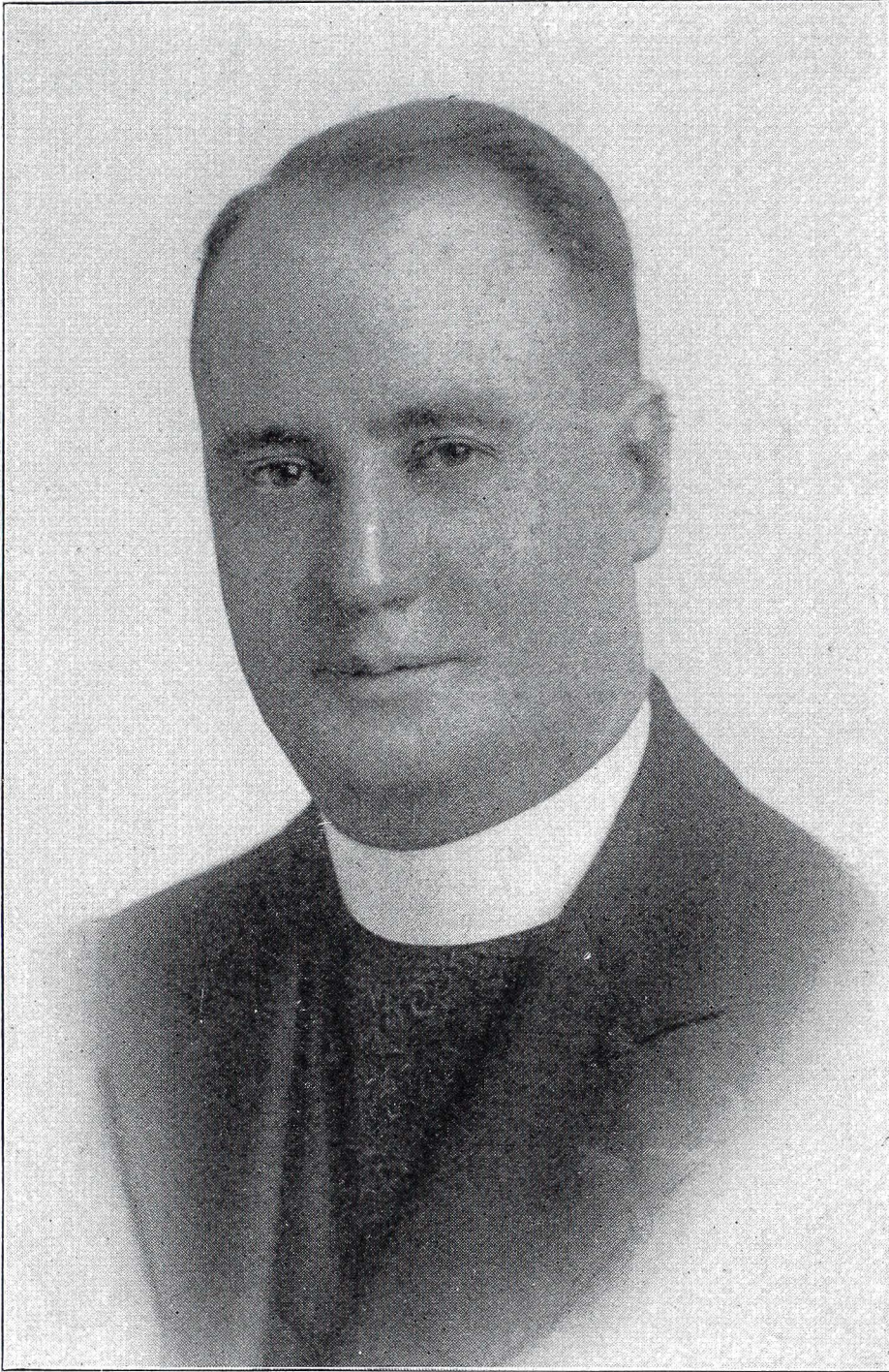


The Viatorian

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Very Reverend T. J. Rice, C. S. V., President

The Viatorian

FAC ET SPERA

Volume 40

Number 1

Our New President

It is the pleasant role of the Viatorian to announce the selection of Reverend T. J. Rice as the seventh president of St. Viator College. The appointment came with the visit of the Very Reverend Peter Robert, C. S. V., Superior General of the Clerics of St. Viator. It was received with genuine joy by the faculty of the College and with great enthusiasm on the part of the students.

The choice of the Superior General falls upon a particularly worthy candidate, for Father Rice is a thorough going college man.

The secular world points with pride to the man on top and says of him. "That man is qualified for his position, he has served in every department of the organization of which he is now the head and therefore knows his business from top to bottom." In a more exalted sense and surely in a more vital concern, the same may be said of Father Rice. There is no angle of College life with which he is not conversant. A long and varied experience in the classroom has made of him a first rate teacher, he understands fully the problems of the classroom, what a teacher should do, how he should teach, and will, therefore be a valuable guide in that important, if not all important branch of a college. His success will be the inspiration to those who are to teach under him.

As a disciplinarian, covering a long range of service, the new President is scarcely less conspicuous. He adheres rigorously to the Viatorian principle of discipline which makes for character building. His rule was a happy blend of firmness and mildness, so that while he frowned on all delinquency there was much he could smilingly forgive in the conduct of his boys.

Those who have passed under his regime as Dean of discipline have always averred his strict justice, they may have felt the sting of a rebuke but they have likewise admitted that only justice was done them.

Father Rice has given no unmistakable signs of his ability as an executive from the manner in which he filled the office of Vice-President. Therefore, great confidence is reposed in him when he comes to handle the larger and more varied problems of administering this college as a whole.

He is fitted to be the College spokesman. He is a forceful and eloquent orator and can be depended upon to represent St. Viator's at any public gathering.

His is, withal, a genial personality, a disposition that can be grave or gay on occasion. He may be counted upon to widen the ranks of St. Viator's already numerous alumni, and to win for her many friends who will be loyal and staunch to the College.

The Viatorian is joyful over the appointment of Father Rice and wishes him God's blessing in his great work and a most happy term as President of St. Viator's.

George Meredith; The Novelist

Meredith, of all the Victorians, is the least widely read. Save only to the intellectually inclined, he is unknown, and with a goodly share of these, he is not a favorite. Yet, despite this, Meredith has some good points and has been praised by critics of worth. He does not, it is to be deplored, fulfill the standards that represent the Victorian Age. The novels of Dickens, Eliot and other authors of that age far surpass those of Meredith in interest; his books do not arrest the attention and enkindle the desire to read them as do the tales of his contemporaries. Like the other novelists of that age, Meredith wrote novels of purpose; he attempted to make a psychological study of characters; he tried in a way, to imitate his fellow authors, but there is something lacking that prevents him from gaining their greatness. His ideals, his purposes, are not theirs. Where they choose one path, he selected the other; not from the spirit of wilful conscious opposition, but because his ideals, his aims, were not theirs. Had he been able to overcome this, he might have been a more popular writer; had he been more capable of conforming to the criterions of the time, he would have enabled the reading public, accustomed as it was to the methods of the writers of the age, to more easily peruse his novels. To delight in Mere-

dith's works would have meant the changing of their literary tastes; this they could not, nay, would not, do. And so, because of his differences from his contemporaries, Meredith remains unread.

Meredith's style presents the first difference between his fellow literateurs and himself, and it is the greatest obstacle to reading his novels. It is cumbersome, involved and somewhat Germanic in construction. Thus, in some of his sentences, the ordinary reader must study every word and sentence to understand the meaning. To pick from a mass of words the thought which they are meant to convey, one must often painfully labor; and intellectual toil is not the object of the average gourmand of fiction. Fiction is read for amusement and not for knowledge. There is no greater enemy of pleasure in a novel than obscurity of style or plot. An elaborate hidden style wearies the mind by its mists. Weighty sentences, clothed in a mass of jumbled words, tire the peruser. Meredith is prone to the use of sentences, pregnant with thought; and oftentimes it is only after scrutiny of the words and a diligent study that we gain their meaning. This were true if he expressed his thoughts in the most direct simple sentences; but Meredith was a lover of the intricate. He preferred to shroud his thoughts in elegant verbiage; to veil them beneath a multitude of not often clearly placed words. Even of his aphorisms this is true. One must remove the shroud, and pierce the veil to find their meaning. So pithy are some of these that when he has couched them in simple language, they remain yet vague and difficult to understand. Even some of his simple sentences are well nigh incomprehensible. But here the obscurity is due to the special meaning Meredith attaches to words. To him, in an attempt to make them emphatic, some words had other significations than those that the conventionality of language gives them. Witness the sentence, "was she not colour the sight of men," taken from "Lord Ormont and his Aminta." Study this group of words as closely as possible and yet we divine not his thought. We can only guess. A careful reader, on finding such a sentence as this, becomes exasperated at not being able to solve the meaning. Meredith made this fatal mistake; his imitation of the German masters, cost him dear to the English public. They were accustomed to the open classical style of Dickens and Eliot; they could not become interested in a book such as Meredith's were. But this first fault of Meredith's is parent to yet a greater evil, which disgusts the reader.

This intricate and difficult style is the primary factor in the haziness of his plots. Some of his plots are composed of incidents similar to plots of his contemporaries; yet they are

far more hard to follow than are theirs. His style demands a large share of the attention that should be paid to the plot; and this renders difficult the following of the events of the story. For plots, such as Meredith uses, a clear direct style is necessary, so that they can be easily read. Meredith employs a multitude of incidents, numerous swift changes, and a great group of characters. In "The Adventures of Harry Richmond," for instance, there are many incidents; the scenes shift from town to town, from country to country; and he comes into contact with many characters. Meredith changes these scenes with great rapidity, and oftentimes with but little indication of the movement. In one happens to become involved in studying one of his perplexing sentences, or should he happen to slip one, he loses the trend of the story. Often the motivation for these movements is not clear. Scenes changed without direct indication and without sufficient motive lose the strength they should have. They do not impress themselves on the mind, and they are forgotten, not after the book has been read, but while it is being read. If the reader cannot remember the details for some length of time, his mind becomes bewildered, and he takes no interest in what follows. This is the first effect of Meredith's numerous story-events. The second is that they introduce a multitude of characters, and often they are of but little value to the plot. They enter on the stage, and then vanish from sight; forgotten, and their purpose not remembered. Yet the introduction of each new character (such as these) mystifies the reader more and more. They have no interest to the reader, in so far as they do not advance the story. They have no interest, because they have no share in the plot; also, because they are living a life that seems not real. This brings the greatest fault of his plots; the most confusing element of the story.

The most apparent weakness of Meredith's plots is the deficiency of social background. To produce the impression of realism in the novel, it is absolutely necessary to so select the component parts of the plot that they may give a general view of the social state of the period which they portray. They must contain, if not explicit details, analogous to the social events of the day, at least incidents that give a reference to the life of the time. Take the plots of Dickens, Eliot and Thackeray; Dickens in "Oliver Twist," or the "Tale of Two Cities;" Eliot in "The Mill on the Floss," "Romola" or "Silas Marner"; Thackeray in "Henry Esmond." These three, in the books above mentioned, have a good social background to the plot. All can be clearly traced to the social trend of the period they depict. Indeed, of Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," it is one of the strong points of worth. Their reality is based on the social life they delineate; they are so directly referential to the

real that they seem to be real. But of Meredith's novels, this is not so true. His plots do not embrace circumstances that clearly and directly refer to the Nineteenth century; at least, they do not give the impression of the social system of that time as do the other Victorians. Perhaps this is due to a difference in the purpose of the various authors. The Victorians usually had a purpose in writing. Dickens wrote to reform the evils of his day; thus he deals directly with life's realities. Eliot sought to expose moral wrong; she dealt largely with the moral side of life, particularly as it existed in the middle classes. Thackeray's purpose is not so clearly defined, but he was somewhat of the same bent of mind as Eliot. But all these used the general existing social conditions for their work. They made the individual typical of a class, and made his pass through various phases that happen to groups of that particular class; they made the individual do things in order that he might make a class or a social evil appear wrong. Meredith makes a character wholly individual; if he is wrong, he is exposed only as an individual not representing a class. Hence, he does not pass through the common happenings of the time. Thus, even where there is some analogy between his plot, and the reality, it is vague. If Meredith had overcome this indefiniteness by a more direct relation between his story, and the social system of the day, he would have produced not only better plots, but better characters.

Because Meredith's characters have no social background in which to move are not true exemplars of life. There is required, however, circumspection in judging the probability and possibility of his personages. Meredith's people, unlike the "Maggies" and "Nancies" of the two great artists of the golden prose age, do not impress their reality on the reader. In knowing the social background in which the characters of the two masters move, we feel rather than read the life they lead. We can never do that with Meredith's characters; we hardly know his world. We believe that the struggle of "Maggie" Tulliver in the "Mill on the Floss" might be true, and that she could have had some place in existence. Eliot gives her an air that, in turn, gives us the firm conviction that she might have been more than a story heroine. Of "Nancy" or "Bill Sykes," too, we have a firm belief that somewhere they might have had a place in real life. We hardly question their right to reality. But of "Clare" or "Lucy" or "Richard" (in "Richard Feverel"), have we that same staunch faith? There is something about them, a certain indefiniteness, a lack in the life they portray, that robs them of the appearance of reality. We doubt their probability or possibility. But what is the force so wanting, that something, which makes the personages of one real, of the other not real? Is it the plot only?

Or is there some intrinsic value that we miss? Because they lived in a world garbed with superficiality; because they moved in an atmosphere of artificiality, are they robbed of reality? If we would take them from their gilded world; if we should tear them from their painted life; if we should take them from their environment and place them in better, would they be more real? That is doubtful. By taking them away from their surroundings, it is probable that we would deprive them of the reality they now possess. To separate them from their plot is to take from them the little realness they now possess.

Perhaps the value that might give reality to Meredith's characters is the spiritual. Dickens' and Eliot's creations have some form of Spiritual life; not, of course, in the sense that they profess an explicit religion. Perhaps it were more apt to say in the view of morality, rather than in religion, lies the weakness of Meredith's men and women. Dickens and Eliot seldom give an express religion to their characters, but always their characters, either give evidence of a rigid moral view, or of a knowing lack of that knowledge. Dickens held sin or moral wrong in disfavor; accordingly, his heroes and heroines held it so; his villains lived the opposite, and were held at variance by the better personages of the story. Eliot has still greater abhorrence to evil. Her stories are mostly a psychological study of the conflict of the evil and the good, and it is largely through this that they are real. Perhaps we might say more fitly that, by the good, their actuality is made impressive. Goodness itself makes the ideal not the real; badness, too, renders real, for we meet both types in life. There is in each of us a certain amount of goodness and badness. True, many succumb to the evil; these are true types; some triumph over the evil and are good; these, too, are true. But all make a more or less valiant battle against the evil. In this is constituted the realness of life. In the story, we prefer the hero and heroine to be above the common level of good; to struggle, if they have fallen, to rise again. After all, it is the character, unless it be the villain, that is above the real, that seems to be true to life. There lies the weakness of Meredith. We find his men and most of his women accepting a rather immoral view of life. His men, particularly, are of this type.

Meredith presents the weakness of his male characters in his making them dependent on their environment for their spiritual worth. His heroes pass through a succession of more or less dangerous moral events, always falling, never fighting. They are automatons in the hands of environment. Not that they depend solely on the circumstances of life, but that they make no effort to ward off the dangers. Come good, they are good; come evil, they are degenerates. They do not descend

to the lowest depths of morality; but they do not, because Meredith did not place them in a position to do so. Had he, we do not know whither they may have fallen. Without spiritual ideals, we could not expect them to be otherwise.

They had nothing to warn them to do otherwise than they did; no guides to show them the right and wrong of life; they could only obey their maker. Without an idea of right or wrong, they were helpless in the face of moral danger; helpless, because they had no power to make them better. Thus the heroes of "The Adventures of Harry Richmond" and "Richard Feverel" had no faith, no religion; only natural tastes and passions to rule them. They made no attempt to struggle against the dangers, the moral enemies, they encountered. They never rose above the perils they encountered, because they were mere puppets in the hands of their creator.

Meredith has, however, redeemed this moral fault in his male character, by the creation of some good female characters. His women are more moral than his men, and they are the more natural. He does, indeed, insist on their physical charm, and does not directly mention their spiritual value; but their lives are the reflection of goodness. This is not true of all his female personages, but in every book, he has placed at least one good woman. Of them it is noticed that they are prone to idealism; yet, because the world likes to fancy woman as virtuous, to idealize woman, they are more real than his men in their harshness. But, where Meredith is capable of idealizing, he is also able to sympathize. When, indeed, he does introduce fallen women into his stories, there is evidenced a spirit of forgiveness for their sin. But where they do fall, we never find Meredith attempting to make them regain their lost splendor. Unlike Eliot, he could not see the power nor portray the beauty of that spiritual struggle that is inevitable in life. He could sympathize with, but could not better. Even his best females do not attain to that same virtue that we find in "Maggie Tulliver." Eliot gives us a sublime picture of an inward conflict, and of the moral victory. Meredith does not do this. His females are good in a natural way; their morality seems to be only the result of the natural morality of women. Take his picture of the ideal "Lucy" in "Richard Feverel." While she is mentioned as having a particular religion (probably the only one of all his characters so mentioned), there is no statement of the effect of her religion on her morality, and the impression is that it is the result of her pure goodness. Perhaps a better sample of this would be "Clare" of the same story. She marries, to obey a mother's wish, where love does not reside. Her life under this trying condition is a model for many of this day. It is not of the highest moral virtue, yet it is better than that of many heroines of other

novels. One word more may be said of the idealism of his characters. In itself this is a novelistic error, but it points to a good trait in the man.

Meredith's characters are all the result of his own personality, and that is why we find in them these two conflicting elements: lack of religion, and idealism in his women. Meredith was, as Phelps says, "essentially pagan." What he did not possess, he could not give to others; so that, he having no God, his characters likewise have no God. His principles of morality were not those of Christianity, so his characters do not profess them. He saw only the material side of life; and so they see only the earthly view of existence. That is why his books are prone to sensualism. In Meredith's world there was no sin. Paganism knew not sin till Christianity came. The consciences of people had become so dulled that men lost not only a right view of the hideousness of sin, but even of a Creator, whom they should worship. They came to worship beauty; and sin came to be, once the real beauty of goodness was lost, mere folly. Like them, in their adoration of natural beauty, we find Meredith. What he himself had he endowed his characters with; they, too, worshipped beauty. But they did not receive that redeeming trait of Meredith himself. Meredith's admiration for beauty made him chivalrous; but it did not make his male personages so. At least, their actions give no proof of it. In life, he was a firm admirer of women, and was ready at all times to help them. To them in his novels has he given the greatest share of idealism; them has he made the saving power of the sometime sordidness of his books.

In summing up the characteristics of Meredith, it will be well to keep in mind these personal traits of the man himself. They are important in the meting out of justice to him; and they will help the reader in perusing his stories. Perhaps his dreary style, his strange world and characters, and the sensuality of his novels will prevent him from ever becoming popular with the reading world. Undoubtedly and justly, his books will be censured for their moral tone, but we must not overlook the qualities of those redeeming characters of the stories. If we remember that amidst the evils of his novels, there exists the flower of pity for the weak and fallen, it will help us to a fairer estimate of the man. We must remember that his were not the ideals of his age; that, while he was a Victorian, in time, he was not wholly so at heart. Hence we must not judge him entirely by the Victorian standards. If we do this, we must accede to Meredith a peculiar place in literature; he is neither great nor small; not great, because he did not attain the height he should have won; and not small, because his characteristics are enough to make him a good, though not perfect novelist.

The Test

H. Knoblauch '25

A luxurious limousine drew up in front of the palatial residence of J. Milton Cartwright of the Cartwright Steel Mills Corporation. A young man stepped forth with a debonair show of neat and expensive apparel. He, like a pageant of fashion, swung up the broad steps that surmounted the terrace. Buoyantly he lifted the brass knocker and let it fall with a thud that resounded sharply through the stillness of the afternoon. When the door swung back, there stood a white-capped girl with a silver tray in her right hand, her left hand resting lightly on the ornamental brass knob. Taking off his soft grey hat, he was ushered into a heavily furnished room, and as the girl disappeared up the winding stairs with his card, he seated himself in one of the deep-cushioned chairs, crossed his legs, and sighed deeply.

Directly above him in a dressing chamber decorated in blue and white, sat the girl of his dreams, combing her wondrous golden hair and dreaming. As the servant girl entered the room her reveries were disturbed and she glanced up quickly. Pushing the locks back that tumbled over her well-molden head, she took the card from the tray, and then as the name of it came into vision she started so violently that it dropped from her hand and fell to the carpet.

Stooping quickly she recovered it and stared fully a minute with eyes that registered complete surprise. Opening her mouth as if to speak, she closed her lips again without a word. Another minute passed before she decided that she could trust herself to words.

"I will be down immediately," she said.

Ten minutes later the young caller looked up to see Dorothy Cartwright standing in the draped door of the next room. She studied him a moment before she entered the room where he was. Seeing that he saw her she paused but for a second more, and then walked in.

He rose and pressed the fingers that were offered him, while the girl, without a trace of anything but mere friendship showing on her face said slowly: "Can it really be you? You certainly have kept yourself well hidden for the last six months, I never received a single line from you all this time,

I really couldn't imagine what had become of you. I thought that you had forgotten all about me by this time."

Half hesitatingly he took a seat beside her on the davenport, a huge affair of deep leather cushions. There was a rather curious look in his eyes as he answered,

"Well, Dot, I've been in a good many places since I last saw you. I was out west and all over," Then a little more seriously, "I wasn't really sure you wanted to hear from me after what you said that night."

He was still pressing the fingers that lay warmly in his grasp as if he were trying to conceal the happiness that he felt upon seeing her again. As the girl looked into his shining eyes a troubled look came into her own. She wanted to answer, but in vain her lips sought to frame the words she knew would relieve the situation. She couldn't keep out of her mind that picture he had so unconsciously made as he had almost knelt at her feet in his plea for her hand. She had not known what cruel punishment she was inflicting when she had answered:

"It's no use, Jim, you and I could never be happy. We are as opposite in our tastes and dispositions as we possibly could be, we could never make our ideals conform sufficiently to make us happy. You are rich, go marry any one of those who are only too willing to have you. It's the only way."

But he had answered: "Dot, I don't understand you. Why couldn't I make you happy? I'd give you anything you wanted. You could have anything money could buy. I am sure you could be very happy, I can't see what ———— Say Dot, tell me, is there any other man? If there is for God's sake let me know. I can't let you go to any one else, no one knows how I love you. I don't want any of those who are only too willing to have me, I want you!"

He had broken off. Against her breast Dot's locked hands had pressed heavily. The color had leaped to her face again and had again died. But she had remained dumb. She could only sit there staring straight ahead, waiting. And presently he had gone on, still with hands outstretched.

"Dot, It's not true! It can't be true that there is another. It can't! No, I can't believe that!"

A flame of anger had spread on the girl's cheeks. She did not like Jim's spirit. It sounded as though he thought he completely possessed her. "Why not," she had asked coldly, but a second later could have bitten off her tongue, for her words. Her tone of voice changed instantly. Putting one hand

on his outspread arm she had continued almost apologetically. Gently she had told him there was no other man, and didn't think that there would ever be one. "For I don't think that the man I could love has yet been born. At least I never have seen one that conformed to my idea of a real man. The man I marry must be tall and strong and handsome. He must be good and kind and generous. He must be able to earn a living by the sweat of his brow and he must enjoy life as it should be enjoyed. He must not be attracted by the non-essential things of life and those trivialities with which the average person burdens himself. So now you see why I can't marry you. I like you very much, but my liking for you could never change to love."

There was pain in Jim's eyes as he listened to her say that she could not marry one who had gotten more out of life than he had put into it. She, who was physically perfect, could never cherish a weakling, born in the lap of luxury. He had listened to her without a word and when she had concluded he had given her a simple 'good-by' and had gone away.

Undoubtedly he had loved her. But the teaching of a stern father had left an indelible lesson in her soul. Although she would have liked to have called him back that night, she had not done so. She thought of all this as though it had occurred but yesterday, but she said nothing. Finally he relieved the situation.

"I went away, Dot, and tried to forget, but I couldn't. Countless girls I saw, but beautiful as some of them were, none of them really appealed to me. They only served to bring you back more strongly in my dreams. I nearly went insane trying to forget you, and then finding it impossible, I came back. I wanted to see if you had not thought better of your refusal, to see if you wouldn't listen to reason. And here I am," he concluded simply.

Dorothy looked into his eyes that seemed veiled by a mist of tenderness and love. His very soul seemed to speak out of them. She wondered at the infinity of expression a pair of eyes can reveal, for what emotions can they not disclose? Jim's eyes were speaking, asking, beseeching. Her heart was so full of emotion that she could scarcely combat it, her very soul whispered, "Surrender, Surrender, for here is a man who indeed loves you!"

But her extraordinary will was too strong for even this superhuman temptation, it would not let her submit. The fire in her heart died down as suddenly as it had risen, and it was the extraordinary composition of her nature that controlled her lips

as she said: "No, Jim, I can't do it, I simply can't do it, I simply can't. Two parallel lines can never meet, two similar planes can never converge. As much as I like you, as much as I respect and admire you, and as much as I sympathize with you, I can never marry you. You are in your plane, I am in mine. We can never reach anything more than very dear friendship, but I promise you that our friendship shall be a holy thing."

He would not give up. For two hours he argued and pleaded with her. At the end of that time he was exactly where he had started. She told him that she could not marry him, for her idea of a husband was a man who possessed both a marvelous intellect and a superb physique.

His life of ease could never be made to correspond with her idea of their purpose on earth. It was better to let them remain just as they were, good friends and no more.

Jim left the Cartwright mansion with a sad heart. He went to his hotel, but not to sleep. He lay awake for hours thinking of the girl who had spurned him. She certainly was unlike any girl he had ever known. He was unable to change her mind. What should a man do in a case like that? Certainly he had offered her enough, what more could she expect? Of all the eccentric girls that lived, she took first prize. And then he realized that it was on account of this eccentricity that he loved her. What a world! Finally, from sheer exhaustion, he fell into a deep sleep, a sleep in which he rolled and tossed and dreamed, and from which he awoke more tired than ever.

All the next day he stayed in his room, having what little he ate brought to him. That night he sat up late, his head between his hands, thinking, thinking. He had called her by phone twice that day but had received no satisfaction.

At eleven o'clock a startling idea forced its way into his brain. He called all his powers together to reason it out. If she refused to change, why not let him change? It was certainly a splendid idea and worth trying. At twelve o'clock he sprang out of his chair, threw off his bath-robe, went to bed, and slept soundly. He arose at eight-thirty, dressed and shaved leisurely, breakfasted, and called his car. The chauffeur gave him an odd glance when he was told their destination, but, like all good servants should, said nothing. A few minutes later they reached the offices of the mammoth Cartwright Steel Mills Corporation. Soon he was in the presence of J. Milton himself.

The latter looked up inquiringly from a pile of papers, then recognizing him, handed him a 'Perfecto' and asked him what had brought him down so early. "Maybe you want to get a job in the foundry, ha, ha," he laughed at the joke. "We are paying

pretty good money right now." The joke was so good that he laughed again.

"Its not as much of a joke as you might think, Mr. Cartwright. The fact is, if you think that it is a joke, why its on you, for that's exactly what I'm after: Work with a Capital 'W';" said Jim, and there was a twinkle in his eye. He slid his chair up a bit closer to the massive chair of the president. "You see its this way."

As he continued relating the plan to the father of the girl he loved, the latter seriously thought of calling in help, for fear that Jim might get dangerous. A joke's a joke, but when one gets serious about it, then it's about time that one better be examined. However, the young man made no attempt at violence, so the elder listened on.

It soon became apparent that it was a real scheme the boy was unfolding. His brain, under the strain of the last two days, had conceived something never before experienced by the steel-magnate. His intentions seemed so sincere that when he had finished speaking, Cartwright gave his hand a real pressure, exclaiming, "By Gad, boy, I hope you succeed in your little plot! I never knew to what limits love could make a man go, but if you really mean what you say, why go to it! I'll give your name to the foreman with instructions to put you on tomorrow morning." Then with a voice a little softer he said: "You'll never be able to stand it though, boy. The only kind of help that can stand the terrific heat is Bohunk and Swedish. But you've got nerve and guts and I hope you can hold out long enough to carry out you plan. Oh boy, won't it be a good one on the daughter if it works!"

As Jim closed the door behind him, the multi-millionaire passed a handkerchief over his bald pate and muttered, "These young fellows are showing us old foggies something new every day. Now in my day ——" but the entrance of his secretary delayed reminiscences until later.

On his way back to the hotel, Jim had the chauffeur stop at a dry goods store where he purchased a complete workman's outfit.

The next morning found Jim entering the Mill with hundreds of other workmen. It took all of the cheerfulness of contemplated success to overcome the spirit of revulsion he experienced a few minutes later when the whistles blew and the workmen started on their day's work. This was to be the first day of real work in his life. Gangs of sweating foreigners were to be his associates.

The foreman paid little attention to him after assigning him to one of the gangs, so Jim worked in silence. The rest of

the men worked half naked on account of the terrific heat. Jim soon followed their example by peeling off his shirt.

He was both awed and fascinated by the work at first. The fiery glow of the furnaces interested him. The marvelous and gigantic cranes and machinery charmed him. He had never before witnessed such perfect automatic action, everything seemed to work in complete harmony. Huge furnaces heated by means of crude oil and compressed air at intervals belched forth great quantities of white-hot liquid metal. Great crucibles were let down by the powerful cranes, filled with this molten steel, picked up and swung over the heads of the workmen to the rolling machines where the metal was made into sheets of varying thicknesses. The heat was intense and the work back-breaking. A sickening odor of sweat assailed his nostrils and neuseated him. The brawny laborers laughed at his slight biceps, but he paid no attention to them. His muscles ached from the burdens imposed upon them; his head whirled with dizzy fatigue; a sick sensation that crept into the pit of his stomach made him faint, but he kept on.

Some how he survived the day. As he had not the nerve to go back to his hotel in his present condition, he followed some of the other workmen to a lodging house near by. After a plain, but substantial, meal he went to bed and slept from utter fatigue. He dreaded the next day, but when it all too soon came, he arose and went back to work.

Each night he came wearily home so fatigued that he could hardly stand, but when he considered Dot it was plain, well worth suffering. At the end of a week he was somewhat hardened to the work. His formerly soft white hands were covered with great calouses. His muscles had lost a great deal of their stiffness and were becoming more and more equal to the task demanded of them. He really felt better than when he had lived in indolence, and the whir and clanking of machinery seemed as music to his ears.

The time was approaching when the plan he had formulated was nearing its culmination, and Cartwright was to have his daughter down at his office on some pretext or another. Jim and he had talked this over several times during the week and the oftener they considered it the better it seemed. Jim was to come to the office as if he did not know that the girl was there, and his sudden appearance was to do the rest.

Cartwright had by this time such a liking for the boy that he wanted him for a son-in-law, and was determined that his daughter give up her foolishness. He was therefore prepared to let her see Jim just as he was in his grimy clothes, show her what sacrifices he had made for her, and ask her if she wanted a

man like that for a husband, a man who would have to depend entirely on physical toil for a living. Then she was to be shown some of the huge men that worked in the mills, some men who resembled brute strength in every way. In the meantime Jim was to bathe and dress in his good clothes, and range himself alongside the giants. Dot was to be shown that Jim, although he was much smaller in physique than the others, had worked along and kept pace with them. Having proved that brute strength was not everything; that a man who had had a college education like Jim was much superior to these huge uncultured beasts, Jim would have a way open to her hand.

This was certainly feasible enough, and would undoubtedly have worked a marked degree of success had not something absolutely unexpected happened a few minutes before the plan was to have been sprung.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the fourth batch of molten steel was being taken from Jim's furnace. The great crane had lowered the heavy crucible which was speedily filled within a few inches of the top with the liquid steel, and the three chains that supported the crucible drew taut as the weight was lifted from the ground, on its way to the rollers. But when it was a few feet from the concrete floor, one of the chains snapped under the tremendous load, and Jim jumping back to avoid being burnt to a cinder in the Niagara of molten steel, came into contact with a lever that controlled one of the giant triphammers. The force of the falling body moved it sufficiently to release it and the hammer came down with a crushing impact, grazing his shoulder. Another inch and his skull would have been crushed under the smashing blow.

As it was, his collar bone was splintered and a large piece of flesh torn from his upper arm. The workmen lifted him and bore his limp form to the dispensary, where his injuries were attended to by the ever present physician.

Cartwright had already sent for Jim, unbeknown to Dorothy, who was talking to him.

"I wonder what's keeping him," thought Cartwright, "He ought to be here by now."

The boy he had sent for Jim came in just then with low announcement that the fellow he had sent for had just been seriously injured and been taken to the infirmary.

Cartwright dashed from the office to emergency ward, a short distance away, and Dot, sensing something out of the ordinary followed her father. At first she did not recognize the dirt encrusted features of her lover, but as she drew nearer, a cry burst from her lips, and she knelt beside him. His whole

upper body was ghastly with blood, even his hair was caked, and his injuries seemed far greater to her than they really were. She assisted the surgeon with heart filled with fear, and accompanied him in the ambulance to the hospital.

When he regained consciousness, he breathed the customary, "Where am I?" and looked around him. And then the sweetest voice in the world to him answered: "Don't worry, sweetheart, you're safe."

With the marvelous sense of intuition that she possessed she had been able to divine the situation, and so when her father opened the door, she was so enraptured in whispered words of consolation and love that she did not hear him enter. With a smile on his time-worn face, John Milton Cartwright silently slipped out of the door and returned to his office.

St. Cecelia

By H. K. P.

On November twenty-second, the Catholic Church throughout the world celebrates the feast of St. Cecelia, Patroness of Music. This day in many places is one of joy and festivity, and justly so, for music is so interwoven with our worship and praise of God as to be almost an essential part of our cult.

Who is there that does not at times recall with keenest delight some sweet hymn sung in days of religious festivity, or some grand swelling chorus whose winged echoes seemed to rise and ever rise till, in their skyward flight, they reached the very ear of God? How the soul then felt upraised and wafted as though on the white pinions of the angel song! What pure delights in those spiritual transports! The very memory of them thrills us still! With Dante, we hear again

".....the Te Deum in accents blended
with sweet melody! The remembered
strains singing in our ears e'en as the
sound of those choral voices that, in
solemn chant, with organ mingled, swelling now high
and clear, and now floating indistinct away."

Not only the grand triumphal songs of praise are set to music, but also the low sobbing wail of penitential grief; not only religious feasts, religious joys and vigils are celebrated in song, but also the worthy deeds of heroes, the grand victories,

the triumphal advance and return of conquering armies, and even the funeral dirge of loved leaders are themes that call for the most perfect productions of master composers to fittingly honor these victors whose heroic death music's voice has made immortal.

Music is a part of our life, and so voices the joys and sorrows of humanity that the poet warns us against the man who is not moved by its charms, as witness Shakespeare:

"The man who hath no music in himself
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are as black as night
And his effectuations dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

With us Catholics the beautiful and uplifting art of music is associated with a name whose very sound is as sweet as though born of the notes of an Aeolian harp; a name at whose calling are conjured up thoughts of the fairest virgin and noblest martyr of the early Christian Church, St. Cecelia.

Before relating the various circumstances of her life, and heroic death, permit me to quote the following beautiful lines of Dryden:

"At last divine Cecelia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before,
Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

St. Ceceilia was born under the sunny azure skies of old Italy, when pagan law ruled the land, and might was the right of the strongest; when Christian bands were small and weak in numbers, but mighty in faith and hope of God. Her parents were of the noblest, and lived during the reign of Alexander Severus. Her early years were spent in the loving care of her parents, surrounded by all the ease and luxury that wealth could buy; yet with Heaven-implanted zeal, she early consecrated her life to the Divine Will, and vowed perpetual virginity.

Here is grace divine; here is strength marvelous. Living in a court corrupt, in an age licentious, in a time when every evil desire and wish was gratified, Cecelia remained pure and untainted, verily a lily among thorns.

At the age of sixteen, she was married to Valerian, to whom she made known her vow, and he, though a pagan, respected that vow, and soon, together with his brother, was converted to Christianity by Cecelia's prayers and the exhortations of Pope Urban I.

It is chiefly in connection with this extraordinary conversion of Valerian that the charms of sacred music have been associated with St. Cecelia's name. What charming poetic glamor hovers over this scene of virginal wife and husband, crowned by a fair angel with sweetly odorous flowers, while Cecelia imploringly sings, "O Lord, let my heart immaculate remain, that I may never be confounded."

Valerian had been won from the first by the sweet innocence and candor of his wife. He had been quite subdued by her prayers, and by her sacred songs. He had ardently, nay, almost jealously, desired to see her angel visitor—all these holy impulses had driven him to see the aged pontiff, concealed among the tombs of the Appian Way, and to receive baptism at his hands. When returning from baptism, he was rewarded by the enchanting vision of his maiden Spouse, and the luminous angel of God, who came to crown their mutual faith and virginity.

We cannot doubt that such extraordinary favors were needed in order to loosen the strong bands of prejudice and passion that bound pagans to their false worship of mere culture and pleasure. The infant church, too, needed the strongly tempered souls of martyrs in those days. The Church made a precious conquest in the conversion of Valerian and his brother, Tiburtius, and Paganism, jealous of the inroads of Christianity, maddened and stung to the quick to see itself deserted by its noblest and richest followers, awaited no further provocation to destroy the hated and dangerous Christians.

Valerian and Tiburtius, refusing to sacrifice to idols, were summarily condemned to death and won eternal crowns of glory by their martyrdom. Cecelia yet remained. What would be her fate? What would now become of her? She was of princely blood; she had inherited the enormous wealth of her husband. This wealth soon aroused the covetousness of Almachius, Prefect of Rome, and he planned how he might now seize upon the glittering stores of this young and helpless widow.

Her wealth, he found, had been distributed to the poor. Enraged by this discovery, he declared that she must die. Having listened to the evil suggestions of Hell's darkest fiends, having hearkened to the counsel of the blackest spirits of hatred, spite and revenge, to the bloated imps of avarice and robbery, this infamous officer, set about with awful resolution to the execution of his fell design. He called his slavish minions to him, and thus bade them do his nefarious work:

"Know ye the noble Cecelia? The wealthy Cecelia? the Christian Cecelia? the accursed enemy of our sacred altars, living menace to our institutions, a devouring cancer upon the fair face of Rome? She must die! Seek her in her palace, where you will find her mourning her Valerian! Shut her up in her vapor bath! Close tight the doors! Build fires that will raise vapors to crack the welkin's vault! Ye Hear? Then, when she is well scalded, thoroughly scalded, scalded through and through to death, leave her carcass to her snivelling Christian slaves * * * Rome's proud leaders will say 'Cecelia, in the utter desolation of her childless widowhood, hath destroyed herself.' Her suicide will cover the Christians with shame, and I know her death will plunge them in grief. Let them weep, the dogs! and let them seek the holes of their catacombs in which to hide their shame. Get ye hence! Perform your work! Your reward? Crowns from the Emperor, plenteous gold and promotions from me await ye."

Thus were the brutal orders given and faithfully executed.

But when, after a day and a night, the doors of the sudatorium were opened, Cecelia came forth singing the praises of the Most High, unscathed and uninjured, fresh and fair as a morning violet, sparkling with dew.

Even this miraculous manifestation of God's evident protection could not deter Almachius from his hellish purpose. His baffled design, his unsatisfied desire for gold, overcame all generous thoughts of human pity and fear of God; but he did not dare to bring so noble a victim to public execution; he feared the indignation of Rome's proud nobility, if such an ignominious death were inflicted upon Cecelia, so he sent a lictor to behead her in her own palace. The headsman executed his fell mission so blunderingly that, after the third blow which the Roman law allowed, the holy victim was yet alive, the head not being completely severed from the body.

We, with mortal dread of pain, shudder and grow sick at the sight of physical suffering. We close our eyes, we turn away, we feign would flee; we pray God in His mercy to end the agony, to ease the pain in death. But speedy dissolution, merciful death, came with leaden feet to the maimed and stricken virgin. A day of agony, when an hour must have seemed an eternity, dragged slowly by; a second, slower than the first, drew to its almost interminable close, and the end was not yet. O merciful and just God, hast Thou abandoned this, Thy most faithful servant? Hast Thou hidden Thy face in anger? Dost Thou not see the pain racked body and does not such suffering move Thee to pity?

We'll may we ask, nay, almost despair; and yet, who shall

doubt His mercy? Doubt not either the sweet commiserating pity of God nor His wisdom, though these be not evident to you, for see how, during her long and painful agony, forgetful of self, the patient martyr, with strength more than human, by her exhortations and her prayers, converts all whom chance or necessity brings within her presence. What a gloriously eloquent apostolate the virgin martyr exercises in the last precious hours of her short life! Now are our doubts and questions answered. Now we see why God preserves in her so long the eloquent breath of life, and our doubting turns to greater praise of His divine wisdom.

A third day dawned, and yet the spark of life was there, but slowly and surely life was ebbing away; one by one the strands were snapped, the weary breath came slowly and still more slow a gasp, a sigh—and the dark tragedy was ended.

At last, Almachius, your work has been completed; one poor weak woman has felt the weight of your brutality, and now lies within her palace, cold and still; mute witness of Roman justice and pagan rectitude.

The life of St. Cecelia was brief in years, but in it she accomplished much. She graced the sphere in which she lived and moved with her womanly purity and dignity. But her purity had not been more unsullied than her charity was warm and generous, and her foresight keen and clear. Here was indeed the innocence of the dove and the prudence of the serpent.

All her wealth had been bestowed upon the poor, and thus the avaricious designs of Almachius were completely thwarted; and just before expiring, she bequeathed her palace to Pope Urban, that he might make of it a temple for the indigent Christians.

Splendid woman! Great Saint! In what love those early Christians must have held her! No wonder that they buried her with such honors in the catacombs, and adorned her sepulcher with emblems of her lovely virtues, and made her tomb the object of their pious veneration. No wonder that this veneration, as the ages advanced, grew into worship, and that in the ninth century, Pope Pascal, in order that her tomb should be saved from the vandal bands of the barbarians, transferred her body, with great solemnity, to her church in Rome. No wonder that the restoration and adornment of this church became the object of the best efforts of artists in the sixteenth century, and that the story of her life has been, and remains, the inspiration of poets, painters and musicians the world over. No wonder that the church honors her by repeating her loved name in the most solemn part of the divine sacrifice, and commits to her sweet guidance and inspiration the choirs that sing the praises of God within our churches.

The Angels in Dante's Purgatory

By A. J. D.

It has been said, and rightly, that spirits necessarily play an important part in the works of every great literary genius. In saying "of every great literary genius," does not mean solely confining the fact to poets, who are accused of allowing themselves to be carried by the aerial wings of their lyric souls; but also includes that class of profound men, who have sought to explain the ultimate causes and the ends of all things. These men, both poets and philosophers, were obliged to include spirits in their work. And if we seek the reason of this, it is not far to find. It was the need of a link to bridge over the distance between God and man. These great minds, having observed the admirable order and wonderful harmony that existed among the various kingdoms of the universe, were told by their sense of harmony, of symmetry, that between purely material and visible things, and the most purely spiritual and the One absolutely perfect Being, there must be certain intermediate beings, which are the link uniting the extreme ends of the universe and constituting one of the degrees in the gradual hierarchy according to which the world was made.

These intermediate beings, which intervene between man and God, are angels. They are pure spirits, because they do not depend upon matter for the exercise of any of their operations; and, in as much as they are not encompassed with matter, their powers of intellection infinitely surpass those of man. Such was the opinion of the old philosophers, Socrates, Plato, Pythagoras, and also of those Christian scholars who have taken the universe as the theme wherein they displayed the gigantic powers of their minds.

Dante, in his "Divine Comedy," takes a most comprehensive view of the universe; and consequently he does not only deal with the almost innumerable beings dating from the very cradle of mankind, but he also makes room for spirits in his world embracing poem. There, they shall appear in all parts of his "Divine Comedy," but we shall confine ourselves chiefly to Purgatory, where angels are celestial guides, who lead us to God, and where they are guardians, who, by their vigilance, save and defend us from evil. However, it may be well, before we begin our ascent of the Purgatorian Mount, to recall the angel whom Dante, strangely yet artfully, introduces into his "Inferno."

The only gleam of celestial light that breaks through the

eternal black of Hell, where those souls who sinned on earth are punished, is the appearance of the angel sent from Heaven to unbar the fiend-guarded gates of Dis. From afar the demons perceive the approach of this heavenly envoy, whose dazzling radiancy makes a rent of light into the veil of eternal gloom; whose brilliancy darts through the dark abyss of Hell, a heavenly gleam, which intensifies the remorse of the unhappy outcasts of Heaven. Before this messenger of Heaven, on whose countenance are seen signs of noble anger, the demons, filled with fear, flee to avoid his well-deserved rebukes, and to avoid the dazzling brightness emanating from his Heaven-illumined presence. Such is his power that at the touch of his magic wand, the gates of Dis burst open. The angel does not deem it sufficient to remove the obstacle from the path of our pilgrims, but he, with righteous indignation, rebukes the demons for thwarting the will of the Almighty, which never is frustrated of its end, and which has so often laid enforcement of their pangs upon them.

Let this suffice to show the effect produced on the demons at the sight of an angel, and let us note the contrast between this divine messenger and the fiends. He is a benevolent spirit, as all angels are; intent upon doing good, intent upon helping man in his laborious path to the eternal goal, intent upon encouraging those who are despairing; while the fiends are types of perversity; they are full of malice towards mankind; with what fiendish joy do they not execute their diabolical duties on the souls of the condemned.

But let us on to Purgatory, where angels will welcome us at every turn; where they shall lead us on through the various processes of purifications; where they shall appear as guides, who safely lead the souls through all the dangers, where they shall appear as guardians, who protect and defend the souls from evil; and where we shall have occasion to note, the spiritual beauty, of these celestial beings; for Dante's description of them is such as must appeal to our taste for all that is most ideally beautiful.

As Hell has its demon boatman, who leads the souls to the place of eternal torture, Purgatory, likewise, has its angel to pilot the souls, to the shores of the purgatorian mount, where they are to expiate the temporal punishment due to their sins. In describing this heavenly boatman, what sweetness, what noble power of language! What lofty sentiments do not flow from the poet's heart! Where can there be found a more lovely description—where will you find the power, the strength and the ideal beauty of the personage pictured, joined with a more vivid flow of language than in these few words, describing this angel as,

“.....Visibly written
Blessed in his looks!”

Can there be any, who, upon reading this line, do not experience love, admiration, and reverence for the angel! Dante, in placing such impressive beauty in this passage, shows his own feelings of love for them.

In the passage describing the angel, as in nearly all the passages of his undying song, we find an allegorical sense. Here, this devout son of the church teaches that each and every one has such heavenly spirit as a guide, and that to him the helm of our frail bark of life should be entrusted, while traversing the turbulent waters of time. For he alone who through all the storms that we encounter, will safely bring us to the haven of security and happiness.

In Purgatory we also find angels in the capacity of guardians and defenders of the souls in the midst of peril. In this role, they appear in the valley of Kings. Hither they come at dusk, to defend and guard the souls against the attacks of the serpent. Again Dante shows himself a master of description by presenting to us the downward rush of the angels, who come to guard this vale against the serpent—a scene of exquisite beauty and softness. He says:

“From on high I saw, forth issuing, descend beneath,
Two angels, with two flame illumined swords,
Broken and mutilated of their points,
Green as the tender leaves but newly born,
Their vesture was, the which, by wings as green,
Beating they drew behind them fanned the air.
Well I described the whiteness on their heads;
But in their visages the dazzled eye was lost,
As faculty that by too much is overpowered.”

In carefully reading this passage, we find therein a truth believed by all Christians—that angels are our guardians. These guardians are ever at our side. They watch over us from the cradle of our birth, till our soul leaves her house of clay; they watch over us so as to guard us from the insidious snares of Satan; and they are ever showing to us the vanity and hopelessness of all the allurements of the demon.

Thus far we have seen that the angels fulfill the functions as guides, who lead us through all the difficulties that beset our path; and as guardians, who protect us from the evil designs of the arch-hater of all mankind. We have seen them fulfilling these two-fold duties with faithfulness; we have seen them portrayed in language so vivid, so noble, that they exact from us our love. But in the ninth Canto, Dante, in language so mystic and sublime, impresses us with the power and dignity of the angels guarding the portals of Purgatory, that they inspire us

with new awe and reverence. Listen to the words which Dante places in the mouth of the angel in explaining the power of the two keys which open the doors of Purgatory:

“One is more precious: but the other needs skill and
sagacity,
Large share of each, ere its task to disengage the knot
Be worthily performed.
From Peter these I hold, of him instructed that I err
Rather in opening than in keeping fast; so but the sup-
pliant
At my feet implore.”

What consolation do not these lines give to a Christian, who has forsaken his duty—his God! What hope and joy do they not instill into his heart! And also, how well do they not portray the tremendous power of the priest! Ambassador of Christ Himself, to whom are committed those mystic keys, with which he may open or close the heavenly portals to the sin-stained soul.

What sweet and kindly service these angels render unto us is taught at every turn in Purgatory. What majesty indwells in these representatives of the Almighty is also ever clearly evident. We cannot look upon them with any other sentiments than those of respect and of genuine gratitude. “Behold,” says Virgil to Dante, “Behold, God’s angel hastening towards us! Wear thou in look and gesture seemly grace and reverent awe, that gladly he may forward us aloft.” And now would you see that apparition? And would you know the gentle office he comes to perform? “The goodly shape,” says Dante, “Approached us, snowy white in vesture, and with visage casting streams of tremulous luster, like the matin star. His arms he opened then, his wings; and spake: “Onward! The steps, behold, are near, and now the ascent is without difficulty gained.” Oh lovely guide! With what eager hope we should commit our steps to thy keeping! ’Tis thou whom we see by the gentle beating of thy downy wings, effacing from the sinner’s soul the unsightly blots of sin! Oh fair splendrous, whose exceeding radiance would dim mortal sense, let down into our inward souls the purifying light of your spiritual essences; dispel from our souls the darkness of ignorance, and of despondency, and impart to our spiritual sense the strength to gaze upon the dazzling brilliancy of God’s beauty. Upon your light wings bring down to us from heaven inspiration to holy deeds and in your condescending kindness, brush from off our souls the dust of our unworthiness.

Oh, my friends, who that, but for a moment listens to these sweet and mild voices and opens his eyes to their kindly light will resist and reject their winsome invitation to seek higher

things? Who can refrain from crying out with those blessed souls purified through the ministry of Purgatory's angels, "Blessed indeed are the pure! Blessed are they who mourn! Blessed are the poor, and all they who hunger and thirst after Justice." Oh, when we have thus communed with those ardent lovers of God with those grace-bearing messengers of Heavens, what ambrosial fragrance of divine grace will not hover over our souls, and what holy desires will not impel us to take our flight with them to the abode where dwells essential good!

Other allegorical passages are found in the *Purgatorio*, fraught with meaning. Dante, when beholding an angel for the first time, was so dazzled by his brilliancy that he was unable to stand his excessive lustre. But, as he advanced up the Purgatorian mount, his eye gradually became accustomed to their brilliancy.

There Dante again assumes the role of an instructor. He teaches us that sin is the greatest misfortune; that it alone deprives us of the friendship of God; that it is an obstacle to Divine Grace, and consequently, if our souls are sullied by it, we are unable to enter the presence of God. Furthermore, if we remain stationary in the path of perfection, we are unable to receive the full extent of God's graces. Yet the more we become freed from the coils of sin, the more we increase in perfection, and the more we become spiritualized, the more grace we are able to receive, the more dazzling will be our spiritual beauty, and the greater will be our bliss in Heaven.

If we attend to the allegorical sense of Purgatory, we cannot but see that these angels, who help and encourage the souls through the various degrees of their painful purifications, who lead them ever onward and upward towards Godliness, who protect these holy spirits from the insidious attacks of the evil one—are only the types of our own guardian angels, who, in this life, follow our every step; who, by their inspirations, lead us to the right and withdraw us from evil. These guardian angels, have lavished upon us their love and protection from the very beginning of our existence. They have ceaselessly and untiringly watched over us. And if we were so unfortunate as not to heed their warnings and listen to their advices, but preferred to accept the short-lived promises of the tempter, they, by the voice of our conscience, were calling us back to the path of duty. And, when we have returned to God, with what maternal care do they not watch over us. They, with redoubled zeal and vigilance guard and protect us, so that no difficulties, that lie in our path, no snares of the devil, will turn us from our homeward journey. Thus their care and protection ceases only when our souls cease to inhabit the body, and if our life has been directed according to their councils, then our triumph becomes their triumph.

After seeing the angels at their blessed task, as it were, with our own eyes; after seeing with what faithfulness they lead us through all dangers; after feeling the security of their protection; after viewing their spiritual beauty; after participating of their goodness; after seeing the tremendous power that they possess; we cannot but increase in our admiration and love of them; our reverence for them and our confidence in them, thus attaining a truer, firmer, and more reverential love, which Dante desires to convey in his exalted masterpiece, "The Divine Comedy."

Panegyric of St. Viator

Delivered by Reverend Z. P. Berard '88, St. Anne, Ill.
Home-Coming, Oct. 20, 1922

Right Reverend Monseigneur, Reverend Fathers, Alumni, and Friends:—We are assembled today in honor of a great Saint, and are met in solemn convocation to celebrate his feast day. As sons of St. Viator we consider it an especial honor to pay our tribute of veneration and respect to the patron Saint of the Clerics of St. Viator. He is dear to us, because he has the love given by us in our early days, our school days. He is looked upon by us, who have known and learned to revere him in our own school days, also as a particular patron. Ay, we can safely say he is also our patron today even as he is the patron of youth.

To tell even briefly the story of his life, to call it to mind will not only be interesting, but will be beneficial to all of us. "Oh! St. Viator from thy high place in heaven look down upon us and deign also to bless us, Alumni and friends of St. Viator College." My dear friends the story of the life of St. Viator is remarkable for its simplicity and brevity. The words of St. Chrysostom, which is also a text of Scripture, may be fittingly applied to him; "He was made perfect in a short space and fulfilled it a long time."

He was the son of poor parents and was born in the romantic city of Lyons in the fourth century of the Christian era. It can be easily understood that, coming to us through the mists of fourteen centuries that the facts of his life, are not very clear to us nor does tradition favor us with much that is of legendary lore. It may be well to state that Lyons is the home of many Saints, and is second only to the Eternal City in the number of the valiant sons and daughters who have shed their very life blood that the Blood of Christ might triumph. It is at this particular period that the Almighty wished to place in this sector

of His vineyard the holy youth Viator, and it is here as the companion of his holy Bishop, as the instructor of the children of his native city, and the Catchumen of the church of Lyons that he performed his holy task which rewarded him with the crown of glory. Nor was this all; when not preoccupied in teaching the truth of Christ to the multitudes, he was piously occupied in his duties as sacristan of the service of the altar. That city was the theatre of the life and the actions of our young Saint, the scene of the earliest period in his short life. We are told that St. Viator distinguished himself by his early virtue, and for this was ordained by St. Just, the Bishop of Lyons, who conferred on him the minor order of Lector. We can easily understand that this office was much more important in those days than now, for then it was that the seed of Christianity which had germinated in the Catacombs of the Eternal City had sprung forth in all its pristine splendor, and had sent forth its fragrance through the then known world. Especially luxurious had been the growth and Lyons had become a veritable garden of the Faith.

Hence, we behold our young levite reading the scriptures, explaining them to the populace, and teaching the doctrines of the church especially to the catechumen. Knowing his fervor and piety, we can easily see how fruitful were his ministrations. We see him going from house to house, trying to win the people over to Christianity and the practice of virtue, and a sweet tradition tells us that so great was his desire to spread the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, that he wandered through the highways and byways of the city, ringing a bell and calling the faithful to hear the word of God. How well and how eminently well did he fulfill his office is best seen from the fact that he gained the crown of sanctity in the space of a few years. But, my dear friends, let us call to mind at this time the conditions in which St. Viator lived. The church was then enjoying peace; it had emerged but a few years before from the Catacombs; Churches were being built; and soon there came the reaction of paganism on account of the public recognition of Christianity by the Pagan Emperor Constantine. Then Arianism arose; and there we find that the world was half Catholic and half Pagan; and persecution of some kind or other always hampered the work of the church.

We can well appreciate the work of St. Viator under his good master, St. Just, the Bishop of Lyons. We can understand his labor under that great and worthy leader. We see him as a confessor of the Faith, a disciple of St. Just. When St. Just fearing that censure would unjustly be placed upon him on account of an act which he deemed favorable for a suffering one of his flock and which miscarried, resigned his see and went away to the deserts of Egypt, where so many others had gone before him offering their lives in an eminent degree of virtue, we find

St. Viator, the faithful lector, accompanying him. Like his master, St. Viator embraces the monastic life. There for a few years (for remember that St. Viator lived but 26 or 28 years) we find him in the desert, spending his life in the austerities of the hermit. Think my dear friends to what a high degree of holiness he must have risen during those days and years spent in the dreary wastes of the desert, where he subdued the flesh that the spirit might be glorified. The scribe tells us that spent at last by excessive prayer and penance, and bent by the cares of age, St. Just, winged its flight to the throne of Christ, whom he served so well, and though sorrow touched him in leaving so worthy a lector, the companion of his exile, behind, his last words were of consolation to our saint, for with his last breath he said to him, "Ah, soon you too will follow me to paradise." The prophetic words were indeed fulfilled, for soon St. Viator was ushered into heaven.

And now, how to sum up the beauty and the grandeur of that holy man, of that holy soul! We can but compare his virtuous life to a marvelous diamond, whose many scintillating sides dazzle us; and among all these sides there are three whose very splendor reflect most the beauty of his virtues. These three are his angelic purity, his sincere poverty, and his unquestioned obedience. The founder of the Clerics of St. Viator must have been profoundly inspired when he chose St. Viator for the patron of his religious family. And today when we look about us, we see the Viatorians, his sons, teachings, embracing the work of their patron, teaching, religion, giving a solid Catholic education, and protecting the Faith against the inroads of infidelity, as St. Viator of old labored against the paganism of decaying Rome.

And I say to you, Young Men, students of St. Viator College, today that you are fortunate in being under the tutelage of the congregation which bears his name, whose every ounce of energy is spent that you may live the virtues of this saint in your own lives and gain an incorruptible crown. What a boon is the education that you are receiving here, a training that not only cultivates the mind in scientific lore, but above all else trains the heart of men in accordance with the commandments of God.

The purity of the life of St. Viator was such indeed, that the writers of old called him, "A very holy youth." and we can easily know and understand that guarder in the sanctuary of the Lord, dwelling in the presence of the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, preoccupied with the duties of his heavenly Father's business, he must have been as another St. John, worthy to lay his head upon the heart of the Master. Nor was his total surrender of all earthly goods to serve the church, less of a distinguishing trait than was his virginal purity. Lyons was at the height of her opulence, the greatest of Roman cities in Gaul, a city of pagan

culture and civilization, in which all that the ambitious heart of youth might desire could be gained—yet like Samuel of old he heard the mellow voice of God calling and giving his substance to the poor, turning his back upon riches, spurning fame and glory, he took up the cross of Christ and thenceforward it was but the glory of God's house that became the object of his every thought, his highest desire. Yet, withal, the crowning virtue, of the many which he practiced, was his unquestioning obedience, whose opposite vice caused the creation of Hell, the expulsion of the Angels from Heaven and the defection of our first parents. Obedience in him was the distinguishing trait of his youth, and as an obedient man indeed he could well boast of victory won over the world, the flesh and the devil.

Let us say then, that the greatest lessons of a virtuous conduct may be drawn from the life of St. Viator, all of which may well be taken to heart. But particularly does he excell in poverty, chastity and obedience. He stands before us as an exemplar of all that is good and pure. He is a model of total renunciations of material things, and he is a shining example of obedience, that obedience which likened him unto his Master—"Who was obedient even unto the death of the cross." Hence, let us imitate St. Viator, let us be pure of heart that we may see God, let us be poor in spirit that ours may be the Kingdom of Heaven, but above all else let us be obedient to the laws of God and His Church, and if we do these things like St. Viator, we will receive the reward that was his, an eternity of everlasting glory.



OUR LADY OF RELEASE

O Sweetest Virgin, Mother Blest!
O Thou, through whom the Christ was given;
May He, in mercy, pity all
Who in the purging flames are shriven;
And may thy Mother-love obtain,
O gentle Lady of Release,
A speedy ransom from their faults,
That they may rest in peace!

To thee we cry, O mother Mild,
Our hearts with anguish riven
To plead that thou wilt open wide,
For suffering souls, the gates of Heaven
O hearken to our anxious prayer,
O gentle Lady of Release,
Grant to their weary souls thy love,
That they may rest in peace!

And Christ, from out Whose Sacred Heart,
Thy saving grace to us is given,
Grant to the Prisoners of Thy love
That they may soon ascend to Heaven,
And, though enchained for justice' sake,
Hear Thou, Our Lady of Release,
Grant to their souls Eternal Light,
That they may rest in peace!

—J. A. W.



Very Reverend P. D. Robert, C. S. V.

Our Distinguished Guest

The College has recently had the honor and pleasure of entertaining as its guest the Very Reverend P. D. Robert, C. S. V. Superior General of the Clerics of St. Viator. It was not Father Robert's first visit to the College, for, some few years ago, he was here as Vicar General of the Viatorians. There were, therefore, many of the faculty who were glad to renew their acquaintance with the distinguished visitor and to admire once more his noble qualities of mind and heart. Though impaired in health, the venerable Superior presented the same vigor of mind, the same keen interest in the College, and the same paternal love which marked him in his last visit here. The heavy responsibility of his high office, with its consequent preoccupation, still leave him the kind, affable, and accessible "Father" who won his way into our hearts years ago.

The Superior General's rise in the community has been steady and consistent. At one time he was President of an important College in Paris, then head of a French province, Vicar General, and today the Community is proud to have him as its highest Superior. Father Robert is a deep scholar. He excels in theological studies, has under his command six or seven languages, and is a writer of great beauty and strength in his native French. There has just come off the press his "Life of Father Querbes, Founder of the Clerics of St. Viator." This work, a classic in biography, will stand as a lasting tribute of love to Father Querbes, and a monument to Father Robert's scholarship.

The one regret felt over Father Robert's visit was its extreme shortness; only too soon did his assembled confreres have to bid him "bon voyage," but they also said an affectionate "au revoir."

The following is the address of welcome tendered to the Very Rev. Superior General upon his arrival at St. Viator's:

"We, the students of St. Viator College, feel that it is a high honor to us and you, because of the exalted position you hold as Superior General of the Clerics of St. Viator. This sense of honor is, however, subordinated to one of very real joy and pleasure, for we welcome you, not as a distinguished stranger, but as a father and a friend. We wish you to feel that this reception is not a ceremony of formal politeness, which might be

rendered to any prominent man who should visit us, but rather a spontaneous expression of the loyalty and devotion of your spiritual children at St. Viator College. We, like other generations of students, at St. Viator College have benefitted by the instruction and example of the priests and brothers of the Clerics of St. Viator, and it is but natural, that we should rejoice to receive you, their Superior General, from whom they receive inspiration, counsel, and leadership. Though you are many miles from your native land, you are at home here in America at St. Viator College, and we bid you a hundred thousand welcomes to your home in the United States.

"Even though you did not hold your present distinguished office, we would give you a hearty welcome, for we know your remarkable gifts of heart and mind, and your never flagging devotion to the great cause of Catholic Education. We receive you with honor, therefore, as a distinguished scholar, who loves learning, and is devoted to the pursuit of truth. We welcome you with affection, as a father and a friend, who, from long experience, in the class room and as head of colleges and schools, has a sympathetic understanding of the needs of youthful hearts and minds.

"You come to us, Very Reverend Father, from a land and a diocese, we have learned to love and revere. The name of gallant little Belgium, that, in the hour of trial and danger thought more of national honor than of life, will ever behold in respectful veneration in American hearts, and we receive you with the honor Americans are always ready to bestow upon brave men, as one who gallantly shared and witnessed her heroic sacrifice. The name of Cardinal Mercier was well known in these halls long before it became a household word in America as the name of the intrepid upholder of Christian principles of right and justice, in a world, given over to war and rapine; for his books were in the hands of the students of philosophy, and we have learned to revere him, not only as the greatest moral hero of the World War, but also as the greatest thinker of our day. We honor you as an ambassador from the diocese of Malines, and, in honoring you, we would pay respectful homage to its Cardinal Archbishop.

"We receive you, therefore, Very Reverend Father Robert, with love and with joy. You will find here in America as loyal and devoted Catholics as anywhere else in the world. You will see our churches filled, our schools, colleges, and universities flourishing. We are devoted to liberty, but to the liberty with which Christ has made us free. As American students, we receive you with honor, as a distinguished scholar and educator; as Catholics, we welcome you with love and loyal devotion as a father and head of one of the Church's great religious families,

whose authority we respect and revere. We trust you will stay long with us, see us in our various activities in the classroom and on the campus, and that every moment of your stay may be joyful and consoling to you. Once more, we your spiritual children, welcome you home, and beg the favor of your paternal blessing."

DEATH NOTICE.

After going to press, word received from the Viatorian Provincial House, Joliette, Canada, brought the sad news of the sudden death of the Very Rev. P. Robert, beloved Superior General of the Clerics of St. Viator, which took place on November 6th. News of Father Robert's death came as a great shock to the members of his community in the United States, who had just had the pleasure of his fatherly visit. Father Robert's death was sudden, the result of a paralytic stroke. The Viatorian will print a complete account of the life of the late Superior General in the next issue. To the members of the Community of St. Viator the Viatorian, in the name of the student-body and alumni, extends its most sincere sympathy.

—The Editor.



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With this issue of the Viatorian, we enter upon our
Well duties as Editors. It is with no small sense of the task
Begun set before us that we take up our work. Having the
firm and lasting foundation of years of scholarly diligence,
which has been manifest in the Viatorian since its inception,
and with the desire to maintain the high standard of excellence
which has always distinguished Viatorian effort, the

staff of this year launch out on a calm and placid sea, with the gentle breeze of expectation wafting them to the haven of success.

As has been the custom of our predecessors, the present staff will spare neither time nor effort in the hope that its work may continue to receive the commendations which have deservedly placed the Viatorian in the front rank of college periodicals.

But the staff cannot accomplish this gigantic task unaided. We need the aid of the entire student body. In order that the Viatorian may be a truly representative magazine, we urge that every student enrolled in the college submit articles for publication.

Further, we need the support of the Alumni. The Editors of the Alumni column are anxious to make this column of real interest to every Alumnus; but, unless each Alumnus sends us news of himself and of other Alumni, their column fails in its purpose.

We need the aid of every true friend of the Viatorian. For years the Viatorian has been sent to a large number of the Alumni, and friends of St. Viator College, without charge. The cost of publication makes the continuance of this policy impossible. You will agree that the subscription price of one dollar and fifty cents is quite reasonable. Do not delay. Send in your check. Let's all get together and make the fortieth year the most successful in the annals of the Viatorian.

P. H. K.

* * *

The Some forty years since, three professors of the then
Fortieth College of St. Viator were gathered in earnest
Milestone consultation. The subject of their conference was
the institution of a college journal, devoted to general news of the school, and containing various articles of literature and science.

There were but few such journals in the Catholic Colleges of the country in that day, and it was thought by these men that St. Viator's should have a periodical of this nature also. Its predecessors in this field were the "Georgetown College Journal," the "Niagara Index," the "Notre Dame Scholastic," and the "Fordham Monthly." Such an enterprise would mean a generous amount of time and labor on the part of the founders of the magazine; but the conclusion reached by these men was that St. Viator College should have its champion in the lists of scholastic effort likewise.

"The St. Viator Monthly Journal" was the outcome of their deliberations. In the beginning, it was published as a bi-lingual paper, and part of its columns was devoted to news of the girls' academy as well as that of the college.

In later years, at the suggestion of one of the original incorporators, the name was changed to that which it proudly bears at the present time, "The Viatorian."

Of this group, the original founders of the Viatorian, one, Prof. John W. Murphy, has but recently passed to his Eternal Reward. The second member of this trio is now the Provincial of Clerics of St. Viator in the United States, the Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, D. D. The third, one of the most distinguished of Viator's many sons, has been raised to the dignity of the episcopate, in the see of La Crosse, Wis., the Rt. Rev. A. J. McGavick, D. D.

The name of Viatorian has always stood for the doing of big things in a big way; and in no sense is this more apparent than in the case of the Viatorian itself. The example of the founders has been well followed, and it is due to their efforts, no less than to those of their successors, that the present high standard of the Viatorian in the field of scholastic journalism is due.

It will be the sincere endeavor of the present Editor and staff to maintain the high standard set them by the founders; and it is their wish that the fortieth anniversary may bring forth an even greater Viatorian.

P. H. K.

* * *

Duty to In her more than human wisdom, our holy Mother
Our Dead the Church, with anxious solicitude, is constantly safeguarding and furthering the spiritual welfare of her children. Nor does she forget them when they have finished their earthly career and have departed this mortal life, but still urges her remaining children to remember them in their fervent supplications before the throne of Almighty God. We are particularly reminded of our duty to our dear departed ones during the month of November, which is especially dedicated to the relief of those who may be suffering the penalties of Purgatory before entering into the joy of the Lord, which has been promised to those who observe faithfully the precepts of the Gospel of love.

The motive of pure charity and sincere compassion for these souls suffering through the justice of God should be sufficient to induce fervent Catholics to assist them in their hour of need. Their piercing cry, "Remember me, at least you, my friends," should strike a responsive chord in the hearts of genuine friends, and elicit their devout prayers and other religious exercises for those whom they have loved in life, and who now call for aid and mercy. Then let us all, who dare to claim the title of faithful Christians and Catholics, follow the examples of Our Lord and Exemplar and not pass them by, but act towards them

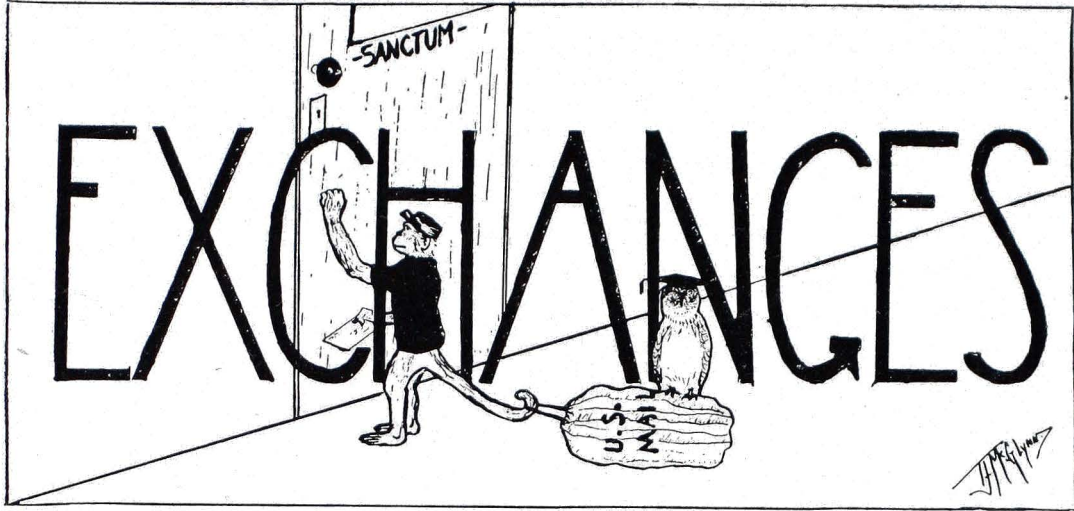
even as the Good Samaritan did to the poor man stripped and robbed according to the Gospel story.

If there is, then, according to the laws of the Church, and the common duty of Catholics, a duty of rendering aid to the afflicted and unfortunate, a kindly and charitable deed, there is an especial obligation imposed on us who are now alumni and students of St. Viator College, to pray for our predecessors in the work of Catholic education and aid them in every possible way. It is their heroic sacrifice and inspiring example that has made the St. Viator's of the present a possibility and that continually urges us to be faithful even as they were. We have ample opportunities to merit mercy for them by applying ourselves well to our duties as their successors in the work of Christ, by performing acts that will bring them nearer to the Golden Portals of their Eternal Home. The treasury of the Church is as boundless as the merits of Christ, her Founder, and opens wide to us the doors of her munificence, if we but call upon the name of the Lord, in behalf of these, His chosen souls. Alms-deeds, fasting and mortification as well as indulgenced prayers are the principal means advocated for our use. Limitless indulgences can be gained for the suffering souls through the pious making of the Way of the Cross and ejaculatory prayers that require but a few moments of our leisure time.

This is what the Viatorian asks in behalf of her suffering departed children, from her many living sons, who still claim a part in the Communion of Saints. Surely it is not asking too much to beseech each one to remember his benefactors and friends during this holy season. Each and every student should assist at Mass and other daily prayers of the College in order to benefit those who helped him in the past, and who now plead for remembrance and mercy. Those who heed the call and close not their hearts to the pleas of their fellow-followers in Christ, may also hope for mercy and aid when the time may come when they, too, shall have need of prayerful assistance. Remember that "As you do unto others, so it shall be done unto you;" that you, too, when in their present helpless state will share in the favor of God and His Saints for whom your prayers have shortened the time of Purgatory, and that you will be recompensed an hundred-fold, and your deliverance from the purifying flames will be swift and sweet.

E. J. W.





For the fortieth time, the doors of the Viatorian Sanctum have opened wide, and sent forth the trusty Knights of the Quill, who will control the destinies of the fifth oldest college magazine in the United States. With a splendid record of past achievement to sustain him by its good example, facing the uncertain future determined to at least equal, if not to excel those who have gone before, the Ex-man stands ready for action, prepared to face the issues of the scholastic year of 1922-'23.

Before we would begin our task, we would beg leave to deplore the fact that too often have we noticed that the Exchange column has been eliminated from many of our college journals. And why? It is because the necessity of mutual support and encouragement has been eliminated from the worthier motives for which college magazines have their being? It is because other collegiate activities are of such great consequence that the column has been considered more of a literary luxury than an actual intellectual necessity? Is it because there is wanting among ourselves the finer appeal for the things of the mind, than for the other activities of the students of a school? We wonder why.

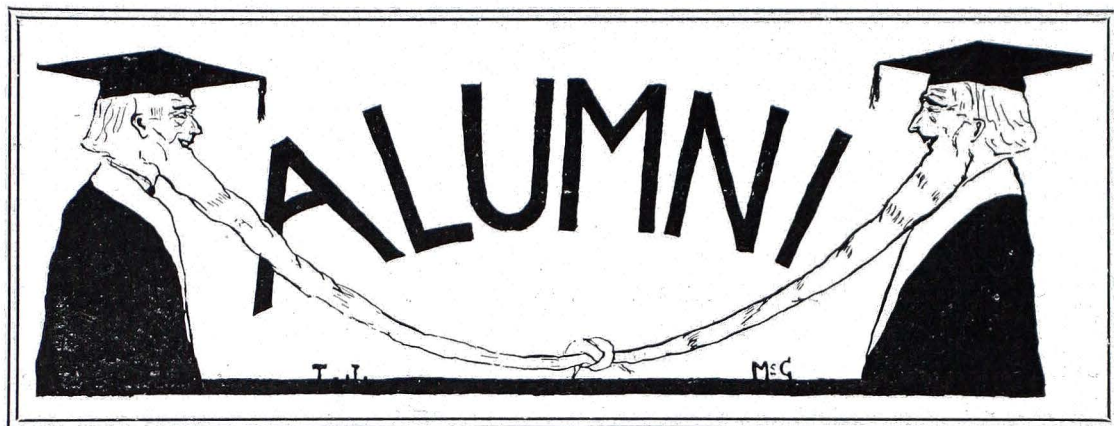
One answer to our questions lies in the fact that most of our contemporaries have become, within the past few years, little less than weekly news sheets, designed to take the place of the much bigger, and, rightfully, much better monthly magazine. The reason for this infamous and lamented substitution lies either in the fact that there is a mental laxity on the part of the students attending the colleges in which this substitution has taken place, or that there is too much emphasis laid on other collegiate activities to the detriment of scholastic culture, or that there is a significant lack of appreciation of the higher things of the mind. We would hesitate to claim that any one of these were the case.

For it would indeed be a libel on the fair name of the student body of any Catholic College or University, to say that student activity is material rather than mental. As far as mentality itself goes, the graduate of any of these institutions is one to be reckoned with in all the walks of life. Neither can we say that there is too much emphasis laid on athletics. We have engaged in various sports at different times, and we can not readily say that such competition has in any way lessened our scholastic ability. Nor, again, are we able to attribute this lassitude to a serious lack of appreciation of the finer things of life. The cause must be sought farther than any of these.

The purpose of a college magazine is not so much that it pay or itself financially, but that it serve as a medium of exchange of ideas, much as did the traveling scholars in the days of Schoolmen. It is not simply a newspaper; the news in the "College Events" column is not eagerly sought for at any other college, which the periodical may visit; but rather is an institution judged by the merit of its literary productions, and they alone are its standard of excellence.

A school is known by its literary and athletic prowess; and the one should not be confused with the other. Dissatisfaction with college journals seems to be but a trend of the thought of the times. Upon remarking on the absence of an exchange column in the publication of one of the foremost colleges of the Middle West, the professor in charge answered that there was no need of such a column, as no one read it and that it was simply a waste of space and effort. That was the only reason given; it may have been logical, but it did not and does not, appear so to us. Perhaps that is the reason why so many of our former exchanges have disappeared altogether. Shallowness of mental equipment looms up large in the indictment against such practices. During the past year, we have noticed the absence of several school papers from our Exchange table, and we would ask as a special favor of our Exchanges to put the Viatorian on their lists.





This Means Y-O-U

Alumnus, if you are true blue,
A Booster, generous and loyal, too,
We need your check to help us through;
Send it in.

Do not put it off a while;
White your check in any style;
It will make us grin and smile,
Send it in!

* * *

Mr. Frank Hughes, '18, of St. Anne, Ill., who completed his Law Course at Notre Dame University recently, received notice that he had passed the state bar examination with high honors among a class of nearly two hundred. Congratulations, Frank!

* * *

"Doc" Langan, our great football tackle of '20, was down to see us recently. Doc is now engaged in the bakery business at Odell, Ill. Incidentally he told us he was a real "Doughboy" now, and that the Land business was going good.

* * *

We extend our hearty best wishes to Mr. B. L. Kirby, Mr. Frank Harbauer and Mr. Frank Kotnour, all of St. Viator College, who have recently received the religious habit of the Clerics of St. Viator, at the Novitiate located at Chamberlain, S. D. Ad multos annos!

* * *

Recently two of the clerical Alumni of the Diocese of Peoria took part in the Forty Hours Devotion in the beautiful chapel of the Visitandine Academy, "Villa De Chantal," at Rock Island, Ill. Both Father Durkin, '94 pastor of St. Joseph's Rock Island, and Rev. William Cleary, '06, of St. Anne's Church, East Moline, Ill., delivered sermons appropriate to the occasion.

The Alumni of St. Viator's will rejoice to know that for the second time, a clerical alumnus has been elected by an overwhelming vote to the chaplaincy of the Illinois American Legion in the person of Lieutenant J. M. Lonergan, '04, '05 pastor at Durand. Father Lonergan was stationed at Camp Grant, the great Illinois camp of the enlisted men, during the war, and more than any other force was effective in holding up the morale of the homesick lads. An athlete and lover of athletics, he was organizer of their athletic carnival, and during the Liberty and Victory Loan drives, traveled Chicago with a great truck on which he staged boxing matches between the embryo soldiers, which attracted great crowds. He was referee at all these exhibitions. Father Lonergan, who was also Chaplain of the Black Hawk Division, succeeds Rev. Capt. John L. O'Donnell, '07, '10, another Viator Alumnus, in his new office. St. Viator is justly proud of the record of both these patriotic priests.

* * *

Mr. Edmund Conway, '17, recently took a respite from his managerial duties with the Thompson Yards, Sioux City, Iowa, and came back 'home' on Oct. 20. Ed. informs us that selling lumber and coal is an easy graft. Before visiting Viator, Dutky attended the National Convention of the American Legion at New Orleans.

* * *

We are pleased to announce that Mr. Frank Hanksturfer, '10-'14, has entered the business world as the owner of a Variety Shop located at Forty-second and Madison Sts., Chicago, Ill. We know that Frank will be more than successful if he equals his success as editor of the Viatorian "Hanksims" of years ago.

* * *

We were glad to note that Father O'Leary, c. s. v., was able to attend the Homecoming Exercises at the College. Brother MacEachen, of St. Viator's Rectory, Chicago, accompanied Father O'Leary and both received a hearty welcome from their confreres and friends.

* * *

Mr. Emil Senecal, who was here from '99 to '03, is now manager of the Invoice Department of the Greenshield Wholesale Drygoods Company of Montreal. Mr. Senecal has been with his firm for many years and reached his present office through close application to his duty.

* * *

The Viatorian Theological students have been transferred from the Viatorian House in Chicago to Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, Mo. Our representatives there are Brothers G. A. Galvin, A. J. Landroche, L. T. Phillips, D. A. O'Conner and E. V. Cardinal.

Viatorian influence in Clinton, Ind. is at present at least 200 per cent strong, and the reason—both Rev. Wm. Keefe, Pastor of Sacred Heart Church, ('06) and his curate, Rev. Herman Kasper, '18, are boosters for Alma Mater. Both Rev. Fathers recently paid us a visit.

* * *

Mr. C. A. Marino '11, for several years professor in the Viatorian Colleges of the American Province, is at present a member of the staff of Columbia University of Portland, Oregon. Mr. Marino expects to take up the practice of law in the far Western State, and will take the Oregon State Bar Examination in the Spring.

* * *

The prayerful sympathy of St. Viator is extended to the relatives and friends of Mr. Joseph Lalley, student of the Academy during the scholastic year 1921-22.

To Mr. and Mrs. Hangsturfer, '10-'14 in the recent loss of their infant daughter.

To the family of Mr. Edmund McNeill in the death of his aunt.

To Mr. Walter Purtell, '10, and family in the recent death of his brother.

To Mr. and Mrs. Leo Campeau, '01-'04, Detroit, Mich., in the loss of a son.

May their souls and all the souls of the Faithful Departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

* * *

At the recent election of the Knights of Columbus, of St. Viator Council, 745, of Kankakee, Illinois, Mr. Jack Hickey, '06, was elected Grand Knight to succeed Mr. Walter Nourie, '10.

* * *

We wish to congratulate Rev. Paul Dunn, '16-'19, curate of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception of Kansas City, Mo., in his selection by his ecclesiastical superior, the Rt. Rev. Thomas Lillis D. D. for a post graduate course at the Catholic University. Father Dunn, took the occasion whilst visiting his home in Chicago, to call at the College. We wish Father Dunn every success in his University Work.

* * *

Mr. Robert Hilliard, '18, who received his decree in Law at Georgetown University last June, is at present associated with the firm of Cutting Moore and Sidley of Chicago, with offices in the Exchange Building.

* * *

Mr. James Corbett, '14-'16, is at present associated with his father in the Contracting and Construction work with offices in

Chicago. Jim informs us that the building line is booming and he is kept rushing in his new work.

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'Lefty' Cassidy, '13, and Cy Campe, '13, also former students are in the building game and reports from both show that they are keeping in step with the building boom.

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Rev. J. G. Vien C. S. V., who is convalescing from the effects of the severe operation which he was forced to undergo, last June, is at present recuperating at Lauzon, P. Q. Canada. Word received recently informs us that he expects to return to spend Christmas at St. Viator.

* * *

We wish to extend our congratulations.

To Mr. and Mr. Thomas Brankin, '04-'06, Chicago, Ill., on the birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Kane, '09-'11, Rantoul, Ill., on the birth of a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Connors, '10-'12, Springfield, Ill., on the birth of a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Emil Senecal, '99-'03, on the birth of a son.

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Deferred congratulations are also in order—

To Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Lawson, '14, Chicago, on the birth of a daughter several months ago. Unfortunately this announcement was overlooked in our last issue, and, although this notice is late, it is nevertheless sincere. Lowell tells us he is already planning to make the "Wee Lassie" one of the prominent lady barristers of Chicago. If she takes after her father, we know that he will succeed.

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Mr. Ronald French, '18, for several years a member of the faculty of St. Viator College is now employed in the Public Schools of South Dakota where he is the principal of Ferney Township High School.

* * *

Among the students of 1921 and '22 who have heard the voice of the Master calling them to the higher life, we may mention the following: Messrs. Francis Casey, Thomas Brunnick, Edmund Sweeny, Walter J. Ryan, who are Theological students at Kenrick Seminary, Webster Groves, St. Louis, Missouri. Mr. Francis Lawler, St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota, and Mr. Raymond Warner, St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Maryland.

* * *

We are pleased to note that several former seminary students of the College have resumed their seminary courses. Among them we mention: Mr. Myles J. Hoare, Mr. Allan Kissane and

Mr. John Mitchell, who are at present attending St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota, and who are expecting to receive Holy Orders in June. Mr. Martin Doherty, '17-'19, Mr. J. Causey and Mr. Louis Doherty, '15-'16, are also attending St. Paul Seminary.

* * *

Among the graduates of 1922 who have entered the professional world we may mention Mr. Maurice G. Lee who is employed in the Chemical Laboratory of the Western Electric Company at their plant at Cicero, Ill. Mr. Howard Kenny who is on the reportorial staff of the Peoria Journal, Peoria, Ill., and Mr. Joseph Bolger who has returned to St. Viator's as a member of the College Faculty.

* * *

Charles Dean who attended the College in '06 and '08, recently paid Alma Mater a visit. Mr. Dean has a fine stable of racing horses and several of his entries performed on the local track during the recent Kankakee County Fair.

* * *

It is with pleasure that we note that Antoine De Mers '99-'00, is manager of one of the largest lumber concerns in Canada. That this position besides being one of importance, is also an onerous one may be gleaned from the fact that his firm supplies all the larger lumber companies of North America with raw material.

* * *

A pretty wedding took place in Kankakee on September 30. The principals in the affair were Fred Mang '10, '11, and Miss Teresa Shea, niece of Father Shea '92, Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Kankakee. The Rev. Father Shea performed the ceremony at St. Patrick's Rectory. Mr. and Mrs. Mang after spending a honeymoon in the East will be at home to their many friends in Kankakee after November 1. The many friends of the happy couple and the faculty of St. Viator wish to extend felicitations.

* * *

Mr. Dillon Williams '21 is at present employed in the Drafting Department of the Western Electric, Chicago. Dillon has not forgotten us but returns occasionally to spend a few hours at the college.

* * *

Mr. John Hyland, H. S. '22, spent Sunday with us a few weeks ago. All his friends were happy to see the smiling John, and gladly welcomed him. John is employed in the office of the Yellow Cab Company, Chicago.

* * *

Word received from the city of Montreal bears the glad news that Mr. Charles Roach, '04, is manager of one of the

District Banks of the Bank of Montreal. Charley is associated with this bank for several years and his recent appointment is a tribute to his sterling business qualities.

* * *

Rev. Stephen Mac Mahon, formerly a member of the College Faculty has resumed his duties as curate of St. Anne's Church, Chicago. His prospective students are unfortunate in the change.

* * *

Rev. Richard O'Laughlin, '07, Uncle of John M. O'Connor of the College Department, was the guest of Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney c. s. v. recently. Father O'Laughlin is pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Marseilles, Ill. We hope Father O'Laughlin will soon favor us with another visit.

* * *

Word from the National Capital brings the announcement of the recent marriage of Mr. James Dougherty, '08, to Miss A. Kildea of Washington, D. C. A host of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty unite with the College Faculty in wishing them choicest felicitations. For several years Mr. Dougherty has practiced law in Washintgon where he and his bride will be at home after Thanksgiving, upon their return from their honeymoon spent in the Southern States.

* * *

News from Ann Arbor conveys to us the interesting information that Mr. Frank J. Ortman, '16-'17, has been elected to the presidency of the Catholic Club at the University of Michigan.

* * *

Mr. Bernard Marsile, '01-'02, is manager of the traveling salesmen of the Dominion Tobacco Company, with headquarters at Montreal, and as such, his office takes him through various parts of Canada. We hope that he may some day extend his travels in the direction of Bourbonnais and renew the College friendships of many years ago.

* * *

St. Viator College has its representatives at Michigan University in the persons of Mr. Frank Ortman, '19, who has charge of Catholic activities of Richard Hall, the Catholic Students building at Ann Arbor, and Mr. Douglas Powers, '18, who attended Loyola University of Chicago for the past two years and is now finishing his literary course at the Michigan school.

* * *

Mr. Pat Sweeney, '22, who played ball with the Three-I league during the summer months recently "came home" for a few days. Pat is signed with the American Association and expects to do duty as a regular league pitcher next season.

Rev. M. J. Breen c. s. v. former president of Columbus College, Chamberlain, So. Dakota, and for the past five years pastor of St. Scholastica's Church, Letcher, So. Dakota, has resigned the pastorate of that place, and has gone to the Coast for his health. Father Breen is at present located at Portland, Oregon.

* * *

During the earlier part of September, Rev. W. J. Stephenson, c. s. v., gave a ten-day mission at St. Mary's Church, Mayfield, So. Dakota.

* * *

A new organ was recently dedicated in the Church of St. Patrick, Momence, of which place Rev. A. Labrie, '89, is the pastor. A musical program was rendered on that occasion and Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, c. s. v., preached an appropriate sermon.

* * *

Among the Viatorian Fathers present at the installation of the Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Mahoney, D. D., as third Bishop of Sioux Falls, which took place at St. Joseph's Cathedral on October 4, were: Rev. J. D. Kirley, former president of St. Viator's; Rev. M. L. Lenmartz, c. s. v., pastor of St. James Church, Chamberlain, and Rev. Tardif, c. s. v., pastor of All Saints Church, Andover, South Dakota, and Rev. W. J. Stephenson, c. s. v., formerly of Tripp, South Dakota.

* * *

Mr. Emmet Conway, '08, one time editor of the Viatorian, has been connected for several years with various newspaper enterprises in the East and is at present in the newspaper advertising business with headquarters at Rochester, New York. Emmet's address is Lorraine Apartments, 383, Court St., Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

Mr. Leo Dandurand, '00, is one of the prominent and popular sportsmen in Canada. just now he is manager of the Polo Team which holds the Canadian Championship. He is likewise greatly interested in other athletic activities and is promoter in the city of Montreal of various athletic contests and tournaments. We learn that he expects to journey southward during the coming year to renew his acquaintances at Alma Mater and at Kankakee, his native city.

* * *

Thomas Marron, '18, Penfield, Ill., is general manager of a chain of furniture stores established in several cities near Champaign. The new venture has its general office at Paxton, Illinois.

* * *

Mr. Felix Sloan, '22, is at present attending school at Atwood, Ill., where he will graduate this year. Felix is fullback

of the High School team, which has been very successful in defeating all the surrounding schools.

* * *

Mr. J. T. Stark, '98-'00, Norfolk, Nebraska, who was motor-ing through the East during the summer, visited the college for several days and was much surprised at the many changes in Alma Mater since the days when he was one of the boys. Mr. Stark is one of the prosperous farmers of the Middle West.

* * *

Rev. Thomas Navin, C. M., '05-'06, professor at De Paul University, attended the Homecoming celebration at St. Viator's. While here Father Navin met many of the old boys. Though as a Vincentian he has taught in many of the colleges and schools of his congregation, he tells us that, after all, there is no place like the old place. Come soon again, Father Tom.

* * *

Ralph McGreal, '20, was another of the boys who "came back" for the Homecoming Celebration. He is now running the farm all by himself, and proudly boasts that he hung up a record by picking six-thousand ears of corn in the week previous.

* * *

Mr. James R. Elmslie, '20, our former music professor, drove down for the big occasion. He reports that he is not strenuously employed just now, but is taking care of his father who is seriously ill. Jim also occasionally delights Chicago with his playing and singing.

* * *

Richard MacLain who was here in 1920 as a High School student, favored us with a visit recently. He is now going to school in Springfield. His many friends in the Academics welcomed him again into their midst.

* * *

Donovan (Doc) Riordan, '11-'14, flivvered down from Chicago recently with Lloyd (Shorty) Harrington, '11-'13. Both are enthusiastic golfers and were particularly keen for the new college links, having defeated easily the collegiate stars. Doc, with his wife and daughter, Marie, live in Oak Park, and all free time which he can spare from his duties as an employee of the Union Trust Company of Chicago is spent in pelting the pellet.

* * *

Mr. Joe Maroney, star cheer leader 1921-22, is at present in attendance at the Law School at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

* * *

Mr. Joseph Marron, Vice President of the Academy class of 1921, has entered the commercial world, and is at present busily making a fortune in the feed and coal business at Fithian, Ill. Success, "Red"!

It may be of interest to the former students of St. Viator's Academy to know that many of the former graduates are attending other institutions of higher learning. Among those of whom we have received information are the following: James Whelan, Acad. '22, enrolled at St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas; Harold Walker, Acad. '22, School of Engineering, Marquette University; Walter Shea, Acad. '22, Law School, University of Illinois; Alphonse Baron, Acad. '22, School of Commerce, Loyola University; Francis Hobart, Acad. '22, Pre-Medics, University of Iowa; Thomas McGlynn, Acad. '22, Catholic University; Leslie Urban, Acad. '22, Pre-Medics, University of Notre Dame; Franklin Bergeron, Acad. '22, School of Law, Loyola University; and the following, who have returned to Alma Mater, are enrolled in the College Department; Gerald Best, Philip Bowe, Edward Cody, Wm. Doyle, Sarto Legris, Soran Leahy, John Lyons, Bruno Murawske, James Peifer, Murel Vogel, Richard Wheeler, and Colton Chapman.

* * *

Shorty Harrington announces that his days of single blessedness are about to end, and although the formal announcements have not yet been sent (we are going to let you in on a secret), he is to be married to Miss Marie Gardner of St. Ignatius Parish, Chicago, on Thanksgiving Day, after which he expects to spend an extended honeymoon in Florida. Congratulations, Shorty! Floyd's address is Room 812, National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Among the following Academy graduates who have taken up professional work, we may mention, Mr. Laurence Raiche who is associated in the plumbing business with his father in the firm of Raiche and Co., plumbers, Kankakee, Ill.; Mr. John Gores, clerk in the Gores General Store, Antlers, N. D.; Mr. Joseph Collins, drug clerk with the Joubert Drug Co., of Kankakee, Ill.; John W. Lee, clerk in the offices of the Springfield Auto Supply Co., Springfield, Ill.; and the following who have decided to follow the life of agriculturists: Francis and Leo O'Neil, Tolona, Ill.; Michael Hubert, Odell, Ill., and Leo Leonard, Rantoul, Ill.

* * *

Rev. Leo McDonald, '10-'13, pastor of the Church of St. Simon and St. Jude, Gillespie, Ill., recently visited St. Viator on the way to spend his vacation on the Great Lakes. Father McDonald reports that his pastoral duties, though not pressing, are confining, but promises to visit Alma Mater soon again.

* * *

Mr. John Malloney, '04-'05, recently visited Alma Mater in the interest of his firm. Mr. Malloney has been representative of the American Book Co. for many years.

We are informed that Gabriel Legris, former student, has made the varsity football team at Campion College, Prairie du Chien, Wis. If "Gab" shows the same "pep" and "go" of his two brothers, Joe and Ralph, who both were stars at St. Viator in the past, there can be no doubt that he will easily win his monogram this year.

* * *

Leo Carr, '11-'12, for a number of years detective sergeant, connected with the Chicago Police Force, is in line for a promotion to the Lieutenancy. Sergeant Carr's promotion came as a reward for meritorious service in that department.

* * *

Old students who remember the terrific struggle staged between the Hamburg Athletic Club and the Independents of St. Viator College in 1912 have reason to remember the unusual end of the game. Recently a former member of the Hamburg team visited the College in the person of Rev. J. J. Connolly, curate of Our Lady of Mercy Church, Chicago, Ill. While here the Reverend Father had opportunity to view the Viator-DePaul game and he remarked that the fighting spirit of Viator had not lessened in the least. This was Father Connolly's first visit since his football days, but we hope that he will find time in the future to come frequently.

* * *

On October 25, a body of local politicians waited on the Reverend President to present their respects to him on his accession to the Presidency of St. Viator College. An informal gathering of students listened to their spokesman make an appeal on the obligation of every citizen to vote, and to the necessity of voting with intelligence and discretion.

* * *

Dr. Foley, '02-'09, and Dr. Butler, '11-'14, managed to break away from their dental practice to pay a visit to Alma Mater recently. The former has offices at 48th St. and Washington Blvd., while the latter is located at the busiest corner in Chicago, outside of the Loop, at 63rd St. and Halstead. Dr. Butler is contemplating opening a new office in Blue Island in the near future. While here both played several rounds of "pasture pool" on the new golf links.

* * *

Rev. Charles Hart, '17, who has been doing post-graduate work at the Catholic University, and who during the past year was an instructor in the Department of Philosophy at the University, has returned to Washington to take up both his work as a student and as an instructor. Father Hart spent the summer in touring the West, and spent some little time lecturing for the Catholic Teachers' Summer School at San Francisco, California.

Among the former students of St. Viator that are following higher courses at the Catholic University besides Father Hart, we may mention: Messrs. Thomas McGlynn, Acad. '22; John V. Connors, '22, and Francis Whelan, '17-'18, both of whom recently won the K. of C. scholarships; and the Revs. Paul Dunn, of Kansas City, and C. A. Marzano, c. s. v.

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Rev. George P. Mulvaney, c. s. v., '07, Treasurer of St. Viator College during the past year, has been forced by ill-health to return to Texas, where for several years previously, he taught in the schools of the Incarnate Word. At present Father Mulvaney is Professor of Philosophy in the College of the Incarnate Word, San Antonio, and he has gladdened our hearts with cheery reports on the improved condition of his health.

* * *

James Sullivan, '12-'14, formerly of Indiana gives a regular Viator welcome and college hospitality to the friends of Viator who call on him at his new home in Los Angeles, California. While visiting in that city Father O'Mahoney had the good fortune to be entertained by Jim and henceforth he considers that city to be among the best of the country. Despite the fact that he is a busy man, Jim finds time to sing in the Saint Vincent Church Choir.

* * *

Father Charles Raymond, former student of the Holy Name School, Chicago, and who pursued his higher studies at St. Viator's College and was for a time a member of the college faculty is at present pastor of the Holy Cross Church, Portland, Oregon.

* * *

Robert E. Muloney and Walter E. Martin, who attended Saint Viator College in 1908-'09, now reside in Missoula, Montana. Muloney, a native of Dodge City, Iowa, is at present City Attorney of Missoula.

* * *

Reverend Christopher Crowley, '17, is now pastor at Petaluma, California. "Christie" enjoys his work very much, delights in the sunshine and revels in an occasional dip in the surf.

* * *

Terence Cosgrove, who distinguished himself as a member of the Viatorian staff in 1901, is now winning laurels in the legal profession. Terence has his law office in Los Angeles, California.

* * *

That good old spirit of Good Fellowship that signifies St. Viator College still stays with the students even after they have separated themselves from their Alma Mater. A group of old

students animated with the thought of renewing the memories of old times have organized a Viator club for members that live in or near Kansas City. Rev. James McKay was chosen President; M. Cleary, Vice-President; Rev. John J. Lyons, Treasurer, and Rev. P. Dunn, Secretary. There are about thirty members in the club.

Home-Coming Day, Feast of St. Viator

October 20, 1922.

Of the many happenings of the year at St. Viator's, none is fraught with more joy and happiness for both faculty and students than the feast of St. Viator, our patron. For on that day occurs the Annual Homecoming of Viatorian Alumni, and many of the old students come to visit the scenes of their student days, while present students have their relatives and friends with them for this day. This year the celebration was on the twentieth of October, and it was never, perhaps, better observed.

A complete program had been arranged for the day, and was carried out to the fullest extent. The day began with a Pontifical High Mass in the College Chapel, with the Rt. Rev. Msgr. G. M. Legris, '83, as celebrant, Rev. John A. Kelly '90, as Deacon, and the Rev. Thomas E. Shea, '18, as Sub-deacon. The College Choir, under the able direction of the Rev. F. A. Sheridan, c. s. v., had prepared a special Mass, Loesch's "Mass in F," for the occasion, the rendition of which reflected credit on the reverend director, and his choir. The choir was assisted by the following musicians: Organist, Mr. Patrick Creel; violinists, Messrs. Luis Baroso, Edward Steiner, Joseph Steiner, and William Kelly; cellist, Mr. Ralph Baroso, and pianist, Miss Loretta Bradley. The processional was Massonet's "Elegy," and the recessional a selection from Engelman. Both were fittingly rendered by Mr. Ralph Garca at the piano, Mr. Luis Baroso, violin, and Mr. Ralph Baroso, cello.

The "Panegyric on the Life of St. Viator," was delivered by the Rev. Zephyr P. Berard, '85, of St. Anne, Ill. The reverend preacher in eloquent language outlined the life and work of the saint whose feast was being celebrated. He pointed out that, although many centuries has intervened since St. Viator lived and worked, his influence is felt in our own day. He spoke of the sublimity, purity and beauty of the Saint's short life, and urged us to imitate our patron.

After the Mass, the Alumni had a social meeting, renewing

old acquaintances and visiting old scenes. After this came the annual business meeting, the chief order of business being the election of officers. The Rev. Louis M. O'Connor, '06, of Urbana, Ill., was elected President of the Alumni Association, succeeding Dr. A. W. Burke, '05. Vice-Presidents: Rev. John T. Bennett, '90, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Charles Carney, '02, Paducah, Ky.; Mr. Paul Berry, '07, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. Daniel Hayden, '01, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Alex Granger, '87, Kankakee, Ill., and Dr. Thomas Hughes, '84, Chicago, Ill.

Resident Secretary and Treasurer, Very Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, '03, St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill.

General Secretary: Lowell A. Lawson, '15, Chicago, Ill.

Trustees: 1921-'23: Rev. Patrick C. Conway, '84, Chicago, Ill., and Hon. James G. Condon, '91, Chicago, Ill. 1922-'24, Very Rev. James J. Shannon, '83, Peoria, Ill., and James F. Mallaney, '06, Bourbonnais, Ill.

The Banquet followed the meeting of the Alumni Association. Full justice was done to the excellent menu which was served in the refectory. The menu follows:

Celery	Olives
Cream of Tomato Soup	
Escalloped Oysters	
Mashed Potatoes	Peas Carrots
Fruit Salad, with whipped cream	
Tutti Fruiti Ice Cream	
Cake	
Coffee	
Cigars	Cigarettes

Too much praise cannot be given to the Reverend F. A. Sheridan, c. s. v., and the college orchestra, for their program, rendered during the banquet. The musical numbers given were: orchestrations, "Nobody Lied," "Blue," "Three O'clock in the Morning," "Just Because," etc.; vocal solo, "Indiana Home," by Prof. Yocom, of the Music Department; duet, "Mella Moon," by Prof. Yocom and F. Branklin; solo, "Gypsy Love Song," by F. Branklin.

Following the banquet, Dr. Alexander W. Burke gave a short toast, welcoming our new President, Very Rev. T. J. Rice, c. s. v., and pledging him the support of the Alumni. Father Patrick C. Conway followed Dr. Burke, and spoke in response to the toast, "Alumni to Alma Mater." Father Rice then answered with the toast, "Alma Mater to Alumni." The President-elect of the Alumni brought an end to the toasts by a short talk, renewing the pledge of the Alumni's support to St. Viator College. An adjournment was thereupon declared to Bergin Field, where the Alumni were introduced to the Football team,

just preceding the game with De Paul University, which the varsity won by the score of 15-6.

The game put an end to the day's festivities, and the old grads departed, promising to be with us again next year, in even greater number. K.

TOASTS

The following toasts were delivered at the banquet. Dr. Alexander Burke, '05, Chicago, Illinois, president of the Alumni Association, presided as Toastmaster. He spoke as follows:

"I don't know just exactly what to say or just how to say it but I trust that you will bear with me for a few minutes. In days gone by I full well realized that this position has been held by masters and of these I am not one.

First of all, in the name of the Alumni, I want to express to our dearly beloved president our sincere congratulations and our true love for him. For Father Rice, I can say, that he has the backing of every Alumnus and student to a man.

To the Alumni, I, personally, wish to express my heartfelt thanks for the work which you have done during the past year. This shall continue, it is just a beginning and greater things can and will be done in the future. To the student body, who will be soon numbered among the Alumni, I say that, it is now your duty to find out what will be required of you as Alumni. For the student body of today will be the Alumni of tomorrow. These men, your teachers, by their untiring effort and whole-souled devotion in the Cause of Christian Education, have placed our college in the first rank of modern educational institutions. They have worked thus zealously, not for themselves but that the Catholic youth of America might receive a sound Catholic Education. In return for this priceless gift they are bestowing upon you, they expect, and rightly expect, your loyalty. Be loyal students, then, during your student days, students of St. Viator, and when you leave these hallowed walls, be loyal Alumni, boosters of your Alma Mater."

Thereupon Dr. Burke called upon the Rev. P. C. Conway to respond to the toast "Alumni to Alma Mater." Father Conway spoke as follows:

"Mr. Toastmaster and Everybody Else: I am thankful for the beautiful compliment which the toastmaster paid me and I hope that I deserve it. For if I have succeeded in gaining that which I thought years ago, and which I have thought ever since, to be the highest honor to a man, to be considered especially loyal to his love, to the greatest sacrifice which men can make for their fellowmen, which is that made by college men to their students.

"I have work to be done at home today, a holy work, a holy bizarre. I had thought that I was absolutely necessary there and wrote Father O'Mahoney, telling him that such was the case. But he called me on the wire and said that he would let me make a speech and so I came.

"My toast is 'Alumni to Alma Mater.' And just now, when we are celebrating the inauguration of a new President perhaps it is well to bring up that sentiment. It may be thought that an Alumnus' love is a personal thing. Nothing of the kind. It doesn't make any difference who the President is; we know he is a great man. For he is the ideal of the man who was here when we were here. The College doesn't change; they may build a new refectory, a new chapel, may have new equipment; but when I come back, or you come back, you don't see any change. It is the same old chapel, refectory, campus, classroom, everything; the same old president, the same old professors, and the same old boys.

"This is especially so of St. Viator's because the spirit which laid these foundations in love has been handed down to the youngest Viatorian. And if we should live a hundred years we would find the same spirit then, that we found forty years ago. If I have something to say today, that the Alumni should to Alma Mater, it is this: We are with you in everything, and with everything that we have. Let us get it into our heads that if these men were financiers, they would not be here. That man who has given himself up to learning has divested himself of all these mundane things, and has let his spirit soar aloft. Such men have not the time, nor the talent, to be financiers, (with my apologies to Father O'Mahoney). And it is on us, to whom they have given everything, that the burden should rest, of financing this institution. Not all at once, but as we grow older, then we will have become possessed, if not of more money, perhaps of less love for it, let us pour that stream of invigorating life into this old institution, to make it younger. Our duty is to be boosters and never anything else. And I say to you, Very Reverend President, that it will be our pleasure to do everything that will be toward that end."

In response Father Rice spoke as follows:

"It surely gives me great joy and real pleasure unalloyed to welcome back to old St. Viator today our loyal Alumni and friends; and in the name of the faculty and students, I assure you that you are most welcome at all times, but especially so today. For it is Homecoming Day—a day that we have all been looking forward to for a long time; our dream by night and our every thought by day.

"Time in its onward course may have silvered the hair of some of us; it may have left its mark in the lineaments of our

faces; but when another year has rolled around, we do not feel a year older, for the thought that our boys are going to be with us soon, that they are coming back to talk of the days that were once, that we are going to be boys with them once more; this thought brings back to us the light-heartedness and buoyancy of youth, and we feel that old age is a long way off.

"I cannot recall just what poet has sung about the old man in search of a touch stone, that would turn everything it touched into precious gold. The poet pictures him as a gaunt, long-bearded old fellow, his eyes still lustrous and sparkling with a fire that burned in his heart, the thirst for gold, the greed for wealth, glistened and gleamed in his bright old eyes. Honor, riches and fame were blazoned far on his horizon, which seemed to beckon him upward where all seemed glory and sunshine. He saw the jeweled crowned head bow before him; he would live in castles which his riches would build; the riches and best foods would grace his table each day. He wore an iron chain about his neck, to which he intended to touch the magic stone. On the shores of the great sea he took up his arduous task. Day after day he picked up the different stones, and at night he lay down to dream of his untold wealth. Days merged themselves into months, months into years. His form became more gaunt, his beard whitened under the touch of time, his garments were tattered and torn by the elements; but still the old man searched on. Age crept upon him and dimmed the lustre of his eye. Nature at last gave way under the fierce fire that raged within, and the old man sank down to wait for the Grim Reaper. Some children passed by, and he had yet strength enough to raise his weary head to drink in the music of their childish songs. They saw the torn and bleeding feet, the ragged clothing, and their eyes wandered up to the chain, suspended around his neck. 'Tell us,' said one of the children, 'Old Father Time, where did you get the beautiful chain of gold?' The magic word 'gold' brought sight to his dying eyes. He looked; his iron chain was a chain of bright lustrous hue. But where was the touchstone now? He had found the magic stone, but had tossed it away. The opportunities of a life-time were hidden along the shores of that vast ocean.

"We have this great touchstone. We have not, as did the old man, cast it away. The visit, every year, and often during the year, of our many old boys, their words of encouragement, their warm and loyal support of us in every way, the knowledge of their marked success in every walk of life—has made burdens otherwise very heavy and almost insupportable, seem light and easy to bear—has turned many hours of the class room into glad joyous moments. We need your support and co-operation, my dear Alumni, and if every space available in our institution

is filled today, I feel that, after the zealous labor of our good Fathers and Brothers, much of our success is due to you.

"To me has been given the task of directing this great institution. God sometimes makes use of very weak instruments to accomplish great things. But I face the task fearlessly; I have no fear of failure in my office, for I have, as students here 400 of the best boys in this great land of ours, as my children; as my co-laborers men of sterling qualities of mind, and heart; men who are ever ready to give their all to the great cause they serve; men who are educators in all that word implies. And with our Alumni warmly seconding our every effort, and the grace of God assisting us all, St. Viator must go forward, and be among the best in the land.

"And why shouldn't she go forward? She stands here, as a thing of beauty, on the fertile plains of Illinois, close enough to the great city of Chicago, not far removed from her sister cities of Springfield, Peoria and Bloomington, with a great faculty and excellent, that has won her recognition at the State University.

"For years she has sent her sons to all parts of the world; into the busy marts of trade, the pulpits and the halls of justice and the world has always recognized the stamp of Viator on their achievements.

"True, at times she has felt the bonds of poverty, dragging her down in her upward march; but her loyal sons have stood by her in her hour of trial, have come forward to relieve her in her distress; and we feel confident that they will continue the great work that has been arrested for a short time on account of the financial situation of the country, and that the Alumni of future years will come down on Homecoming Day to a great and glorious St. Viator, a St. Viator that takes rank with the greatest institutions of learning in the Middle West."

At the conclusion of Father Rice's toast, the Toastmaster called upon the Chairman on Nominations, Dr. Thomas Hughes, to make a report for the committee, the other members of which were the Revs. E. Shea and B. J. Sheil. The report of the Nominating Committee being made, a motion was made and seconded that the report be accepted as read. Upon the unanimous acceptance of this resolution, Rev. Louis M. O'Connor, '07, Urbana, Illinois, who had just been chosen to head the Alumni Association for the coming year, was called upon for a speech. In response he spoke as follows:

"As my friends here at St. Viator, know, I have been derelict in my duties a number of times. But never so much so, perhaps, than this morning. I was approached early this morning and told that I was to be on the nominating committee. Instead of

attending to my duty, I went out for a round on the golf course, and the result is that the work of the nominating committee is very poorly done. Later I was told that there was danger of this very thing happening, and that by a man who is very close to the Archbishop of Chicago, but even with this warning I refused to believe it.

"Were it not for the fact that the Alumni Association is in the hands of Father O'Mahoney, I would not take up the task with any great joy, but having worked with and against the Reverend Father I think that we will get on together.

"I suppose that a newly elected officer should in his inaugural address state his platform. I stand together with that sterling citizen, of whom there is so much written in the newspapers today, that man who is making such a gallant fight for a seat in Congress; I refer to Andy Gump. Andy claims that he is one hundred per cent American. I go even beyond him; he is one hundred per cent American, I am one hundred per cent American and one thousand per cent for St. Viator. Like Andy, I wear no man's collar, except that of St. Viator's. Here among the faculty and with the student body, the greatest friends we ever had or ever expect to have were ours and are still ours. Father Rice has just told us that he has four hundred of the best boys in the country here now. There were four hundred of the best boys in the country here in my time. These boys are still boys for St. Viator, and no matter if the results of the past year were not as great as they might have been, let us take the old slogan that we used to shout on the football field, "UP, SONS OF VIATOR, AND AT 'EM."





\$175 in Gold

WILL BE GIVEN BY

The Baltimore Catholic Review

For the Best Short Stories Written by Graduates or Students of
Catholic Universities, Colleges or High Schools
in this Country.

There will be three prizes:

The First Prize—\$100 in gold.

The Second Prize—\$50 in gold.

The Third Prize—\$25 in gold.

A competitor may turn in three stories if he wishes. He may win all three prizes. No more than three stories from any one competitor will be accepted.

Stories must not exceed twenty-five hundred words.

The prize stories become the property of The Baltimore Catholic Review, to be published by The Review.

Other none-prize-winning stories are to be published if The Review so desires, at space rates.

An author who has a Catholic atmosphere in his story will be given the preference, all things considered, but contestants are warned against making their stories too preachy.

Natural, interesting, heart-gripping stories are wanted.

All manuscripts must be in the office The Baltimore Catholic Review by February 15, 1923.

Each author must give class and name of college or high school of which he or she is a student, or of which he or she is a graduate.

Students of ecclesiastical seminaries or novitiates are eligible to enter the contest.

This contest is to be the first of a series to be held by The Review for the purpose of bringing forward the literary talent in our Catholic schools.

Presidents of Catholic universities, colleges and high schools are kindly asked to post this notice on the bulletin boards of their institutions.

Presidents of Catholic Alumni and Alumnae Associations are asked to tell the members of their organizations of this contest.

All stories are to be sent to

THE SHORT STORY EDITOR,
THE BALTIMORE CATHOLIC REVIEW,
343 St. Paul Place, Baltimore, Md.

* * *

"MOVIES"

Father Sheridan has assembled quite an array of motion pictures for our "Saturday Nights Entertainments" this year, some of which are : "Sky High," "Cinderella of the Hills," "Western Speed," "The Ragged Heiress."

* * *

LYCEUM COURSE

For the attractions billed for his Lyceum Course, Father Sheridan is likewise to be congratulated. Though it is rather early in the season to make any predictions, it is safe to say that the numbers billed for this year are "headliners" in every sense of the term. The following are a few of the more notable, for which he has negotiated, and the dates of their appearance at the college:

Nov. 19: Laurette Taylor's famous success, "Peg o' My Heart," with New York cast.

Dec. 3: Benson's Orchestra, with the Smiles Four Quartet.

Feb. 11: Peter B. Kyne's play, "Cappy Ricks."

* * *

SENIOR CLASS

The Senior Class of 1923 met recently and elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Mr. Robert J. Langton; Vice-President, Mr. John Clancey; Secretary-Treasurer, Vincent McCarthy.

* * *

OUR CHOIR

The College Choir, again under the direction of the Rev. F. A. Sheridan, c. s. v., played an important part in the celebration of St. Viator's Day, singing a specially prepared mass. The

reverend director deserves much praise for the performance of the choir on this occasion, as both the work of the soloists and the choir as a whole was exceptionally pleasing and received many commendations from those present. There are about forty members in the choir at present, and Father Sheridan believes that, with a little more practice, he will have a choir equal to any in the Middle West.

* * *

OUR ORCHESTRA

Practically ever since the foundation of St. Viator College, there has been an orchestra in the college, and this year we have an organization to be proud of. Many visitors present St. Viator's Day were asking whether the orchestra had been imported for the occasion, for the rendition of various popular airs by our musicians was such as to challenge the efforts of a metropolitan organization. Again we feel called on to compliment Father Sheridan for his success in making this part of the program a real success. We predict a wonderful year for this branch of student activity, and look forward with true pleasure to their next appearance.

* * *

COLLEGE CLUB

The night of October 24th was an auspicious one for the students of the college department, for on that evening they assembled in the club room in Bernard Gymnasium and elected officers who will direct the College Club for the ensuing year. The College Club, now in its third year, is becoming quite a factor in college affairs, and we look forward to its achievements this year with heartiest anticipation.

The men to whom the guidance of the club was entrusted for this year are: President, Patrick Farrell, '23, Vice-President, LeRoy Winterhalter, '25; Secretary, Warren Nolan, '26; Treasurer, Richard Standest, '24; Father J. W. R. Maguire, c. s. v., who has so ably filled the position in former years, will again be the Faculty Advisor of the College Club.

* * *

K. OF C. INITIATION

The St. Viator Council, No. 725, at the recent exemplification held in Kankakee on October 15, received into its membership several of the Brothers and students of the college. Among these were: Bros. Victor Waszko, Walter Hirst, and Owen Glennon; Messrs. John O'Connor, Soran Leahy, James Soran, Francis O'Connor, and William Brazil. Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, c. s. v., assisted in the conferring of the degrees, as did another of the faculty, who is chancellor of the local council, Thomas J. Lynch.

FACULTY CHANGES

Among recent faculty changes are the following:

Rev. T. W. Maguire, c. s. v., Professor of Economics and Sociology, appointed Vice-President to succeed Rev. T. J. Rice, c. s. v., who has been promoted to the presidency.

Very Rev. Wm. J. Bergin, c. s. v., to be Dean of the Philosophy Department, to succeed Rev. Stephen J. MacMahon, who returns to St. Anne Parish, Chicago, Ill.

Rev. F. A. Sheridan, c. s. v., returns to the college, as head of the Department of Music, from St. Anne Parish, Chicago, Ill.

Rev. Richard J. French, c. s. v., returned from the Catholic University, to teach Education in the college department.

Rev. Patrick Brown, c. s. v., returned to the college to teach in the High School Department.

Rev. Francis Brady, c. s. v., returned to the college from St. Viator's Parish, Chicago, Ill., to teach in the High School department.

Rev. W. J. Stephenson, c. s. v., returned to the college from Tripp, S. D., to teach in the High School department.

Rev. R. J. French, appointed curate of Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

Mr. Paul H. Kurzynski, to teach in the High School Department.

Mr. H. E. Weisel, B. A., to teach Accounting, and Economics, in the Commerce Department. Prof. Weisel is a graduate of Leland Stanford University, and has had considerable experience along the lines which he is to teach.

* * *

MASS OF HOLY GHOST

As is the annual custom of the College, Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated on the 19th of September, by the Very Rev. Terence J. Rice, c. s. v. The blessing of the Holy Ghost was besought, that He might "fill the hearts of the Faithful, and enkindle in them the fire of His love." The entire student body was present at the Mass, to beg His protection for the ensuing year, and that the year might be of benefit to all.

* * *

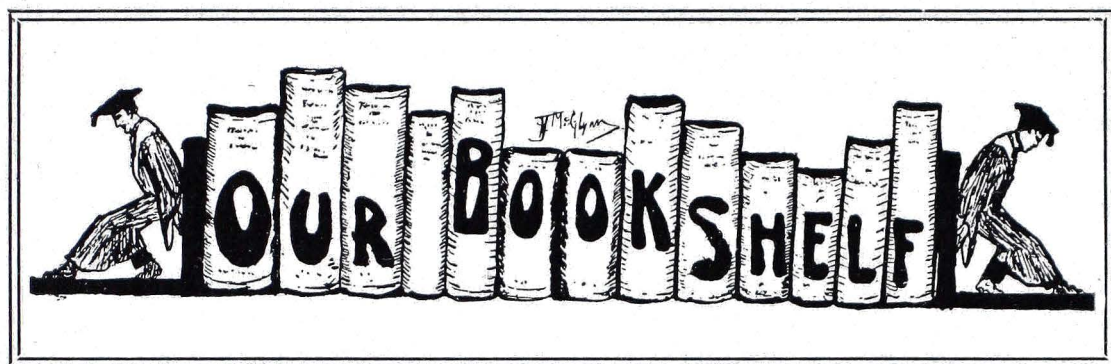
ROSARY COLLEGE

We welcome to the ranks of Catholic Colleges the new Rosary College, located at River Forest, Illinois, and conducted by the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Dominic. The dedication exercises and the formal opening of the new College were held Sunday, October 1. The Most Reverend Archbishop George Mundelein officiated, assisted by the Right Reverend Msgr. Edward A. Kelly, the Reverend D. F. McDonald and the Rev-

erend J. B. Cavanaugh. More than ten thousand were present at the ceremony.

The Very Reverend J. P. O'Mahoney, c. s. v., treasurer of St. Viator, represented the college.

It is the sincere wish of the faculty of St. Viator College that the success which was that of the predecessor of Rosary College, St. Clara's College, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, may be that of the new college.



"Average Cabins," by Isabel C. Clarke, 8vo. cloth. Net \$2.00. Postage 15 cents.

Richly colorful, tensely dramatic, yet withal ever graciously human and appealing, this purposeful story from Miss Clarke's virile pen reveals anew the author's ability to charm.

The evolution of the plot, laid amid the grandeur of England's magnificent lake country, reaches its climax when Denis Lorimer, bit of human driftwood—brilliant, unfortunate—to whom Father John Ponsford in his charity and zeal for souls, has given the asylum of his home, falls in love with Father John's young sister, Janet, and then, suddenly ill, and apparently at the point of death, reveals to Father John, in sacramental confession the story of a life, blackened by the stain of dishonor.

The priest, his lips closed forever by the seal of the confessional, cannot use the information he possesses to save his sister from the man unworthy of her! Here is a problem! Can there be a solution?

In this absorbing book, Miss Clarke answers the question in her usual brilliant, soundly Catholic manner.

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

* * *

"On the Run," by Francis J. Finn, S. J. With Frontispiece. 12mo. cloth, net \$1.00. Postage, 10 cents.

It is an exciting story of the adventures of an American boy in Ireland, during present times, told with all of Father

Finn's kindly sympathy, pathos, and humor, and will be of absorbing interest both to young and old.

In uniform edition, durably bound in cloth with frontispiece, Father Finn's earlier books are now offered to the public at \$1.00 each (postpaid, \$1.10 each) by special arrangement with Father Finn.

The author as well as the publishers feel sure that this decisive step will be greatly appreciated and that it will result in still larger sales of these most popular books for boys and girls.

* * *

"Holy Souls Book," a complete Prayer-book by Rev. F. X. Lasance. 16mo, oblong, $5\frac{7}{8} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Imitation leather, limp, round corners, red edges, \$1.50.

This is a complete Prayer-book containing a collection of carefully selected prayers for all ordinary devotional needs. For instance, it contains morning and evening Prayers, four different sets of Mass Prayers, Devotions for Confession and a variety of Prayers for Holy Communion, as also Stations of the Cross, the Litanies, the Rosary Mysteries, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, numerous Indulged Prayers, etc. But, it also meets a long-felt want by providing a series of reflections, special prayers and devotions in behalf of the Poor Souls in Purgatory.

Thus, while the object of this Prayer-book, as the Reverend Author says in his preface, is to incite us "to a special devotion—a more fervent, a more persistent, a more practical, a more faithful devotion—to the Holy Souls in Purgatory," it also meets all requirements of a general prayer-book.

It opens for us the inestimable Prayer Treasury of the Church and shows us how we may strengthen the spiritual links that tie us to our dear relatives and friends who have been separated from us by death.

All of us who mourn for lost dear ones, relatives or friends,—and who of us does not?—will be comforted by the solacing contents of this extraordinary Prayer-book.

No matter what other Prayer-book you may have, get a copy of Father Lasance's Holy Souls Book, which combines in such a practical and inspiring manner a twofold object—the aids of devotion for the sanctification of the Living and the means of helping the Faithful Departed.

A variety of bindings at \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.75, and \$3.50 allows of suitable selection.

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

* * *

"The Values Everlasting," is a recent work of the now famous writer, Father Geresche, S. J., whose many works have placed

him in the front rank of popular religious writers. The book itself is a treasure dealing, in the author's fascinating style, of those things so important to pilgrim life in this vale of tears. It strikes the note of keenest interest, interest in those things which concern the conquest of the soul and tells of ancient truths in a new and pleasing manner. The work has the Geresche touch, and drives home with telling force the message summed up in the words of the master, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Justice of all things will be added unto you." It is a cheerful Vade Mecum for hearts that are troubled and hindered by the cares and worries of every day life, and hence should find a hearty welcome from those who realize that there is no peace unless it be that Peace which the world cannot give. The book is published by Benziger Brothers and sells for \$2.00 a copy.



Season's Prospects

Early in September Coach Crangle pitched his football camp to marshall the Viatorians for probably the most ambitious grid card of St. Viator in many seasons. The opening days found most of the vets back in gear and a strong field of new men mobilized. Galvin, center; "Jack" Lynch, all-state guard; Connor, all-state tackle; Gallivan, all-state half; were vets whose absence meant handicap in the early games and gruelling work for the new men in the grooming process for material to fill the vancancies. "Chub" Murphy, "Emm" Murphy, "Pat" Farrell, "Bill" Barrett and "Mickey Donnelly" were the vets of the line to report, with "Bill" Doyle, "Jerry" Best, "Dick" Wheeler and

"Soran" Leahy, of last year's Academy to swell the field of experienced men. In the Pfeffer brothers of Champaign, Lawler, Franks and J. Winterhalter was the material for a strong reserve amongst the forwards. Capt. McCarthy, O'Conner, Roy Winterhalter, Jordan, MacLain, McGinnis and "Bud" Farrell were a string of backs, regular and reserve, from last year's squad that allowed for every possible development of offensive play. Monte, all-state high school quarter, of Colorado, Neville, Nolan and McRae made for useful reserve power in the backfield. Coach Crangle has schooled his men in hard scrimmage and thorough signal drill. Injuries early made for shifts among the men that Crangle schooled his outfit to meet and has made out of limited material a most versatile reserve. "Mickey" Donnelly, the big center, has been shifted to end and Pfeffer has made a strong center. The backfield carries three reserve quarters and as many full backs. In the half back berths are men of individual experience in each phase of offense, admitting varied combinations to meet the different defenses that may be encountered. The line is a well drilled combination, hardened and experienced in continued scrimmage, every man a strong man in his position, for the line jobs have been won on a manner of the survival of the fittest. Crangle, to this date and with four games at his back, has produced a finely drilled team. The team has been drilled in a plan of offense for a high degree of speed in execution. The handicap of weight has been decidedly cut and the light backs, under this swift moving and versatile system of attack, are a really powerful combination. This year's squad is one of the finest in years in that it is most highly coached in the three great essentials for a scoring outfit, punting, interference and defense against the forward pass. On the line there must be a fighting spirit and aggressiveness when following the ball—and Crangle has instilled and drilled both into his forwards. Football is a great game. There is nothing prettier than a wonderfully coached team and watch this outfit go.

ST. VIATOR 20; NOTRE DAME FRESHMEN 7.

Saturday, October 7th, Coach Crangle's eleven defeated the Notre Dame Freshmen 20 to 7 in a hard fought contest. The first half was chiefly an exchange of punts, neither team being able to score. Viator won the toss and kicked. The Freshmen gained 25 yards around the ends before the gang got set, but were unable to make first down again during the half. Viator opened the second half with a rush, scoring a touchdown in the first four minutes of play. The gang received and worked the oval to the forty yard line where a pass to Barrett over the goal line resulted in the first marker. "Pat" Farrell added the point by a drop kick. The second tally of the game came a

few minutes later when the Hoosiers were held near their own goal. They endeavored to punt out of danger but fumbled and "Chub" Murphy retrieved the ball for a touchdown, McGinnis adding the point by a drop kick. Six more points were added in the final quarter on line smashes by O'Conner, "Bud" Farrell's neat catch of a forward, end runs by Winterhalter and another pass to Doyle that placed the ball on the twenty yard line where McGinnis shot a pass to Leroy Winterhalter under the goal posts. McGinnis failed by inches on a drop kick for the point.

The Freshmen were held scorless until the last minute of play. With the ball in their possession on the half-way mark, the Hoosiers desperately attempted long passes as the Viator line held, Roach finally snagging a thirty yard heave and running twenty yards for the tally, a few seconds before the whistle. Roached kicked goal. Although considerably outweighed and presenting a crippled team, Coach Crangle's men displayed their usual fight and aggressiveness and held the heavier team repeatedly. Captain McCarthy, star quarter-back, was out of the game with an injured knee, sustained in practice. McGinnis, however, ably filled the leader's position and ran the team in excellent fashion, particularly during the second half, and is deserving of much credit for the win. He had a decided edge over the Freshmen kicker in the punting department, getting off two or three punts good for over fifty yards. "Mick" Donnelly, regular center, was absent from the lineup, with a broken hand and Reincke playing his first college game filled the gap in good style. In the line Farrell, Best, E. Murphy, Wheeler and L. Murphy displayed wonderful ability and fight on both offense and defense. Doyle and Barrett, ends were always in the game, and each starred on the receiving end of some fine passes. O'Conner, Jordan, L. Winterhalter, Nolan and E. Farrell in the backfield ran the ends and smashed the heavy line repeatedly for consistent gains.

Summary

St. Viator	Position	Notre Dame
Barrett	LE.....	Crowe
Best	LF.....	Coleman
Farrell, Wheeler	LG.....	Boch
Reincke	C.....	Perry
E. Murphy	RG.....	Egart
L. Murphy	RT.....	McMullin
Doyle	RE.....	Jenness
McGinnis	QB.....	Finch, Tenness
Nolan, E. Farrell.....	LHB.....	Roach
Winterhalter, L.	RHB.....	Rigali
O'Connor, Jordan	FB.....	Powers, Friske

Score By Quarters		1	2	3	4	T
St. Viator	0	0	14	6	20
Notre Dame	0	0	0	7	7

Touchdowns—Barrett, L. Murphy, Winterhalter, Roach.

Goal from touchdown—McGinnis, J. Farrell.

Referee—Millard, (Ill. Wesleyan).

Umpire—Thomas, (Illinois).

Head Linesman—Belting, (Illinois).

ST. VIATOR, 0; BRADLEY POLY, 16.

Saturday, October 14th, at Peoria, Coach Crangle's men suffered defeat at the hands of Bradley Poly, 16-0. Bradley kicked off to Viator, and after an exchange of punts, McGinnis's punt was blocked on our seven yard line, but recovered a yard from the line. Mac's next attempt to punt was hurried and the ball went outside on the 10 yard line. Bradley took the ball for their first marker on three plays. Bradley could do nothing the remainder of the quarter, the ball zigzagging back and forth, first in Bradley territory and then in Viator's. Coach Crangle had been playing a punting game the first quarter, but took the offensive in the second period and for a while it looked like a "set-up." The gang took the ball on the 40 yard line after holding Bradley for downs and began a hasty march for the goal. Bradley was powerless before the drives of O'Connor and the slashing end runs of Winterhalter. "Spike" came through center for 6 yards, "Winnie" added 6 around end, 10 more for another first down, and then five. "Spike" made a ten yard plunge through center for another first down and "Winnie" went through the right side of the Bradley line taking the ball to within 12 yards of the goal. Farrell made four yards and with eight to go Viator fumbled and Bradley recovered the ball. Bradley punted and Viator again worked the ball under the shadow of Bradley's goal, but lost another opportunity when Barrett, of Bradley intercepted a pass on his own five yard line. Freiderich's punt and a penalty placed the ball on Viator's one yard line. McGinnis' attempt to punt was blocked and went for a safety giving Bradley two more points.

Bradley's second touchdown came, when McGinnis' attempt to punt was blocked, the ball going to Bradley on our 30 yard line. A penalty and runs by Babcock and Hoswell took the ball over, after 10 minutes of play in the second half. Undaunted Viator again began a steady march toward's Bradley's goal, long runs by Winterhalter, smashes by O'Conner and a twenty-yard pass to Barrett, placing the ball on Bradley's fifteen yard line. With first down Viator fumbled and Siminski, Bradley center recovered, Bradley kicking out of danger.

Rain which fell throughout the entire game served to mar

the performance of both teams, Viator, however, suffering heavily when the "breaks" would have turned the tide. The gang, minus three star performers in Captain McCarthy, Donnelly and Farrell, put up a wonderful battle but it was a repetition of the "Peoria jinx." Winterhalter was unanimously voiced as the pick of the field, Peoria papers devoting as many as 25 lines to his performance only. One prominent writer in the account of the game quotes, 'those commonly called 'breaks' of the game were all against St. Viator. There were many fumbles and in each case Bradley profited thereby. Tough luck seemed to overtake the St. Viator athletes at every stage of the game when they threatened. No less than three times, optimistic Viator marches toward the goal line were halted by fumbles."

Summary

St. Viator	Position	Bradley
Doyle	LE.....	Hindle, Johnson
Best	LT.....	Meinen
Wheeler	LG.....	Zierton, McNough
Reincke, O'Connor	C.....	Siminski, Ruch
Murphy, E.	RG.....	Koepping
Murphy, L.	RT.....	Barrett, Ellif
Barrett	RE.....	Allen, Purlee
McGinnis, Neville	QB.....	Friederich
Winterhalter	LHB.....	Corell, Kyhkendahl
Farrell	RHB.....	Gross, Brewer
O' Connor, Jordan	FB.....	Babcock, Hoswell

Score by Quarters	1	2	3	4	T
St. Viator	0	0	0	0	0
Bradley	9	0	7	0	16

Touchdowns—Correll, Hoswell. Point after touchdown—Frederich, 2.

Referee—Keithley, (Knox).

Umpire—Lantz, (Charleston Normal).

Head Linesman—Lemarr (Hedding).

ST. VIATOR, 15; DE PAUL UNIVERSITY, 6.

Friday, October 20th, Coach Crangle's eleven trimmed De Paul University, 15-6, in a bitterly fought contest. The game was a fitting climax for Homecoming exercises, a gala crowd of Alumni and friends witnessing the contest. Viator scored early in the first quarter. DePaul kicked to Viator, and pretty runs by Winterhalter and McGinnis and smashing line drives by O'Connor brought the ball to within 20 yards of De Paul's goal. The De Paul line held and Viator lost the ball on downs. De Paul tried three plays and were forced to kick, Herman's punt being blocked by Pfeffer. The ball bounded over the goal line

into the crowd for a safety. Viator threatened again in the same quarter but lacked the punch to carry the ball over. The first touchdown came in the second quarter. McGinnis profited on an exchange of punts and pretty sprints by MacLain and Winterhalter and O'Connor's plunging paved the way for the tally, "Winnie" dashing across after a pretty ten yard sprint.

De Paul came back strong in the second half and put up a stiff fight, but never seriously threatened, until Herman intercepted a Viator pass and raced fifty yards for the De Paul's lone tally. The try for goal was wide. Except for this one instance De Paul was out-played, the ball being in their territory the entire game. The Chicagoans, however, were real tigers whenever Viator threatened and on no less than a half dozen occasions repulsed a Viatorian attack within their ten yard line. Coach Haggerty has a powerful line, one that outweighs the Viator forward wall ten pounds per man and they used their weight to advantage in this quarter. Viator took a new lease on life in the final quarter, Crangle sending Captain McCarthy, all-state quarter into the game for the first time this season. "Jack" uncovered a find in Monte, a fast little halfback from Colorado, in the final period. Two successive runs of fifteen yards by Monte and a ten yard dash by "Winnie" brought the ball to DePaul's ten yard line, from where Monte galloped across with the final marker. Winterhalter added the extra point from place kick. Pfeffer, playing his first game at center, played a wonderful game on defense and with more experience bids fair to become a star performer. The game marked the initial appearance of McCarthy and MacLain and both acquitted themselves nobly, "Red's" kicking aiding immensely in the victory.

Summary

St. Viator	Position	De Paul
Barrett	LE.....	Hoban
Best	LT.....	Melchier
Wheeler	LG.....	Spoer, Wright
Pfeffer	C.....	Dore
L. Murphy	RG.....	McGovern, Lewis
E. Murphy	RT.....	Knight
Doyle	RE.....	Barry, Meisner
McGinnis, McCarthy	QB.....	Long, Wachendorf
Nolan, MacLain, Monte.....	RHB.....	Herman, Kann
Winterhalter	LHB.....	McGowan, Oregon
Jordan, O'Connor	FB.....	Doyle, Kann

Score by Quarters	1	2	3	4	T
St. Viator	2	6	0	7	15
De Paul	0	0	6	0	6

Touchdowns—Winterhalter, Monte, Herman.

Goal from Touchdown—Winterhalter, Place kick.

Referee—Eldrege, (Michigan).
Umpire—Benbrook, (Michigan).
Head Lineman—Young, (Ill. Wesleyan).
Field Judge—Thomas, (Illinois).

ST. VIATOR, 20; LOYOLA UNIVERSITY, 0.

Looking better than at any time during the season Coach Crangle's eleven smothered Loyola University 29 to 0 on the College Field, Saturday, October 28th. Pretty runs by Monte and McCarthy and smashes by O'Connor brought the ball to Loyola's thirty yard line. The Loyola line held and on the first attempt McGinnis sent a pretty drop kick sailing squarely between the goal posts for the first score of the game. The remainder of the quarter was waged on nearly even terms, the ball being in Viator's possession most of the time. The gang started off the second period with a rush. McGinnis attempted a drop kick from the thirty yard line but missed. Loyola took the ball on their twenty yard line but fumbled, Doyle recovering it. A run by Monte and two smashes by O'Connor netted ten yards and first down. McCarthy added five and McGinnis went over for the tally, adding the point by a drop kick. Loyola kicked to Viator on the 15 yard line and a 15 yard penalty forced McGinnis to punt. Loyola returned the kick and with the ball on our forty yard line. O'Connor smashed for fifteen, Doyle snagged a pass for 20, Monte added 20 on an end run, bringing the ball to the 10 yard line. McCarthy took it over in two plays, but McGinnis missed the goal, shortly before the whistle ended the half.

The third marker came early in the second half when Reincke blocked Loyola's kick and Mickey Donnelly recovered it to dash 40 yards for the touchdown. After an exchange of punts following the next kick-off, passes to Doyle and McCarthy a fifteen yard sprint by Monte and O'Connor's ten yard plunge through Loyola's line placed the ball on the visitors twenty yard line. McCarthy made ten around end and McGinnis circled the other end for ten more and the final tally, adding the point by a place kick. Loyola threatened in the fourth quarter after Coach Crangle had sent in a bunch of substitutes. Desperately striving to pierce Viator territory via the aerial route, Loyola managed to complete two passes and got as far as the twenty yard line, when an intercepted pass gave Viator the ball and McGinnis punted, Farrell recovering the fumbled punt in mid-field. Neville made twenty yards around the end and "Bud" Farrell added twenty more through the line. The half ended with the ball in Viator's possession on Loyola's ten yard line, first down. "Mickey" Donnelly, regular center, played his first game at end and went like a whirlwind. Best, Wheeler and

Doyle in the line performed in excellent style, while O'Connor and Monte in the backfield made repeated long gains.

Summary

St. Viator	Position	Loyola
Doyle, J. Winterhalter.....	RE.....	Berner, Stamm
L. Murphy, F. Pfeffer.....	RT.....	Farrell, Delvin
E. Murphy, Farrel, J.....	RG.....	McCanville, Stanek
Pfeffer, Reincke.....	C.....	Berwick, Malloy
Wheeler,	LG.....	McNally, Kowalski
Best,	LT.....	McIlvain
Donnelly	LE.....	Morand
McCarthy, Neville	QB.....	Miller, Dooley
MacLain, McGinnis	RHB	Dee
Monte	LHB.....	Doretti
O'Connor, E. Farrell	FD	Welch

Score by Quarters	1	2	3	4	T
St. Viator	3	13	13	0	29
Loyola	0	0	0	0	0

Field Goal—McGinnis, Drop kick.

Touchdowns—McGinnis, 2; McCarthy, Donnelly.

Goal after Touchdown—McGinnis, 2.

Referee—Ghee, (Dartmouth).

Umpire—Lantz, (Charleston Normal).

Head Lineman—McCue, (Bradley).

Field Judge—Anderson, (Notre Dame).

ACADEMY ATHLETICS

Only four veterans of the 1921 High School squad answered Coach Bushell's call for football candidates, Murphy, fullback, Clancy, center, Cardosi, quarter, Ambrosius, tackle and Cardosi, quarter. Despite the lack of veteran talent "Bush" found abundance of material in the new candidates and set about grooming new men for their vacancies. "Dizz" Clancy, veteran center is holding his job; Barry and McCoy, two new men and heavy scrappers fill the guard positions; Menden, former New York Military Academy star and Ambrosius, 1921 veteran, hold down the tackle positions, while Fitzgerald, an all-state man from Indiana, and "Johnie" Bowe, Ex-Academic star, take care of the wings. Steinbach and Hasterlick, both rangy men, alternate with the other two tackles and round out a forward wall of weight and experience. In the backfield Murphy, 1921 star, Cribben, a hard-hitting full, Doman, ex-Kankakee half, Haley, all state quarter from Indiana, Cardosi, clever 1921 quarter and Gannon, 170 pound full, form a set of backs of tremendous power and drive. Coach Bushell is also fortunate in having some wonderful material in Shea, Dunn, McDonnel, Sisk, Herbert and Keim,

who will make strong bids for regular positions. This year's team has all the requisites of a dependable team; speed, weight, versatility and an aggressive spirit that brooks no defeat. A heavy schedule which includes some of the best prep teams in the Middle West is looked forward to with interest.

ACADEMY, 25; BRADLEY INDEPENDENTS, 6.

The High School started the season with a 26-6 win over the neighboring Bradley Independent aggregation, Saturday October 7th. The gang had been together but a week and while lacking co-ordination at times, still showed the result of their week's drill. Hasterlick, Menden and Clancy were the pick of the line performers, while Murphy, Cardosi and Cribben in the backfield made repeated long gains. Both teams played a clean, snappy game, St. Viator holding the long end of a 13-0 score at half-time and adding twelve more points in the last half. The Bradley outfit were never dangerous, except when a 40 yard run in the final quarter gave them their lone tally.

ACADEMY, 0; LOYOLA ACADEMY, 0.

Saturday, October 14th, Coach Bushel's Academy eleven battled the strong Loyola Academy team to a scoreless tie in their annual game on Viator field. Both teams played a strong defensive game, while the local lads had a slight edge on the offense. Doman was St. Viator's best ground gainer, skirting the ends repeatedly for an average of five yards per run. Murphy and Gannon, halves and Cribben, full, also played good games in the backfield. The lineup was of the best, it being nearly impossible to pick any stars. Menden and Fitzgerald, probably the two most noticeable. Loyola was never dangerous until the final quarter when they worked a cross-buck successfully on two occasion, carrying the ball to the twenty yard line. The Viator line held and Loyola desperately attempted passes, losing the ball on an intercepted forward.

ACADEMY, 0; DE PAUL ACADEMY, 0.

Saturday, October 21st, the Academy jouryned to Chicago where they battled De Paul Academy to a scoreless tie in a game of numerous thrills. Penalties cost the Viator crew a sweeping victory, for they were penalized for a total of 150 yards, while De Paul suffered a lone penalty of five yards. Three or four times the Viator gang had the ball within their opponents five yard line only to lose it on downs through severe penalties. Had the Academy only a few of the so-called "breaks" of the game an apparently easy victory would have been quite possible. Despite the jinx of the game, the boys all fought hard and even

in the face of difficulties gave all they had. De Paul was never able to pierce the Viator defense for appreciable gains. The Viator line played a spectacular defensive game of hard and sure tackling and blocking, combined with an offense that tore the opposing forward wall to shreds. McCoy and Fitzgerald, under Captain Clancy's driving leadership starred in the line, while Murphy, Haley and Cardosi were the pick of the back-field.



"Say!"
 "What?"
 "That's what!"
 "What's what?"
 "That's what they all say!"
 "What do they all say?"
 "YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS!"

PET PEEVES

"Please use the walk."
 "When there's mail for everybody but you."
 "When you're hungry and sleepy and there is no room in the infirmary."
 "When there's a good show down town and you can't get 'per."
 "When the prefect's got a grouch (also the coach)"
 "When there's a good meal and no 'seconds' "
 "When you get sick on a 'conge.'"
 "When you know your stuff, and the teacher don't call on you."
 "When you are sick in the infirmary and a football game going on."

"When you get caught using a 'pony.'"
 "When your name is called out for 'free' study."
 "Getting up in the morning."

This is how the story ran,
 An unlucky 'Ac' with a "Lucky" in hand,
 So now we offer our sad regrets
 Biff! Bang! No more cigarets.

ANYMORE

Shea: I got a drag with the perfect.
 Commie: What does 'drag' mean?
 Bowe: That means he's got "soup."
 Commie: 'Soup?' What does that mean?
 Dynic: Don't listen to them, Commie. It means he's got a
 'pull' with the prefect.
 Commie: Holy Gee! Drag, soup, pull; they don't teach that
 at LaGrange.

SMILING (?) JACK, THE FOOTBALL COACH

What's the matter with you? Got a cramp in your leg?
 Move, Pluto, Move! You act like a gander in a hail storm, and
 run like a dry river. Twist! What the blankety blank's the
 matter with you? Get in the game! Pivot! Get out here, you
 cake eaters and grasshoppers!

Balzey: I'll rip your teeth out by the roots.
 Napoleon: You got a lot of nerve to say that.

SILENT, LIKE THE "t" IN COFFEE

Sisk: Say, Murph, why is the "l" in fish silent?
 Murph: You poor Dumb-john, there isn't any "l" in fish.
 Sisk: How about "Salmon."

PEN MONEY

"Where do you get all your money?"
 "Oh, I write for it."
 "Do you find it very hard?"
 "I don't, but Dad does."

BRINGING UP THE ACADEMICS

One afternoon, an Ac entered the prefect's room without
 knocking on the door. Furthermore, he threw his hat on the
 bed, and exclaimed: "Say, Bro., there's a good show down town,
 I guess I'll go down."

The prefect, though not hard-hearted, wished to teach the
 lad a lesson in good manners, and said: "That is not the way to
 ask for permission. Here, you take my place, I'll show you how."

The lad took the prefect's chair, and the prefect stepped outside. Gently the prefect knocked on the door, and with hat in hand, he said; "Please, Brother, may I go downtown to see a show?" There's a good clean show billed for today. May I have your permission to go?"

In a flash the lad responded: "Sure, you may go and here's fifty cents to pay your way in."

HALF RIGHT

Don: "Red, did you notice that Pat hasn't all his fingers on his left hand."

Red: "That's news to me."

Don: "Half his fingers are on his right hand."

Who walloped Wallie on the kisser?

Jack called him Dan Patch and the team rode him.

Who got De Goat from De Paul? DeGang?

Harold: "I got a letter from home and it says that two men travelling through Kentucky were killed in a feud."

Stogis: "That's a cheap car anyway."

NERVE OR WHAT

Lefty: "Gussie, here's two bits, go get me an Oh Henry and buy one for yourself."

McNeil returns eating: "Sorry, Lefty, I done bought the last one in the box. Here's your change."

HARD BOILED

O'Brien: "Shea sure thinks he's hard. This morning he pulled my ear, stepped on my corns and told me not to egg around or he'd make vegetable soup of me. Geranium."

LUBRICATE

Those seniors who put oil on their hair get hot headed just the same.

Jack: "Why didn't you twist."

Nolan: "I was just going to when he tackled me."

Oh turn back the pages, when I was a boy,
With memories I'll not forget of days that brought me joy.
Oh why reflect on those sweet days, They're now beyond
recall,

Just think of all the happiness-at-3-in-the-study-hall.

CORRECT THIS SENTENCE

Student: "Father Bergin, you forgot to call my name for free study, I missed class yesterday."

A LIBRARIANS ADVICE

"Dear Students: If you were to lose your heads you would think it quite careless of yourselves. Yet, you think nothing of losing the library books which contain much more good material than many a student's head."

They say I am like Boob McNutt
A man devoid of knowledge,
But please be patient, I wish to learn
That's why I came to college—

They made me wind the sun dial clock
And buy a shower ticket,
They made me clean my dinner plate
And laughed to see me lick it.

Prefect: "What are you saying to yourself?"

Student: "Oh, nothing."

Prefect: "Well, hold your tongue."

SCHOOL BEGAN WITH A BANG. I HOPE SO.

Sammon: "Father, I am all mixed up in my classes."

Father B. "Flondering around like a fish, I suppose."

Sammon: "I guess the Dean tried to bate me."

Prof: "What was the name of ancient France?"

G: "Guts, er, I mean Gaul."

DIPLOMACY

Giving the football coach the next dance with your lady friend.

Teacher: "What is the matter with you today, you act like an ape?"

Ed: "Showing ancestral influence."

Teacher: "Well you can't monkey around here."

Max: "I walk in my sleep, Bro., so don't be surprised if you see me some night."

Prefect: "All right, Max, but don't be surprised if I bump into you."

The disadvantage of large feet. Ask V. Pfeffer.

Who knows what Doodle said when Jack said, "That's the first time you have showed any intelligence?"

DROP THE HANDKERCHIEF

F. Pfeffer is saving sweet smelling kerchiefs. His collection is picking up.

Laddie can catch chickens but he draws the line on goats—.

PRESENTATION

We hope this column merits your approval. We have tried our best to amuse but should you think what we have written stale, these poetic lines we beg you heed:

"True wit like wine fresh merit gains with years,
What Adam laughed at, funny still appears.
Cain's jokes that made Abel laugh amain
Are able to make us laugh again.



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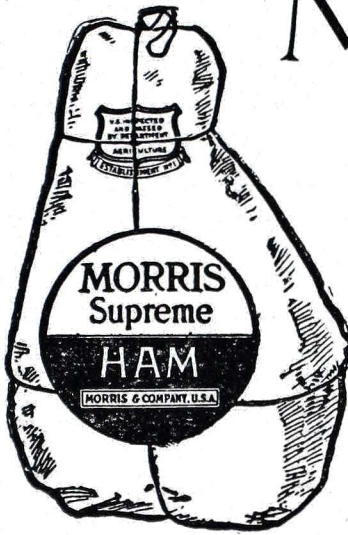
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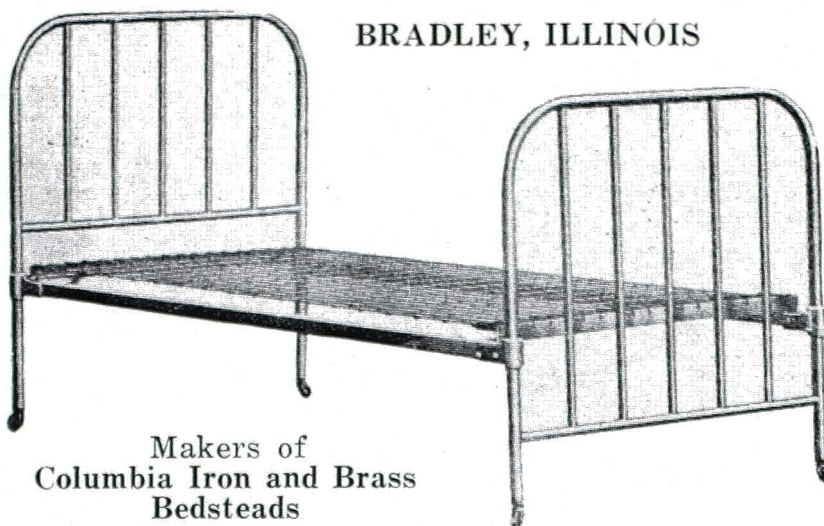
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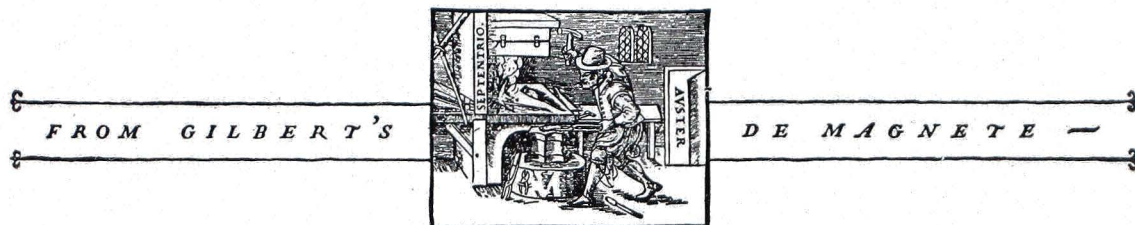
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