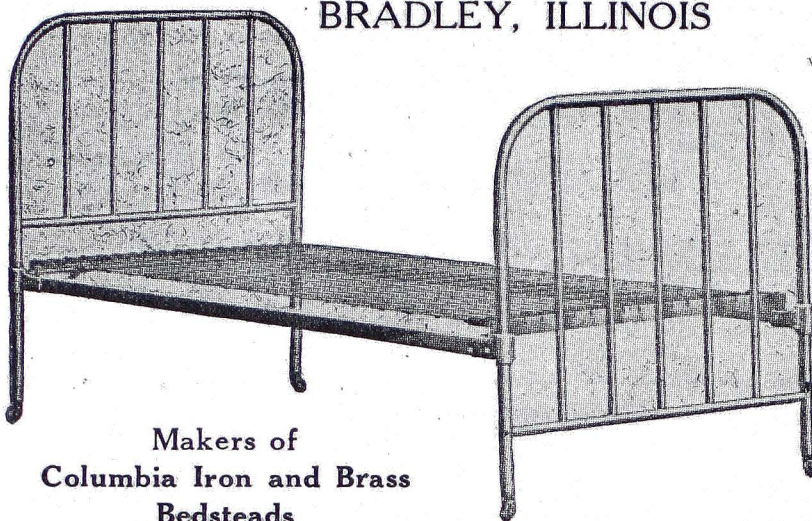
Samples sent free on request—Correspondence respectfully solicited  
 42 East Kinzie St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*Patronize Our Advertisers*



**JOSEPH TURK MFG. COMPANY**

BRADLEY, ILLINOIS



Makers of  
Columbia Iron and Brass  
Bedsteads

Special  
attention to  
Furnishing  
Institution  
BEDS

Prices and  
Illustrations  
on  
Application

Fine Office Stationery, Business Announcements, Folders, Cards, Etc.

**THE FRANKLIN PRESS**

COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Second Floor Granger Building, 169 Schuyler Avenue

Telephone 406

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

**NOTRE DAME CONVENT**

Accredited to Illinois University

A Select Boarding School for Girls and Young Ladies

This institution is conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame, and offers every opportunity to young ladies for a thorough Christian and secular education. Prices reasonable. For catalogue address

SISTER SUPERIOR, Notre Dame Convent

BOURBONNAIS, ILLINOIS

*When Buying, Please Mention the "Viatorian"*



**AMEDEE T. BETOURNE**  
**Pharmacy**

Agent for Eastman Kodaks  
Prompt Developing and Printing  
119 Court St., Kankakee, Ill.

Buy your cigars direct from  
factory

**V. McALLISTER**  
Rantoul, Ill.  
Manufacturer

**LAFAYETTE CAFE**

Kankakee's  
Most Popular Restaurant  
213 S. Schuyler Ave.

Compliments of

**Hawk-Eye Compound Co.**  
Boiler Compounds  
Blue Island, Ill.

Compliments

**BARON'S**  
Confectionery Store  
135 S. Schuyler Ave., Kankakee

**THE WINNER**

Correct Apparel for Men  
**Plant-Kerger-Dandurand**  
The House of Kuppenheimer Clothes

**L. & R. Sporting**  
**Goods Co.**

Peoria, Illinois

Groceries

Meats

**ED. J. GRENIER**

Bourbonnais, Ill.

Poultry

Eggs

**REMINGTON CAFE**

McBROOM BROS.  
First Class Restaurant and  
Cafe  
Kankakee, Ill.

Interior Trim and Cabinet Work  
Plate and Window Glass  
Mirrors

**Paulissen Mfg. Co.**  
463-499 S. Washington Ave.  
KANKAKEE, ILL.

*Our Advertisers Will Extend You Every Courtesy*



**G. A. FORTIN**

**AUTOMOBILE  
DISTRIBUTER**

151 E. Station Street

**Buick**

**Federal International Motor Trucks**

**Wallis—America's Foremost Tractor**

**EAT JOHNSON'S CHOCOLATES**

**F. O. SAVOIE COMPANY**

**KANKAKEE**

Founded 1855

**WILL & BAUMER CANDLE CO., Inc.**

The Pioneer Church Candle Manufacturers of America

**Syracuse, N. Y.**

Makers of the Highest Grades  
Church Candles of All Kinds

Branch: 212 W. Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois

**B. L. FITZGERALD**

**Insurance, Loans and Bonds**

19 City National Bank Building

Telephone 159

**MAJESTIC—THE CLEAN, CLINKERLESS COAL**

MINED AND SOLD BY

**CRERAR CLINCH & CO.**

THE ROOKERY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

**THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST**

*Our Advertisers Are Reliable*



**D. J. O'LOUGHLIN, M. D.**

Practice Limited to

**EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT**

Bell Telephone 253

Granger LeBeuf Bldg.

**KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS**

Compliments of

**LUNA THEATRE**

**KANKAKEE, ILL.**



Printers of the "Viatorian"

**THE FRED J. RINGLEY CO.**

**Manufacturing Printers**

621-631 PLYMOUTH COURT  
**CHICAGO**

**MORGAN AND BOTHFUHR**

**Funeral Directors**

**168 S. Schuyler Ave.**

**Kankakee, Ill.**

Phone 433

**Private Ambulance**

**FOUNTAIN PENS**

We have a very large stock of Fountain Pens. You are sure to find here exactly the point that best suits your hand. Come in and choose the pen you can do your best work with.

**\$2.00 to \$12.00**

Also a complete line of Ever-sharp and Fyne-point Pencils.

**\$1.00 to \$5.00**

**VOLKMANN'S**

**Jewelers and Optometrists**  
**168 E. Court Street**

*Our Advertisers Are Houses of Quality*



**Henry Reuter & Sons**

Roofing &amp; Sheet Metal

Contractors

159 S. West Ave. Bell Tel. 196

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

**Narcissee L. Marcotte**

BARBER

BOURBONNAIS, ILLINOIS

Special Attention Given to  
College Students**EDWIN PRATT SONS**Manufacturers of everything in  
Wire and Iron Work, Fire Es-  
capes, Wire and Iron Fences,  
Store Fronts, Stair Railings, Steel  
Stairways, Vent Guards, Struc-  
tural Steel Work.

KANKAKEE

**Erzinger's  
Pure Food Stores**

226-232 Court St.

KANKAKEE, ILL.

**KANKAKEE BOOK &  
VARIETY STORE**

Ralph C. Lancaster, Prop.

116 Court St., Kankakee, Ill.

Oakland Sensible Six Bell Tel. 363

Oldsmobile and Fordson Tractors

**BROUILLETTE & ULLOM**

Automobile Repairing &amp; Supplies

General Overhauling on All Makes  
of Cars

BOURBONNAIS, ILLINOIS

YOURS FOR SUCCESS

**JAMES McGARRAGHY**

CLASS 1919

Compliments

of

An Alumnus

*Serve Those Who Serve Us*



## KEEPING PACE WITH THE GROWTH OF THE COMMUNITY

IN FACILITIES the First Trust and Savings Bank of Kankakee has kept abreast of the requirements of business and industry.

This bank is equipped to render every banking service.

### "FIRST" TRUST & SAVINGS BANK OF KANKAKEE

LEN SMALL, President

HENRY BECKMAN, Chairman  
Board of Directors

C. R. MILLER, Vice-Pres.  
and Cashier



## ATTENTION OLD STUDENTS

You may have a subscription to the "Viatorian," also a bound volume of this year's "Viatorian" for \$3.50. Send in your order now.





**This space reserved for names of  
Alumni who desire to contribute to  
our work in getting out the "Viatorian"**

**THE STAFF.**