

The Viatorian

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The Very Rev. Peter Robert, c. s. v., F. E. M.

The Viatorian

FAC ET SPERA

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In Memoriam

Very Rev. Pierre-Barthelemy Robert, c. s. v.

1862-1922

The lips that spoke the Saviour's Word
Are now forever sealed;
The hand so oft upraised to bless
No more will blessings yield;
The feet that trod the ways of Christ,
Their journeying have ceased;
No more will throb that loving heart,
The heart of God's own priest.

The Shepherd of the Fold is gone,
His earthly task is done;
His toiling for his Chosen Flock
A Heavenly crown has won;
O may that soul which throbbed with grace
In peace serenely rest,
To find surcease from every care,
Upon the Master's Breast.

—Rev. James A. Williams.

The Very Rev. Peter Robert c. s. v.

Superior General of the Clerics of St. Viator

(1862-1922)

The biographical notes of the following sketch of Father Robert's life is taken mainly from an account written in French by the Very Rev. Father Charlebois, c. s. v., Provincial of the Clerics of St. Viator, Canadian Province.

Father Robert was born in Girou, France, a tiny hamlet in the Commons of St. Martin-Valmeroux, the department of Cantal, February 4, 1862.

He received his primary education in the school of St. Martin. This school was directed by the Brothers of St. Odilon, but was taken over later by the Viatorians when the former Congregation was affiliated to the latter.

Though but eleven years of age, he was sent to the Juvenile of Ternes, formerly a Province of the Community, and here the youthful Robert made marked progress in piety and in his studies. After his religious profession he taught for some time and then went on with his higher studies. He was ordained to the priesthood on the 18th of December 1886. He next pursued a course at the University of Paris and obtained with honors, his "*Licence-es-lettres*." He also made a special study of German and English, later taking up Italian and Spanish. At this time he was Rector of the important College of St. Michael in Paris which of course, was taken from the Clerics in the suppression of 1901. His ability as Rector had raised this institution to the very first rank of Parisian colleges.

In 1900 he was called to the Provincialship of Vourles, France, and it was while he was provincial that the Persecution in France got fully under way. The masterful way in which Father Robert met this situation, his skill in saving much of the goods of the Community, have often merited the praise of his Confreres.

Expelled from France, the Superior General appointed Father Robert to look for some place in which the General Direction of the Provincial Quarters of Vourles might be located. He soon found a place at Schoonhoven, near d'Aershot, in Belgium. This new residence however, soon proved too small, but by some good fortune Father Robert was enabled to acquire a beautiful piece of property together with sufficient quarters for the exiles, at Jette, St. Pierre, a suburb of Brussels, some three miles distant from that metropolis. Jette is still the seat of the General Direction. As soon as the expelled Viatorians were fairly settled in their new quarters, Father Robert set about opening new

schools in Belgium, and within a few years had under Viatorian direction, four or five establishments, and a large Juvenile, in the vicinity of Antwerp at Westmalle.

In 1908 Father Souques, Vicar-General of the Institute, died and Father Robert was chosen to succeed him. The advanced age of the Superior General put, virtually, the charge of the entire Community into the hands of the new Vicar General. He was indefatigable in visiting the different houses of the Order in Europe, informing himself of the needs of each, encouraging and imbuing the members with the spirit of the founder, Father Querbes. So in 1910 he made his first voyage to America, visiting every house in both the Canadian and American provinces, leaving them happier and better religious for his visit among them.

In 1914 the Chapter of the Order was to have taken place, but just as it was about to open the disastrous World War broke out and the delegates had to depart for their provinces.

During the occupation of Belgium by the Germans, Father Robert proved himself a man of great energy and service, what with the cares of the Community on his shoulders he taught in one of the elementary schools and directed the lay teachers under him, his Priests and Brothers having gone to fight for France.

A great trial was to follow on all these hardships—the death of the Superior General, whom he had served so faithfully. An extraordinary Chapter was convened and Father Robert was elected Superior General. Exhausted, as well he might be, after such trying times, just six months after his election Father Robert suffered a stroke of paralysis. Despite this, he kept up his active program. He made a trip to Rome to have the Revised Statutes of the Congregation approved, went a second time to make certain points clear to Rome, made a journey to visit the houses in Spain and though strongly advised by his council, he dared to cross the Atlantic to visit the American Provinces. Before leaving Belgium those who surrounded him said, “Father, this voyage will mean your death.” His calm and intrepid answer was, “A Father should die surrounded by his loving children.”

It was not difficult to see the ravages which disease had wrought in this mighty man, when he arrived in Chicago. Yet he never complained, asked little help and went on with his work. After leaving Chicago, he repaired to Canada, from which country he intended to sail for Belgium. On the 4th of November he was stricken while saying Mass, yet he finished the Holy Sacrifice. The next day he was somewhat better but about 2:15 p. m. on November 5th he called for help, it was evident that he was suffering very much and that his life was ebbing fast. Father Charlebois, therefore, gave him absolution and administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. He lapsed

into an unconscious state and at ten minutes to twelve (midnight) he died, as the sweet phrase of old has it, *in osculo Domini*, surrounded by his loving children.

Springing from the hardy race of the Auvergnois, Father Robert had been, physically speaking, a man of superior strength. He knew no fatigue and therefore spent his energy lavishly. But if he was strong in body he was no less so in mind. He possessed a keen intellect and a vigorous one, one ready to grapple with anything within the domain of intellectuality. This he cultivated and enriched by deep study until his was a profound scholarly mind. His judgment was penetrating, his analysis of a situation keen, and if he was perhaps too tenacious at times of his opinion, yet there was never any doubt as to where he stood, exactly, on a question.

He had an almost infinite capacity for work, and amidst his multifarious duties as Provincial, Vicar and Superior General, he found time to finish his life of Father Querbes, a work that required much research, much traveling back and forth to Lyons, and represents twenty years of painstaking endeavor.

There was nothing haphazard in his mental makeup, whatever he did, he did thoroughly, from mastering the depths of some profound question down to getting the accent of, say, an English word.

Father Robert was a spiritual man above all else, a holy man, a saintly one. He was a model religious ever setting the highest possible example to his confreres by his regularly and scrupulous observance of the rule. Apparently, perhaps, somewhat stern, he was possessed of a really tender heart and was one who could sympathize with the distress of others. He was kind, too, as many examples might be given by one who had lived close to him for some time.

It is idle to eulogize him further, for words are feeble to measure the worth of this good man. His real worth is known only to the Great Master whom he so unselfishly served and who alone can give him his fair need of praise—and who we hope has given him eternal recompense.

On becoming Superior General, Father Robert said, "My dear Confreres I am firmly resolved to spend myself unreservedly, even to my last breath in your service." Words which indeed were the utterance of a promise; a promise which was prophetically fulfilled.

Words of Appreciation.

"I am deeply affected by the death of the Very Rev. Father Robert. His death is a great loss to the Institute. It can be truly said that Father Robert lived solely for his congregation.

He governed it as a loving father and won the love of his children. He worked unceasingly for its success; he died in the breech."

VINCENT, CARDINAL VANNUTELLI,
(Protector of the Institute.)

"Father Robert from Heavens height shall continue to bestow on his children his protection and the wisdom of his counsels. He will be for his congregation a powerful intercessor at the throne of God."

DISIDERATUS, CARDINAL MERCIER,
(Archbishop of Malines, Belgium.)

A Study of Hendrick Ibsen

Paul H. Kurzynski, '23.

There is a certain breech in modern ethics, the absence of vivid pictures of purity and spiritual triumph, which is the root of the objection of so many men to the realistic literature of the nineteenth century. If ever any ordinary man said that he was horrified by the subjects discussed in Ibsen or de Maupassant, or by the plain language in which they are spoken of, that ordinary man was lying, for the average conversation of the average man throughout the world of modern civilization in every class is such as Zola would never dream of printing. The truth of the matter is that the average honest man, whatever vague account he may have given of his feelings, was not either disgusted or even annoyed at the candor of the moderns. What disgusted him, and very justly, was not the presence of a clear realism, but the absence of a clear idealism. Strong and deep religious sentiment has never had any objection to realism; on the contrary, religion was the realistic thing, the brutal thing, the thing that called names.

What is resented, and, as I believe, justly resented, in that great modern literature of which Ibsen is typical, is that while the eye, that can perceive what are the wrong things, increases in an eccentric and enveloping clearness, the eye which sees what things are right is growing mistier and mistier every minute, until it goes almost blind with doubt. If we compare, for instance, the mortality of the "Divine Comedy" with the morality of Ibsen's "Ghosts," we shall see all that modern ethics have really done. No one, I am sure, will cause the immortal Ghibbeline of either exaggerated prudishness or opti-

mism. But Dante describes three moral instruments—Heaven, Hell, Purgatory; whereas the great Norwegian has but the one—Hell. It has been often said, and repeated, that no one could read a play like "Ghosts" and remain indifferent to the necessity of an ethical self-command. That is quite true, and the same is to be said of the most material and monstrous descriptions of the eternal fire. It is only fair to say that realists like Ibsen or his contemporaries do promote morality—as the hangman promotes it, or as the prohibition law promotes it. Most healthy people dismiss these moral dangers as they dismiss the possibility of bombs or microbes. Modern realists are indeed terrorists, like the anarchists; and they fail just as much in their effort to create a thrill. Both classes are well-meaning people, engaged in the task, so ultimately hopeless, of using science to promote morality.

I do not wish the reader to confuse me for a single instant with those persons who imagine that Ibsen is what they call a pessimist. There are plenty of wholesome people in Ibsen, plenty of good people, plenty of happy people, plenty of examples of men acting wisely and things ending well. That is not my contention. My argument is that he has throughout, and does not disguise, a certain vagueness and a changing attitude towards what is really wisdom and virtue in this life—an uncertainty which contrasts very remarkably with the decisiveness with which he pounces on something which he perceives to be a root of evil; some evil, some convention, some deception, some ignorance. We know that the hero of "Ghosts" is mad, and we know why he is mad. We do also know that Dr. Stockman is sane; but we do not know why he is sane. Ibsen does not profess to know how virtue and happiness are brought about, in the sense that he professes to know how our modern tragedies are brought about. Falsehood works ruin in the "Pillars of Society;" but truth works equal ruin in "The Wild Duck." There are no cardinal virtues of Ibsenism. There is no ideal man of Ibsen.

Thus to those of us who have read his plays, his name calls back no favorite form of expression, but only a feeling of loathing and repugnance. Contrary to what happened in the case of great dramatists such as Corneille and Schiller, whose renown was consecrated by death, it seems that a part of the Northman's celebrity was interred with his bones.

Certainly the characters of his drama are not creatures of flesh and blood. They are rather moral ideas who walk about, talk, discuss; who even push the language of their theories beyond the limits of plausibility and the boundaries of human nature. But the plots which unfold amid the realistic surroundings of these middle class or peasant homes, are the daily social problems of modern life.

You feel a natural attraction towards this more or less exact reproduction of the combats that take place in our own souls; the royal tragedies of the theater would move us no less, because in them we recognize ourselves less easily, and, besides, these immortal tragedies are not so aloof from us as we commonly think; they are not—who would believe it?—so far removed from Ibsen's theater.

Just as in the classic drama two personages dominate the entire scene, man and destiny, so, under all the various masks which are assigned to them, only two personages, likewise, appear in all Ibsen's plays; the individual and society. For Ibsen, the individual is truth, liberty, progress towards the ideal; society is lying, slavery, progress towards the depths. It is the struggle between these two forces, between these two principles, which is the warp and woof of Ibsen's work, as it is, also, the entire base of his morality.

His moral system is an absolute autonomy, with no external restraint. If we believe him, every principle of authority is criminal, because it strikes the individual liberty. As he admits no truth whatsoever, except that which one can demonstrate for one's self, so, likewise, duty is what appears such to each one, and this duty is strictly limited to the individual. Duty, then, is to follow one's nature, one's self-hood. And this we must will strenuously, in spite of everything, or, rather, to the exclusion of every other pre-occupation; nothing exists except duty to self. Beyond this, everything that passes for the name of duty, duties to others, duties to one's family, is but convention and falsehood. Within us daily arises the conflict between our duties towards self and those others which society presents as such, but which, in truth, are only counterfeits. We must choose, and we ought to choose the real, the only duties, those towards ourselves.

The truth of the matter is that our duties towards ourselves cannot be, in life, isolated from our duties towards others; both kinds touch, interweave, and both come in contact with our duties towards God. All three kinds constitute a unity, just as the human being is a unity. The distinction between the duties we owe to others and those we owe ourselves is legitimate, logical and philosophical; but to consider only the latter in the practice of life is an absurdity. On this absurdity precisely Ibsen founds his entire moral thesis.

This individualism, which has its philosophical roots deep in the theories of Kant and others of his school, is the moral truth which Ibsen opposes perpetually to all the falsehoods of society, the family, the state and religion. The family is the social group which may least reasonably be assailed as a mere convention; in family life, naturally, arise the greatest number

of problems. Have we here the reason why Ibsen's most frequent assaults are directed against the family?

In his eyes, the family is a slavery, regulated by conventions, by the parents and by law, while love, no longer enjoying liberty, ceases to exist. Love can exist only between two beings, who, possessing like individualities, are able to aid each other to attain the same individual end.

Husband or wife, children, are but so many obstacles lying in the path of the individual seeking his vocation; hence he has the right to quit them in order to follow his own road. Thus does Ibsen preach, unceasingly, the emancipation of woman, whom he considers a victim of marriage. This emancipation he holds to be an essential condition to the regeneration of humanity.

In "A Doll's House," Nora, feeling herself enlightened on the purpose of life, prepares, after eight years of happy marriage, to leave her husband and her three children that she may pursue her development alone. The following dialogue takes place:

Helmer: So, you are going to betray your most sacred duties?

Nora: What do you mean by my most sacred duties?

Helmer: Is it necessary to tell you? And are they not your duties to your husband and children?

Nora: I have other duties quite as sacred.

Helmer: You have not; what are they?

Nora: My duties toward myself.

Helmer: Before all else, you are a wife and mother.

Nora: I no longer believe that. I believe that, before all else, I am a human being.

Filial love, if we are to believe Ibsen, is no less a mistake than conjugal, or maternal, love. Hear Oswald speak in "Ghosts."

Oswald: My father! I never knew him. I remember nothing about him, except that one day he made me sick.

Madame Alving: To think of it! Does not a child owe his father love in spite of everything?

Oswald: Even if his father has not title to his child's love? Even if the child has not known his father? And you, who are so enlightened on every other point, do you still really entertain this ancient prejudice?

Madame Alving: It is nothing more, then, than an ancient prejudice?

Oswald: No more, be assured. It is one of these current ideas which the world accepts without challenge.

Madame Alving (startled): Ghosts!

Oswald: Yes, you may call them that.

His hero, like himself, briefs every sentiment. He walks solitary through life, from a sense of duty, toward the goal which he himself has created and imposed on himself. Without a companion, he is equally without a guide. No one has indicated to him the goal, and no one shows the way. His life has nothing in common with that of the Christian. The voice which calls him, to which he hearkens, is not the voice of God, but his own; it is the uncontrolled suggestion of his individual conscience. The truth, though he, perhaps never suspects it, is that the natural bent and modernism of the Norwegian dramatist revert to the easy theories of the antique "*sequere naturam*." His system is organized moral anarchy.

As the family, the state, in Ibsen's eyes, is the enemy of the individual, his liberty, and his efforts. Ibsen believes that the enslavement of the individual grows with civilization, notwithstanding the pretended liberal forms of modern governments, and the falsehoods of democratic institutions.

For this reason, any character in his plays who is in a position of power, who is held in high esteem by his fellow-citizens, even those who live according to ordinary standards, has always some hidden defect, some criminal or shameful past, to be contrasted with their fabricated respectability; while those who refuse to recognize social conventions are characters of unalloyed honor, heroism and charity. This easy method, which results in recalling the theories of Jean Jacques Rousseau, is manifest in the "*Pillars of Society*."

The consul, Bervick, the foremost citizen of the town, has built up all his fortune on deceit, having thrown upon another the responsibility of faults of which he himself had been guilty; he does not hesitate, in order to secure some petty gain, to send hundreds of men to death in an unseaworthy ship. The virtuous characters are: Toenessen, the man who was thought to have been the culprit, who expatriates himself; and Lona Hessel, who sings in dance halls, and who has written a book of scandals.

These last mentioned characters, the rebels, are right, in Ibsen's plays, while the folk who stand for order are wrong. The latter, the rulers, the pastors, are always depicted as vulgar hypocrites, screening their infamous acts and purposes by fine maxims; or as ridiculous ninnyes, whom circumstances hold up to ridicule every day.

Bervick: Examine the inner life of the most esteemed of men; you will discover in every one of them some dark plot which must be concealed.

Lona Hessel: And these are the pillars of society.

Bervick: There are none better.

Lona Hessel: Then what matters it whether such a society be kept standing or not?

He is hostile to universal suffrage; he will not admit that all citizens are equal, since they differ normally in intelligence and moral worth. He is equally hostile to parliaments and parliamentary assemblies, because each individual feels his share of responsibility less keenly in the anonymity of collective responsibilities, and individual energy is annihilated by each one shifting on the other the duty of action. Ibsen's scheme is a revolutionary aristocracy. In the society of which he dreams, power would be exercised by a minority of energetic resolute men who would rule the masses and control instinct by intelligence and will.

We have heard Ibsen prophesy the fall of every form of religion. According to him, the Christian Church, like the State, is tyranny; it imposes a discipline, it enslaves the intellect, it suppresses individual activity. The religion of Ibsen is one which the individual ordains for himself. In "A Doll's House," this conversation takes place between Helmer and Nora:

Helmer: Have you not an infallible guide in moral questions? Have you not religion?

Nora: Alas! I do not quite know what religion is.

Helmer: You do not know what it is?

Nora: On the subject I know what Pastor Hansen told me when preparing me for confirmation. Religion is this, and religion is that. When I am alone and emancipated, I will look into this question along with the others. I shall see if the pastor spoke the truth; or, at least, if what he said to me is true with regard to me.

Religion, with Ibsen, then, is a relative, subjective truth, an individualist religion, without any universal element; and it is equally lacking in immutability, for it is constantly in a course of transition and transformation. The Christian religion, he holds, is but one phase of this transformation; just as the Christian doctrine of sacrifice succeeded to the pagan doctrine of enjoyment, a third phase will follow which will reconcile the two former religions.

The poison of Ibsen's theories sometimes contained a bitter drop; has not done as much evil as one might believe. The masses have refused to drink it. This moral anarchism which trampled on all the most natural sentiments was repugnant to good sense. The characters lacked vitality. One felt that they were not real, or else belonged to a special humanity, so pronouncedly special that a physician has been able to classify them all scientifically in the various categories of the degenerate. Who could believe that any reasonable woman could act as Nora, who, after eight years of married life, takes her departure, while her children are asleep nearby, for no other reason than to de-

velop her "self"? Mothers are not made like this, and they never will be.

Outside a little coterie, Ibsen attracted no followers. He felt this himself, and drew the conclusion that his doctrines were too high for the crowd. Society seemed incurable to him. The old house, "Rosmersholm," could no longer be restored. Towards the end of his life, even he himself had doubts about his own doctrines; and he essayed to demonstrate the beneficent necessity for illusion, that "Wild Duck" which lives enclosed in our little human world. Has he not painted his own portrait in "Solness The Builder," feverishly asking himself whether it is better to listen to the suggestions of youth, or to the teachings of tradition; whether there does not exist a nobler architect than he; the mother, "who did not, like him, build houses and towns, but souls of children, strong, noble, beautiful, which may grow into souls of upright, high-minded men?"

Society is represented by Oswald in "Ghosts"—a Society diseased through the fault of its own fathers. Madame Alving, the mother, is modern science, rationalistic philosophy. The world is athirst for light. "Mother," cries Oswald, "give me the sun." The Sun! while atheistic science, like Madame Alving, has nothing to give but poison.

The sun is still where God has placed it—it the heavens. Light comes not from the north; nor from the south, nor from ourselves. It comes from on high; it comes from God. "The Word is the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." He is there; the Sun of Justice and of Truth. There is not an other; and the faint glimmerings, which some would tell us are the rays of a new sun, are but the last flickerings of a dying conflagration.

For Her Sake

H. Knoblauch.

Walter Kentridge, loudly acclaimed as New York's most successful and greatest lawyer, leaned back in his chair of super-comfortable leather and let the latest edition of the Times sink slowly to his lap. His slippered feet were resting on a cushioned stool, a bottle of seltzer water stood on a small mahogany stand within his reach. On the mantle an ebony clock slowly ticked off the minutes. In the soft glow of the shaded lamp he appeared all that he was, the successful man resting after the strain and fatigue of a hard day.

He fell into a light doze while considering the events of the

day. Visions fantastic floated dimly through his unconscious mind, visions of every sort and description. One vision caused a smile on his lips. It was a picture of a young girl of eighteen summers, with soft wavelets of blond hair accentuating the contour of her delicate face with its dazzling blue eyes and its red rose lips. It was Evelyn, his only daughter, that was reproduced in his dream. All his life had been devoted to her rearing, he would sacrifice all for his love of her. Ever since her mother had died these two had lived in their devotion to one another. They were inseparable. Next there drifted before his eyes the various occurrences of the last few days—his strenuous work in his profession, his happy existence with the daughter of his dreams. Why only last night he had accompanied her to see John Barrymore in the great classic, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Portions of the play came again to him—the hideous personage of Mr. Hyde dwelling in the magnanimous Dr. Jekyll—the actions of the double character—the confession—the consequent finis. A wonderful actor, John Barrymore,—superb in his genius. The play had deeply affected Kentridge.

Suddenly all these pleasant phantasmagoria were blotted out and over his chair loomed a huge figure clothed in black. It raised a long accusing finger at him, and while he recoiled in horror the figure spoke in a terrible voice:

"I am thy conscious knowledge of the past, and I come to warn you of thy peril! What John Barrymore has acted so excellently you have performed most truly in your life. And mark my words. Like Mr. Hyde was exposed, thy dealings in the underworld shall be revealed. Thy dream-one shall know all!"

"No! No!" Kentridge shrieked, clawing at his throat in the agony of the shame and horror that she must feel if she were to know all, and then futilely striking at the huge, evil figure, "It shall not!"

Again, low and ominous, the hideous spectre uttered its warning:

"Thy dealings in the underworld shall be known."

"Never!" frantically gasped the terrified Kentridge, "None dare betray me!"

"Daddy, dear, what is the matter?" A sweet voice was questioning and gentle hands were clasping the lapels of his smoking jacket and shaking him.

He passed his hand over his forehead. It was clammy, great beads of sweat standing there.

"Nothing, daughter," he choked hoarsely, "nothing at all."

He clutched his throat and shivered. Evelyn was gazing at him wonderingly. He smiled weakly.

"Just had a bad dream, that's all. Did I say anything?"

He glanced at her sharply, his heart rung by the fear that he might have betrayed himself.

"Oh, daddy, you frightened me so. You were talking so wildly and waving your arms like a crazy man. I'm so glad there's nothing the matter." She caressed him lovingly.

"Daddy, you know the Morrisons? Well, they are sending Kenneth to study medicine in Paris, and they are going along to spend a few months in Europe. Kenneth was just wondering if we—Oh, daddy, I'd like to go with them. Won't you say that we will go? Please, daddy, we will have such a good time there. Just think we will see all those countries that I have read so much about and have a nice time. Will you, daddy?"

She clasped her hands in joy and hugging him, kissed his cheek. Kentridge had not yet completely recovered from the effects of his startling dream, and vaguely he heard her begging him to do something, something about going away. Oh, God! that he could go away somewhere, any place but here! Beyond the reach of his evil associates, and their influence. It seemed that he would go mad under the terrible strain. He must be alone—alone with himself. He must think! His great mind was at bay and he had to be left alone for a while that he might probe into the terrible thing he had just experienced.

"Perhaps," he said evasively, "We will see later."

"Oh thank you, daddy," Evelyn cried, "I just knew you wouldn't say 'No'!"

She left immediately, leaving him to his own thoughts. Shutting his eyes tightly, he reviewed the terrible experience he had just gone through. He must find a way to forestall its disastrous prophesy. He would find a way! While he was not an active leader yet he controlled great criminal forces. He was noted for his ability in defending criminal cases and it was due to his great, and esteemed influence (for he was well-beloved of all classes) that many escaped the justice they so richly deserved. It was the knowledge of this that he wished to keep from his daughter. And now, the evil spirit had warned him that this secret would some day be disclosed! And to her! Somehow he **must** escape from the threatened disaster!

* * *

And while Kentridge was centering all his forces against the danger that threatened his future happiness, another and entirely different act in the play of life was being carried out; an act that welded a stronger link in the chain of fate that bound his existence.

It was nearing nine in the evening. Low swinging arc lights but dimly lit up the fog that overhung the Bowery. The deserted streets were lined by houses flush with the sidewalks, pale beams from weak lamps sprayed through cracked shades.

Nothing stirred in the gloom. The silence was undisturbed except for the steady swish of drizzle on the cobblestones.

Suddenly two piercing beams of light flashed round the corner, and a high-powered car, with curtains drawn, shot past. It slowed up, then turning, felt its uncertain way down a narrow side street, stopping before a large, apparently vacant building. Three men, completely concealed in long ulsters, leaped out and ran to the rear of the building. The tallest rapped some signal on the door, which almost instantly opened a few inches to reveal the face of an old woman hideously ugly. Holding the lamp high to make out the faces of the men in the darkness, she almost let it fall in surprise. She had recognized the midnight caller.

"You! For Gawd's sakes—"

"Silence Maw! It's me—Spikes," he had pushed open the door and the three figures stepped inside.

"Is Blackie here?"

The old hag, whom Spike had addressed as "Maw," and who was familiarly known by that appellation to those who resorted in her place of refuge, grunted:

"No, he ain't here. I hain't seen him fer a mont'."

Spike read the lie in the hag's eyes. He seized her by the arm and said menacingly:

"Don't lie, or it'll be the worse for you! I know he's laying low—but I want to see him, understand?"

"Leggo my arm or I'll—" her shrill voice raised and she lifted a talon-like hand—

"I'll claw yuh—!"

"No, you won't you old fool!" He threw her skinny arm down with disgust. "Now I'm going up and see him, and **you keep quiet!**"

Once up-stairs he left his two companions outside the door of the room in which he heard low voices, opened it and swiftly stepped inside. A gasp of astonishment, greeted his entrance and a chorus of surprise rang in his ears.

"SPIKE!!"

"Hello boys, I'm back."

The thin mouth that surmounted the enormous blue chin lifted at the corners. "**For Good!**"

With a sweeping glance he appraised the little group assembled there, his eyes finally resting on a frightened little figure huddled in one corner of the room. Spike's entrance had completed the group of criminals known to the police as "Soupers." Every man of them had a long police record, and some were wanted in more than a dozen states. Although the police had them bertillioned down to the fraction, yet they were always one jump behind the culprits in the chase. They seemed to be protected by a man "higher up," and prosecutions generally re-

sulted in failures. But Spike's case had been different. By some unaccountable means, he had been sentenced for a long term in Sing Sing Prison for his last "job," while "Blackie" his "outlook" had been freed. It had been sad news to the "Soupers" when Spike had been sentenced, and now they were more than glad that their "chief" had returned. His presence there at that time meant one thing—a "breaking out" or "stir," so they gathered to listen to the forthcoming tale. All but "Blackie," who remained in his corner, furtively glancing at the door as if measuring the distance in case something—

Spike quietly explained his marvelous escape. There was no hint of brag in his voice as he told of his fight with the armed guard—the dangerous scaling of the walls—the swim across the Hudson—and the subsequent eluding of vigilant police. Yes, he had had to kill. One of the guards met him at the top of the wall just as he was about free. It had to be one of them, and Spike had beat the guard to it.

"But I'll never have to serve time for that," he said. "Kentridge'll see to that. I saw him before they sent me up and followed his directions. It was the only thing I could do, he said—pretend to take my medicine, and when the time came * * * He'd kept me out in the first place, but—" Spike turned around to where the little man had been but a few seconds before, but Blackie was nowhere to be seen. The men had all been so interested in Spike's story that they had not noticed his absence. Instead of being discomfited, Spike chuckled. Striding to the door, he flung it open. There stood Blackie, securely held by Spike's two companions. As he was brought into the light his whole frame shook with fear. His thin features were contorted with mingled rage and despair. He knew what swift revenge the underworld metes out to traitors of his kind!

Blackie was forced into a chair across the table from the man he had betrayed. Spike was gazing steadily at him, a grim smile playing on his thin lips, his eyes piercing and terrible under his beetled-brow. The worm had turned.

"Blackie!" Spike's terrible voice rolled out like a clap of thunder. Blackie cringed. To him it was the crack of doom. Again the thunder pealed. "Blackie! What made you do it?" All eyes were turned on the traitor's face.

He looked up quickly, met their gaze, then his eyes dropped to the floor. Spike was talking to him. He had to answer. What should he say? What **could** he say? He tried to throw off the paralysis of fear that gripped his tongue.

"Spike, I-I never—"

"You lie, d—— you! Don't tell me you didn't! I know better! Listen! You turned State's evidence on me and thought you might get away with it. The trail was getting too hot for you, so to save your own rotten hide you went to Moriarity like

a blubbering baby and squealed! Turned State's evidence and laid all the blame on me! Turned stool-pigeon against the only real friend you ever had. Sent the man up that pulled you out of the gutter and gave you money to buy the dope you couldn't live without. I always treated you white, but you wouldn't of cared if I'd of got 'life!' All you cared about was yourself! And then you never let on to the boys at all; pretended like you had a pull when they let you off. I thought you'd have more sense than to stick around here, but I'd of gotten you wherever you went. You picked the wrong man to monkey with when you picked me!"

Spike paused to take breath. His terrible eyes were like shooting stars, they blazed and sparkled with hate and determination. His huge body quivered with rage—he had worked himself into a frenzy of fury. His great hair-covered fists opened and closed as though in the eager anticipation of revenge. Blackie knew that action was near. And action meant—the end. He knew Spike too well to suppose that it meant anything else. Always a coward at heart, he feared death as something horrible beyond description. A paroxysm of trembling nearly shook him from his chair.

There are two kinds of cowards. There are those who live and die cowards, and there are those who are born cowards, but find courage when the realization that death is near, dawns upon them. Blackie was desperate now. He glanced up at Spike. The latter was opening his mouth to speak again. Between Blackie and the door were over a dozen men, all anxiously awaiting the grim spectacle that promised soon to be enacted. The kerosene lamp burned brightly at his right. Spike's ominous voice rumbled out like angry breakers dashing against a rock in a tempest, as he gloated over his triumph. The hurricane was at hand.

"Killing you is too good for you, you yellow dog! I wish you had a dozen lives so that I could choke them all out of you, one at a time! How the cops'll laugh when they find you—I mean what's left of you! They'll know who did it, and think that I'll get the chair. But I won't run from them—no sir, Spike Dugan won't run! I'll laugh in Moriarity's face, and dare him to send me to the chair! Kentridge told me before I went up that I'd never get another stretch, and I've got the bonds that you and I took out of that place in a secure place. Enough to take me to Paris and live like a king! Two murder counts, one the guard, and the other—And then I get free! Free! And now—!"

Spike's face was demoniacal. He had worked himself up to kill in cold blood. The others stood back. Spike had half risen from his chair. No one had noticed Blackie's right hand as it slowly rose to his chest, or else they had taken it for a gesture of despair. Suddenly his arm straightened out—a crash

of broken glass—and darkness! With a strength that he never before possessed he had upset the table and had stumbled towards the door. In an instant he had slipped out the door and was making his way down the dark stairway! Behind him was confusion—shouts and curses rent the air. Spike, half dazed by the suddenness with which it had all happened, crashed over obstacles to gain his uncertain way to the door. A light appeared below; the old woman had piled out at the disturbance. Spike knocked her aside with one sweep of his arm. He saw Blackie disappearing through the outer door. Ten steps behind him, Spike fumbled at his hip as he ran. As Blackie fled between the buildings a flash of lightning momentarily lit up the gloom. Spike raised his right hand. The answering flash was drowned in the deafening peal. Blackie's arms clawed wildly above his head; he pitched forward on his face. Spike's aim had been true. The roar of a motor, and Spike and his two companions were gone.

* * *

"Mr. Kentridge, I almost forgot to tell you. There was a phone call for you this morning while you were out." Warkins Kentridge's trusted secretary stood respectfully near the lawyer's desk. Kentridge had been sitting there for almost an hour, his elbows resting on the glass top, his head buried in his hands. He was awakened from his pensive mood by the sound of the voice.

"A call? Who was it?"

Well, sir, it's most peculiar. I had just lifted the receiver and was about to answer, when whoever it was began talking fast and excitedly. Then before I could find out who it was, we were cut off by the operator and I couldn't find out where the call came from. It certainly was very strange, sir."

"Was it a man's voice, or couldn't you tell, Warkins?"

"Yes, sir, it was a man's voice all right."

"You didn't recognize it at all, Warkins?"

"Well, sir, I couldn't say for sure, but it was rough, like—like—Mr. Dugan's voice!"

"What!" Kentridge's astonishment knew no bounds.

"Yes, sir, that is, sir, I really couldn't say for sure. But it sounded just like his, sir."

"Kentridge was too shocked to speak for a minute. In the thirty years that Warkins had been in his employ he had never made any positive statements; he never was absolutely sure of anything. But when he said he thought so, or anything like that, Kentridge knew that he could depend on it as being true. He spoke slowly and tensely. "Warkins, do you suppose that he could have escaped?"

"I don't know, sir. It's quite probable though."

The lawyer said nothing more, but sat drumming his fingers

on the desk, and slowly biting his lip. Warkins quietly departed. By and by Kentridge crossed over to the window and stood looking out. Below him countless thousands of people rushed to and fro in the hustle and bustle of the great city. Just then it seemed to him that they were like restless waves, rolling and tossing along in the sea of discontent; lashing themselves into a welter of spray and foam in a vain attempt to find content, they are finally cast upon the rocky shore of human destruction and disappear forever.

He was in a dilemma so grave that even his keen lawyer's mind was incapable of finding a solution. Spike Dugan escaping, was the last thing on earth he had considered, for the stone walls of the prison are hard to scale, and steel bars are difficult to rend. He couldn't very well refuse the aid that he had promised, but if he kept his promise that terrible dream might come true. It seemed to him that his whole life depended upon the outcome of the struggle in his heart. Dugan deserved punishment, but it was in his power to prevent it from ever being meted out. To help Dugan would, of course, destroy justice; to refuse him the assistance he expected was to break the word of a man whose word had never been broken before.

Through the maze of perplexity that blurred his vision, a picture slowly began to assume shape before him, Kentridge stared aghast. It was the picture of the daughter he loved above all things, the girl for whom he would sacrifice all. All? Yes, everything. She extended her hands to him and smiled. Kentridge cried out in agony. The telephone rang and the picture disappeared.

The mouth of the lawyer hardened and his jaw set. The secretary who was about to answer it, he waved aside, and crossing the room swiftly he tore the receiver from the hook. But it was not Dugan's voice as he had expected.

"Daddy dear, Kenneth just called up and said that their boat left tomorrow morning. He wants to know if you have made up your mind to go with them. Oh please say yes, daddy! Please!"

It was fully a minute before his voice came back over the wire to her anxious ears, and when it did come, it did not seem like the voice of her father.

"Yes, Evelyn, we'll go. I'm coming home now. Good-bye."

Evelyn never knew the pain those few words contained. He had hung up the receiver, not waiting to hear the cry of happiness and thanks that his excited daughter gave. Kentridge whirled on his surprised secretary.

"When Dugan calls again, tell him that I've gone away, you don't know where! I'm going to Europe tomorrow morning, and don't know when I'll be back. You take care of the office until I wire you directions from Paris."

The secretary stood dumfounded but respectful. Kentridge extended his hand.

"I'm sorry I can't explain all this to you now, old man. Maybe some day I can. Good luck!"

* * *

The great liner Lord Baltimore plowed steadily and majestically through the idle waves of the Atlantic. The passengers were for the most part standing along the rail, viewing that never to be forgotten spectacle, an ocean sunset. Chatting gayly with new found friends. To some the end of the voyage meant home and friends once more; to others it promised the pleasures of travel, adventure, experience.

To Evelyn the voyage meant happiness unmeasured, with her father—and with Kenneth. To Kentridge it meant a life unblemished by the fear and worry of constant exposure, and the assurance that his daughter's faith in him would never be destroyed. Most probably he would open an office in Paris, where he could continue his profession. At any rate he had weighed his promise to himself for his daughter's sake against his promise to another for his own sake, and the latter had been found wanting. For him the future promised naught but prosperity, but for Dugan back in New York awaiting trial there loomed foreboding the shadow of the chair.

Carlyle as an Historian

J. E. Surprenant, '25.

The centuries that have come and gone, the nations that have risen and fallen, the countless men that have been born and that have died; these form the topic for a universal history, which is more interesting and enthralling than any legend or fable. There in the deep pit of time, there in the fitful crashing of world empires, there in the petty downfall of men, we read the onward record of the human race. This history is not only a page glowing with the grand achievements of individuals, nor even with the gigantic accomplishments of each nation, but it is a record of the humble striving, the mediocre success and the final perfection of the ideals of every human being under the sun. True, many men have risen like giant oaks to overshadow their fellow beings, but they were not so much the originators, the self-sufficient cause of their greatness, as they were the representatives of their day and age. To be true and universal, history must record the collective achievements of all men, like you and me, as well as the fulfillment of each nation's destiny,

whether it be that of the great empire of England or that of the small country of Ecuador. It cannot speak truly of the one, and tell us that it, therefore, speaks truly of the other. This is entirely repugnant to our intelligence. No, history is the story of the human race, in all its struggles, in all its prosperity, as it has been seen from the beginning of time.

This view of history, however, has not been shared by all men. Although most historians have labored and striven to attain this ideal, yet there are some who do not agree with it. One of these is Carlyle. Like a hungry eagle soaring above a mountainous region, he seems to fly aloft over the vast realm of universal history, seeking those glorified men, who are the food of his hero-worshipping soul. The glint of the sun of fame, that illuminates the upper table-land, strikes his eye and holds his attention, while the shadows of the lowland lie hidden from his glory-seeking eyes. He sees, in all their splendor, the few individuals who walk on the plateaux, while the more unfortunate beings in the shadows are not known to his mind. Truly, he is like an eagle, an eagle with a defective eyesight. Hence his view of history is a bewildering vision of heroes. Carlyle himself tells us this:

"As I take it, Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here."

He believes that each period of time comes to an apex, whereon stands a figure than whom there is none greater. He readily concedes that this is history; a history of great men, not a history of the world. If the world consisted only of great men, it would be a pitiful, dreary world indeed. This, then, is what Carlyle fails to notice; that there are other men besides great men. He fails to see that without the Plebeian, the Patrician cannot exist; that without the common men there would be no heroes. He continues,

"All things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realization and embodiment, of Thoughts that dwelt in the Great men sent into the world."

Is this entirely, unreservedly, true? If we examine his great men, do we find that they have done what he asserts of them? No, I think our study will lead us to consider Carlyle a little enthusiastically inclined toward hero-worship.

Let us, then, look at Shakespeare, Knox, Rousseau and Napoleon with an eye set to find whether they were the outcome of the age in which they lived, or whether, as Carlyle says, the age was the result of their words and actions. If we examine literature, we find that Shakespeare appeared at the time when the English language was mounting the crest of a literary wave.

He took this language as a tool and formed therewith a beautiful model, which was the envy and emulation of succeeding poets. Thus we see that Carlyle was right in the effect of Shakespeare's work, but how about the cause? It seems to me that credit ought and should be given to those men, who preceded Shakespeare; in whose hands literature was so moulded and formed that the genius of the poet could breathe like into it. To understand Shakespeare, you must know the period that preceded him, and to understand the period in which he lived, you must know Shakespeare; the one is the supplement to the other. Neither can be studied separately. Hence it would seem that Carlyle's weakness is narrowness of vision in the contemplation of history. In Knox, we find the same thing. Had the people been wholly satisfied with their religion, Knox would never have been able to establish Presbyterianism, nor once established, would it have affected the trend of affairs in his age. Thus it is not the greatness of heroes, but the co-ordination of the desires of the people with the principles of the hero that forms the history of a period. Again, Rousseau does not stand forth as an exponent of new doctrines or strange thoughts. No; he is merely stating in a compact, intelligible way, the thoughts and desires of the people of his day. He is, as it were, the mouth-piece of his age. Napoleon, too, cannot be held up as a criterion of his time and period. He was only instrumental in giving the people what they vehemently desired. It was their passionate craving for freedom that extended his power, until we see Napoleon as a very great man, but not as an epitome of a historical period. Consequently, we may say that it is not the thought which great men originate, that causes history to be made, but rather the desires and thoughts of the common people of each consecutive period, as expressed by these great men.

Rather than being the cause of the achievements in each period, Carlyle's heroes seem to be the culmination of one period, and the inception of the next period of thought and action. His idea of hero-worship in history appears to us as a succession of tall, gigantic, historical mountains, at the top of which an altar of sacrifice is established. For years and years, countless human pigmies have been ascending these mountains with their little contributions of greatness, until, at last, one of them arrives at the summit, where his soul becomes inflamed with the vast realm of greatness behind and below him. The multitudes of commoners ascend and worship, while the sacrifice of his genius is consumed during the short span of a lifetime by the conflict of the numberless thoughts in the hero's mind. Then, when the emblazoned sky of history declares the consummation of genius, the motley mob descended again into the valley of common things to gather material for another hero with whom they may ascend the next mountain of sacrifice. So we go on with Carlyle

from one sacrificed hero to another, ever contemplating and realizing how, in his intense, absorbing interest in the brilliant, consuming conflagration of genius on the sacrificial mountain, he was deprived of the power to see the lesser beings, who assisted and made possible this final immolation, which exposed the ideals of a great period of achievement, and incited a new period. Thus it is not that Carlyle is false in what he proclaims, but that he is only half true. Had he weighed history in the balance of calm reason, rather than in that of his own enthusiasm, he would have a much broader vision of history. But, as it is, we must of necessity conclude that his idea of universal history is too narrow and constricted.



The Legend of Friar John

It matters not nor where nor when
 The ancient Abbey stood, enough to ken
 That love of God ruled o'er the place,
 Where prayer and solitude won sweetened grace
 Of Christ, for each pure consecrated heart
 Which, Mary-like, claimed the better part.

The hand is dust, that penned the legend sweet;
 Stern Time, the ravager, with speeding feet
 Has left no trace, but ruins, of the Abbey grand;
 Long since the crowled monks have spun the strand
 Of life, and passed to Judgment Seat of God,
 For love of whom the ways of virtue trod.
 The olden legend still lives on the time-dimmed page,
 Writ indelible, and tells a tale of bygone age.

In ancient tome it lives, "The Tale of Friar John";
 Nor age nor time a change has wrought thereon,
 And tells how long, with ceaseless care,
 Within the wide Scriptorium, or mid the flowers fair,
 Of Our Lady's garden, how his holy tasks each one,
 Performed with right intent, was poorly done;
 Or in the studio where the artists wrought,
 And made the canvas live; and poets inspiration sought
 And sculptors, too, and writers of the sacred song,

Toiled for the love of God, the speeding years along—
He failed to please. The various tasks above
His talent, yet he sighed with unabated love
For the Master; tried to do right worthily every deed;
But failure claimed each task; was his reward, his meed.

And so, at length, unto the Abbot's cell he went,
Upon a strange request, humble soul content;
And at his feet poured forth heart fervent plea,
Unlocked his soul in child-like simplicity.
"My voice is dumb, whene'er within the choir
I try and try to tune my soul's poor lyre
That I may sing the solemn chant my brethren sing;
But my heart anthems ne'er can fly on music's wing,
Nor can I wield the artist's brush to draw,
On docile canvas, Saint and Angel without flaw,
Nor pen with care in holy Psalmist's art,
The heaven-born rhymes which lie hidden in my heart.
Nor dare I bid the expectant marble live,
And breathe; not gifts as these have I to give,
Unto my Lord and God, but I can pray,
By offering Him my simple labor every day.
As best I can, I toil; and to my dull mind,
O Father, with thy consent I speak, the best is being kind.
Give, then, a task wherein the humblest I may be
Try thou my soul that it may live eternally.
Give to my hands to do the meanest task,
And by the merits of Christ's Cross, no more I ask."

The Abbot, wise in Virtue's various ways,
Upon the kneeling Friar cast paternal gaze,
And sweetly said, "My son, they serve Him best,
Who lean their troubled souls upon His breast;
They serve best, whose every deed for love is done;
It matters not, how good or ill, if 'tis the best
That one can do, My son, that deed is blest.
They serve best who labor well the task to do,
And not because the deeds are many or a few;
The greatest deeds oftime to us seem small,
But in God's eye, who knows and soundest all,
Small deeds more better seem and great;
Our ways are not God's ways, His rate
Or worth is not how much nor yet how few,
Nor e'en how well, but with what mind we will to do.
Take then thy place before the Abbey Gate,
And feed the weary, who hungering there await.
And may the Christ reward thee well, my child."
Thus spoke the Holy Abbot to the Friar mild.

Anon the humble Monk from day to day
Plied well his art, nor turned away
Those of God's poor who sought his aid;
But with kindness each bitter pang allayed.
"It happened," so doth the worthy scribe relate,
"A weary leper once before the Abbey Gate
Sought shelter and rest, the massive port beside,
And found refreshment, by all to him save by the Friar,
John denied.

How leaped the Friar's anxious heart with high desire,
To do as Christ had done, to quench the fever fire,
That all consumed the sore-cursed leper's form,
And still the anguish of his inner storm;
He thought a moment, then born the act;
Soon Friar John, with gentle touch and tact,
Washed clean each vile and leprous spot,
And for the love of Christ all else forgot.
To sufferer softly spoke of Heavenly things,
How each pain and pang of woe might take on wings,
And fly unto God's throne as fervent prayer,
To Him who hears each feeble cry and counts each tear,
If they are offered by a heart sincere,
Of Saints and Angels many a pious tale he spoke;
It seemed as if his slumbering eloquence awoke,
He seemed inspired. At length the leper guest
Pressed the holy monk to grant one lone request;
He spoke: "Why is it that you do this unto me,
This kindly deed? Why this ennobling act of charity?"
Unmindful all of radiant gleams which splendrous fell
And filled with heavenly light the Almoner's cell,
The Friar John, with holy ardor still
Bathed the rotting sores with ardent will,
And o'er each festering wound a blessing spread.
Then, glancing at the questioning lips, he said:
"'Tis for Jesus' sake I do my every task.
But why such question do you ask?
Did you not know that in this Abbey wide
Dwell holy souls vowed to serve the Crucified?"
The leper smiled, and still more spake:
"Why, then, do you such lowly labor undertake
And not more worthier deeds and delicate
Too menial is such task for hands that consecrate
The Blood and Flesh of Christ. Is it not so?
Speak, Friar John, speak, for I would know."
"Friend, the finer things I've tried to do,
But failed. The Christ hath said,
Do well, what thou wouldst do;
And so I offer up each task, one by one,

For love of Him, My Master, Mary's Son,
To everyone who seeks my aid within this place
I think I see, instead of their, the Master's face."

Lo, as the Friar cast his loving eyes,
Upon the leper's feet, filled with surprise,
The Sacred wounds of Christ He saw thereon,
Made by the cruel nails, when He the Victory won,
Upon the Cross, and from all sin man freed.
Wonder of wonders—the Leper was the Lord indeed.
Enraptured he heard the gentle Savior speak,
Honeyed words, benign and kind and meek:
"My son, the psalms you sing too holy are for mortal ear;
The music of thy soul, none but the Angels hear;
The rhymes you weave are not for human eyes,
For they alone are understood in Paradise,
Nor can they written be with flowery pen;
They must forever be unknown to men.
They humble prayers are like hymns divine,
Which thy heart's hopes and love enshrine;
Thou art a Friar after Mine own heart,
Blessed is thy toil, the noblest part.
For since unto the least, to each lowly one
Thou hast done deeds of love, so unto Me;
And that sweet service has won thy Victory.
Eye may not see, nor mind conceive the prize
This day, thou wilt be with Me in Paradise."

With one love look the happy Friar replied,
Kissed the bleeding feet of Christ, and died.

Still day by day before the Abbey Gate
Are fed the weary, who hungering there await;
Whilst within the spacious Abbey Chapel quaint,
The Brethren honor Friar John, a Saint.

The mystic legend of ancient age is done;
The Friar long since a crown of glory won,
But tarry, Christian soul—and glean from ancient page
A lesson from the tale of bygone age:
Seek where ye will, canst nobler lesson find?
"Christ is the meed of those who e'er are kind."

—Rev. James A. Williams.

The Hill

A. A. O'Loughlin, '24.

As the train slowly came to a stop, some sixty or seventy men, some brawny and stalwart, others less hardy, poured forth from the dusty coaches upon the station platform, to be confronted by an unexpected welcome. Nearly a hundred rough-looking, scowling miners were around the station, viewing the newcomers with evident dislike. The strikebreakers paused not a whit but moved towards the boxcars that were to serve as their homes. Among the crowd of surly men who surrounded the station there were two that compelled attention. The one was a lean-faced individual, a newly arrived resident of the village, who turning to his neighbor said: "Hells fire, these last two weeks of striking was bad enough without these damn fools selling themselves to that blood sucker and taking our jobs and helping him beat us. But we'll get them, yet" he added darkly. The other was a young man of about thirty, whose face, while not handsome, bespoke integrity and courage. He, Tom Ferguson, was narrowly watching the strikebreakers until he caught a glimpse of an averted profile. For a moment he seemed amazed, bewildered as if he did not comprehend that which he saw and then turning he hastily left the platform.

Slowly, with the tread of one who thinks heavily and of ill-matters, Tom pursued the dusty road that lead to his little cottage on the western outskirts of the village. As he neared the house, two little children, a boy and girl, dropped their play and ran towards him greeting him joyously, "Hello Daddy." The gaiety of their salutation roused him from the troubled reverie that the profile he had seen had brought upon him. He picked them up, kissed them, carried them into the yard and then left them there as he walked round his little home. Gloomily, he went into the house. His first words were:

"Well, Nellie, the scabs have come."

"When?" she queried.

"About ten minutes ago. I was there with the boys but I thought I'd come home and tell you about it. Seventy or so I guess. Looks like trouble. We're damn near starving, kids goin' ragged and now these bloody fools come to take our jobs. We might a won if they stayed away. I met Fr. O'Rielly this morning just as he was goin' back to the church. He told me he'd been to the O'Learys. She's pretty sick."

"I haven't been over there for a while. How is she?"

"Near dying with the poor food and sickness. Father's been

helping them, givin' food and money but I guess he ain't got any too much himself. I suppose he figures ther'll be trouble if the real cause of her sickness is known. And if she dies"—the pause was impressive and the look that searched the mine that stood on the hill to the east of town was threatening. Then he continued, "He told me to keep still. He's doin' his best to stop trouble; watching all the boys especially all the Catholics. They listen while he's there but when he goes." Tom shrugged his shoulders and again gazed towards the hill.

But of one thing Tom did not tell his wife. He did not mention that he thought that the profile he had seen was that of his younger brother who had been away to school for the past four years and from whom Tom had not heard for over a year. He knew too well her scorn if she thought that one of his brothers was a traitor. It was this that his brother, the son of their miner father, was a traitor, was a scab and that the boy labored in perilous circumstances, that made Tom grave and thoughtful.

Each now monotonous day of the strike was bringing new perils. With nothing to occupy their minds, save only their grievances; with nothing to discuss save their grievances; with nothing to see or to feel save their grievances the miners were becoming malvolent of spirit. Each new discussion added force to the explosive charge. 'Twas well the real cause of Mrs. O'Leary's sickness was yet unknown to them and that she did not die. For should this occur and combine with even a supposed injury or insult by the men on the hill, the explosion would occur. It would be fatal.

For, gradually the men began to inveigh against, to hate the men on the hill. Had they stayed away the strike might now be over, became the cry of the idle miners. Their hate was for the men who took their jobs, because they took their jobs when they, the miners were striking, and by so doing they were helping to crush them. Hate when driven by hunger and despair, becomes blind. It seeks not to grapple that which may be the primary cause of its woe; to grasp that which first it catches. And it can be driven until it knows no bounds, until no law nor force can stop it.

Older and wiser men were preaching caution and persuading their youngsters to avoid violence. But the dissatisfaction, the unrest, grew as the strike wore on. Patsy O'Leary, acting leader of the men, avoided a general meeting, hoping that if the men were hindered from collecting into one group trouble might be averted. But the strike was protracting itself and things were not going as well as might be expected and the men wanted an explanation. Finally the leaders had to concede and to hold a general meeting.

The sun arose bright and clear that morning. The little

village with its mine on the gently sloping hill to the east of town, its dusty thread-like streets, its dirty little houses, its dinky, ancient looking stores and antique postoffice, basked in the sun's rays, the only thing freely given them. The sun arose bright and clear, yet as if in evil significance, clouds, black and threatening gradually like some dread monster crept up and obscured the glorious tints, and hung like a pall over the village. Like an evil genei, gloatingly pondering over its knowledge of future events, it rested o'er the little town as the men wended their way to the meeting.

The meeting was held in the town-hall and it was jammed to the greatest capacity. The torn and grimy clothes swelled and bulged beneath the pressure of muscles that formed the power that gave these diggers their livelihood. Marked in every visage was the tale of the strike. Some were gaunt and lean, others were more full, yet all were ravenous.

Tom Fergus was the first speaker, and with the acute divination of a born leader, he weighed well facts and conditions. That a mere mention of the scabs might ignite the charge of hate he knew and made no reference to the shaft. When he was forced to speak of them he pleaded that they, too, needed to live, that they understood not what they were doing. But it was utterly impossible that his speech be wholly free from incendiary matter. Despite numerous biting interruptions made by some of the more violent, he was fairly successful and his speech prepared for the calming of the men. Patsy O'Leary was next and he continued in the same manner as Tom. His age and natural crude eloquence was bearing weight when the unexpected happened.

Patsy III. his grandson had slipped into the other side of the hall. His face was flushed, his breathing hurried, and he was very excited. The man nearest the door roughly grasped him by the shoulder and gruffly demanded, "What's the matter with yuh? Where yuh goin'?"

Between gasps the boy managed to stutter, "I wanta see my gran'pa."

"Shut up," the man returned, "don't yuh see he's speakin'."

"B-but," stammered the frightened boy.

"What the hells matter with yuh anyway? What d'uh want with your gran'pap?"

"Well," a short pause, "Gran'ma's dead an'——"

He got no further. The men nearest the door had been listening to the low conversation, and the minute they heard of the death their anger flared. The news spread like wild-fire. Filled was the hall with a mighty clamor as of the crash and roar of a thousand discordant chords, as the men shouted to each other and to the man on the platform. No longer did they listen to him, but screamed forth in mighty vengeance their

anger and turning to each other read deep in their eyes the thought that seared each brain. The deafening vociferations of the infuriated men seemed too strident to be calmed, yet as if by some strange supernatural force stilled was that tremendous din. Again they gazed toward the platform. It was the agitator, the new resident of a few weeks, who now was there. His manner bespoke his thoughts. Revenge burned in his eye and grimly set were his lips. Like the crack of a loaded whip smiting the backs of driven animals fell his flaming words upon his enraged listeners. Deadly calm and deadly low his words, yet stinging like scorpions upon the calm that followed the storm.

"Another has been added to the death roll. As she died so also will your wives. She starved while another feasted; she starved because another sent men to take your jobs. Had they stayed away we might have won this strike and saved Pat's wife. Little does he or they care. Shall we let scabs starve our wives and children to death. Will we let them beat us? Are we damn fools? To hell with them, get them."

Goaded beyond endurance, self control only a thing of theory they again burst forth into maddened clamor.

Tom had left as soon as he had heard the boy's tale. He sensed the result and for one brief moment he hesitated between self preservation, natural justice and brotherly love and the law of the land. The latter won in that brief moment, but barely won. He fled from the hall to warn the man, his brother, at least the one he suspected was his brother. He thought not of what his act would entail upon him, but only sped onward. He had nearly reached the foot of the gently sloping hill whereon the shaft stood, when the increased intensity of the shouts and cries of the miners warned him that they had surged forth from the hall and were coming.

With nought save a few clubs, a scattering of picks and shovels a gun here and there, they were coming, they were coming. The angry roar of their voices resembled the wild waves that crash on nature's stone battlements. Tom kept on. No use to turn now. Perhaps already they surmised his intention. A final burst of speed and he was within a hundred feet of a sort of battlement which had been erected by the strikebreakers. Then came the surprise. On the parapet rested the dull barrels of guns and revolvers. The scabs were armed and waiting.

Dazed Tom gazed upon the oncoming men. A few feet more and their ragged, scattered rank would be riddled by the unexpected bullets. The defenders were few but armed against the two hundred miners. Such were the thoughts that raced through Tom's almost paralyzed brain. He raised his hand as a warning to them to turn back, but they having seen him running ahead had concluded that he was leading the attack and

tho abashed by his stop, believed his signal to be one of encouragement. Frantically he shouted to them but his voice was drowned in their clamor as their broken ranks swept onward at last engulfing and bearing him with its heaving tide.

Their scattered lines lunged forward. Behind the breastworks the non-union men, aware that life and death was staked on their skill, were awaiting the word of their boss. With the crash of the fatal volley, twenty men fell, two to rise no more. Sobered for a moment, stunned and paralyzed by the unlooked for fire, the miners momentarily hesitated and then scattered to the trees that skirted the northwestern, northern and eastern sides of the mine. Grim silence succeeded the fearful din. Hurred consultations were held and a plan formulated. The newcomer, since no one else seemed to lead, suggested, "You guys with guns stick around here and fire every once in a while. The rest of us will spread out around the place." An unseen bullet drove back the first man who attempted to cross an open space between two sections of wood. This strip was exposed to the power house. A volunteer was needed to remove the sniper. Tom offered his services. He crept up to the jot of wood that extended toward the southwestern end of the power house. Then, summoning all his strength and courage he sprinted over the intervening ten yards, gained the door, and hurtled through. Quickly he made his plans. If the sharpshooter knew, and most likely he did, that Tom was there, he would have to act swiftly and accurately or all was lost. Cautiously he mounted the four short steps that led into the power house, flung open the door and rushed into the room. Then he froze with horror. The man he faced was his brother, the man of the profile. No fear, no shame, only surprise was engraven on the countenance of John Ferguson. He had not know that his brother was with the miners and his appearance had startled him. Tom it was who broke the silence and his voice was tremulous with suppressed sorrow tinged with bitterness. Softly, pleadingly, as if asking that his sense be wrong he spoke:

"You? The one we labored for, who Dad sweated and toiled to help go to school. You of all others. We scrimped and saved and sacrificed and did all we could to help you. And now this is how you repay. By helping another to beat us. I didn't think you'd ever scab, John. Did you fail or what. Surely you ain't a cold blooded traitor are you." The last more pleading, more tinged with sadness than any of the other. The younger answered not for a few moments. Evidently past days and his actions were flitting thru his mind. Hesitatingly he spoke,

"Tom, I was broke and needed the money. I finished all right but needed some experience before I could get a job. There was no place else to get it, and I thought I could get it here without any harm. I didn't think much about—well about what I was doing and besides," he added lamely, "I didn't know you were here."

"It'd kill dad if he knew this. Why didn't you ask for money. We'd a scraped around to get it somehow. Beat it now and nobody will know anything about it. When they jump on these birds you sneak out the back and take the drag that goes west about ten. Give me your gun."

"You're not going to fight are you, Tom?"

"Dunno, I may. I ain't certain. I hate like hell to but I can't quit on 'em. Any how I won't use a gun. We're not going to kill them only to make them beat it. Wait until that gang gets clear of the wood and then travel. I'll watch the place and give yuh the high sign."

The miners had swung into the wood and surrounded the mine. Like a swarm of bees they closed in on the unfortunate non-union men, who thinking their first volley had seared the minors out of courage had carelessly forgot to keep a close guard. Almost before they knew it the howling, raging mob was upon them kicking, slugging, swinging clubs using any and every weapon. Groans and cries of pain rent the air and mingled with crash of club on club and the occasional twang of bullets. The surprised scabs fought tenaciously, desperately, beating with the butt of their guns, firing, grabbing the clubs of the fallen and the wounded.

Madly the melee raged to and fro. Huge frames crashed together and fell locked in vicious embrace. Men trampled over friend and foe alike in frenzied eagerness and maddened desire to reach an opponent. Iron-like fingers grasped at the bared throats of opponents and strangled with brutal joy; knarled hands driven with battering force smashed unprotected jaws and felled men to earth; cries of pain startled the air as heavy clubs driven with dreadful power struck unprotected skulls. Some struggled and fell but crawled back to their feet and fought on. But the fight was too mixed and the odds too heavy for the non-union men. Gradually they were pushed back to the parapet; some toppled, some scrambled and others fell over it. Once clear of the fray and realizing it was impossible to do more they fled bearing with them their wounded. Those still retaining their guns formed a rear guard and they all retreated to their boxcar settlement. Within an hour they were all gone.

A few of the miners had attempted to follow the strike-breakers but they were arrested by the shouts of one of their own. "The damn things afire." Great hungry flames were licking the dirty structure. For a moment an awed silence reigned and then the miners broke forth in shouts of victory. They shouted and they danced in their very glee. It was the burning of their bastille. All the day they stood and watched the avaricious fire glut itself and when evening drew near the structure was but a skeleton.

The evil clouds of the morning yet hung over the village.

Their sable hue seemed to cast an unnatural ghastly light on the hull of the mine. With the complacency of some monster who has seen some action worked according to its plan and now gloated over its hideous havoc, it remained. As the night wore on it short forth huge streaks of lightning, accompanied by deafening detonations, a fit close to a strange day, a relief as it were to crimes that were black but not without alleviating circumstances.

Before its deluge some questioned the whereabouts of the recent resident of the village. Nowhere was he to be found, neither among the wounded or dead. A searching party found him not. But the next day he was there.

The next days were strange for the miners. Carelessly they gazed on the non-union dead and with equal listlessness they scanned the scathing denunciation that the newspapers hurled at them because of their so called brutality and callousness. It was different as they followed the bier of the union dead. And they were glad that old Pat had joined his wife on the journey that bore them from the Bourne of time and place, for they knew that he would never suffer from the threat of the employers that the miners should pay for the destroyed mine. True they would see to it that the owners did not find the leaders if they could help it.

But the operators did find out and Tom was one of the ones arrested as a leader. Since Tom's words and actions had been comparatively mild, the miners held great hopes that he would escape punishment.

The case was to be tried in a different county as the court of the county of the crime was deemed too sympathetic for a just case. The court was packed to its greatest capacity. Among the witnesses were several miners but their testimony was well guarded and hopes of success ran high. Then the stranger was called to testify. His testimony was much like that of the miners save that he stressed the fact that Tom had hurriedly left the platform when the strike breakers had come and that he was in the leadership up the hill. He stated "That Ferguson had given several speeches" but he made no mention of their contents. The miners were uneasy because of his testimony. He need not have so stressed his words. They had said nothing of his actions and why should he so carelessly handle the safety of their leader?

During the stranger's testimony Tom listened tensely. His nervousness increased as the stressed remarks of the stranger continued he began to suspect that the man may have had a purpose for coming to the little town. "Traitor" he muttered. That this testimony might condemn him he realized and he bitterly thought of the morrow. What of the prison years and his little home? The miners would do their best but—. His gloomy reverie was broken by the next name called by the prosecution.

"John Ferguson."

Tom had thought they would not call his brother but in some fiendish way they had found him and were going to make him testify against his own brother. The scorn that settled on his wife's countenance hurt more than the testimony of the man. Tom whispered to her, "Maybe it ain't all his fault." The word was good seed falling perhaps on good ground. After the usual formulae of swearing in testators John told his simple tale.

He was working in the power house when the attack occurred. Realizing the strength of the position he had resolved to hold it. He described what happened, at first when the men attempted to cross and then he told of Tom's entry. As he narrated the conversation his feelings got the best of him. "Here I was laboring as a strike breaker, helping to starve my own, fighting them, aiding to kill their miserable bodies and souls. Years away from home, years in a place where the miner was not understood and where he was condemned had made me ashamed of my own and made me want to forget them, had made me forget. But in that moment it all came back. Again I lived in that miserable squalid hut, again I felt the pangs of hunger, I pictured my mothers sunken cheeks, my fathers haggard countenance. The piteous cries of my ragged hungry brothers rang in my ears and pierced my miserable heart. They pierced more than actuality as they accused me of my treachery, of my traitorousness that for a few paltry dollars I should be a Judas."

"I object your honor" the matter is irrelevant the prosecution demanded.

"Objection denied, matter not irrelevant," ruled the court.

"Think of it you who must decide. Not enough was it that the brutal miner should slave for a mere pittance; not enough that other men should take his work when he demanded a living wage, enough to keep body and soul together and perhaps to educate his children; not enough that he should be sentenced because he lead his men, who had sustained great provocation, and because they burned a mine. Not enough these, no not enough. These and more too. Thy brother condemn thee."

The jury filed out.

John, after he had completed his testimony came to see Tom. Nellie had been won over by his speech and in case Tom was condemned John had promised to care for the little family. Together they awaited the return of the jury. They tried to cheer each other during the long hours. Hours, hours. Who can portray their agony? It is known only to those who have felt them. Time was eternity before the jury returned.

Tom's none too steady legs carried him to the stand. His face was haggard and gray. He seemed to have aged. He summoned all his courage to a strength to receive the verdict that would free or condemn.

The foreman stood. Tom steeled himself. The suspense would soon be over. Silence, dead silence, then clear and decisive:

"Guilty, one to ten years. Clemency recommended." The ordeal was over. The first words had sent a tremor thru Tom's frame but he recovered immediately.

When the sentence was pronounced for five years he received it well. The years would not be so long.

Again the little group was united. Husband and wife clung together and cheered each other. Courage the years will pass. One last embrace and then separation. Sorrowfully they parted; he to the grim caged prison years, she impatiently to await his return and still more impatiently the time when the world should know and better relations exist between the laborer and the capitalist.

Valentine Greetings

W. Nolan, '26

It is the year 1898. Or it is any year. It is the city of Chicago. Or it is any city. They are John and Mary. Or they are any two lovers you know. For love is the one illness which is universal, which may be applied to any of our friends, and even to our enemies. It comes with visible symptoms. And John Smith was badly afflicted.

"Mary, I tell you I was not with her that night. Frank isn't telling you the truth!" wailed the abused lover.

"Now, John, you can't say that about Frank Walters to me! He wasn't lying! I know you were with her! Ooohh! I think you're horrid!"

"But, Mary, dear, I——"

"No, I won't listen to you! You can have her! I am through with you—forever! Here,—here is your ring!" And Mary burst into tears, even as woman has done through the ages.

"Mary Jones, I won't take that ring back! I love you and nobody else and I wasn't with Ann at all! Honest, Mary!" begged the boy, even as man has been wont to do.

"You were! You know you were! There's your ring! Goo—goodbye—forever!" And the diamond stared up at him from the folds of the carpet, seeming to mimic his folly, to laugh at his sad plight. Dazed, broken, and despairing, the lad glowered back at the jewel, glowered until his eyes were filled with his sorrow, until the ring was a sparkling mountain peak to his

view. Then he bent down and picked it up, and stalked out into the night.

You who have known the pangs of disappointment in life, who have been denied that for which you have yearned for years who have devoted your every act toward gaining, can feel for Johnny Smith. There is nothing so cruel as a woman's tongue when used against the man she loves. There is no worse enemy than a person who has been your best friend, for he best knows your weakness, your faults. The sweetheart can hate as bitterly as she loves. She can stab as well as caress. So we follow the poor boy into the stillness of that winter night, away from the loved one's abode, back to his furnished room, back where none waited to solace him. For Chicago is a big city, and big cities are cold and friendless. When the chap in the next room nods his greeting and passes on, not knowing or caring for your name, you understand the big city. You dwell on the brotherhood of man.

As he thought wild thoughts, John's feet guided him in a wild flight, a flight into the suburbs, away from the residential district. I am sure he does not know to this day how far or even where he walked, but I am certain He guided the lad's footsteps, that He was his friend in his hour of need. For the greatest Friend man has ever had or could have is always with him, always by his side, always restraining wild impulses through the friendly hand of faith. John must have felt this as he trod dreamily on, for he turns his eyes toward the heavens, toward the moon and the twinkling stars. He found what he searched for there, he found the answer to his wild cry.

"Why, O Lord, why?"

The moon was content and restful, the stars were shining in all their glory on the pure white snow beneath. Yet they had to retreat in the morning, to close their eyes and cease their frolic with the dawn. And how much sorrow in the world did they not look down on! Ah, he was vain, vain to think that his was a sad plight, that his sorrow compared with that of widows and orphans, with princes and beggars. The moon knew, and the stars knew. They say life, joy, sorrow, riches, poverty, love and hate. Ah, love—— love——

And he looked up at the shade pulled down on the window of his room—"third floor, front."

"Home! I'M HOME!" he almost screamed at the stars. "And I lived in this for her! I scrimped and saved to marry her!" As he jammed his hands into his pockets, he felt a cold object, cold an circular,—the ring. Slowly, almost solemnly, he took it out and looked at it once more. As he looked, a face beamed on him from the cold stone, the face of the girl he loved, the girl who had broken their engagement that very

night. He raised the gem to his lips and kissed it. Then he climbed the stairs to bed.

While John moaned and tossed through a sleepless night, Mary gazed at his photograph, then at the pile of his letters, then to her trunk, her trunk of hope. Through the mist of tears she went over every word in every letter, hung on every affectionate line. She lived over their happy hours, recalled the night he declared his love, the night he gave her the ring,—the ring she had just given back to him! Then came a letter where he mentioned that other girl, Ann. "I met Andy Williams at the yacht club dance last night. Ann was with him. They are up here for two weeks," the letter ran.

There! He had known her even then. And that brother of hers was trying to match them! Oh, how could he ever like that girl! He had been out with her, no matter what he said! And everyone in town would know it, too. With their engagement fresh in everyone's mind! She would burn every letter he had written her!

The fireplace in the Jones' home will tell you of a bit of real drama it witnessed that evening if you ask it about Mary and John's letters. The conflagration was not started for three hours. A dozen attempts to destroy the once loved writing failed. Then, in a passionate outburst of anger as she thought of Frank Walters' story of the dancing party at the Badger Inn, the match was cast into the heap and the messages of love became ashes. The girl saw their love burning in those flames, for they gathered in strength until they reached a climax, until the blaze rose high in the fireplace, then fell away in an instant, extinct. But was their love extinct? Would John hate her for what she had said? Did she really hate him, even now? Did she? No. No, she still liked him, even though he had been heartless and cruel, even though that other girl had taken him away. Yes, she—she still loved John! Why deny it? She loved him and would always have loved him. He was John, her John, her sweetheart. He would always be that, no matter in what corner of the earth he was. She slept that night with his photograph reproving her from the mantel. She slept and dreamed of a knight returning from voyages afar to claim his lady's hand.

A young man who is selling stock for a company which actually exists and does produce is kept busy all day long. His mind does not often wander from the prospect in hand, from the sale he is trying to "land." John Smith did not think of Mary Jones until the nights came. Then he thought of nothing else. He wrote of her in his diary nightly, wrote the bitterness in his heart because there was no one to tell it to. And John was sad.

Mary had nothing to occupy her mind but a few lectures each morning, by dull, old, college professors, on uninteresting

subjects in crowded classrooms. It is doubtful if she would have permitted anything to occupy her mind, regardless of how vital it might be, other than the thought of John. She saw him in the monotonous old man, chanting his words to uncomprehending dozens; she saw him in the bust of Washington near the door; she saw him in the armor of Richard in the illustration in her history; she saw him in every man she met. He was always with her, always before her eyes. Yet weeks rolled into months and John Smith never appeared in her part of the city. Chicago was not very big in 1898; but it was big enough for two people who lived in opposite sections to stay apart, when one of them willed it so, which John did. Mary was through with him forever. So he stayed away.

As he followed his usual route homeward through the park one evening, his thoughts filled with her, he met a pedestrian whom he took for a tramp. His continued despondent mood having converted him to the belief in the brotherhood of man, he stopped to say a word to the fellow just to relieve his mind. The would-be tramp, rather surprised at the intrusion but noticing the forlorn appearance of the young man said: "My, but you are lookin' blue. What's up? Did she turn you down?"

"Yes! yes! How did you know?" came in excited agitated tones.

The inquisitor smiled to himself. How did he know? How did he know?

"Well, you seem to look pretty fussed up and I know that young bloods like you ain't looking that way for any other reason."

"Yes, she turned me down, down cold! Er-say, friend, do you want to hear about it? Please?" begged the lad. He had to tell some one. He had kept it in too long. Even writing it in his diary would not satisfy the craving to tell it to somebody.

"Sure, I don't mind, why if you care to go right along, I'll give you a hearing, but say, let's sit on this bench here so we won't look so conspicuous."

"Well, you see, I met her at a dance at the Shelburne on New Year's Eve and——" John began his story to the stranger, seemingly a common idler of the wharves and lodging houses. Yet ere he finished he knew his auditor had been more than that in a day gone by, he knew by the helpful suggestions offered in the telling of the story, knew by the understanding shake of the head in affirmation. "And here I am, very much alone but still in love," he continued.

"Yes, I know that kind. You see, kid, I wasn't always what you think I am. I know all about this thing they call love, however. Every one I guess has that experience at least once in his life time. I couldn't fit into the swing of that sort of thing, some how, so you see, I never got married and here I am."

"What shall I do? I love her!"

"Marry her, that's the solution. Marry her. You know women have a funny way of expressing themselves. They never give a guy up when another dame is after him! They just push him off a little so he'll run on after them some more. I know 'em."

"Do you think so? Honestly, do you?"

"T'ink? I know so, 'at's what!" pronounced the traveling Plato.

"What would you do, my friend?" asked John.

"Listen, kid. If you took advice you'd be the first guy in this woild ever did, and I ain't dumb enough to offer any. See? Git me?"

"But I shall, honestly. I'll do whatever you say."

"All right. Then take this prescription: You ain't got the brains to win that girl yourself. There ain't no earthly power can give her to you after you got kicked out o' her house with the rock in your mitt. So you takes my advice and beat it over to the church over there," and he pointed to a steeple with a cross on it," and prays to St. Valentine. He's the patron of you lovers. Today is his day, kid. I used to pray when I was young. Sometimes the prayers woiked; sometimes they didn't. Maybe yours will."

"Gosh, I—I believe I shall! I'll go right away? Of course you're right. It is St. Valentine's day, isn't it? Thank you, thank you, oh, so much, Mr. —," blurted the boy.

"O'Shaugnessy. Daniel Patrick, County Kerry, also of Hollywood and Narragansett Pier!" beamed the consolation giver. "T'anks for de buck, kid, t'anks. Good luck and me best to St. Val!" Away went John toward the steeple. The tramp looked after him, then walked over to the bench and rolled over in a fit of laughter, shaking convulsively as he looked at the departing form.

There was no one in the church as John entered. He walked up to the front and knelt before a statue of St. Valentine, patron of lovers, and prayed for his sweetheart's return, prayed that the little girl of his dreams might receive him again. As he prayed, hands over eyes, elbows on the bench before him, a figure slipped into the seat by his side, a figure he would have known well. She, too, prayed to the saint, prayed for her sweetheart to love her still. But I fear her mind was not much on the saint, for she knew who knelt beside her.

His prayers completed, John arose to leave. It was only then he looked at the girl he must pass to leave the seat.

"Mary! Mary!" he whispered as he spied her. "You!"

"Shhh! You're in church, Mr. Smith!"

His eyes dwelt on hers for the moment, caressed them and

then told his story, told of his love in one glance. Together they left the church.

"Mary, it's miraculous! I had just finished praying to St. Valentine when I spied you there! Oh, God bless that tramp for a real friend! He was an angel, I'm sure!" ran on the wild jargon of the happy boy.

"Oh, John, how can you forgive me? I should never have believed that Frank Walters anyway. But you do forgive me, don't you, dear?"

"Forgive you, Mary? I, I love you, love you, love you! Can't you understand there's nothing to forgive?"

He kissed her again.

"John, I want you to meet a friend of mine. Come on in here," she said as she guided him to the rectory, "I know the pastor here. He's such a dear!"

"Why, all right, Mary, if you wish. But why the need to meet him now?"

"Well, you see," as she dropped her eyes, "I came and told him everything the other night when I learned that you weren't with Anne, and that Frank had lied to me, and he promised to help me out if he could. I'm sure he did, John! He's awfully interesting. You know he was an actor once and he knows all kinds of wonderful stories and can recite funny pieces, too. You'll like him, I'm certain dear."

The young lovers were ushered into the reception room of the parish house. The housekeeper promised to summon the Reverend Father promptly. While Mary and John talked of a hundred silly things, as lovers always do a knock sounded on the door. "May I come in?" asked a voice.

"Yes, Father, please do," cried Mary, almost hysterically.

The door was suddenly opened and there stood the gentleman whom John had met just recently in the park.

"But, Mary, who is this? You don't mean to tell me you know this man, do you?" asked the bewildered John.

As the intruder took off his muffler and laid aside his spring overcoat, he said: "Sure I know her—I was just putting one over on you. Say I used to be a ham actor, but I'm pretty good in the role of a peace maker, too—"

"Yes, Father, you certainly are, and John, can't you see how he helped us?"

The situation finally dawned upon poor bewildered John but he was so dumfounded that he could only stammer an answer—whilst Father O'Shaugnessy slapping John on the back said: "Valentine greetings my boy, and here's your money back, I rather think that you and Mary will need all the spare change that you get to feather your nest!"



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Has it
Come to
This?

An American citizen has no prouder boast than that he bears this title. At least, at no far distant time, such was the case. Countries of the old world were held up to shame and ridicule as being the strongholds of bigotry, persecution and crime. The title of American was unsullied, an honored name, respected in every corner

of the globe. One might speak of an American as Octavius spoke of Brutus.

"Nature might stand up, and say to all the world,
Here is a man."

But all this honor, this glory, has departed. It is hard to believe that there is not another nation which excels us in the inhuman practice of burning men at the stake; and as for lynching, for the past thirty years there has been an annual average of one hundred and four mob-rule killings. These figures are not wholly complete, as they are only the lynchings which have been authenticated. And in every case cited, the victim was a negro; in some cases, the reason for the murder, for such it is, being simply "that the victim refused to step out of the road for a white boy in an automobile."

Coupled to the fact of wholesale murder by a seemingly enlightened people, and having the suppression of this race, as one part of its three-fold objective, are the Kracked Kowardly Kravens, who put forth a claim that they are "One Hundred Per Cent American;" and then go out and commit crimes which belie their words. These fools aim at the extinction of Catholics and Jews. Men of their caliber are not sought after by either of the above creeds; nor is it likely that two institutions such as Judaism and Catholicity, which have withstood the storms of bigotry and persecution for centuries, will waver before masked criminals.

The Klan gains influence by appeals to local prejudice; in the South, seeks to terrorize the Negro; on the Pacific coast, whispers that yellow men are plotting to disturb black men to rise against the whites; in the cities of the Central West and now also in the East, is against Radicalism; on the Atlantic Coast also, holds that alien-born have no place; anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism are issues. Wherever a prospective member lives, he has been promised that his pet aversion will be made the object of Klan action.

Men have been taken from their homes and conveyed to lonely spots where they have been beaten, tarred and feathered; women have been stripped of their clothing and covered with tar and feathers; some men have been boldly kidnapped in broad daylight and driven in automobiles to obscure places, and there flogged; others have been whipped and mutilated for alleged immorality. The words Ku Klux Klan, or initials, have been posted in public places, printed on placards tied to the victims, even branded on the victim's bodies. Where the Klan rules, trial by jury is a farce, property rights are nil, and justice is not. Neighbor is set against neighbor, creed against creed; they endeavor to better existing conditions by setting up their own standards, and forget that, by this very action, they confuse liberty and license, and make law a nonentity. If oath-bound

bands and midnight masqueraders are necessary to protect our liberties, it is a sign that those liberties have already disappeared beyond recovery. The remedy is worse than the disease.

Creed hatred and class hatred go hand in hand, each seeking to destroy the foundations of government and morality. Some months since, a few miners, infuriated beyond the limits of endurance by continued acts of annoyance, cruelty and violence, living in a community supported by themselves, and not in a company-owned mining camp, being free-born citizens and not half-starved, illiterate foreigners, took the law into their own hands, after there had been blood shed by the mine-operators' detectives, captured these same detectives, and gave them a taste of their own medicine.

We do not condone the proceedings of either of the parties involved; we would but call the attention of our readers to the fact of the occurrence itself, and to the manner in which it is regarded by the public. Irregardless of the right involved in the case (it is our opinion that the "scabs" received what they richly deserved), is it compatible with true American ideals that such things should happen?

Travesties on justice are common in our courts. Criminals are no longer treated as such; they are held to be the injured and not the accused. A bondsman bails out a law-breaker; and the law-breaker at once starts out to commit some other crime in order to pay the price demanded for the bondsman's security. First offenders are treated with more severity than those who have often offended; time and time again they are placed with seasoned artists in criminality, and come out of prison learned in ways of deceit and crime. The police, the supposed guardians of law and order, seem to be the protectors of those who are ranged without the law; they are leagued with them, to the detriment of those whose property is taxed for their upkeep.

It is an undoubted fact that "the times are out of joint," that there is a force needed to set them right. Dare we prophesy that the United States of America will see a True American brand of Fascisti?

—P. H. K.

* * *

The Church and Science

It has from time to time been said, by narrow-minded persons who disregard the facts of history, that the Catholic Church is the enemy of progress and that by her conservative methods retards the advancement of the world. The absolute falsity of this baseless charge is easily perceived by those who, with a spirit of fairness and an unprejudiced mind, study the pages of history from the very beginning of Christianity until the present day, and there see the intimate relation of the Church with the rapid progress made in all directions. They see that the Church, more than any other agency, has been the mother and guardian of modern civil-

ization; has brought man to a better realization of his dignity; has taught the innate equality of all men; has done away with the iniquitous institution of slavery; has opened the books of knowledge to all who care to profit therefrom; and has ever advocated the enlightenment and education of the masses.

The leading role that the Church has played in the particular development of Science is brought forcibly to our attention, and consideration at the present time by the recent centenary celebration of two of Science's foremost leaders and benefactors, Louis Pasteur, the famous French chemist, and Gregor Mendel, the renowned German biologist. Here are two loyal and faithful adherents of the Church of God, contributing to Science some of her most important tenets and proving beyond the possibility of a doubt, that Religion is not the enemy of Science; but, on the contrary, that the two go hand in hand and, in many instances, mutually support each other.

—E. J. W.

* * *

Louis Pasteur Louis Pasteur was born at Dole, Jurs, France, December 27, 1822. Though his parents were poor, they were thrifty and provident, and perceiving the budding genius in their son managed by dint of hard labor and strict economy, to provide Louis with a good elementary and secondary education. From then on the young man supported himself by teaching in the college in which he continued his higher studies. From the first, he evidenced an intense interest in the fundamental sciences and these he pursued with untiring patience and undying zeal. His persevering labors were rewarded and secured him an enviable position among scientists of his own and later days. He became the renowned professor of science in some of Europe's famous universities, such as Strasbourg and Lille, and the celebrated founder of many important scientific discoveries. His discovery of racemic acid marked the beginning of a new era in chemistry, medicine and agriculture. To Pasteur we are also indebted for our modern method of "preserving." But by far the greatest discovery of Pasteur was his famous proof of the falsity of the hypothesis of "Spontaneous Generation." By skilfully devised experiments, he demonstrated conclusively that life never springs from innate matter, but that all living beings owe their origin to some pre-existing life. This proof brought about profound changes in science and showed the soundness of the Scholastic Dictum, "*Omne vivum ex vivo*," and the necessity for the existence of a First Cause or Creator; and it served as a direct refutation to those who maintained that the living universe, through some unexplained and unexplainable combination of accidental circumstances, merely "evolved" from lifeless matter.

These and other valuable scientific contributions of Pasteur

are only another instance of the activity of many fervent Catholics in the field of Science, and show that the Church not only does not hinder the progress of the human race, but even encourages and fosters this progress. Numerous other Catholic scientists might be mentioned, such as Pascal, Copernicus, and a host of others, whose works, like those of Pasteur, brand as false the charges of those who would have us believe that the Church is inimical to human progress.

—E. J. W.

* * *

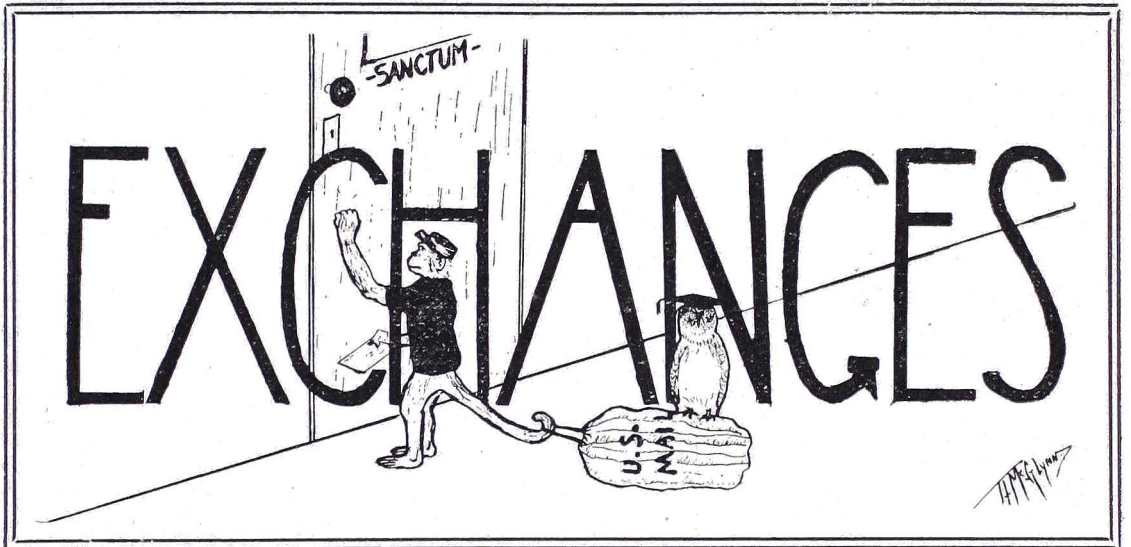
Gregor Mendel Gregor Johann Mendel was born July 22, 1832, at Heinzendorf near Odrau, in Austrian Silesia; he died January 6, 1884, at the Augustinian Abbey of St. Thomas, Brunn. His father was a small peasant farmer, and the pecuniary resources of the family were not very large; but the family managed, by dint of much perseverance and hard work, to put the boy through elementary school. As he had distinguished himself therein, the family determined to send him on further, and to that end, he went to the Gymnasium, or High School, at Troppau, and afterwards for a year at the college at Olmutz. At the latter school, one of his teachers was an Augustinian, and whether on account of this fact or not, at the end of his period of study, he applied for admission as a novice at the Abbey of St. Thomas at Brunn. This was in 1843; four years later he was ordained and from then to 1851, he was engaged in teaching. In that year he was sent for a course of study in mathematics at the University of Vienna. At the completion of this course, he was returned to the Abbey and for the following fifteen years taught physics and the natural sciences, until his election as Abbot of the monastery at Brunn.

Mendel's experiments, on which his fame rests, were commenced while he was still a novice, and carried on in the large gardens attached to his monastery. Dissatisfied with the Darwinian views, then commencing to be known, he undertook a series of experiments on peas, which occupied his spare time for eight years. He also devoted himself to various lines of investigation, bestowing much labor on the heredity of bees. He collected queen bees of all attainable races, European, Egyptian and American, and made many crosses between the various races. From his observations made regarding the crossing and breeding of the various plants and animals with which he experimented, he formulated a "Natural Law," which is known as Mendel's Law among biologists, which, briefly stated, is that the progeny of the various crosses made with plants and animals behaved in regard to these characters, not in a haphazard manner, but in one which was reducible to the terms of a law.

Though the work of Mendel was not recognized during his

lifetime, but in the years which have elapsed since it first engaged the attention of the scientific world, there has grown up an enormous literature on the subject which has much added to the complexity of the Mendelian Law since its author first enunciated it, and has still more added to the difficulty of the terminology of Mendelism. The theory is held in the highest estimation by men of the present day. His law gave the final coup de grace to the law of Natural Selection, and many consider that his views, if finally proved to be correct, will at least demand a profound modification in the theories associated with the name of Darwin.

—P. H. K.



Truly, the Ex-man has a formidable task this month. There are about thirty magazines before him, each of surpassing excellence. Many new faces there are, and some older ones. And which to praise or blame, he cannot choose. Yet he must. So to work.

The "Labarum" and "Echoes From the Pines," are strangers, whose sweetly feminine features we have not seen for this long time. Each chose to include a discussion of "The Pearl," a medieval manuscript poem, the one to criticize, the other to relate its story. The two studies are pleasing, both as regards style and content. The college on the Mount exhibits skillful handling of the English tongue in the essays on Chaucer, the Kalevala, the Spanish language and the short stories. Trite, indeed would it be to say that the poetry from the "Pines" is of the highest order; it is more than that; we can say in all sincerity that it is Poetry.

We extend our heartiest greetings to the "Sinsinawa," the new publication succeeding the Young Eagle at the Mound. The present issue is not a whit different from its predecessor; and what praise could be higher? The Reverend Samuel Maz-

zuchelli, O. P., is the center of the stage in the current issue, and the love and devotion felt for him, as the founder of St. Clara College and the venerable and saintly missionary of Wisconsin, Iowa and Michigan, is splendidly shown here.

From the Eastern states are the two welcome visitors, "St. Xavier's Journal" and the "Trinity College Record." The former is to be especially commended for its article on "Eugene Field, the Children's Laureate." Those of us who love this master of verse will find herein a crystallization of our own thoughts and feel cause to thank the writer. In the "Record" we find work of a very polished strain, extending from a paper on the "Gaiety of Jane Austen" to the heights of "The Barrieism of Barrie." Both papers would be improved by the addition of an exchange column; and the Washington quarterly would be enlivened by the addition of a few jokes. Presently 'tis too grave and gray, too much resembling its cover.

While we are on the subject, we would propound the following: What reason is there for the lack of a humorous column in the majority of publications issued from girls' colleges and academies? Is it that they are loath to heed the injunction, "Laugh and—(fill it out for yourself)? Or are their days somber and gloomy, with no repartee to enliven them? The pleasant young ladies in attendance at these colleges whom we have the honor to number among our friends, are surely not of that peculiar species who neither laugh or smile! Let's hear from some of you Exchange-women!

Out of the North arrived a snow-clad messenger, "The Ariston," which assuredly contains "the best." A splendid tribute is paid to the distinguished Catholic philanthropist, Mrs. Mary Rahilly McCahill, in "Remembrance." "Joyce Kilmer" should be more fitfully entitled "The Poetry of Joyce Kilmer," as this is the most of the essay. "Middle English Religious Poetry" discloses no mean amount of research and real endeavor.

The "Nazarene" is a visitor we always welcome. The story "Whitecross' Surprise," has a flavor of Kipling, and its author faithfully holds to the short story writer's dictum, "Suspense; and more suspense," leaving the reader dangling in the air at its conclusion.

The "Academia's" Christmas number contains two playlets of merit, "St. Kevin," and "Philip's Secret." The young ladies, or should we say, the (what is the feminine of "dramatist," anyhow?) are to be complimented on their productions.

Now to greet a few of our masculine friends. The following are all new visitors and we hope to greet them again soon.

"The Pebble" contains one story, a few poems and the usual departments of a college paper. But what there is, is good, and "Quality makes up for lack of quantity."

The "Columbiad" includes a deal of refreshing matter, but the editorials are not quite up to standard, to our mind. We would expect to see some mention of the recent school measure passed in Oregon, but apparently it is the least of their thoughts. Rarely is it our pleasure to glance over such an ex. as "The Alembic." The name itself brings happy memories of bygone days. But how about some jokes? Pardon us; "The Pleasant Time" was enjoyable!

"The Mountaineer" and "The Canisius Monthly" are bearers of discussions anent Bobby Burns. The two are enlightening, each in its own way. The former contains a heavy discourse on the style and form of the lyrics, in the manner of a philosophic thesis, and the latter is a familiar essay on the songs of the singing ploughman. The "Sigma" is again with us; and, as good wine, becomes better as it ages. There is a certain story told about "the spirit in which it was given;" and from the production before us, we must conclude that there exists a spirit of high degree at Spalding. This publication stands out distinctly from its fellows.

"The Red and White" contains some very distinctive short stories, one of which, "The Devoted," possesses rare artistry. Another, however, "God's Christmas Gift," exhibits a too hackneyed plot to secure for it even the consideration of mediocrity.

The Christmas "Villinovan" contains much of value. The review of the "Brass Check," though rather late in appearing, is very good; but we believe that Upton Sinclair is to be pitied for his ignorance with regard to the Catholic Church and its priesthood. "English—and Such"—well, if we can lay hands on any others like this, we will devour them in the same greedy manner in which we perused this.

Last month, in this column, we berated Creighton University for the issues of the "Chronicle" which we had before us. We were told of it, in no uncertain terms, by the Faculty Director. And this month coals of fire were our portion, in the arrival of "Shadows." It is very good, a real university production. If we were critical, we might say something about the cartoons; but we desist. The "Marquette University Journal" is another of even better excellence, from cover to cover. "Dreaming in Domremy," "Boyhood," "The Lighter Man," and the others, are poetry as is such. "The Dancing Partner" enthralls; but don't read it after midnight. "Robin's Egg Blue" is reminiscent of the American Magazine of a few months since. "Short Lengths" caught our attention, and held it; every "length" was fine.

"The Oriflamme" and "The Look-A-Head" are new men to us. They evince sustained effort and endeavor on the part of their editors. Another new acquaintance, "The Clipper," is of

great dimensions, and fine make-up, containing a full complement of stories and poetry; but there are no articles at all, and the stories lack sustained plots, being rather unpolished in construction.

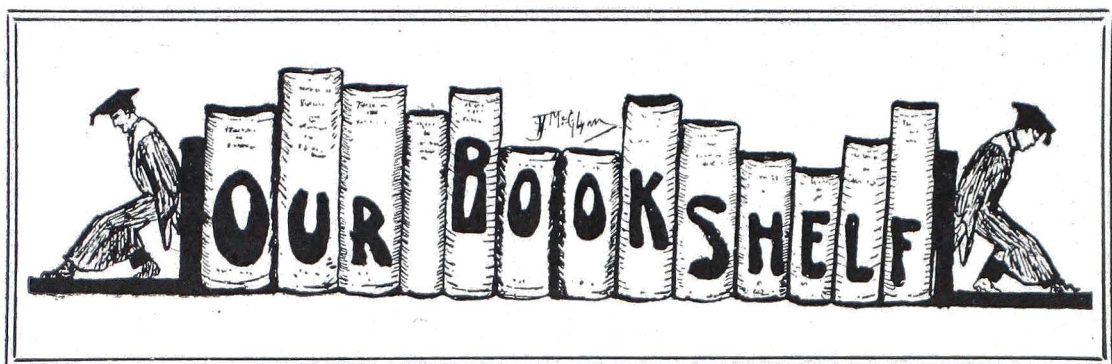
And that's that—until next issue.

The following is the list of exchanges received during the last two months. If your magazine is not listed, please remedy the fault by reciprocating the courtesy of exchanging with us; this is addressed to some eighty-five college magazines, with whom we have exchanged, and who have not returned the favor.

The Academia	St. Mary's College	Portland, Ore.
The Alembic	Providence College	Providence, R. I.
The Alumni Bulletin,	St. Mary's College	Winona, Minn.
The Alvernia	St. Francis College	Loretto, Pa.
The Anselmian	St. Anselm College	Manchester, N. H.
The Ariston	St. Catherines College,	St. Paul, Minn.
The Blue and Gold	Marist College	Atlanta, Ga.
The Championette	Campion College	Prairie Du Chien, Wis.
The Canisius Monthly,	Canisius College	Buffalo, N. Y.
The Cardinal and White,	Chaminade College,	Clayton, Mo.
The Chimes	Cathedral College	New York, N. Y.
The College Spokesman,	Columbia College,	Dubuque, Iowa
The Collegian	St. Mary's College	Oakland, Calif.
The Columbiad	Columbia University,	Portland, Ore.
The Columbia Read- ing Circle	Freidburg University,	Freidburg, Switzerland
The Creighton Chronicle,	Creighton University,	Omaha, Neb.
The Cub	University of Detroit H. S.,	Detroit, Mich.
The Dial	St. Mary's College	St. Mary's, Kansas
The Duquesne Monthly,	Duquesne University,	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Echoes from the Pines,	St. Ursula's College,	Chatham, Ont., Can.
The Exponent	University of Dayton	Dayton, Ohio
The Font Hill Dial,	College of Ht. St. Vincent,	New York, N. Y.
The Gonzaga	Gonzaga University	Spokane, Wash.
The Ignatian	St. Ignatius College	Cleveland, Ohio
The Labarum	Mt. St. Joseph College,	Dubuque, Ia.
The Lakeside Punch,	St. Mary College	Orchard Lake, Mich.
The Lamp	Graymoor Monastery,	Ossinning, N. Y.
La Petit Seminaire	Quigley Prep. Seminary,	Chicago, Ill.
La Salette Missionary,	La Salette College,	Hartford, Conn.
Lombard Review and	Alumnus, Lombard College,	Galesburg, Ill.
The Look-a-Head	St. Paul's High School,	Norwood, Ohio
The Lorrettine	Loretto College	Webster Groves, Mo.
The Marywood Col- lege Bay Leaf	Marywood College	Scranton, Pa.
The Morning Star	Conception College	Conception, Mo.
The Mountaineer	Mt. St. Mary's College,	Emmitsburg, Md.
The Nazarene	Nazareth Academy	Kalamazoo, Mich.

The Northern Illinois State Teachers Journal,	DeKalk, Ill.
The Oriflamme	St. Cyril College Chicago, Ill.
The Pacific Star	Mt. Angel College St. Benedict, Ore.
The Paraclete	Holy Ghost College Cornwell Hts., Pa.
Pax	Caldey Abbey Tenby, S. Wales, Eng.
The Pebble	Little Rock College Little Rock, Ark.
The Prospector	Mt. St. Charles College, Helena, Mont.
The Purple and Gray,	St. Thomas College St. Paul, Minn.
The Red and White	St. Dunstan's University, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Canada
The St. Francis	St. Francis College Brooklyn, N. Y.
The St. Joseph's	St. Joseph's
Prep Chronicle	College H. S. Philadelphia, Pa.
The St. Leo Cadet	St. Leo College Pascoa, Fla.
St. Mary's Chimes	St. Mary's College Notre Dame, Ind.
St. Mary's Messenger,	St. Mary's College Monroe, Mich.
St. Vincent College Journal,	St. Vincent College, Beatty, Pa.
St. Xavier's Journal	St. Xavier's Academy, Latrobe, Pa.
The Santa Clara	Santa Clara University, Santa Clara, Cal.
Shadows	Creighton University, Omaha, Neb.
The Sigma	Spalding Institute Peoria, Ill.
The Sinsinawa	St. Clara Academy Sinsinawa, Wis.
The Solanian	Quincy College Quincy, Ill.
The Tech	Bradley College Peoria, Ill.
The Torch	Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Ind.
The Trinity College	
Record	Trinity College Washington, D. C.
The Trumpeteer	St. Joseph's College Adrian, Mich.
The University Journal,	Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis.
The Villanovan	Villanova College Villanova, Pa.
Villa Sancta	College of
Scholastica	St. Scholastica Duluth, Minn.
The Wabash Record	Wabash College Greencastle, Ind.
The Xaverian News	St. Xavier College Cincinnati, Ohio.





With reflections for every day in the year. Compiled from "The Lives of the Saints," by Rev. Alban Butler. Paper binding, retail 25 cents each; wholesale, net 20 cents; per hundred, net, 18 cents.

"Butler's Lives" has been a household word for years and for pious reading is still without a rival. But this is the first time that it has been issued in such handy, readable, and low-priced form that no one can be excused for not possessing a copy of it. It was a happy thought, therefore, which prompted the publishers to add this important volume to their series of popular 25 cent books, already containing such practical volumes of instruction as "The Home World"—"Catholic Belief"—"The Sacramentals"—"Catholic Ceremonies"—"Explanation of the Gospels"—"Catholic Teaching for Young and Old" and Cardinal Wiseman's Classical "Fabiola."

Arranged according to the Calendar so that there is a Saint's life for every day in the year, followed by a short reflection or moral drawn therefrom, it also contains the lives of certain American Saints as well as of some most recently canonized. To many busy people this book will appeal because it presents these biographies briefly and in popular style, permitting of a five-minute regular daily reading. It will be admirable, too, for teachers in our Parochial Schools to have a pupil read aloud from it for five minutes each day. Well adapted for church book racks and for popular distribution to Catholic people generally it is one of the best books to recommend at the time of Missions and Retreats.

For those who prefer a cloth binding, one may be had for 85c, postage 10c extra, or a handsomely illustrated edition for \$2.00, postage 20c extra.

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

* * *

**Patron Saints
For Catholic
Youth**

By Mary E. Mannix. Each life separately in attractively illustrated colored paper cover. For Boys: St. Joseph, St. Aloysius, St. Anthony, St. Bernard, St. Martin, St. Michael, St. Francis Xavier, St. Patrick, St. Charles, St. Philip; For

Girls: St. Anne, St. Agnes, St. Teresa, St. Rose of Lima, St. Cecelia, St. Helena, St. Bridget, St. Catherine, St. Elizabeth, St. Margaret. Each, postpaid, 10 cents; per hundred, assorted, net, \$6.75.

Never before have the Lives of Saints been placed before the young in such attractive form. The author, an experienced writer for children, has exercised careful judgment in the selection of material and presents these instructive and entertaining sketches in such simple, easy style and with charm of expression that will arouse the interest and sympathy of the youthful reader and leave a lasting beneficial impression.

The remarkably low price at which the publishers have issued these pretty brochures places them within easy reach of children and facilitates their distribution in a large way to pupils of Parochial and Sunday Schools, as well as to the members of Sanctuary Societies and Sodalities for boys and girls. Their worth in the classroom will also be apparent to teachers, not only for supplementary reading, but also for the influence exercised on the young mind by means of the lessons to be drawn from the childhood of the Saints so humanly depicted by the author.

Can also be had in bound form, each volume with 10 illustrations, as follows: "Illustrated Lives of Patron Saints for Boys." By M. E. Mannix, 16 mo, net, \$1.00. "Illustrated Lives of Patron Saints for Girls." By M. E. Mannix. 16mo, net, \$1.00.

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

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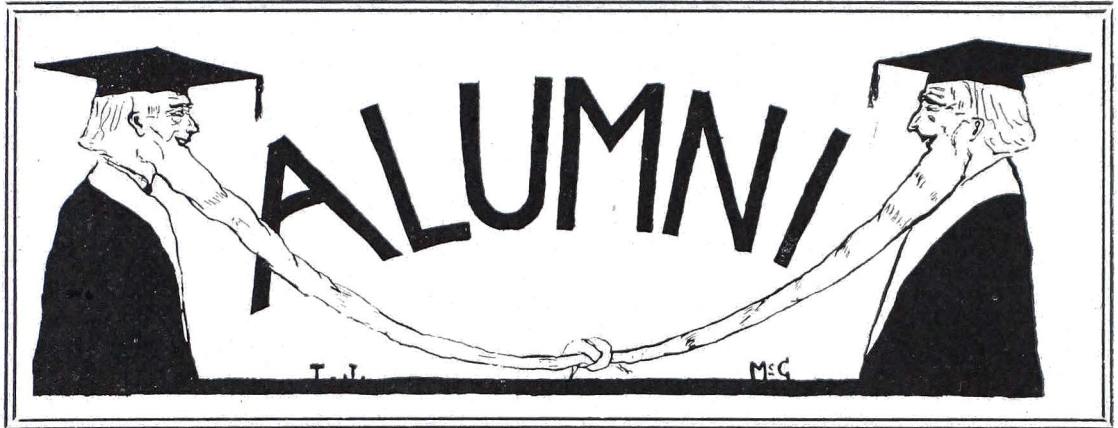
Literature and Life, Book II. This is a continuation of the series mentioned in this column last month. This scores another triumph for the editors, Messrs. Greenlaw, Elson and Keck. The present volume even exceeds the merits of the former in the series, if that can be admitted as possible. As a compendium for English work, this second collection is just the right thing for second year high classes. Some idea of the value of the book can be gleaned from the words of Brother Z. Joseph, F. S. C., Provincial of the Christian Brothers in California, who says:

"I wish to express my sincere appreciation of LITERATURE AND LIFE, Book II of which has recently come to hand. The book suits admirably, and marks a distinct advance in this line of bookmaking.

"We are using Book I, and find it a very satisfactory text, one that, while leaving ample selection to the teacher, gives the pupil an impetus for good reading. The content and form of Book II are respectfully interesting, and attractive."

The consideration of the price of the volume, which is often

a source of worry to English teachers, who endeavor to secure some text which is within the reach of the student, gives rise to a deal of surprise. The binding is excellent, and the book will stand much wear and tear at the hands of the average school boy, who is never very careful with his books. The price is \$1.80 net, and the publishers are Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago, Ill.



The Very Rev. James J. Shannon, V. G., '83, of the Peoria Diocese, will sail February 7 on the Mauretania, for a three months trip abroad. He will visit the Holy Land, Egypt, France, Rome, Germany and probably Ireland. Father Shannon has been in poor health for some time and it is hoped that this vacation will prove beneficial.

* * *

Wilson Gilligan, 1920-'22, of 6038 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill., is now employed with the Pullman Car Co., of Chicago, Ill.

* * *

The Warner Construction Company started the New Year with a large government contract at Knoxville, Ia. "Dudley" Warner, 1912-'14, the junior member of the firm, informs us that it is a million dollar job, and that his firm is to erect fourteen buildings for the United States at the National Hospital for Disabled Veterans. Before going to Iowa, the Company, whose offices are in Chicago, was erecting depots for the Illinois Central Railroad in Kentucky.

* * *

Andrew Gigliardo, H. S., '19, is enrolled in the School of Medicine, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. He expects to be graduated during this scholastic year.

* * *

The Viatorian Scholastics, who are enrolled in the Theological Department of Kenrick Seminary, Webster Groves, Mo., spent the holidays at St. Viator College. Among others we may mention Brothers Daniel O'Connor, Arthur Landroche, Greg-

ory Galvin, Leo Phillips, Ezra V. Cardinal. They returned to renew their studies on January 8.

* * *

On the seventeenth of December, in the Chapel at Kenrick Seminary, the officiating prelate being the Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis, Mo., the following Viatorians were ordained Deacons: Arthur Landroche, Leo T. Phillips and Gregory Galvin.

* * *

The following Viatorian Alumni received tonsure: Messrs. Walter J. Ryan, A. B., '21; Edmund A. Sweeney, A. B., '22; Thos. Brunnick, 1918-'22, and Francis J. Casey, 1918-'22.

* * *

We have been recently informed that Messrs. John H. Newman, A. B., '21, and Victor L. Waszko, B. S., '21, both of whom were formerly members of the college faculty, are now pursuing their theological studies; the former is located at St. Francis Seminary, St. Francis, Wis., and the latter at St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minn. The Viatorian wishes the two young men every success in their sacerdotal aspirations.

* * *

Mr. Al. McLeod, H. S., '16, who, while at St. Viator's was a member of the college orchestra, is at present on the Orpheum circuit as a member of Moore's Navy Orchestra. Before his affiliation with the Orpheum circuit, Al was a member of the Russ Melody Boys of Chicago, an orchestra under the direction of Russell Wilkins, 1915-'18.

* * *

Mr. Joe Vetter, 1910-'13, who was a general favorite among the academics during his years in the Academy, recently visited the college to let us all know that he is one who can never forget. Joe is owner and manager of the Peerless Garage, 6413-15 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill. Come again, Joe!

* * *

A recent issue of "The Torch," published at Valparaiso University, bears the news of the election of Mr. Joseph Paustys, 1921-'22, to the presidency of the Lithuanian Society at that institution. The purpose of the organization is to further the interest of the students of that nationality in the affairs of the university, to foster stronger relations of religion and friendship among students of Lithuanian ancestry, and to awaken interest in the new Lithuanian republic.

* * *

Mr. Willard Worth, H. S., 1912-'14, is one of the members of the executive force of the Willard Sales-Book Co., of Chicago. We hope that the duties of his office will not be so strenuous as to prevent Willard from visiting Alma Mater in the near future.

Among the recent clerical changes made in the Archdiocese of Chicago, one is of particular interest to the Alumni. Father Charles Doherty, '16, who for several years has been the chaplain of St. James Hospital, Chicago Heights, Ill., has recently been assigned to St. Bonaventure's Church, 1615 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. We feel assured that Father Charles will be successful and happy in his work as assistant to the Rev. Martin J. Maguire, who is also an alumnus of St. Viator College, and wish to extend to him our heartiest best wishes.

* * *

Among the professional alumni of St. Viator who have recently sought new fields to conquer, are Dr. John Collins, 1912-'15, formerly of Lincoln, Ill., who has recently opened his office in St. Louis, Missouri, and Dr. Jerry Gorman, 1914-'17, who is located in Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Mr. Andrew Bracken, 1916-'21, is at present holding a lucrative position in the executive offices of the Quirk Bros. Teaming Contract Co., Chicago, Ill. Andy's address is 5041 Marshfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Mr. Frank Ashe, H. S., 1912-'16, is at present in the employment of the United States Government, as an attendant at the National Home for War Veterans, at Knoxville, Iowa.

* * *

We are pleased to learn that Jake Schaefer, who lost the World's Championship of the ivories to former Champion Willie Hoppe last fall, is taking preliminary steps to retrieve his recent loss. At the tournament held in Chicago a few weeks since, Jake came back strong, and decisively defeated the French champion, Conti, and in the near future will again compete for the championship against Hoppe. They are to play 1500 points for the Brunswick diamond metal. A clipping from the Chicago Tribune says:

"Schaefer's victory last week over Conti gave him the right to meet Hoppe for the World's title. The feature of his victory over Conti was his fine open table play. There were occasional spells of close work, but on each of the three nights he made good contributions when the ivories were not tractable. This was especially so on the final night, when, in the first eleven innings, he scored 456 points for an average of 38, and had only one single figure inning, his counts ranging from 9 to 104.

"Hoppe's successes in bygone years have been partly due to keep counting when the going was bad. As in the coming match at New York there is likely to be a lot of defensive play, all around executions will cut a big figure in the outcome and Jake looks to be quite the equal of Willie in this respect."

The former college friends of Mr. Paul Legris, 1900-'01, of Kankakee, Ill., will be pleased to learn that he has at this writing sufficiently recovered from a recent automobile accident so as to resume his duties in connection with his garage business.

* * *

Mr. Andrew Reis, H. S., '20, informs us in a recent communication that he is now in his third year law, at St. Louis University, St. Louis. Andy enjoys his work, and expects to take the examination for the Bar shortly after Commencement.

* * *

Mr. A. Dionne, Sophomore, '18, of Kankakee, Ill., is at present pursuing his theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md. Mr. Dionne is a student for the Archdiocese of Chicago.

* * *

It infrequently happens that we receive word from our "real old boys;" but whenever such good fortune is ours, we are always happy, for it is exhilarating to the youth of today to know that those of by-gone yesterdays still hold happy remembrances of their dear Alma Mater.

Such a communication was recently received from Mr. James E. Kane, who was a student here over forty-five years ago. We append here a copy of the letter, hoping that Mr. Kane may favor us again soon, and, if possible, send us news concerning the men of the "Old Squad," further, that others of the old boys will follow his good example.

HOLY TRINITY COUNCIL, No. 1072.

J. E. Kane, Financial Sec'y., Knights of Columbus
Trinidad, Colorado, November 28, 1922.

Editors of the Viatorian,
Bourbannais, Ill.

Sirs:

I am enclosing herewith my check for \$1.50 for the Viatorian for the coming year.

Although it is now over 45 years since I left Old St. Viator's (it was then St. Viateur's), yet it seems but yesterday since I was playing on the campus, or in the Recreation hall, and going out to the river.

I still have a vivid picture of Father Roy, Father Marsile, Father Mainville and Brother Bertram.

I have resided in this part of Uncle Sam's dominions for the past 30 years, and as I have been pretty busy, it has never been my pleasure to visit St. Viator's, except on one occasion, since I left school.

Trinidad (the full Spanish name was Sanctissima Trinidad, the Most Holy Trinity), is a modern city of over 15,000 inhabitants, has two large Catholic churches, and a new and very fine parish school building is now being erected.

Las Animas County is one of the largest counties in the United States, and contains one of the largest coal fields west of the Mississippi. It is being operated on a large scale.

Trusting that I may have the opportunity of attending one of your "Home-comings" in the near future, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

Room I,
Colorado Bldg.,
Trinidad, Colo.

JAMES E. KANE.

* * *

Word recently received from Father J. P. De Vane, '95, bears the good tidings of his appointment to the pastorate of St. Paul's Church, Kohoka, Mo. We wish to express our congratulations, and our sincerest hopes that his splendid success achieved as pastor of St. Michael's Church, of Centre, Mo., will crown his labors in his new field of labor.

* * *

Mr. Edgar Smothers, S. J., who received his baccalaureate degree at St. Viator's in 1916, is at present a member of the faculty of Campion College of the Sacred Heart, Prairie du Chien, Wis. We are pleased to learn that Mr. Smothers is rapidly convalescing from a recent severe illness, and sincerely hope that his desires will be realized within the coming scholastic year, i. e., that he may be strong enough to begin his courses in theology.

* * *

News from former Academy men frequently reaches us, and we are pleased to learn that with few exceptions the young men who have launched into the commercial world are doing well. Leo O'Neil, H. S., '22, holds a clerical position in the offices of the Champaign Crushed Stone Co.; Mr. J. J. (Red) O'Connor, '21-'22, former staff artist of the Viatorian, holds a position with the Chicago City Traction Co.; Red Ledwell, '18-'22, is special delivery messenger, employed in the Chicago Post Office.

* * *

Mr. Joseph Jansen, '19-'22, is at present enrolled at St. Bede College, Peru, Illinois, and expects to graduate from the Academy Department in June.

* * *

Word recently received from Mr. Calvin Burkett, '19-'20, formerly of Fort Wayne, Indiana, states that he is now employed with the Globe Engraving Co., of Chicago. Rumor has it that Raphael Flyn, of Cullom has also journeyed cityward to make his fortune, at present he is doing clerical work with Marshall Fields and Co., in Chicago.

The Very Rev. J. A. Charlebois, C. S. V., Provincial of the Canadian Province of The Clerics of St. Viator, recently spent several days at the college. Father Charlebois is a former provincial of the American Province and was well pleased with the progress made by his confreres during the past few years. Father Charlebois represented the Canadian Province at the recent Diamond Jubilee Celebration of the Church of the Divine Maternity, Boubannais, Illinois, of which church he was for many years the pastor.

* * *

Word was recently received from John (Lefty) Cassidy, '12, and he informs us that he together with a party of friends whilst returning from a New Year social gathering, was "held up" and robbed. The bandit flipped their car, compelled Lefty to drive down a side street and then relieved the party of money and jewels valued at several thousand dollars. The car was not taken and aside from material losses, no one was molested. Lefty tells us that looking into the muzzle of a gun is an experience hard to describe, but he has hinted to us that his first impulse was to crawl down the barrel—for sayed he: "It sure looked like a cannon."

* * *

Mr. Jimmie Biouin, '03, who last year won the World's Bowling Championship, is holding his own against all challengers of the title. Recently he completed a series of matches against several contenders for the championship and his brilliant playing in defense of the title far surpassed his previous record. We congratulate Jimmie on the splendid showing made in defending his honors and sincerely hope that he may bear his well earned laurels for many years to come.

* * *

Rev. F. E. Munsch was recently the guest of Mr. J. Barry Bryne at an open meeting of the Medieval Club of Chicago, of which Mr. James J. Condon, '91, is president. Mr. Michael Williams, Director of the press Section of the National Catholic Welfare Council, was the speaker of the evening. In the course of a very interesting talk, mostly autobiographical, he spoke fervently of a new review about to be founded by himself and others in New York. While the new enterprise will be under Catholic auspices, it will be contributed to by writers not Catholic. Its interest will be to present the truth on the manifold questions which it will discuss. It has already received the highest endorsement of the leading Catholic ecclesiastics of the country.

Mr. Joseph V. Cahill, '17, of Monticello, Illinois, was united in the sacred bonds of matrimony, to Miss Lena Tabaka of Ivesdale, Illinois, on Tuesday, January 16. The ceremony was performed at a Nuptial High Mass in St. Joseph's Church, Rev. J. W. Armstrong officiating. The Viatorian unites with the many friends of the young couple in wishing them fondest felicitations.

* * *

Mr. Bernard O'Leary, '11, writes us that the Candy Business in Fort Dodge is keeping him so busy that he cannot find time to pay his Alma Mater a visit. We hope that "Tip's" confectionery business will increase daily more and more, yet we also hope that he will manage to tear himself away from it for a short time and "come back home" soon—We all want to see him.





Our chapel is now more beautiful and pleasing to the eye than ever. Under the supervision of Father O'Mahoney, it has witnessed several changes, as well as additions. The interior has been repaired, repainted and revarnished; while beautiful fixtures supplant the unsightly globes that formerly hung from the ceiling. The confessionals have been re-arranged, and we find the choir located in the northwest corner of the chapel, with the organs mounted on a new platform. The sacristy was also remodeled and repainted. A very pretty Christmas crib is in state before the Blessed Virgin's altar, and several students are found daily visiting the Holy Child. Much credit should be given Brothers Ryan and Hirst for the decoration and arrangement of the crib.

* * *

New Victor Orchestra Score another hit for Father Sheridan! On December 3rd, he presented to the students of the college and some three hundred friends of the college from Kankakee, the most popular number that he has ever presented in a Lyceum course. This was Benson's New Victor Orchestra of Chicago. This number was particularly popular at St. Viator College because of the fact that Don Bestor, the conductor and pianist, hails from Kankakee, and often before his departure furnished the students with musical programs. It was a real treat to hear the Victor orchestra, one of the best in Chicago, and they furnished a class of music seldom heard in this vicinity. Father Sheridan can say that the entire course for the winter was a success because of this one number, which, as a form of entertainment, cannot be surpassed.

Vacation During the Christmas vacation, there were several visitors to the College, among them several Alumni, whose visits will be found recorded in the Alumni column; and also Miss Irene St. Amant, and Miss Viola Salliotte, from Detroit, who spent the Christmas holidays with Brother Lawrence St. Amant, who is the brother and cousin, respectively, of the aforementioned young ladies.

* * *

Christmas Christmas vacation commenced Friday, December 22, at three o'clock. The student body enjoyed one of the longest vacations in the history of the college, returning January 7th. The campus was deserted in the full sense of the word; the Reverend Fathers were all absent on missions, the foreign students visiting friends in Chicago and South Bend, and most of the Brothers visited Chicago.

* * *

The following is a list of the missions attended by priests from the college on Christmas Day:

Missions Rt. Rev. Msgr. Legris, Maternity, Bourbonnais, Ill.

Father Rice, Mary, Queen of Heaven, Cicero, Ill.

Father Bergin, St. Bernard's, Peoria, Ill.

Father Munsch, St. Mark's, Chicago, Ill.

Father Williams, Holy Trinity, Bloomington, Ill.

Father Rinella, St. Joseph's, Manteno, Ill.

Father Plante, St. Mary's, Beaverville, Ill.

Father Stephenson, St. Patrick's Urbana, Ill.

Father French, Maternity, Bourbonnais, Ill.

Father Brady, St. Joseph's Bradley, Ill.

Father Lowney, St. Anthony's, Joliet, Ill.

Father Fitzpatrick, St. Joseph's Harvard, Ill.

Father Brown, St. Bridget's, Simpson, Minn.

Father Sheridan, St. Mary's, Lafayette, Ind.

Father Harrison, Sacred Heart, Fowler, Ind.

Father O'Mahoney, St. Philip Neri, Chicago, Ill.

Father Maguire, Holy Cross, Champaign, Ill.

Father Plante, St. Mary's, Lake Linden, Michigan.

Rev. Arthur Landroche, c. s. v., served as deacon at Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, Ill., and the Rev. Mr. Gregory Galvin, c. s. v., served in the same capacity at St. Edward's Church, Chicago, Ill.

Brothers Ryan, Sees and Gedwill were sub-deacons at the parish churches of Piper City, Bradley and Westville, respectively.

* * *

Juvenist The annual banquet of the Students of Querbes Juvenate was held on the evening of December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The menu and serving was arranged by the boys themselves, and conse-

quently a most excellent feast was enjoyed. Speeches were given by the Reverend Fathers Brady, Munsch, O'Mahoney, and Plante, and Brothers O'Laughlin and McEnroe. John Stafford recited one of Moore's famous poems, and funny John O'Connell gave a humorous Irish recitation. Brothers Sees, Ryan and Gedwell added to the number of distinguished guests.

* * *

Football The annual banquet for the football squads, varsity
Banquet and high school, was tendered on December 20. It was a banquet extraordinary; and Father O'Mahoney and Johnny Barrett were the recipients of many compliments on the splendid quality of the dishes served, but more especially for their quantity, during the entire evening. Everything was placed on the table in front of the boys, and after Father Bergin had said grace, Father O'Mahoney started the ball a-rolling by exhorting the cohorts to "Pitch in, boys, don't be bashful." Rumor hath it that some of the waiters went without because Jerry Best and Vinne Pfeffer each ate a chicken apiece.

The industrious, as well as congenial, Ray Marvel presided as toastmaster, and introduced each speaker with a ready flow of his own brand of Clintonian wit.

Father O'Mahoney with scintillating flashes of his ever-present "Blarney" entertained the boys for several minutes. He received an especial hand when he informed the boys that, commencing with the New Year, a newer and better system of serving would be introduced in the refectory. Father Harrison was the next speaker, and he spoke of Viator's future, urging the boys to pull hard for Viator, and predicted that Viator would soon be able to cope with the best of teams. He praised in glowing terms Captain McCarthy. "McCarthy is the greatest quarterback we have ever had," he said, and Father Harrison has been here to see most of them come and go. He also congratulated and praised Captain-elect Emmy Murphy for his fighting spirit.

Father Bergin gave a wonderful Viator talk in his usual manner, giving high praise to McCarthy and Pat Farrell, "seniors and typical Viator athletes." Coach Crangle gave a short talk in which he promised greater things for next year; and Captain McCarthy gave a farewell speech in which he expressed his appreciation to his fellow players, as well as to his Alma Mater.

Emmy Murphy of Durand was elected to lead the varsity in 1923, while Bill Fitzgerald of Gary, Ind., succeeded Bernard Clancy as captain of the high school eleven.

* * *

Rev. J. G. Vien, c. s. v. The Reverend J. G. Vien has returned to the college, and has resumed his classes in French. Father Vien has entirely recovered from his recent illness and we are again greeted with his cheery smile and gay "Bon jour."

* * *

Athletic Notes The athletic interests of St. Viator College were represented at the Illinois Intercollegiate Athletic Conference held during December at Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill., by the Very Rev. President, T. J. Rice, c. s. v., Coach Crangle, and Student Manager T. R. Marvel. Several important rules were adopted at this meeting, the one year migratory ruling being approved, and the rule barring Freshmen from intercollegiate competition rejected, being considered premature for colleges of the conference. While in Bloomington, Manager Marvel arranged for several important games in both the baseball and football schedules.

K. of C. Initiation At the exemplification and initiation held by St. Viator's Council, Knights of Columbus, No. 745, on January 14, a class of fifty-one candidates were initiated into the mysteries of Columbianism, a degree team from Chicago under the able leadership of District Deputy Gerarghty and Martin Howe putting the finishing touches on the candidates. The first and second degrees were exemplified by the local council, Fathers Bergin and Maguire, and Brothers J. G. Powers and T. J. Lynch ably assisting. A large measure of credit is due Professor Clarence J. Kennedy of the College Faculty for his untiring labor for the success of the class.

A list of the candidates includes: College Faculty, Father J. G. Vien, c. s. v., Dean of the Department of French; College students, Edward Farrell, Thomas Seright, Glenn Franks, William Neville, Murel Vogel, William Doyle, James Peifer, Francis Pfeffer, John Winterhalter, Richard Standaert, David Creagan, Neal McGinnis, Paul Clifford, William Kelly; High School students, Arthur Long, George Kennedy, Francis I. Murphy, John Sisk, Anthony Hennegan, Thomas Hennegan, "Red" Somers, Michael Artery, John Johnson, Bernard Clancy, Raymond Green, Joseph Meis, Thomas McKenna, John Flavin.

Applications are already coming in for the next class, and Professor Kennedy states that as soon as a sufficient number of applications have been secured, another initiation will be staged. The following are the names of the applicants on hand: College students, Leland Koch, Emmett Murphy, Charles Donnelly, Robert Rainey, Joseph Sheahan, Alfred Rodriguez, Jr.; High School students, Francis Freehill, Bertram Menden, Ray Kearney.

**Walsh
Society
Reorganizes**

The Walsh Society has again launched itself on the expansive, and dangerous sea of college life after a quiescence of twelve years. The initial meeting was held Saturday, January 13, and the following officers were elected: Moderator, Rev. P. E. Brown, c. s. v.; President, Eugent McCarthy; Vice-President, Leslie Moynihan; Treasurer, John Ellis; Secretary, Michael McCarthy; Editor, Senour B. Richey; Sergeant-at-arms, Bert Menden; Curator, Frank Steinbach; Chairman Entertainment Committee, Joseph Enright.

The Constitution and By-Laws Committee have drafted an appropriate Constitution and Table of Laws. Their work is greatly appreciated by the rest of the society. The Entertainment Committee have reported that their work is fairly underway. A report much to the same effect has been tendered by the Initiation Committee. The society anticipates that their work will be well done and that they will be enabled to give the initiates several hours of ENJOYMENT (?)

The whole society has unanimously accepted the new slogan presented by the Moderator, Rev. P. E. Brown, c. s. v., "Quality not Quantity."

Dr. James J. Walsh, New York City, the patron and benefactor of the society, is one of America's foremost lecturers being in great demand everywhere. He is also a doctor, scientist and author of great repute. Some of his best known books are "The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries" and "The Popes and Science." The distinguished Dr. Walsh has again signified his willingness to sponsor our society. The original society was a scientific society and was very popular until Fr. Brown left us in 1912 to assume charge of a college in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

The purpose of the resurrected society is to stimulate college fraternal spirit among our students. The programs of the weekly meetings will have in view a movement towards a better appreciation of English, both written and spoken. From time to time the society will endeavor to entertain the student body with minstrel shows, vaudeville sketches, playlets, etc.

* * *

**The Diamond Jubilee
Celebration of the
Bourbonnais Parish**

Long before 1847, when Bourbonnais became a parish with a resident pastor, pioneers of French Canadian descent had settled on the fertile plains of Illinois and founded, roundabout, several prosperous villages now known as Bourbonnais, St. Anne, St. George, Manteno, Momence, L'Erable, St. Mary's and others.

The Village of Bourbonnais, was named after a certain Francios Bourbonnais a voyageur, who traced his ancestry back to earlier adventurers who came to Canada from their native province Bourbonnais, France. This adventurer came to Illinois

sometime before the other white settlers, and was one of those who abandoned the customs and practices of his fellow men and accepted the life of the Indians, living as an adopted son of the copper colored aboriginal tribes. When later Illinois was opened for settlement and the Indians were transferred to their new hunting grounds near Council Bluffs on the Missouri River, old Bourbonnais departed with the companions of his choice, and when he died, he was buried with all the honors due an Indian Chieftain.

The first priest to visit Bourbonnais was Father Crevier, who was followed by many another saintly missionary who aimed to keep alive the flame of faith in the hearts of the sturdy settlers who were conquering the wilderness. L'Abbe Maurice de St. Palais, who afterward was consecrated Bishop of the old see of Vincennes (Ind.), often made apostolic journeys through Illinois, for the welfare of the scattered flock, and the L'Abbe Du Pontavisse built the first church of logs, and which was dedicated to the worship of God under the patronage of St. Leo. The saintly Father Badin, the first priest ordained in North America, also shepherded the scattered flock of his countrymen, and it is owing to the zeal of these tireless men of God, whose parishes consisted of the great areas of the Northwest that the present generation of the French Canadians owe the preservation of the faith.

Father Badin lies in an honored grave beneath the main altar of a memorial chapel built on the historic Campus of Notre Dame University. The chapel named after him, and which is a place of pilgrimage is a replica of the first church built in Indiana.

It was not until 1847 however that Bourbonnais could boast of a resident pastor, for it was in that year that Father Rene Courjault was appointed by His Lordship Bishop Quarter, Father Courjault opened the first register of baptisms, marriages and funerals, took the first census of the Village which shows that there were 77 families and 471 souls. From its earliest days to the present time the village has remained a quiet, retired place, a small center of Catholicity, unchanged and undisturbed by the rush of industry which so often has changed a pioneer settlement into a commercial center over night. But not so here, altho, Bourbonnais, is modern in all appearances and development, nevertheless the quaint customs remain unchanged but seem intensified in their modern setting. The mellifluous languages of the earlier pioneers is still the language of the inhabitants of the village; although it has flourished only because the people are true loyal Americans, and speak with equal facility the English tongue. During the world war the village gave of its sons, gladly and generously, to the cause of democracy, but what makes this "village of the plains" distinctive in

character is the faithfulness of its people to their religion. Nowhere, perhaps, in all America, are the beautiful festivals of the Church carried out with more splendor of ritual, nor is greater love for religion and true, sincere, devotion to the Faith of their Fathers to be found. The one gilded steeple of its only church proclaims to all the world that here is peace and plenty found, in the service of God; and here as in the fields of France or in Grandpre when the Angelus rings forth its sweet accents of praise to God, one feels the thrill of the Age Old Faith within him.

Many a priest has come and gone since the first Padre gazed upon his mission of love, yet all have worked well in this chosen vineyard of the Lord. They indeed sowed and planted and nurtured the good seed and God has indeed given an abundance increase. Today the names of sixteen priests and fifty-two Nuns who have dedicated their lives to the service of the Master are to be found in the parish records.

Bourbonnais is also a center of learning. The modern and picturesque Convent of Notre Dame is the result of the indefatigable zeal of Father Mailloux who first sought and obtained the aid of the Daughters of Venerable Marguerite Bourgeois, the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. The splendid institution for young men, St. Viator College, owes its existence to the sacrificing efforts of Father Cote, who resigned the pastorate of the parish in 1865, to enable the Viatorian Fathers to establish themselves in the United States, to continue the noble work of Catholic Education to which Congregation of the Clerics of St. Viator is vowed. The parish church, today, is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mother, under the particular title of her Divine Maternity. The commodious stone building was erected in 1854-1858 and the patronage changed from that of St. Leo, in honor of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception which was proclaimed at that time. The structure is of greyish blue stone which was quarried from the bed of the Kankakee river, by the sturdy villagers who spared neither time nor toil to erect a fitting temple to the glory of Jesus Hostia. The edifice is of modified Romanesque style and just recently has been redecorated which gives added beauty to the venerable structure. Round about and even beneath its sanctuary are buried the various generations of sturdy forefathers and the church records bear testimony that from 1830-1885, the church yard was used as a burial place, after which time interment was made in the new cemetery overlooking the Kankakee river.

Space forbids us to go into further detail concerning the past of the Maternity parish, but its unique history from year to year is an epitome of the faith and good works which still animate the lives of the villagers of Bourbonnais.

The Jubilee ceremonies were held on December 17, 1922, and though simple were nevertheless dignified and appropriate. The Solemn Jubilee Mass was celebrated by the most beloved son of the parish, Rt. Rev. Msgr. G. M. Legris, D. D. He was assisted at the altar by Rev. Wm. Granger, as Deacon, Rev. Harris Darche, as Sub-Deacon, and Rev. Elder Souligne, as Master of Ceremonies, all native sons of Bourbonnais. In the evening a splendid musical program was given under the direction of Rev. W. J. Supernant, c. s. v., present pastor, and the leadership of Mr. Albert Tetreault. At the evening services, another native son, Rev. Z. P. Berard, gave a sermon eulogizing the former pastors and congregation of Maternity Parish.

Much praise is due to Father Supernant, pastor of the parish, for the splendid celebration of the Diamond Jubilee, and the occasion will linger long and affectionately in the hearts of the descendants of the voyageurs of old who made possible the Bourbonnais of today—if one of the most unique villages of the United States, likewise one of the most Catholic in America.



The well advertised Ku Klux Klan has been occasion for a delightful play on the well known initials in a pleasant little fantasy written and staged by Rev. F. A.

K. Sheridan, c. s. v., author of many well known plays and sketches. An altogether engaging little skit, built around a humorous and adroit play upon the three letters, K. K. K., it proved a most diverting hit of amusement. The cast headed by Mrs. La Rocque, Professor Yocum, and Miss Anna Wolfe, a very clever little lady from Chicago, embraced the finest of juvenile talent from Kankakee and some of the best histrionic talent amongst the students. Mrs. La Rocque delighted with a number of graceful musical numbers and shared singing honors with Professor Yocum, who demonstrated decided talent in airy comedy. Miss Anna Wolfe, an exceptionally clever little artist, was the bright particular star of the "School Room Sketch" and intrigued the audience with her skillful recitations. Miss Margaret Granger, of Kankakee, in a violin solo and Miss Lucille Monte, of Bradley, in a piano solo gave evidence of advanced technique in the playing of these instruments that won the immediate appreciation of the large audience. Messrs. McCarthy, Kelly, and Cody were the guiding spirits of an especially comic group of Koons. Mr. Francis Barton created a mild sensation in his act and with his dancing.

It was an all together delightful diversion for a winter's evening—well written, well directed, and well acted. A clever idea, cleverly executed. The Viatorian takes occasion to congratulate Father Sheridan on his latest production, "KLASS—KOONS and KIDS."

**The
Academy
Number**

It is the desire of the Faculty Director, Rev. James A. Williams, and the Staff of the Viatorian to make the next issue a special "ACADEMY NUMBER." The various professors of the English Department, as well as the students, are urged to make every effort in order that this number may be not only interesting but representative of their united effort.

* * *

Academy '23 The Senior Class of the Academy held a very important meeting in the Assembly Hall on the afternoon of January 23. The purpose of the meeting was the election of new officers to guide the destinies of their organization through the last semester of the scholastic year. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. Bernard Clancy, Chicago, Ill.; Vice-President, Mr. Eugene McCarthy, Chicago, Ill.; Secretary, Mr. George Herbert, Gifford, Ill.; Treasurer, Mr. John Ellis, Sreator, Ill. Among the several matters of importance discussed were: The Senior-Class Play; The Class Memorial, and the advisability of getting class pins and rings. The Academy Class of 1923 is one of the largest in the history of St. Viator and under the guidance of these young men as officers and Rev. J. A. Williams, A. M., as Moderator, special class activities will be renewed with increased vigor.



Obituaries

The Viatorian extends its deepest sympathy to the families and friends of the following:

James W. Clarke Mr. James W. Clarke, father of John Clarke, of the Academy, who died suddenly on January 5th, of heart failure. Mr. Clarke was employed by the Arkansas Publicity Bureau, with offices in Chicago. He was forty-six years of age and a devoted husband and father, leaving to mourn his loss his widow, and three children, Jane, James W., Jr., and John. The funeral was held Jan. 8, from St. Ignatius Church, thence to the family lot in Calvary cemetery. Requiescat in pace.

Matthew McCoy Mr. Matthew McCoy, who died January 4th, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Joliet, Ill. In his death the community of Manhattan, Ill., where he was a successful farmer, loses a spirited citizen and one of its most popular young men, and the Church a devout, practical Catholic. He is survived by his mother and father, as well as one brother, Eugene, his wife and three children, May, James and Eugene. Very Reverend T. J. Rice, President of St. Viator College, is a cousin of the deceased, and was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass sung at the funeral, and preached the funeral sermon. He was assisted by Father Kerns as Sub-Deacon, and Father William Burke, Wilton Center, as Deacon. Requiescat in pace.

Mrs. Catherine McIntyre Mrs. Catherine McIntyre, grandmother of Frank J. Lawler, freshman in the Department of Commerce. Mrs. McIntyre died on the ninth of December, 1922, in Peoria, Ill., and was buried from Brimfield, Ill., on the eleventh. Mr. Lawler attended the funeral. Requiescat in pace.

Henry F. Volkmann Mr. Henry F. Volkmann, Jeweler, of Kankakee, Ill., who died on January 13, death being due to monoxide gas. Mr. Volkmann was always a most sincere friend of the college, and it was with deep regret that we heard of his demise. He was apparently overcome by the gas, which was generated in the closed garage, while the engine of the car, upon which he was working, was running. He had lived in Kankakee for about fifty years, and during all this time, the college has known him as a real friend. He is survived by his widow, and two sons, Walter C. and Will H. Volkmann. Requiescat in pace.

We regret to record the sad news of the death of Mr. **James Duffy** James Duffy, a generous benefactor of St. Viator College, who died at his residence in Kankakee on January 16, 1923, at the age of 78 years.

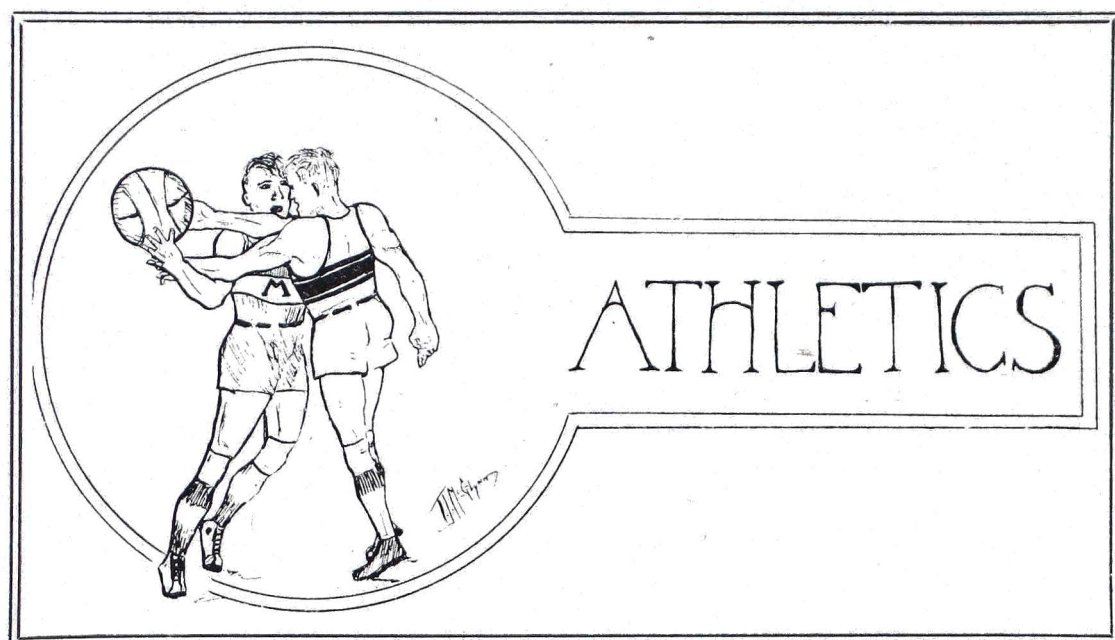
Mr. Duffy had been a staunch Catholic throughout his life, and for many years had been a daily communicant and attendant at mass. He was born in Moyne Township, County Kevin, Ireland, on August 9, 1844. His father and mother emigrated from Ireland to America in March, 1849, arriving in New York in May, after a long and perilous voyage in a sailing vessel. After a month spent in New York, the family moved to New Orleans, where they stayed until the Spring of 1850, when they started North in a prairie schooner, and settled near Peru, Ill. There they remained until 1864, when they removed to a farm near Round Grove in Livingston County.

In 1880 Mr. Duffy married Miss Bridget Walsh, and settled on a farm near Buckingham, in Kankakee County. Five children were born to this marriage. Mr. Duffy prospered as a farmer, and retired to the city of Kankakee in 1919, principally for the purpose of having increased opportunities to attend daily mass. His wife died in December, 1920.

Mr. Duffy has always been a generous contributor to all Catholic causes, and St. Viator College has, on several occasions, benefited substantially by his generosity. The sympathy of all the College is extended to his surviving children, Miss Anna Duffy, and Messrs. John and Joseph Duffy.

The obsequies were held at St. Patrick's Church, Kankakee, and interment was made in Campus, Illinois. The sympathy of the Faculty of St. Viator College and their many friends is extended to the members of the family in their hour of sorrow. May their dear departed one through the mercy of the Divine Heart of The Master, serenely rest in peace.

Recently Mr. Oscar S. Grossaint, formerly of Kankakee, Illinois, uncle of Francis Guertin, of the Academy Department, died in San Diego, California, whither he had gone in the hope that the change of climate might benefit his health. The funeral services were held at St. Rose's Church, Kankakee, Illinois, on January 19, and interment was made in Calvary Cemetery. Mr. Grossaint leaves to mourn his loss, his wife, Mrs. Grossaint, a daughter of Dr. Gagnon, and three children, besides his mother, a brother, Armand J., of Clifton, Ill., and a sister, Mrs. Dr. Guertin, of Kankakee, to all of whom the Viatorian and Faculty wish to extend their heartfelt sympathy. May his soul rest in peace.



ST. VIATOR, 34; CHICAGO TECH, 11.

Thursday, December 14th, Coach Bushell's crew inaugurated the basketball season in a becoming manner, handing Chicago Technical College a 34 to 11 drubbing. Captain Lyons and Donnelly secured three baskets each in the first half, which ended 16-6. Coach Bushell used thirteen men in the contest, the reserves working in nearly all of the second half. Six men were tried at the two guard positions in an effort to find the right man to take "Vinc" McCarthy's place. Leroy Winterhalter was kept out of the game on account of an injured elbow, but is expected to be in shape to start after the Christmas holidays. Lyons and Donnelly starred on the offensive, each contributing ten points. The guarding of Bowe, Barrett and MacLain held the Tech forwards to three field goals, the remainder of their points being scored from the foul line.

The Summary.

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Chi. Tech.	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
Lyons	RF.	5	0	10	2	Petroskey	RF.	1	0	2	0
Doyle	RF.	0	0	0	1	Prior	LF.	0	3	3	1
Clancy	LF.	2	0	4	2	Nespo	LF.	0	0	0	0
Neville	LF.	0	0	0	1	Thieman	C.	1	0	2	1
McGinnis	LF.	1	0	2	0	Roth	RG.	0	0	0	3
Donnelly	C.	4	2	10	0	Van Wagner	RG.	0	0	0	0
J. Winterh't'r	C.	2	2	6	0	Poland	LG.	1	2	4	1
MacLain	RG.	1	0	2	3						
Farrell	RG.	0	0	0	0	Totals		3	5	11	6
Jordan	RG.	0	0	0	0						
Barrett	LG.	0	0	0	0						
Bowe	LG.	0	0	0	0						
Langton	LG.	0	0	0	1						

Totals 15 4 34 10

Referee—Millard (Ill. Wesleyan)

ST. VIATOR, 15; WESTERN STATE NORMAL, 17.

Saturday, January 13, Western State Normal defeated Coach Bushell's five, 17 to 15, in a hard fought contest. The Normal team was the first opposition the team had met in a month, and consequently the gang seemed to lack their usual offensive, Captain Lyons being the only Viator man to score consistently. The entire team were decidedly off color and missed repeated chances to score. The Kalamazoo five got away to an early lead, holding the large end of a 13 to 5 score at half time. Viator secured most of its points in the second half, starting a bewildering offense that soon put the two teams on an even basis, and making the score 15-16 with a couple of minutes left to play. The last few minutes were full of thrills, either team likely to cage the winning tally. Miller, for Kalamazoo sank a free throw, ending the game 17-15 as the whistle sounded. Long "Jawn" Winterhalter playing his first game at guard proved a real find and gives promise of ending Coach Bushell's hunt for a back guard to take the veteran McCarthy's place.

The Summary.

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Western N.	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	1	0	2	0	Steggerde	RF	0	0	0	0
Lyons	RF	3	0	6	1	Lee	RF	2	0	4	4
Donnelly	C	1	5	7	1	Van Wingen..	LF	3	1	7	1
Clancy	C	0	0	0	0	Miller	LF	0	2	2	2
Barrett	RG	0	0	0	3	O. Johnson.....	C	1	0	2	1
MacLain	RG	0	0	0	0	W. Johnson..	RG	1	0	0	0
J. Winterhltr	LG	0	0	0	0	Gill	LG	0	0	0	0
Totals		5	5	15	5	Total		7	3	17	8

Referee—Crooks (Illinois).

**ST. VIATOR, 13; STATE NORMAL UNIVERSITY, 15.**

Monday, January 15, at Bloomington, Coach Bushell's five struck a dark horse in Coach Russell's Normal outfit, losing a hard fought battle to the teachers by a two point margin. The Viator five had a slight edge the first half, leading 7 to 6 at the half. Inability to hit free throws was responsible for the defeat, as only one point out of a possible eight were added from the foul line. Captain Lyons, Clancy and Winterhalter led the Viator offense while the guarding of Barrett and John Winterhalter held the Normalites to long scattered shots. Butzow, Normal star, played a great game, but the Bloomington star was held to two baskets by the stellar guarding of Barrett and Winterhalter.

The Summary.

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Normal	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	2	0	4	0	Butzow	RF	2	3	7	1
Lyons	LF	1	0	2	0	Schneider	LF	0	0	0	1
Neville	LF	0	0	0	0	McDowell	LF	0	0	0	1
Donnelly	C	1	1	3	3	Bolin	C	2	0	4	3
Clancy	C	1	0	2	0	Barr	C	0	0	0	0
Barrett	RG	1	0	2	1	Harrison	RG	2	0	4	1
J. Winterhltr	LG	0	0	0	0	Changnon	LG	0	0	0	1
Totals		6	1	13	4	Totals		6	3	15	8

Referee—McCord (Illinois).



ST. VIATOR, 19; MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY, 18.

The following day at Decatur the gang hit their stride and showed the Millikin fans some classy basketball. Excellent teamwork and an almost perfect use of the short pass brought the ball under the basket for several short tries. Captain Lyons caged three and Winterhalter hooked two in the first half. "Mickie" Donnelly's four free throws brought the count to 14 against six for the Wannmen at half time. Millikin came back strong in the last half and threatened to overcome the lead time and again. Winterhalter opened the half with another basket and "Mick" added a free throw, making the count 17 to 6. Millikin took time out and came back with a rush managing to add eight points before "Winnie" hit the ring for another tally. Curl and Arrington each annexed a basket before the gun sounded. The team played a wonderful game, Winterhalter and Lyons, starring on the offense. The work of "Jawn" Winterhalter and Barrett, guards, held the Millikin forwards to long shots. Captain Curl and Arrington were the Millikin mainstays.

The Summary.

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Millikin	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	4	0	8	1	Curl	RF	3	4	10	1
Lyons	LF	3	0	6	3	Bowman	LF	1	0	2	2
Donnelly	C	0	5	5	3	Walley	C	0	0	0	2
Barrett	RG	0	0	0	3	Arrington	RG	2	2	6	2
J. Winterhltr	LG	0	0	0	0	Sweet	LG	0	0	0	0
Totals		7	5	19	10	Totals		6	6	18	7

Referee—Crooks (Illinois). Umpire—McCord (Illinois).

ST. VIATOR, 18; CHARLESTON NORMAL, 14.

Wednesday, January 17, Coach Bushell's gang took a hard fought game from Eastern Illinois Normal, concluding the down state invasion with a record of two wins and one defeat. Towles and Greathouse caged two baskets each in the first half and with three foul goals managed to hold a lead of three points at the half, which ended 11 to 8. Clancy and Winterhalter were the only Viator men to score in the first half, Clancy caging two and "Winnie" one. "Winnie" opened the second period for a substantial lead. Normal registered but three points the last half, the close guarding of "Jawn" Winterhalter and Barrett, holding the Teachers to a few long shots. Clancy, Winterhalter and Donnelly starred on the scoring end for Viator, while Towles was responsible for half of Normal's points.

The Summary.

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	E. I. S. N.	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	3	0	6	0	Greathouse	RF	2	0	4	2
Lyons	LF	1	1	3	0	Towles	LF	2	4	8	0
Doyle	LF	0	0	0	2	Fawley	LF	1	0	2	0
Clancy	C	2	1	5	0	Osborn	C	0	0	0	1
Donnelly	C	2	0	4	0	Brainard	C	0	0	0	0
MacLain	RG	0	0	0	2	Cochran	RG	0	0	0	3
Barrett	RG	0	0	0	2	Brown	RG	0	0	0	0
J. Winterhltr	LG	0	0	0	0	Snyder	LG	0	0	0	0
Totals		8	2	18	6	Totals		5	4	14	6

Referee—Millard (Illinois Wesleyan).

**ST. VIATOR ACADEMY.**

With a strong line-up of veterans and a fast field of new candidates the Academy basket-ball prospects promise a year, the most brilliant of the last few years of athletic revival in the Academy. The Academy men are under the tutelage of Jack Crangle who has groomed his field of candidates to the fine edge of men boasting experience and playing possibilities. Regular and reserve ranks are exceptionally strong and the men are now being thoroughly trained in a strong offense built around the rangy and stellar Murphy, Long, and Herbert. The defense is strong in the guard department, boasting guards of fine timber and promise. In coaching, material and schedule the Academy has every prospect for a brilliant season and strong grounds for claim on the prep title of the State.

Captain Murphy at center is a player of high calibre, a strong floor man and a fine long distance shot. In Long, the

crew boasts of an exceptionally clever floor man, a hard fighter, and a sure shot under close range with a generous share of accuracy on the long attempts at the wicket. Lefty Herbert established himself as a guard last season and he is pushing his honors further. Cardosi, Cribben, Doman, Meis, and Johnny Bowe are men of experience and present a line-up of reserves that insure success.

The schedule is the most ambitious attempted by an Academy outfit here in many years. Games have been scheduled with Lake Forest, Quigley, Spalding, Kankakee H. S., St. Cyril, Loyola. The schedule arrangements are not completed to date but Manager McKenna will have the card well dated in a few weeks.



ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 19; DONOVAN H. S., 10.

On December 18, Coach Crangle sent his proteges against the strong Donovan H. S. five for the first fracas of the winter campaign. The Academicians registered a 19 to 10 win over the down state five in a fast game that showed a high style of play for the early season weeks. Fast floor work of Long, Doman, and Kelly early found the Donovan defense for the first slew of tallies. These men worked the ball into basket range for the first collection of pointers. Murphy, Cardosi, Meis, and Herbert laid down a blanket defense that kept the ball deep in Donovan territory for the greater portion of the game and it was not until near the end of the game that Donovan was able to score.

Long was the star of the game in the floor work, while Murphy and Herbert did wonderful work on the defense. Shapley and Claywell were the constellation for Donovan.

The Summary.

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Donovan	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
Long	RF	6	1	13	0	Brown	LG	0	0	0	0
Kelly	LF	0	0	0	0	Stock	RG	0	0	0	0
Doman	LF	1	0	2	0	Larson	C	0	0	0	0
Murphy	C	2	0	4	0	Shapley	LF	0	6	6	0
Fitzgerald.....	C	0	0	0	0	Claywell	RF	2	0	4	0
Cardosi	RG	0	0	0	0			—	—	—	—
Meis	RG	0	0	0	0	Totals		2	6	10	0
Herbert	LG	0	0	0	0						
Totals		9	1	19	0						

Referee—Cartwright (Kankakee).

ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 28; KANKAKEE H. S., 19.

On December 20 the Academy met up with their ancient rival on the college court. In the early minutes of the opening period Kankakee showed strongly and threatened to prove a serious problem for the evening. After a few minutes of play Crangle rushed in his regulars for the opening of a fast floor game that carried the ball deep into Kankakee territory and kept it there for the most of the remaining few minutes of the festive eve. Murphy started the fireworks with a neat field shot and after the opening counter the Kankakee defense cracked. Long and Doman played brilliantly. Captain Murphy played consistently sharing individual scoring honors with Long. Cardosi and Herbert performed strongly at the guard notches. Irps and Patchett featured for Kankakee.

The Summary.

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Kankakee	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
Long	RF	4	0	8	0	Puippo	LG	0	1	1	1
Kelly	RF	1	0	2	0	Barrett	RG	0	0	0	1
Doman	LF	1	0	2	0	Lane	RG	0	0	0	0
Cribben	LF	1	0	2	1	Miller	RG	0	0	0	0
Murphy	C	4	0	8	0	Irps	C	3	4	10	0
Fitzgerald	C	1	0	2	2	Kuntz	C	0	0	0	0
Cardosi	RG	1	0	2	2	Patchett	RF	3	0	6	0
Meis	RG	0	0	0	1	Cryer	LF	1	0	2	0
Herbert	LG	1	0	2	1						
Menden	LG	0	0	0	2	Totals		7	5	19	2
Totals		14	0	28	9						

Free throws missed—Long 2, Irps 5, Puippo 2.
Referee—Bushell (St. Viator).

**ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 19; SPALDING INSTITUTE, 18.**

On January 10 the Academy opened the heavy winter campaign with a wonderful win over Spalding Institute in one of the most brilliant battles seen on the local floor for some time. Both teams fought cleverly, skillfully and bitterly for the coveted points in the last frame but Long's consistent performance in the free throw circle and spectacular accuracy in the field tosses proved a handicap that the Peoria men could not beat down. The first half was fast and for several minutes scoreless with Spalding holding the edge at the end of the first half with a margin of five counters. Shifts in line-up placed what seemed

the winning combination for Viator on the floor in the second half, the crew under Long's scoring work jumping to an early lead. The Peoria crew played a strong, brilliant game, but close guarding kept their scoring aces to scattered attempts. Spalding staged a brilliant come-back in the last minute that cut down the Viatorian lead considerably and threatened to turn the numbers. A long shot by Long pushed his crew in the lead in the last few seconds where the Viatorians hung on for the win. The entire crew played stellar ball and demonstrated a high rate of development. The crew seems to have swung into top season form. Long was the bright particular star by reason of his scoring, his aces on the free throws netting a valuable asset. Lawless and McGrath were the constellation for Spalding.

The Summary.

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Spalding	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
Long	RF	3	4	10	1	Wald	LG	1	0	2	0
Cribben	RF	1	0	2	1	Duke	LG	0	0	0	0
Kelly	LF	0	1	1	1	Penn	RG	0	0	0	2
Murphy	C	1	0	2	1	Lawless	C	4	2	10	0
Cardosi	RG	0	0	0	1	McCarthy	LF	1	0	2	2
Meis	RG	1	0	2	0	McGrath	RF	2	0	4	1
Herbert	LF	1	0	2	0						
		—	—	—	—	Totals		8	2	18	5
Totals		7	5	19	5						

Referee—Cartright (Kankakee).



Have patience, Christmas vacation will come again.

✿ ✿ ✿

Canning: What's you running for?

McNeil: I'm not running for, I'm running from. You see that big blubber over there. Well, he just said that the girls in Kankakee smiled so sweetly at him the other day.

Canning: Yes, yes, go on.

McNeil: Well, I told him that they just recently organized a humane society.

✿ ✿ ✿

J. M.: Doesn't that musician look like a satisfied horse.

R.: How come?

J. M.: He has his cornet.

✿ ✿ ✿

J. P. O.: The music is just splendid, the timber is excellent.

E.: You certainly are well posted.

✿ ✿ ✿

George: Don't kill the meat.

Tubby Meagan: Kill it? Why, man, it has been dead for months.

✿ ✿ ✿

FACTS WE ALL KNOW.

Knowledge is the recognition of the fact that ditching class is a breach of the college rules.

Wisdom is the contemplation of having once attended the free study period.

✿ ✿ ✿

COLLEGE ALGEBRA

If each of the thirteen men out for basketball could play the five positions how many different basket ball teams could be made.

Ans: 154440.

P. S: Figure it out or ask Yutch.



Prof: Did you get your lesson today?

Student: No—.

Prof: No what?

Student: No time.



SOMETHING WRONG HERE.

"I asked him to lend me a quarter and he gave me a dollar."



TRANSLATION.

Prof: Translate the following: "Aptavit pellem haedi manibus ejus et collo."

Red: She fixed the foot of the kids to his hands and neck.



FAMOUS ACTORS AND FAMOUS PLAYS I'D LIKE LIKE TO SEE.

Geo. Olheiser and Senour Richey in "114."

Pete Stogis in "Dutch."

Real Cream in "Coffee."

Cody in "Business is Good."

Simpson in "The Barber's Idol."

Franks in "Sky High."

Paul Maegher in "Behind the Cage."

Jack Crangle in "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Bill Barrett in "The Wearing of the Green."

T. Lynch in "Six Pages."

Prof. of Economics in "Back Yeast."

Colgan in "A Bathing Suit."

The student body in "Rising at 8 a. m."

What some of us would like to see: "Clean Sweaters and Polished Boots."

What every one would like to take a part in: "The Conge."



WORD FOR WORD

Prof: What does "Animated Bust" mean?

Bennie-Annie: To sock a guy in the jaw.



IF

Zoo Zoo: Can you get along on \$5 a month spending money?

Bozo: Yes, if I am lucky with the ivories.



THE LINE IS BUSY

Steinbach: Calling up. "Will you please give me the long distance operator."

Operator: I am sorry, sir, but you'll have to ask her father.

BUT HERE'S A LESSON

Employer: What is your motto?

Lad: The same as is on your door. Push!

**AWAY BACK WHEN**

We laugh now when we recall how we got soaked for a shower bath ticket.

**EXOMA—**

Student: These are melancholy days, Father.

Father: I don't know about the days but it is going to be the zero hour for some.

**HOW WILL WE KNOW**

Pies may come and pies may go but "Oleo" stays with us forever.

**BUT WHY TAKE ADVANTAGE**

We could say a lot of things about some of the students. But New Year's comes only once a year. We're all Viatorian.



"May be and on the other hand may be not." Marzy and Julia!

The acs. may have a banquet some day. Who knows.

**TIME WILL TELL**

Duke: What are you going to be when you graduate from college?

Frank: Detour. An old man, I guess.



Kelley pool is quite an attractive game especially after vacation.

**DON'T SLAM THE DOOR**

The perfect of the second corridor is going in the canning business. What a jam in 215. Refrigerator for two weeks.



By request of the Editor of the Weekly Viator Campus. (Just recently organized.) Circulation 900091. The longest weekly in Bourbonnais.

A. Napoleon	Editor in Chief
Thos. Cotter	Ass't Editor
Bob Hastlerlik	Sports
Fat Colgan	Business Manager
Tom Nolan	Love Notes Editor
Bennie Mustari	Cartoonist
Joe Badore	Health Dept.

Bonilla, considered the greatest basket ball critic of the Philippine Islands, has picked a peach of a star basket ball team.

First Team

Stork Legs McCarthy (Capt.)
Tubby Meagan
Stiltz Kerns
Bella Fonyo
New Guy Kelly

Second Team

Kommick (Capt.)
Franks
Harold Collins
Gubbins
Micky O'Brien



Mr. R. (Name not mentioned for reasons unknown, well, anyway he is one of our most handsome day-dodgers.) He was a little weak of seven days but it seems that he is getting stronger, the reporters report that this is especially true around noon (wherever that is). Last Monday he had some onions (don't breathe it to a soul).

Tuesday he had cheese if it was store cheese (it must have been stored a long time). Wednesday he had garlic (that delicious fruit that builds you up physically, but tears you down socially). Friday he had eggs fried in Skunk oil. (Nuff Said.)



LOVE NOTES

Dear Mr. Nolan:

If my girl lives until next Saturday she will be eighteen for the first time. Since she is going to have a birthday I must buy her a present. She likes pretty clothes and also fancy furniture. What shall I do?

Ans.—John J. Dresser.

Dear Mr. Nolan:

I have an engagement with a girl I don't like. My folks, however, desire me to keep the engagement. This girl, by the way, has a wooden arm. What shall I do?

Ans.—Break it.

Dear Dr.:

My hair is falling, what shall I do to keep it from falling?

Ans.—Catch your hair before it falls.

Dear Dr.:

I think I got population of the heart, how can I stop it?

Ans.—Nitric acid. One bottle is enough.

P. S.: If this don't stop it, please let me know.

Dear Dr.:

I am a student and study hard. As a result a perpetual headache. What cure would you advise for me.

Ans.—Keep your window open at night. Sleep at night and not in the day time. Cut out cigarettes and drink nothing but water and milk. Get up at regular hours and wash your teeth.

Bob: How many classes do you go to.

Turk: Too many.



Thos. Kelly, a new student from Apples Corner, Ind., is now striving to make a berth on the academy squad. If he wants practice in making berths, we advise him to try the job as porter on a Pullman car.—Editor.



SPORTS

The Camels under the leadership of Coach Joe Ambrosious lost to the Lucky Strikes 18-6. It was a hot sketch game of foot-basket ball.

To-nite the Sheiks will meet the Shebas.



EXTRA! EXTRA!!

Butts Sullivan was actually seen, by several village fellows, purchasing a pack of cigarettes in the college candy store.



Speaking about cheap skates for sale and ice ponds for use. We have been informed that there is a "Rink" on the 2nd floor.



A KOURSE FIT FOR KING KEAGLE

Konsomme

Krumbles

Kream

Kornbeef

Kabbage

Kaviar

Krabs

Kreamed peas and Katsup

Korn on the Kob

Kombination Salad

Kanines (Hot)

Kookies

Kandies

Knuts

Koffee

Kake



KONTRARY REACTION

K. K. K.—Keep Koming Kasey.



BI-LOCATION

Prof: So you haven't your lesson—say where were you last n'ght?

Phil: Er-r I really don't remember.



RINGLETS

Genevieve: Do you think that you will get a ring from Roy?

Norma: Impossible! Dumb bell!



H2O DIAGNOSIS

Peiff: I wonder what's the matter with my knee?

Jack: Why man you've got the water on the knee.

Pieff: Can't be, I never went in swimming.

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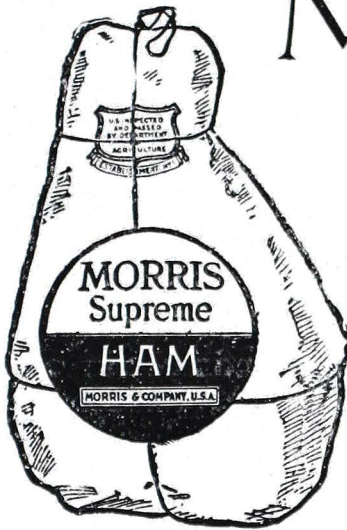
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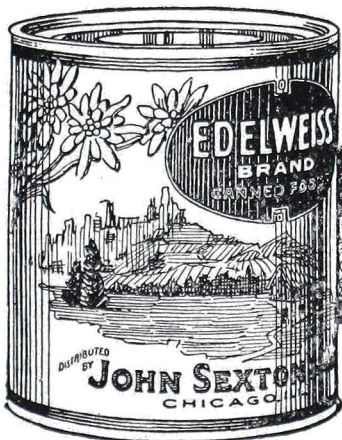


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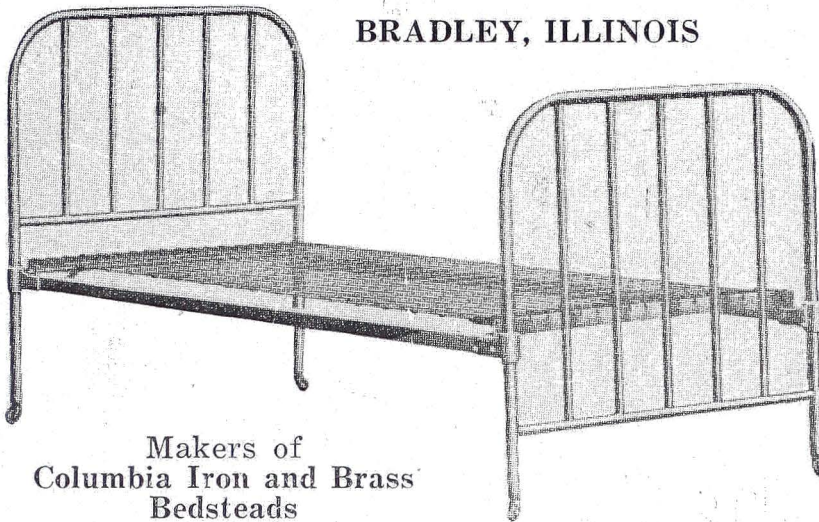
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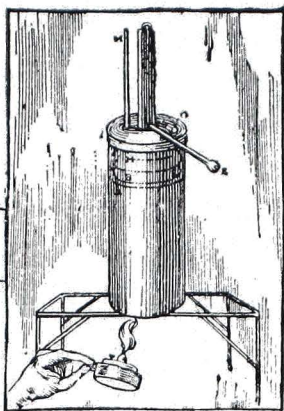
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This helps to explain why Charles has come down to us as the "merry monarch."

The Royal Society was engaged in important research. It was trying to substitute facts for the meaningless phrase "nature abhors a vacuum," which had long served to explain why water rushes into a syringe—the commonest form of pump—when the piston is pulled out.

Denis Papin had as much to do as anyone with these laughable activities of the Royal Society. Papin turned up in London one day with a cylinder in which a piston could slide. He boiled water in the cylinder. The steam generated pushed the piston out. When the flame was removed, the steam

condensed. A vacuum was formed and the weight of the outer air forced the unresisting piston in.

Out of these researches eventually came the steam engine.

London talked of the scandalous life that King Charles led, and paid scant attention to such physicists as Papin, whose work did so much to change the whole character of industry.

The study of air and air pumps has been continued in spite of Charles's laughter. In the General Electric Company's Research Laboratories, for instance, pumps have been developed which will exhaust all but the last ten-billionth of an atmosphere in a vessel.

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