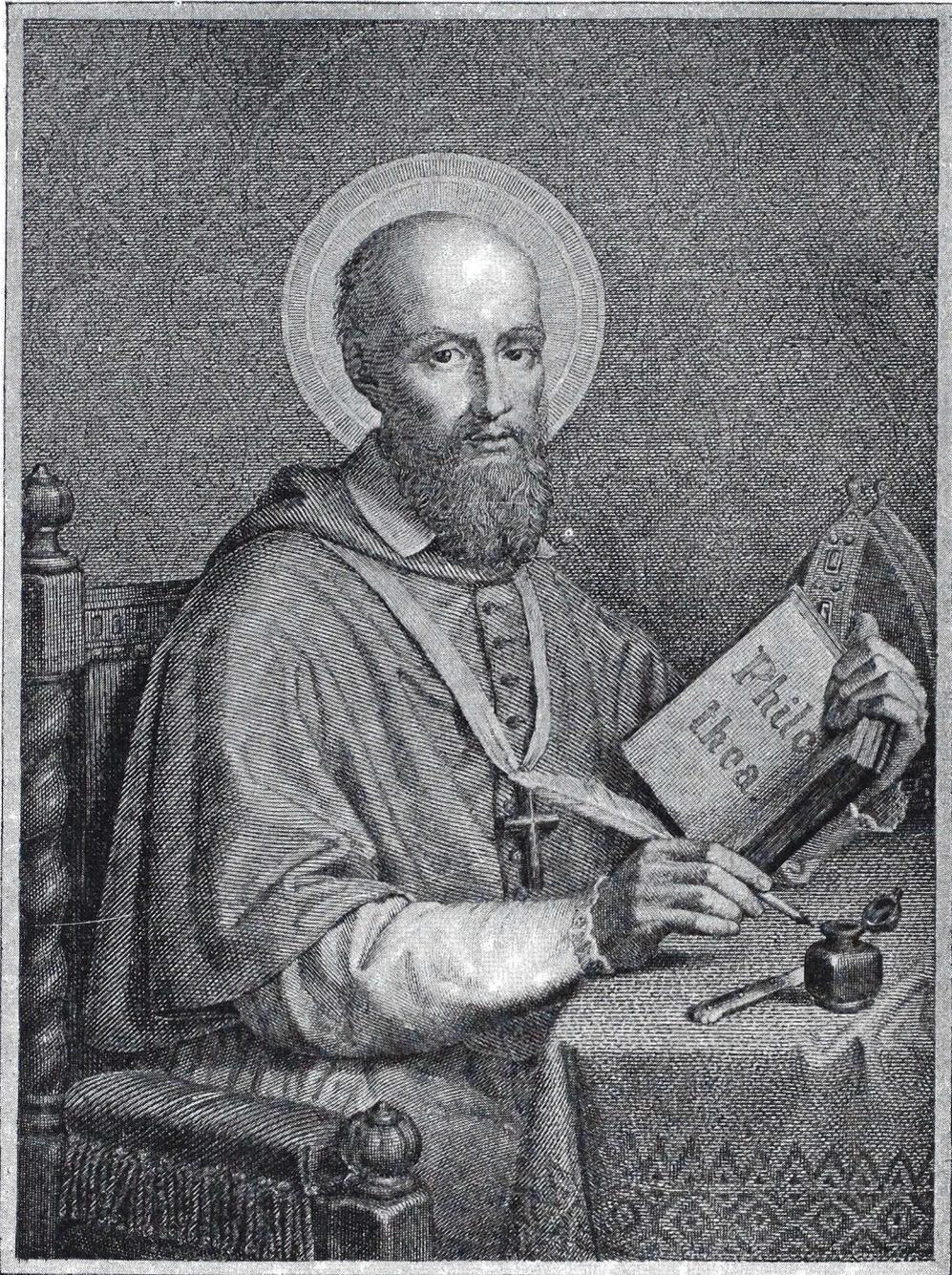


The Viatorian

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St. Francis De Sales

The Viatorian

FAC ET SPERA

Volume 40

Number 4

St. Francis De Sales

Patron of Christian Writers

Ray Boysen, Acad. '23

In the second encyclical of his pontificate, Our Holy Father the Pope, after mature deliberation, has nominated and confirmed St. Francis De Sales as the special patron and protector of Catholic writers and newspaper men. In this encyclical which is called "Rerum Omnium," the Sovereign Pontiff holds up St. Francis as an example to all Christian writers, saying, "From the solemn occurrence of the date of the death of St. Francis, advantage should be taken by all Catholics, who deal with the publication of newspapers and other writings, to illustrate and defend Christian doctrines."

"It is necessary for them in their discussions to imitate and maintain that vigor, with moderation and charity which was characteristic of St. Francis: Above all let them study with diligence; and let them arrive at inward knowledge of Christian doctrine; let them not distort truth, even to avoid giving offense to their adversaries; let them give very effort to expressing their thoughts in such a way that the truth may attract, too, and, finally, if they must fight their adversaries let them refute their arguments in such a way as to show that they are animated by rectitude and moved by charity."

And now that we have St. Francis De Sales, designated by Pope Pius XI as the pressman's patron, it is well that we should learn a little of his life and that we should confidently turn to him in our pressing need, good literature, which uplifts the heart and leads men to nobler desires. In our survey of the life of St. Francis, we will find him, not a model of austere and gloomy sanctity, but rather of sweet and lovable character, quite accessible to all; a Saint whose life is well worthy of our imitation and emulation.

Saint Francis De Sales, Bishop of Geneva, and doctor of the Universal Church, was born of noble and pious parents, near

Annecy in the year 1566. His pious mother watched over him in his early years, with the utmost devotion and care; she would scarcely trust him out of her sight for fear the least taint of vice should sully his soul. Her first care was to inspire her son with profound respect for the church, and devout love for our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. She would frequently visit the poor, taking Francis with her and making him the zealous distributor of alms. It was in this way that Francis learned the first lessons of Christian charity. He possessed by nature a self-sacrificing, generous, disposition and these little acts imbued him with an ineffaceable spirit of altruism and disinterestedness.

Francis was a beautiful child. The innocence and sweetness of his countenances won the affections of all who met him, but far more valuable than this, were his modesty, his meekness, and his obedience. He was easily stirred to uncontrollable fits of temper and it was for this reason that he made meekness his favorite virtue. By daily practice and heroic perseverance he finally conquered this predominant passion, and converted it into his characteristic virtue. It is told that when his heart was removed after his death, the ligaments and arteries were found to be strained and hardened, from the continual suppression of a temper, for which nature usually requires an outlet, and indicates to us the violence he did to his physical nature in order to subdue the flesh that the spirit might be victorious.

His father, Francois De Boisy, intended him for the magistracy and sent him at an early age, to the college of Rocheville, and later, to Annecy. Diligent application, a perfect memory and solid judgment could not fail of great progress. The stimulus which emulation gave, advanced him far more in his studies than any amount of attention by a domestic preceptor could possibly afford. At twelve years of age, under the guardianship of a zealous priest, he continued his studies at Paris and won scholastic honors, in humanities and Rhetoric, at the Jesuit college.

During these years, he formed a warm attachment for F. Joyeuse, a Duke, and former Marshall of France who had forsaken the world to become a Capuchin Friar. The frequent discourses of this holy man taught Francis the necessity of mortification and self-abasement in overcoming temptations, and in making oneself truly pleasing to God. While at Paris he also began a course in Theology. It was here, that he was afflicted with a terrible and prolonged temptation to despair, caused by the discussion, of prominent Theologians, on the question of predestination. God to purify his heart, permitted a darkness to overshadow his mind, the greatest of terrors seized him, a spiritual dryness and melancholy overwhelmed him and he was plunged body and soul unto the virtual brink of despair. The bitter-

ness of his grief threw him into a deep jaundice. After a time, God took compassion upon his soul and one morning while he prayed at the altar of the Blessed Virgin, begging her to be his advocate, and to obtain for him the grace of loving God with his whole heart, our Lord lifted the heavy veil from his mind, relieving him of his grief and restoring perfect peace and tranquillity.

When he was eighteen, his father recalled him from Paris and sent him to Padua to take up law. Here he became dangerously ill for a time but slowly recovered, and after much study received his diploma of doctorate from the famous Pancirolo. At the age of twenty, he commenced practice of laws with great pomp and applause, and after a tour of Italy, returned home to be received with the greatest joy by his parents and friends.

Everyone was charmed with the young count. His father obtained for him the position of senator in Chambery, and had selected one of the noblest heiresses of Savoy to be his partner in life, but Francis firmly declared his intention of embracing the ecclesiastical state. A sharp struggle ensued; his father would not consent to see his expectations thwarted. Meanwhile his cousin Lewis of Sales, obtained for him, on his own initiative, the prevostship of Sales. It was the highest office in the diocese. M. de Boisy yielded and Francis received Holy Orders. Upon becoming a deacon, he was immediately employed in preaching. His sermons gained for him unusual reputation, and incredible success. His gestures were graceful and free, his voice clear and sweet, but most effectual of all was the spirit with which he spoke. His words came from the fullness of his heart, while the spirit of Christ fired him with zeal and fervor. He received the holy order of priesthood with inexpressible joy, and seemed filled by it with apostolic zeal. Every day after his consecration he celebrated Mass early in the morning with the utmost devotion and ardor. Following this he would hear the confessions of all sorts of people and visit the country villages about, instructing and conversing with the inhabitants, becoming acquainted with their various needs and desires. His piety, charity and devotion to them, his care of the sick and his disinterested love endeared him to all; but nothing impressed them quite so much as his meekness of heart, which no provocation could disturb in the least. During this first year of his ministry a Calvinistic minister wrote a thesis, condemning the honor paid by Catholics to the Cross. Francis in his book entitled "The Standard of the Cross," brilliantly refuted him and gained the respect even of his enemy in this reply.

In 1595 the Duke of Savoy, resolved to restore the church, in the territory of Chablais which had become the centre of Cal-

vinism. Ecclesiastics were terrified at its dangers and difficulties. Francis alone offered himself for the work and was joined by none but his cousin Lewis de Sales. Against the remonstrances and fears of his parents and friends, he set out on foot, on this mission of love, undaunted by the dangers and trials before him. Every door and heart was closed against him, he was insulted and threatened with death, but the spirit of Christ, his Divine Model, ruled his soul and he toiled on, in the face of every hardship and humiliation. The first converts were among the soldiers whom he brought over body and soul to the Faith. He was near four years however without any great fruit among the inhabitants. During this time he stayed at Ilion and it was here that he refuted the preachers sent from Geneva to oppose him. Despite the seeming failure, he labored on dauntlessly and resistlessly, in the mission of his God, until at length his patience, ardor and eminent virtue wrought upon the most obdurate and insensibly wore away their prejudices. Finally God was pleased to touch them with his grace and ere long the Catholic Church burst forth into a second spring. Public exercise of the Catholic religion was restored and Calvinism banished by the Duke's orders, from all Chablais. Jesuits and Capuchins came to carry on the noble work, with Francis and under his direction. It is stated that he converted over 72,000 Calvinists.

For this singular service, the Pope and all the Church heaped honors and glory upon him. But neither this nor the high reputation, which his virtues had acquired, made the least impression on his humble mind, dead to all motions of pride and vanity. He delighted in laboring among the poor and lowly, choosing the meanest and most laborious works for himself and leaving the higher functions for others. Through fear of resisting God's will however, he accepted the coadjutorship of Geneva, which had been pressed upon him for some time, by the Pope. His succession to the See took place in the year 1602.

At times the exceeding gentleness, with which St. Francis received heretics and sinners, almost scandalized his friends. One, of whom rebuked him saying "Francis de Sales, will go to Paradise of course; but I am not so sure of the bishop of Geneva; I am almost afraid his gentleness will play him a shrewd turn." "Ah," said the saint, "I would rather account to God for too great gentleness than for too great severity. Is not God all love? God the Father is the Father of Mercy, God the Son is a Lamb, God the Holy Ghost is a Dove.—That is gentleness itself, and are you wiser than God?" Meekness was always the favorite virtue of this great Saint and yet his meekness was tried continually. Especially when the hurry of business, and the throngs gathering about for relief in their necessities, scarcely

allowed him a moment of relaxation. At these times, when impatience tempted him so severely, he would resort to a sweet and amiable silence, until the storm subsided and all indiscretion was put to flight.

During the course of his life, Francis received numerous inducements towards advancement in honor, position and dignity. These, he carefully avoided, regarding them as too responsible positions, and fearing that they might raise new obstacles to his eternal salvation. At one time the Pope wished him to accept the high office of Cardinal, but Francis meekly declined, stating that he did not despise the proffered dignity but that he feared so great a title would not sit well upon him.

In his spare time he wrote continually, striving to further the cause of God and render a just account of his time. His book on "The Love of God" particularly appeals to us. In it he describes the feeling sentiments of divine love, its states of fervor, of trials suffering and darkness and we feel that it must be a painting of his own soul. Among his other works are "Spiritual Conferences" and "An Introduction to Devout Life." They all seem imbued with the spirit of the saint himself. They elevate and comfort the soul and strengthen the will against temptation. Indeed they are a worthy testimonial of the labors and pains exerted on them by a man, endowed not only with talent and intellect, but with the very wisdom of God himself.

In union with St. Jane Frances de Chantal, he founded at Annecy, in 1607, the Order of the Visitation, which he designed to be such that all young girls and widows even the sickly and weak, who felt themselves called to a religious life, might be admitted. A religious order of women now spread throughout the world, fulfilling the wishes of the Holy Founders, and laboring nobly for the welfare of souls. The splendid work of the Visitation undoubtedly has the blessings of Christ upon it, for it was St. Margaret Mary, a Visitation nun that Christ himself deigned to choose as the Apostle of His Sacred Heart.

In 1622 he received orders from the Duke of Savoy to go to Avignon. Despite his indisposition he journeyed there and was obliged to attend the King and his cardinal to Savoy. He received from the royal family every mark of esteem and honor; and though indisposed, continued to preach and perform his many functions. At Lyons he insisted on occupying a small poorly furnished room in a house belonging to the gardener of Visitation Convent. There on December 27, he was seized with apoplexy. He received the last Sacraments and made his profession of Faith. As he grew weaker he prayed continually, repeating the words "God's will be done: Jesus my God and my All." His illness increased though slowly. At last he seemed

to lose his senses and happily expired on the feast of the Holy Innocents in the 56th year of his age and the 20th of his Episcopacy. His body was embalmed and carried with the greatest pomp to Annecy, where he had directed by will, it should be interred. After his beautification, by Alexander VII, it was placed upon the altar of the Church of the Visitation, in a magnificent silver shrine. He was canonized in 1665 by the same Pope, and his feast day fixed for the 29th of January. His heart is kept in a case of gold given by King Louis VIII and numerous miracles were authentically ascribed to his relics and intercession.

The Tercentenary Celebration of his death was held throughout the Christian World in 1922, the whole world in fact paying homage to the Gentle Saint of Geneva. The recent decree of Pope Pius XI is as it were an added Gem in the splendid Crown that graces the brow of the Chosen One of God who indeed by his splendid works in overcoming heresy proves that indeed the 'Pen is mightier than the Sword.'

From Star to Plain Clothes

Wm. Gleason, Acad. '24

Nick, just plain Nick was a detective on the Chicago Police force; yes and a green one too, for he had only acquired his new job a few weeks previous to the discovery of the great Opium mystery.

As he lounged around the police station due to the Captain not sending him on any mission, he was thinking deeply; he was thinking about the great Opium Mystery. For the fifteenth time that morning, he had read that warrant for "Spider" Joe's arrest. Once again he approached that sign and read with the utmost care.

"\$10,000 Reward"

"The United States authorities will pay the above sum to the capturer of "SPIDER" JOE the notorious smuggler of Opium into the United States. The Captain of Police will donate an additional \$500 from his own pocket to the man who captures this nefarious smuggler, who is now at random, somewhere in the midst of your city."

There stood Nick in front of the sign in wide amazement, with an expression on his face that revealed great anxiety. If the Captain would only give me a chance—that was the one big thought that occupied his troubled brain. He turned slowly around and walked to a bench where he sat down, propped his head in his hands and fell into deep meditation.

Fifteen minutes elapsed. Nick still retained his former position, in profound thought.

Suddenly he arose and the expression on his face indicated that a decisive change had come over him. His aspect showed that he had come to some kind of a conclusion.

His course of direction was towards the Captain's private office. Knock! Knock! His knuckles were meeting the hard oak door.

"Come in!"

Nick paused, but only for a second, for he opened the door and walked into the Captain's presence with the alacrity of one who had been in the service for a score of years.

"What can I do for you, Nick?"

"Captain! Captain! I have been wishing and hoping, if not

praying that you would send me out on this opium case, as it is my one great desire to put the cuffs on 'Spider' Joe's wrists.

The Captain smiled.

"Are you in any way sure that you can corner him, Nick?"

"Just give me a chance Captain and I will give you the assurance that I will be one of your honor men in a very short time."

The Captain's eyes took in Nick from head to toe, with a glare in them that indicated that he was considering whether his charge was worthy of the chance to "nip" "Spider" Joe. Nick stood there for what seemed to him to have been quite a while, when suddenly the Captain got up from his chair, grabbed Nick by the hand and sputtered out, "Go it, old man, go it! I am giving you your chance. Now let's see what you are worth."

Nick had nothing to say as his nerves were slightly shaken, he turned about and left the Captain's presence. On his face he had a look that revealed a determined will.

He hopped into a police roadster and headed for Chinatown.

He went through many of the main dens of that district in attempting to get an inkling of "Spider" Joe's whereabouts for many a weary hour, but so far had the misfortune, of not even coming across the slightest clew. Nick was just about ready to give up hopes, for the day, when his eyes caught sight of a sign that read "Mandarin Inn." Nick went into the place which proved to be a Chop Suey house.

Taking a seat in one of the booths he waited for his order. When the waiter returned Nick whispered to him.

"Listen, old boy, have you any beds here? I am all fagged out, the cops are on my trail and I have no place to go for a good night's sleep. What say!"

The Chinaman nodded his head in assent.

"I take you to place where no 'bulls' get you. Me wise Chinaman."

"I'll bet you're a treacherous rascal, too," thought Nick.

"Follow!"

Nick trailed after the Chinaman, who led him into a dark hallway. After walking for some time the Mongolian came to an abrupt stop, stooped over and began tinkering with something on the floor which was nothing else than the ring-handle of a trap-door.

They descended into the dark abyss. The Chinaman lighted a candle. Nick found himself in an underground passage. There was no ventilation and the vile odor of the place was hard on Nick's lungs.

The Chinaman's command was to follow once more. After walking rapidly for a few hundred feet they came upon a light-

ed area. The Chink walked up to one of the rooms and knocked on the door, six times to the beat of an hour striking gong of a town clock. The door opened and a yellow face peeped out.

"YAW HONG."

At these words everything seemed to be settled between the two Chinks for both Chinaman and Nick were permitted to enter the den. Nick now inside was amazed to see the spectacle before his eyes.

The appearance of the den revealed an extreme oriental touch. Incense fumes filled the air and the place was illuminated by rare Chinese lamps. Opium pipes were to be seen lying around the floor. The walls were draped in magnificent rugs, and all in all, the place was a glorious sight to behold, except for the yellow mongrels who inhabited it.

Nick was ushered into a room that led off of the one he had first entered and there he discovered many bunks in which disreputable characters were lodged. The Chinaman showed him his bed and left.

Nick walked slowly over to his bunk with one hand in his coat pocket that held something which spelled "death" to anyone who attempted or dared obstruct his path. He lazily rolled into the bed under the pretense of going to sleep, but in reality he had both ears and one eye on the job.

Some of the occupants of the room, under Nick's observation were so stupified from the deadly drug smuggled from the poppy fields of China, that they seemed to Nick to be more diabolical than human. "The poor creatures, I must make a supreme effort to take 'Spider' Joe and put an end to his dastardly work, before many more innocent creatures are lured to ruin by this terrible stuff."

After a short time had passed Nick noticed particularly two fellows, who by their looks, seemed to have a past that would have sent either of them to the gallows. They huddled in a corner of the room and began a conversation, that proved to be of valuable information to Nick. Because of the notorious reputation of the place, no one was suspected by them. One of the scoundrels asked his companion in a loud tone if he had heard anything as yet from "Spider" Joe.

"He said dat he would be here tonight to arrange for de selling of dat big shipment of 'dizzy weed' and dat dis would be his last trip here for de rest of de year as de risk of being nabbed by the 'bulls' was too great."

"What time is he coming?"

"De gang is to be here at midnight and all others dat hang around de den are to be 'booted' out till he leaves."

"Everyone is to be masked as usual."

Upon hearing this Nick's heart beat in a high expectation. He was undecided as to what measure to take next, as the required information had not been obtained.

How was he to get out? They might suspect, if he got up to leave now. All these thoughts passed through his brain in a flash.

Presently he got up and walked over to the speakers he had overheard and asked in a real underworld fashion.

"Gimme a shot of liker will ya pards?"

They looked up in an unconcerned way and replied in the negative saying that they didn't have a drop.

"I got the jack if youse boys can tell me where to get some."

Finally the bigger fellow got up and asked Nick what he would give if he told him. Nick replied saying he would give anything, whereupon, he drew forth a five dollar bill. The tough took it willingly and said to Nick—

"Go over to Dinty Grogans on Clark street, that's just one block around the corner from this joint."

Nick was bubbling over with joy at the thought that he was getting away easily without the slightest bit of suspicion being cast upon him. On the other hand the tough thought he did a clever piece of work by getting rid of Nick so easily.

Nick finally made his way out of the den in safety and walked briskly down Clark street, heading for the district police station.

It was now ten-thirty and Nick had arrived at his destination.

Going up to the police desk he explained his story in a hurried manner to the sergeant who listened to him with wild eyed amazement.

He was granted six detective sergeants, who under his orders, were to dress in the regalia of the tough. Jumping into a high powered motor car they sped with all possible haste towards Mandarin Inn.

Coming within two blocks of their destination, the machine stopped and seven figures got out of the tonneau.

Going around to the back end of the Mandarin Inn, Nick, with the aid of a search light found the window that lead to the hallway, where the trap door was located. A jimmy was put into action and the window was pried open.

"Now boys, watch yourselves and keep a close hand on your gun" was the last word of advice that Nick gave to his accomplices

Seven figures crept down the hallway, they stopped, not a word was heard, the trap-door opened and all descended into the dark abyss. Each man had his nerves pitched to the highest

tense and as they slunk noiselessly through the submerged passage, seven trusty right hands gripped a revolver with the determination to make every shot count if any disturbance were created.

Before arriving at the room where "Spider" Joe and his confederates were assembled, Nick and his squadron stopped.

"Now boys we are nearing our goal, stay close by!"

They crept silently forward once more till they finally arrived at the room where "Spider" Joe was to be found.

Nick walked up to the door—Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock! Knock!

A voice inside was heard to say,

"Hey, there, Wing Chong, go and see what that yellow brother of yours wants. Tell him not to come around here any more tonight."

The Chinaman inside turned the latch—

Crash! The brawn of Nick's shoulders collided with the door and it succumbed.

Seven detectives rushed through the door trampling over the terrified Chinaman, shouting to the astounded gang, to throw up their hands.

The scene that took place was a memorable one and will long be remembered by Nick and his fellow detectives.

There stood eleven masked figures, ten of them were dressed in yellow robes, standing around a long rectangular table with their hands uplifted over their heads. On the table were ten opium pipes and a large map giving a diagram of the stores where the deadly drug was to be distributed. At the head of the table stood a figure dressed in a yellow robe with a black mask on his face and whose form and calmness showed him to be the leader of the gang.

Nick approached him with care.

"Throw up them hands! Are you 'Spider' Joe, the most notorious opium smuggler in the United States; if so I have a warrant for your arrest? Do not make a move or you will be shot in your tracks."

The man never uttered a word but nodded his head in the affirmative.

"Unmask yourself!"

The captive stood perfectly still, his form giving sign of no more life than that of a statue.

Nick reached up and pulled off the mask in no gentle like way.

"MY GOD!" he exclaimed, "IT'S THE CAPTAIN."

The Elizabethan Age of Literature

John Ellis, Acad. '23.

The Elizabethan age in literature receives its name from Queen Elizabeth, who ruled England at this particular period. It was the age of a great literary and educational revival, and in order to designate it from others of its kind it was named after the ruling monarch of the day.

This age was divided into two different periods, the early and later Elizabethan. The former laid the foundation and paved the way for the success and fame of the latter. There were many different ways and means in which literature was beginning to take on a greater hold as a guiding factor in men's lives. Prose and poetry were both being improved by such men as Ascham and Lord Sackville; furthermore frequent translations from the old classical authors were being brought to light and their real beauty and worth more deeply appreciated. The great theologians of the day played their part in this revival and put into poetry the language of the Bible and Holy Scripture. Then came the historians, who began to write the history of the English people, which appealed much to the love of country and patriotism of the people of that day. The tales of the voyagers returning from strange lands were written in pleasing verses, and the love of stories grew so popular until it encouraged many old writers who had wonderful manuscripts but had hidden them on account of the sentiment of the times against a man who wrote for public consumption.

All these conditions with many others furnished food for the great authors and poets, who were to follow in the later period of Elizabethan Literature. The Early period had embraced the first twenty years of Elizabeth's reign and now we embark into the period that made her reign famous literarily.

The first great writer of this later period was Edmund Spenser. He was a well educated man, whose writings show that he imitated Chaucer as well as the old Greek and Roman authors. His writings are in themselves the manifestation of his learning and study. His "Faerie Queen" breaths of all that is uplifting and pleasing in poetry.

During this period there were three kinds of poetry written, namely, love, patriotic and philosophical. The love poetry dwells on the subject of youth and its desire to love, and we find such men as Spenser, Shakespeare and Sir Philip Sidney

writing many of these love ballads. Then came the patriotic poems, which were written by Warner, Dowel, Drayton and others and which related the greatness of England and her glory in the wars of the time. Then we find poets turning back to religion and writing such poems as "Character of a Happy Life," by Walton and Lord Brooke's poems of "Human Learning and Religion."

But the period of the Drama was now at hand and men began to write plays on the miracles of the Saints of the Church, on the correction of vice and the triumph of virtue over vice. These plays were very instructive and taught many lessons. They were enacted on rude, open air stages, which were in the center of a semi-circle of seats. The only scenery were placards placed here and there designating a wood or river by simply the word.

Christopher Marlowe was undoubtedly the greatest dramatist previous to Shakespeare. He wrote and enacted the dramas, "Edward II" and "Doctor Faustus." Then came the "Immortal" Shakespeare. He is the evening star of the Elizabethan Age of English Literature.

This genius was born of a moderate burgess, at Stratford-on-Avon. He received little education because of the financial conditions of his family and hence knew little of Greek and Latin, but his command of English was unlimited and it has been estimated that his vocabulary contained fifteen thousand English words.

His writings, like the majority of authors, consisted of different periods. His first period contained play and stories of love, childlike fancy and nature and patriotic ballads; but in his second period we find him weaving the threads of tragedy as well as his comedies. This great period brought forth such plays as "Henry IV," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "All's Well that Ends Well," and "As You Like It."

Now we trace William Shakespeare to his third period of writing and find him taking up the more serious side of men's lives; continually dealing with the sad, the tragic. There was no doubt a reason for his sadness and we learn that he was disappointed in love, also that many of his dearest friends had been brought to ruin. These conditions touched the heart of the great dramatist and have reflected themselves in such works of his as "Hamlet," "Measure for Measure," and "Julius Caesar."

Now, as his life draws to a close we see the fulness of one who has known fate, sorrow, sin and joy, and who has passed them all and is ready for death. Some of his last works were "The Tempest," "Winter's Tale" and "Cymbeline," in which he portrays his contentment and peace in his old age.

After his death the drama gradually decayed and Ben Johnson, Fletcher, Beaumont, Massinger and others come forth to enliven and amuse the world once more by their comedies. These last named authors touched on the immoral and their works are tinged with that which is debasing. Ben Johnson, however, wrote clean plays.

And now we must close and give way to the literature effected by the so-called restorations the religious upheaval that shook true Catholicity to its very foundations.

"Vindicated"

Joseph O'Laughlin, Acad. '25

"Take the count! Take the count," shrieked the frenzied Paddy Skelly, manager and second of Tom Dawson, middle-weight challenger, to the sprawling figure as it was attempting to rise at the count of three. But the mad appeal was lost in the yells of the spectators. Even had Dawson, or the "Fightin' Kid" heard the advice, he would not have heeded it. In the last clinch, just before he had been floored with a terrific right, the champion had, with no gentle pressure, jammed the heel of his left glove against the "Fightin' Kid's" neck, shutting off his wind for the space of a few seconds; and in a hotly contested fight, as this one was, every gasp of wind is precious. It was while he was fighting to regain his breath that the champion, Tim Welsh, had sent him to the floor. As the "Fightin' Kid," aided by the ropes, clambered to his feet, his befuddled brain burned with a desire for revenge; his bloodshot eyes blazed with fury. Coolly the champion stood off a few paces, a sneer on his lips. Impelled by a rage that knew no caution, that destroyed both reason and strategy, the "Fightin' Kid," his arms swinging wildly, lunged at the leering champion. He knew no more. The great crowd poured from the huge enclosure, wondering why the challenger, Tom Dawson, the marvelous scrapper of the last few years, had lost so suddenly after the wonderful exhibition he had made for seven rounds.

* * *

"Hounded you out of school, did they?" questioned the old man, "Why."

Shamefacedly and a bit wistfully the young man, square built and husky, mumbled:

"Well, you see it was like this. They were just taking up

boxing and they needed a middle-weight. Somebody found out that I was pretty good. I didn't want to scrap!"

"Sure, you never wanted to scrap," sarcastically broke in the old man, Tom Dawson, one time middleweight challenger of the world title. "You're the fine son of a father. You haven't an ounce of fighting blood, nor a spirit of duty. No wonder they threw you out," he ended bitterly.

"Well, Dad," the young man answered, as he shrugged his shoulders, "I haven't the love for the ring; to batter or to be battered. I've no appeal for that."

"No," snapped the old man, "or a sense of family honor, either. Here's the son of old Tim Welsh, who beat your father in a shady manner, now scrapping his way to a championship, while you're afraid to get into the ring; even to defend your college."

The old man paced up and down the room, savagely chewing his cigar, bitterly living again those fearful moments when he had lost to the champion. He smote the palms of his hands together. Fiercely he turned to his son and screamed:

"Why don't you answer. Say something?"

Tom, Jr., opened his mouth to reply, but seeming to think better, refrained from uttering his thoughts, merely gazing at his father. Crashing his fist upon the table, before which the young man sat.

"Coward," bellowed the father. "Worthless son, coward!"

Then, raising both fists above his head and shaking them for emphasis he spluttered,

"Get out of my house and never come back until you can claim you are worthy of me!"

* * *

So it was that six months later, Tom Dawson, Jr., ragged and hungry, drifted one day into a gym at Akron, Ohio. He, being capable of doing no other work well, his money being gone deemed it best to seek employment in the only profession he knew anything about. Not that he wanted to box. But he could do something to help men train.

Fortunately, Paddy Skelly, manager of Tom Dawson, Sr., was in the gym. When first he saw the youth he liked him. When the young fellow, with somewhat of a slouch, approached Gathway, owner of the gym, and inquired,

"Need a helper?" Skelly quite unconsciously answered, "Yes."

But it was only after much pleading that Gathway finally consented to give him a job, for he had plenty of helpers. What he wanted was a scrapper, but when he had asked, "Can you scrap," Tom had answered, "No, I don't want to."

Day by day Skelly watched the newcomer, who had given the name John Ferson. He admired the neat build of the youth, and the careful way he did his work. But he mourned that no amount of persuasion could induce the young Ferson to get into the ring. Skelly was, however, interested for more than fight reasons. Ferson looked like some one he had known. But who? He was quite sure that Ferson was not the boy's name; that the new helper was traveling incognito.

At last Skelly hit upon a novel plan. He felt that once he could get young Ferson into the ring he would be able to tell whether his surmises were correct. The day of a big bout he had urged Gathway to have all his men attend the bout, except one, and to have Ferson report for work. Everything worked finely. The boxer appeared; there was no one to spar with him. After a great deal of persuasion and an additional inducement of cash, Paddy managed to get Ferson to spar for two or three rounds. Paddy watched closely. Just after the opening of the second round, young Ferson shifted rapidly, and sent home a blow, that with truer aim would have been a knockout. That shift was peculiar; Skelly had seen only one man use it.

"Dawson," he muttered. "His son, I'll bet. But why should he come to this place ragged and hungry, when his father is fairly rich? Why, above all was he so averse to fighting? How to conquer that aversion?"

Paddy complimented the young fellow on his work.

"That was pretty good for a scared fish; you acted almost natural."

Ferson turned quickly upon him.

"Scared, did you say?"

"Sure, why else should you sneak here like this? Why take a fake name?"

Paddy was taking a long chance on this last question. But the surprise on Ferson's face reassured him. Seeing that long jumps and big guesses or hunches seemed to be in order, he continued,

"Why be yellow when your Dad was such a scrapper? I guess he threw you out because you were no good."

Ferson, his fists resting upon his hips, a cynical smile upon his lips, stepped squarely before the thin, weazened Paddy.

"And who is my Dad? And who is yellow? And why did he throw me out?"

Paddy swallowed once before he answered; was his answer going to be correct?

"Tom Dawson, and he kicked you out because you didn't have an ounce of guts."

"How did you know that?" quiveringly inquired the impas-

sioned youth. "Did he tell you? Told you I suppose why I left college, too?"

"No, he didn't. Anybody with half an eye could see you didn't have any guts, and that you're as yellow as they make 'em," returned Paddy sarcastically.

"I'll kill you," shouted Ferson as his fist flew from his hip.

"Hit an old mon, wi' 'ee?" Paddy shot back excitedly, as he danced beyond the blows. "Hae'na got the nairve, to streek a big mon, hae 'ee. Cur." answered Paddy, in his excitement dropping into his vernacular.

"Yes," shouted Ferson, "I'll hit any fool you got around here. Bring them on."

"Will 'ee, noo," queried the thoroughly happy Paddy. "Ye'll box 'Skeeder' Fenn tamarrae, will 'ee?"

"Yes, tomorrow, tonight, today, anytime," howled Dawson.

"I dinna believe it, but I'll gae ye th' chance tamarrae. Be here."

With that Paddy turned and walked out of the gym. Dawson started for home. Once at rest in his room, he sat down to think it out. "I know I can beat Fenn. I'm pretty well in training. But how am I going to get out after that? If I lay down and lose—. But that's what I've been doing all along and look what I get, 'coward' and 'cur.' I won't lay down. I'll beat him to a jelly."

Meanwhile, Paddy dashed madly to a long distance phone, and got "Pa" Dawson on the wire. He then inquired for the particulars, and learned that they were nearly the same as he had surmised. Then he related his story; which same nearly tickled the old fighter "pink." Paddy told the Old Dawson to be on hand if he wished to see some action the next day.

One half of the matter was settled. Now for the other half. Just now Fenn was quite a business proposition and it would never do to have him beaten; and he felt that Dawson could beat Fenn. "Now, if I could get this Tim Welsh to scrap. He's not in training now. Been waiting to box for some time, now. He's way too good for these second raters and some of the first for that matter. He'll sure murder Dawson, but maybe it'll get him started. I'll try."

Paddy wandered over to Tim's headquarters and inquired for him. Paddy opened the conversation.

"Wanta make some kale, easy, Tim?"

"Sure, got a bozo you want bumped off?"

"Yeh. I ran into a fresh college kid. Thinks he's good. Offered to box any guy I'd get. Bet me \$500. Its \$350 for you if you knock him out tomorrow at the North Side Gym."

"Trying to string me? Push me against a good scrapper and me only half trained. Is that your trick?"

"No, Tim. This guy ain't worth a bean. He can't hit and he's never trained. Never had a glove on except against this 'Wild' Fellips and he only got the better of him. What say to the \$350?"

"Nothin' doin' except we box here."

"All right. Anything to get this ham walloped. He's too fresh. Here's \$100 now; the rest tomorrow afternoon when this kid's listin' to the birds sing after the second. Easy money, eh?"

Only a few trainers, sparring partners and a few other gym loungers were there the next day, when the two boxers mixed. Gathway was referee. When the two men were introduced to one another as "Tim" Welsh and "Tom" Dawson, both straightened and look at the other. Then, their eyes blazed; Tim's because he believed that he had been tricked and because this was the son of his father's enemy; Tom's because he likewise believed that he had been tricked into meeting one of the most skillful boxers of the day, because he had but little training in the last six months, and because this boxer was the one object that seemed to torment him at all angles.

The gong sounded. The pair spent the first two rounds in feeling out each other; in testing each other; in estimating their merits and weaknesses. In the third, Tim, satisfied that he had a comfortable edge over his less experienced opponent, opened up with his characteristic attack; a driving, smashing style that eventually sent his opponent to the floor, a battered pulp. But he was not as effective as usual. Inaction and insufficient training had robbed him of his best skill. Dawson was equally at a loss. Every advantage he had by his better training was offset by his lack of experience. Tim easily led up till the sixth and there was little doubt that had his condition been perfect he would have won in those rounds. Dawson, tho' losing, was confident because of the number of rounds that he had stuck. He started to lead. That was all Welsh wanted. He stopped, retreated, side-stepped and waited coolly for the opening he knew would come. On the ring side, a big man waited, too; he nervously chewed his cigar; he did not note that an equally nervous man stood a few paces off; the big man first mentioned was in agony. He knew too well the object of that fake retreat Welsh was making. A similar one had lead him into a trap and defeat. The opening came. But Tim's aim was off; and tho Dawson went down he was up at the count of six. Tim took advantage of his condition and jumped to the attack. Dawson, with a natural instinct, guarded the vulnerable parts of his frame; but he could not prevent those terrible blows from reach-

ing his face. His eyes were swollen, one was cut; his lips were split; one of his ears was partly torn. He was nearly dead when the end of the round came.

Paddy and the big man who had come over, labored to bring him around; in whispered, agonized tones they pleaded and pleaded, "clinch, clinch." Tom dimly heard; they were so far away; somebody was saying something. What was it? Yes guard, guard; no that wasn't it. Clinch, clinch, that was it, hug him, hold him.

With this one thought dinning through his agonized brain he went out for the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth rounds. Each powerful blow that reached his frame reiterated that warning; hold him. It was good to place his arms on the back of those shoulders and rest. Only for a few seconds.

How many times he slipped down during those rounds he never knew. But he was always back, trying to clutch that terrible object before him. He must not let it hit; hold it; hold it. He began to wonder why the blows hurt less when they came. He did not realize, then, but he knew afterwards that those four furious rounds of offensive had sapped much of Tim's "under-weather" training.

Paddy Skelly and the older Dawson had realized it, and they told him, "Lead carefully, cautiously," and Tom, Sr., had said, "When the fifteenth or sixteenth comes, try to work that trick I taught you." Each round they repeated the advice. As his brain began to clear, now that Tim was less aggressive, Tom began to understand what they were saying.

Each round found Tim a bit more tired, a bit nearer Dawson's condition. In the fifteenth Tom decided it was time to take the long chance; he could not last much longer anyway. The same thought seemed to animate Tim for he opened up again. It was splendidly fierce. Like two animals they met. Blow followed blow. It looked like Welch's round for sure. He was hammering home some powerful drives and Tom appeared to be sinking under their force. He was shifting and retreating. Suddenly just as Tim started a rush, Tom shifted, rapidly his right fist shot upwards thru Tim's protecting arms, grazed his chest and clipped his chin. Almost at the same time Tim's feeble right caught Tom on the point of the chin; both men crashed to the floor. Gathway was counting. Tom was on one knee when the count was nine.

"10 and out."

"Son," cried the big man.

Academy Verse

TO ROSE MARY.

O cherub-babe how sweet you are,
 Star eyes how bright they glow—
 As if they were forget-me-nots,
 Half hidden in the snow.
 You are as pure as lily's breath
 As dew upon the flowers;
 I ween the cherub-angels smile
 Upon your slumbering hours.

I like to clasp you in my arms,
 O, babe so sweet and mild,
 Content to feel your fond caress
 Pure, guileless little child;
 To feel the crush of dainty lips
 Pressed tight against my cheek—
 And chubby arms about my neck
 Mean more than tongue can speak.

To feel the fluttering of your heart
 Against my throbbing breast,
 In such embrace of innocence
 I could forever rest;
 For angel child with fairy thoughts,
 With beauty of the rose—
 I love you as a gift from God
 He 'lone my true love knows.

J. A. W.

OBLATION

O may my good deeds every one,
 Dear Jesus, all be thine,
 And be the incense burning in
 This censer-heart of mine,
 As perfume clouds unto thy throne
 My every act will be,
 And may my life till eventide
 Be sacrificed for thee.

—J. A. W.

ONE OF THE GANG.

You may have been best in your own home town,
 And in football made a great name,
 At shooting baskets you might have been good,
 Or at baseball gained all your fame;
 You may have shone bright with the track team stars,
 When the gun went off with a bang—
 But listen old fellow, you've left all these—
 And now you're just one of the gang.

It matters not now, if you were a star,
 In football or in basketball too,
 It matters not whether you're not good enough now,
 At least you have tried and you're "through"
 But if you've got the right stuff, you're a sport,
 If you'll pardon a good line of slang—
 You've given your best and "believe me kid,"
 You're considered as one of the "gang."

And after you've spent all your jolly school days
 And you step into the arena of strife,
 Whether you give your heart to the service of God
 Or whether you marry a wife;
 If you give your "best," when the test is made,
 And for troubles you don't give a hang,
 You may rest assured that a winner you'll be—
 Because you are one of the "gang."

—Eugene McCarthy, Acad. '23.

TO MY PEN

You know the little old pen I loved so well,
 I broke it in splinters, just now, as I fell;
 I'm sorry I broke it, I sort o' cared,
 For it's written my doings and how I fared.

It recorded my life's work, day by day;
 It has written my actions at work and play,
 It has noted my sorrows as they each one passed,
 And my pleasures, that in my diary are massed.

—Joseph O'Laughlin, Acad. '25.

ACADEMY DAYS

Our days at Viator pass merrily by,
 As Eden-zephyrs from a starlit sky,
 Whilst soul-felt memories stir every soul,
 As we hurry along to the final goal.

The flight of our school days we happily view,
 Yet scarce realize that they are near through,
 And a wave of regret surges over each heart,
 For soon must we from our school pals depart.

Classmates and teachers and buildings of gray
 Away from you all, we must soon away;
 From scenes of contentment and stern anguish too
 We'll away but our love will e'er remain true.

So here's to the Academy, where e'er we may be,
 And here's to our school days—a sweet memory;
 May loving affection each memory enfold,
 And our loyalty ever be like the purest of gold.

—E. McNiel, Acad. '23.

TO MARGUERITE

Paul W. Meagher, Academy '23

As she walks so lightly by,
 In her airy, fairy way,
 Like a cloudlet in the sky
 On a sunny, honey day,
 In June, the power
 Of the flower
 Of her purity will steal,
 Into your heart and make it feel
 A nobler, truer hour.

The brightness of a smile
 From her merry, cherry lips,
 Will sure your heart beguile
 As she daintily, quaintly trips
 Along. And the music of her laughter
 Is like the echo after
 A skylark's rippling song,
 But the fire of her ire
 Is terrible and strong.

Yet, her tenderness of heart,
At sight of grief or pain,
Will cause a tear to start
From her dark eyes once again.
While with gentle mein, and fair,
In accents low and sweet,
She will help the sufferer bear
His cross and make it seem
As if a dream, in it's retreat,
Had left an angel—Marguerite.

* * *

ON RECEIPT OF A SPRIG OF SHAMROCK

Just a few sprigs of shamrock
From near the old home;
Though its verdure be faded,
Fond thoughts with it come.

Of scenes on the Boyne,
Where it rolls to the sea,
Where love was the purest
And the heart was so free.

Where friends were the truest,
Where each did the best,
To make home so happy—
It was real Heaven-blest.

May our hearts be refreshed
With sweet thoughts of the past
Although like the shamrock
Life's bloom may ne'er last.

—W. J. S.

GRANDMOTHERS

P. Clinnen, Academy '26

Grandmothers are very nice folks,
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row in the cellar;
And they're apt, if they know it in time,
To make chicken pie for a feller.

An' if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great rackety noise,
They only look over their specs,
And say, "Ah, those boys will be boys."

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns, very low,
To themselves, as they rock by the fire;
About heaven and when they shall go.

And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last;
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night,
Some boys more than others, I s'pose,
Such as I need a wonderful sight.

Geoffrey Chaucer

The Father of English Literature.

Ed. Putz, Acad. '23

Geoffrey Chaucer was the first great English poet. He was the son of John Chaucer, a London vintner, and was born in London about the year 1340, or possibly a few years earlier.

In 1357, he became page in the service of the Countess of Ulster, wife of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the son of Edward III. He served in the army of his King, who invaded France in 1359-60.

From the rank of page, he rose to that of valet. And from that to squire in the king's household.

During the years from 1366 to 1372, Chaucer began to write and on account of various intellectual influences which were brought to bear upon him, his life and works had been divided accordingly. His first poem may have been the A, B, C, a prayer translated from French to English at the request of the Duchess Blanche. Two later poems were written, one, the "Compleynte to Pity," in 1368 and the "Death of Blaunche the Duchesse," in 1369. These having been written under the influence of French poetry are classed under the name of Chaucer's first period.

The second division of Chaucer's poetic career is called the period of "Italian Influence."

During these years, he journeyed no less than seven times to Italy, and had occasion to read the tales of Boccaccio, who made Italian prose. In them he first learned how to tell a story. Henceforth he threw aside the romantic poetry of France and his chief work bears witness to the influence of Italy. It was "Troylus and Creside," 1382 translated, with many changes and additions, of the "Tilestrate" of Boccaccio.

Other poems of this period were the "Compleynt of Mars," "Anelida and Arcete," "Boece," "The Former Age," and the "Parlament of Foules," the "Hous of Fame," published in 1384. The passion with which Chaucer describes the ruined love of Troilus and Amelida, some have traced to his protracted sorrow of his early love affair, for his wife whom he loved dearly had died a few years after their marriage.

He was not only active in business life, but also in his literary career. His activities were not only carried on abroad,

but occupied a great deal of his time at home. In 1374 he was "Comptroller of Wool Customs," in 1382 of the "Betty Customs," and in 1386, "Member of Parliament for Kent."

The "Third Period," of Chaucer's poetic career from 1384 to 1390, may be called "Chaucer's English period," for he forsook Italian influence, as he had the French and became entirely English.

The comparative poverty in which he now lived, and the loss of his offices, for in John of Gaunt's absence court favor was withdrawn from him, hindered him greatly in pursuing his chosen literary work.

During the reign of Richard II, there were two parties, one led by John of Gaunt, and the other by the Duke of Gloucester. Chaucer belonged to the former and shared in its reverses. However when Henry Bollingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, gained the throne as Henry IV (399), Chaucer was placed in better circumstances, but did not live to enjoy his good fortune.

The last ten years of his life, may be called the "Period of His Decay," he wrote small poems, and along with the "Compleynte of Venus," a treatise on the "Astrolabe," three more "Canterbury Tales," the "Canon's-Yeoman's" "Manciples," and "Parson's." The last was written the year of his death, he having incessantly labored not only to produce good literature, but pressed by his duties in a public career, and at last won out by his toil, he died in a house under the shadow of the Abbey of Westminster.



Fagots from Bourbonnais Grove

THE VOYAGEUR

John Clarke, Acad. '23

There is much that is romantic found in the chronicle of our earliest national beginnings. The very age which saw the great Navigator present new continents to the world was the golden age when Knights were bold and adventuresome spirits were not few. Naturally the age of Discovery and Exploration which followed, was filled with adventure and romance, which, as we become farther and farther removed therefrom, seem to attract us more and more.

Bourbonnais Grove as our village was originally called, has likewise its romantic features and although tradition has left us but a few solitary facts concerning its earliest beginnings, nevertheless, the career of the French Voyageur after whom the "loveliest village" of the Illinois prairie is named, was a romantic one. Francois Bourbonnais, the first white man to come to this region of Illinois was a descendant of the earliest French Settlers who came to the shores of the New France when Louis the Magnificent ruled the Eldest daughter of the Church, and settled in or near Louisburg, now known as Montreal. His name itself is reminiscent of the old French province of Bourbonnais, the ancient patrimony of the Bourbons and from whom his forbears derived their name. It does not take much of a flight of the imagination, to conjure up the adventures of this first white man among the Indians, and those of us who have read Cooper's "Leather Stockings Tales" can well imagine Francois Bourbonnais taking active part in deeds of valor as well as in deeds of love. That he was a favorite with the chief is certain, for the historians tell us that he married the chieftain's daughter and for her love, he gave up 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. No record has been preserved which gives us further information concerning him, but

it is said that he lived to a venerable old age, living the life of a trapper among the Indians, and when he died he was buried with all the honors due an Indian Chief.

* * *

BOURBONNAIS

“Loveliest Village of the Plain”—Goldsmith

Jas. Berry, Academy '23

Passengers on the Illinois Central Railroad, no doubt have often wondered at the group of Educational buildings to the west of the main line on the outskirts of the city of Kankakee. There is nothing so very different from this prairie village and from other groups of education buildings dotting the country, but that which particularly differentiates this hamlet from all others is the fact that it is located in one of the earliest settlements in Illinois. Bourbonnais has often been called a bit of the Old World transplanted to the New. Here, after nearly a century, the inhabitants of this peaceful village still hold sacred the traditions which their forefathers knew and loved in France, when Chicago was still considered an armed post, and when the Middle West was the frontier of Civilization.

The earliest settlers of Bourbonnais came from the Province of Quebec, Canada, and blazed the trail through the wilderness, and have had no little part in making the fertile plains of the State, the grainary of the world. With all the fiery impetuosity of the French and imbued with the spirit of adventure, the early voyageurs taught the Indian the arts of civilization, and intermingled their Gallic blood with that of the Red man of the forest. Bands of settlers followed one another in rapid succession, and today, as then, Bourbonnais remains the center from which French influence radiates and is felt throughout the state. The annals of the settlement, besides containing the story of Bourbonnais, after whom it was named, abounds with such staunch names as La Vasseur, who tamed the savage, and made permanent the bond of friendship between the White and the Aborigines; and Legris, the sturdy pioneer who has given at least a score of descendants to the cloister and to the altar, and whose very name is a power in the business world today.

The Bourbonnais of the early days is fast succumbing to modern influence; it has all modern improvements. The old settlers who follow the roads of Romance are no more, yet withal from its earliest days to the present time the village has remained a quiet, retired place, a small center of Catholicity, un-

disturbed by the rush of industry which so often has changed a pioneer settlement into a commercial center over-night.

The mellifluous languages of the early 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.

The customs that were theirs are piously kept from generation to generation and the religious festivities remind one of the Ages of Faith. Especially among these feasts may be mentioned that of St. John, the Baptist, a national feast alike in Canada and in France; and, above all, the beautiful feast of Corpus Christi when the Eucharistic Christ descends from His altar throne and in the hands of the priest goes forth through the lanes of the Village to scatter His benedictions and blessings upon the faithful people. Annually a solemn novena is held in honor of St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, whilst special daily devotions are held in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and His Blessed Mother during the months of June and May.

Few of the landmarks remain, yet there are a few of the homes which have escaped the influence of modernity and with their thick stone, white-washed walls, girdered ceilings and deep set windows seem so out of place among the modern mansions and the ubiquitous bungalows.

During the World War the Village gave of its sons gladly and generously, for the cause of democracy and to revenge the land of their forefathers, for patriotism which is so strong and characteristic among the French has not decreased in the sons of France in Bourbonnais.

All American wars since that of 1812 have found her sons in the ranks of the defenders. The Church also has had her recruits, for of her young men and women, sixteen priests claim Bourbonnais as the place of their nativity, and fifty-two Nuns have dedicated their lives and talents to Jesus Christ in various religious congregations in America and abroad.

God indeed has blessed Bourbonnais and the one gilded steeple of its only church, proclaims to all the world that here is peace and plenty; and here as in France or in Grande Pre when the sweet toned Angelus peels forth its accents of praise to God, one feels the thrill of the Ancient Faith within him and realizes that he treads on sacred ground.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH

“The Temple of God, Majestic Stood, Beneath Its Sheltering Shade”—J. A. W.

John R. Conlin, Academy '23

The majestic old Church of the Divine Maternity, adjacent to the College Campus, reminds us of the world famed edifice at Stokes-Poges England, where Gray sought and found, that inspiration, which he later crystalized in his classic “The Elegy Written in the Country Church Yard.” Although “Old Maternity” has not the venerable age or international reputation of the immortalized English Shrine, it is no less dear to the hearts of the Bourbonnians.

The Parish of Bourbonnais is undoubtedly one of the oldest in the middle west and surely one of the oldest shrines of Catholicity in Illinois. Maternity has recently celebrated its Diamond Jubilee, yet long before Bourbonnais was erected into a parish in 1847, Missionary Priests frequently visited the French settlers, roundabout and ministered to their spritual wants. The first priest, who gladdened the hearts of the settlers, with the unction of his services, was Father Crevier, who was followed by many another saintly priest who came to keep aflame the spark of sturdy faith in the hearts of those who labored, to subdue the stubborn glebe and make of Illinois, a veritable garden. Among the saintly priests who came and went in successive years, we may mention L'Abbe Maurice, St. Pallaise, afterwards consecrated Bishop of the old Historic See of Vincennes, Ind.; L'Abbe DuPontavisee, who erected the first edifice out of logs, for public worship and placed it under the patronage of St. Leo; but perhaps most noteworthy of all, was Father Badin, the first priest, ordained in North America, who labored long and well to fulfill the injunction of Christ “Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel.” Indeed his parish was an empire in itself, for it embraced that territory which has since been divided into several of our States. His body lies in an honored grave beneath the altar in the Badin Chapel which is a log replica of the first church built in Indiana and which is erected on the Campus of Notre Dame University.

The church of St. Leo was destroyed by fire in 1847 and it was then that the foundation stones of the present structure were laid. The present church 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. A temple where succeeding generations have worshipped and received the various sacraments of the Faith and when the trials and cares of life were done their remains have been carried forth from its hallowed walls to their last and final resting place.

The edifice is of modified Romanesque style, which prevailed in the older Canadian Churches. The spacious galleries are unique in American ecclesiastical architecture and form a sort of balcony on the sides of the church facing the sanctuary. Formerly a large painting of The Divine Maternity graced the wall space over the main altar, but recently this has been replaced by oil paintings of the four Evangelists, and the structure renovated throughout, which gives added beauty and dignity to the venerable old church.

Other temples dedicated to the Almighty may outblaze the splendor of this majestic edifice yet none, I dare say, at least in America, bear more sacred and hallowed memories.

* * *

THE GRAVEYARD

“Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”—Gray.

J. Haley, Acad. '23

Thomas Gray, the great English poet, has immortalized the burial place of Stoke Poges in England, in his memorable “Elegy.” Strange indeed, is it that a poet should seek inspiration among the tombs of the dead; nevertheless there is no end of material for meditation to be had, in the last resting place of those, who had gone before and who silently await the resurrection morn. No where else, are we more forcibly reminded of the fact that “life is but a fleeting show” and that “the paths of glory lead but to the grave.” Nowhere else either, unless it be at the feet of the Eucharistic Christ, do we feel so intensely the over-powering presence of God. The ancient Saxons no doubt felt this meaning, and to express it, they called the places of sepulture “God’s Acre.” All nations in fact, realizing the sublimity of death, have held in highest regard and veneration, the places where their dead have been interred. In America,

as in Europe, the ancient custom was to bury the dead in close proximity to the Church, and hence Maternity Parish has its venerable church yard, for from the earliest days of the white settlers in Bourbonnais, the dead were interred in the very shadow of its venerable walls. Here indeed we may say with Gray—

“Beneath those rugged elms, the yew trees shade—
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

Here indeed are the venerated graves of those who made possible, in no small measure, the present splendid commonwealth of Illinois.

The inscription on the oldest stones, on account of the ravages of time and the elements, are no longer discernible, but those which can be deciphered, bear as early dates as 1830, and none later than 1885 at which time the cemetery was closed.

Here side by side old age and youth, the unlettered and the sage, the lowly husbandmen and the consecrated priest, the innocent babe, and trustful child, all alike mingled with the dust, for Death indeed has not been a distinguisher of persons—and has called them alike, indeed

“There is a reaper whose name is death,
And with his sickle keen,
He cuts the bearded grain at a breath
And the flowers that grow between.”

Unmindful of the busy world about them they peacefully sleep, awaiting the call to judgment—unknown and unnoticed—amid the hurry and bustle of modern life which passes, unheeding those who made it possible for the present generation to enjoy the plenteous gifts of which they have fallen heir.

“Daily the tides of life, go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest
and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are
busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased for
their labors
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs no longer are busy.”

Afar from their Arcadian homes, afar from their Canadian haunts—they rest “after life’s feverish task” is done—yet could they arise they would not be strangers, for the old Faith which was theirs, still lives, and the tongue which they knew is not dead, for they labored long and well, and their labors were not in vain.

THE COLLEGE

“Where once the welcoming wigwam stood
And Redmen roamed—knowledge
Now holds court.”—J. A. W.

Bert Menden, Acad. '24

Bourbonnais, the home of St. Viator College, is one of the oldest Catholic settlements in the state. The college erected upon a spacious campus of forty acres, owes its existence to the self-sacrificing zeal of Father Cote, who succeeded the unfortunate Father Chiniquy, who lapsed into heresy, and who at the time of his spiritual disorderance was pastor of Maternity parish. Realizing that spiritual ruin would be the ultimate result, the new pastor decided that it was imperative to establish schools in which the younger generation might be safeguarded from error and be able the more effectively to combat the moral leprosy that had taken hold upon the congregation.

In 1867 Father Cote resigned from his pastorate, in order that the Clerics of St. Viator might take charge not only of the parish but also for educational reasons. The result of their arduous toil is seen today in the splendid results of their labors.

St. Viator College was founded by the Rev. Pete E. Beaudoin and Brothers Martel and Bernard, all Viatorians. The generous Founders builded better than they realized and laid the foundations of an institution of Learning which was to exert a widespread influence in religious educational circles of America. From the small pioneer school house of over half a century ago, has evolved the magnificent group of Halls, which go to make up the College. In its infancy, in fact for the first six years, it was conducted as an Academy; when it received its Charter from the State legislature of Illinois, giving it the privilege of granting degrees in “Science, Art and Letters.”

In 1906, the greatest blow ever suffered by St. Viators, was the total destruction of all the buildings, with the exception of the Gymnasium, and what had taken years of ceaseless toil and care to erect, was destroyed in a few hours. Providence however came to the rescue, and through the loyalty of students and friends, the faculty was enabled to reconstruct the college along present lines. It was at this time that the late Andrew Carnegie donated the handsome sum of \$32,000 toward the building fund.

The buildings as they stand today are grouped about an extensive oval parkway of several acres opening to a street at

the north and south. Marsile Hall, built upon the former site of the La Vasseur homestead, which by the way was the first brick house constructed in Central Illinois, was erected by the Alumni of the College and was to have been the completion of the old college group but in reality became the beginning of the new, Roy Hall, named after the second president. is the student residence building on the opposite side of the oval, adjacent to the Bernard Gymnasium. St. Joseph Hall also facing west, was the first building erected for educational purposes in Bourbonnais, and for many decades was used by the Sisters of Notre Dame as their select school for girls.

In 1910 upon the erection of the present beautiful Academy of Notre Dame, the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, presented the building to the College and it was remodeled and repaired, and since, in its new location, has housed the Querbes Juvenates and the Infirmary. Among the latest improvements the College has erected a Natatorium, known as the Kelly Pool, which is in the near future to be covered by a building, and in all probability then be classified as one of the best in the country.

St. Viator in its continued growth of over a half a century, has graduated men who have become prominent in political and religious affairs and there is no department of Church or state which has not felt Viator Alumni influence. The Association of Old Students numbers some seven thousand members, who are from almost every state in the United States, and from many foreign countries. The College boasts a splendid faculty, holding degrees of various colleges and Universities, and of a representative team in the athletic world, as well as teams representing literary and forensic affairs. The courses of study are in conformity with the requirements of accredited schools, and are recognized by the State University of Illinois, and the Catholic University of America, and the American Association of Universities and Colleges.

The College of today is far different from the primitive school established by the zealous Viatorian pioneers, yet nevertheless, they built better than they knew, and the tiny mustard seed which they planted, today has developed into a sturdy tree, spreading its benign influence through the nation and the world. With such a blessed beginning, it is hoped that the sphere of influence of the college of St. Viator may increase and grow stronger, and that in some future day it may become one of the leading schools of America.

OUR PATRON SAINT VIATOR

Edward J. Maloy, Academy '23

Our Holy Mother the Church, in her solicitude for the spiritual welfare of her children, confers upon them, in the Sacrament of Baptism, the names of Saints who are to be the celestial guardians of her children through this mortal life. From time immemorial, it has also been the custom to appoint particular patron Saints as protectors of various institutions such as Churches, Hospitals, Orphanages, Educational Institutions as well as patrons of different societies and professions. It is not surprising then that Saint Viator of Lyons, France, the special patron of youth, was selected to be the patron of our institute of learning, which has for its object the training of Catholic Youth, of whom he is a worthy and suitable model.

Toward the closing years of the fourth century, a period of many saints, whose glory reflected on the Church, was born a youth, who for some time was unknown and unheard of but whose name in a few years to come would be heralded to all Christian lands. His name was Viator. He probably was born in the beautiful and lustrous city of Lyons about the year three hundred and seventy, of very religious and virtuous parents whose names are unknown. His name was very suitable to him for Viator in Latin means traveler. He with Saint Just, Bishop of Lyons, travelled over the sandy deserts of the "Thebaid." These two travellers were noted for their virtues and piety.

While quite young Viator was elevated to the rank of Lector (by Bishop Just), which is the second of the Minor Orders. The office of Lector was considered a very important one in this era of the Church and only those of unusual virtue were called to this office. As Lector it was Viator's duty to read the Holy Scripture before the preacher expounded them, and to chant the lessons in the Divine Office and bless bread and new fruits. He also taught Catechism and tradition tells us that he used to go through the winding streets of Lyons ringing a bell calling the little children to catechism.

Viator's remarkable virtues attracted the Holy Bishop Just, who chose Viator as his constant companion and assistant. Due to an unavoidable event in which a man was killed by an infuriated mob, whose death Bishop Just thought he could have averted, he decided to leave his diocese and privately go to the desert of Thebaid and lead a life of penance among the cenobites.

Viator, devoted to the Bishop, decided to proceed with him. They met at the city of Arles and then pursued their weary journey to the desert. During all these long days of danger, privations and tribulations Viator lived up to his name, and by his patience and self sacrifices was the support of the venerable St. Just. They hurried on to the desert where they could surrender themselves to prayer and penance.

Tradition tells us that whilst they were sailing across the Mediterranean Sea a fearful storm arose, which threatened to capsize the vessel, but at the solicitation of the crew, some of whom had been faithful to their God, St. Just and Viator knelt upon the deck and prayed for deliverance. Tradition further tells us that the storm ceased and that the entire crew repented of their sins and were reconciled to the love of Christ.

Arriving at Scete, one of the many monasteries of the Thebaid, Bishop Just concealed his identity and history, so that others might not know of the sacrifice he had made and devoted his remaining years to a penitential life. Viator was his perfect imitator and together they lived through out the remaining years of their earthly exile. Bishop Just lived only a few years after his arrival at the monastery and on his death bed prophesied that Viator would soon follow him to Heaven. A few days afterward Saint Viator's soul joined that of the Saintly Bishop. Having been inseparable in life it was befitting that the remains of these two saints should lie together in death, and they were brought back with great honor to the Church of Macabees in Lyons, which afterward took the name of the Church of Saint Just. The feast of Saint Viator is celebrated by the church on October the twenty-first.

As Viator was a teacher of the Holy doctrines and devoted to the service of the Holy Altar and prayer, he was chosen as patron and model of a small religious community by Father Querbes in the nineteenth century. Because he was a patron of youth, St. Viator was selected as the Heavenly protector of this institution by the Religious Sons of the Holy Founder of this order.

The Un-American Knighthood

"The Menace to Democracy."

J. Deiss, Academy '23

The Ku Klux Klan, otherwise known as "The Invisible Empire," "The White League," "The Knights of Camellia," or other names, was formed in the Southern states during the "Reconstruction Period." Its primary object was the prevention of the negroes from voting or holding office, by intimidation and force.

This movement was originally purely a political move based, more or less, on racial hatred and class discrimination. Until the abolition of slavery necessity compelled a rigid policing of the black population, either by official or volunteer guards and police. Anyone familiarly acquainted with the Southern states knows that the slaves being easily excited and fanatical were a danger to the white population. Several raids, massacres and other depredations committed by bands of negro fanatics, aided to heighten this feeling of racial hatred. So it became evident that the negro must learn his proper position in the social order, and must be educated to fill it properly.

The origin of the Ku Klux Klan or "The Invisible Empire" was in all probability a revival of the old slave police, at first it was merely sporadic, so as to counteract the organization of "Loyal Leagues" or "Lincoln Brotherhoods" founded among the negroes. However, afterwards the movement became epidemic, as the progress of Reconstruction by Congress began to take on a clear policy. The intelligent whites easily saw the futility of their attempt to block the negro suffrage law. They were disconsolate, for they realized that the new negro suffrage would prove to be a barrier to progress and development. They realized fully, the confusion and turmoil which would ensue, and being lovers of "the sunny South" they wished to do all in their power to prevent another great crisis from ensuing.

They knew from past experience that the North would block them if they used outward and visible force, so they had recourse to secret methods.

In many states, intense hatred against negroes prevailed, and the feeling of racial antipathy was confined not only to the lower classes, but also to the cultured aristocracy as well. As far as past records show, the first organized attempt to terrorize the black race occurred in 1867 (eighteen hundred and sixty-seven.) This took place in Tennessee under the regime of

Governor Brownlow. One must remember that the exact place of the origin of the Klan is shrouded in obscurity. It was probably at first a collection of association in different states originated without concert, for the prime and common motive of exterminating, or at least of checking the negro power of the South.

The lodge has many mystical names, and ceremonies, thus a local lodge is called a "den," its master "a Cyclops," and its various members "ghouls." The country is called "A Province," which is controlled by a "Grand Giant" and "Four Goblins." While their congressional district is "A domain controlled by a Grand Titan" and "six furies." A state is a "realm" governed by a "Grand Wizard" and "Ten Genii." Their watchword in ceremonies, ritual and initiation are equally mysterious and strange sounding, with numerous cabalistic phrases and devices. Their ritual, initiation and ceremonies are all performed in the strictest secrecy, so that all possibility of their movements being reported, will be reduced to a minimum. They keep no written ritual or rule book lest perchance some one might discover a copy which would be the source of Klan embarrassment.

Their dress, while officiating consists of a mask or hood with slits for eyes and a long mantle enveloping their body. The owner usually decorated his hood and mantle in a fantastic and grotesque manner and his steed was caparisoned in a similar manner. The sight must have been very picturesque and awe inspiring. It is not difficult to conceive the amount of terror and timidity struck into the hearts of the negroes by these grotesque riders, bearing fiery crosses and being themselves enveloped in phosphorescent light. They carried on their policy of intimidation and forceful persuasion, in the deep of night or the wee hours of the morning.

The people of the south could not have devised a more potent and efficacious method of attacking and terrorizing the negro for the black race is essentially a superstitious and emotional one, deprived of virile power by long centuries of slavery. At first the Klan numbered only the better gentlemen in its ranks, who joined principally for social, patriotic and political reasons, but soon the lawless and bigoted class began to slowly and insidiously creep in. The "Klan" made a practice of riding to some negro "shanty" in the dead of night, dragging the resident negro out into the woods, horse-whipping, "tar and feathering" and sometimes killing him. This rigorous method naturally terrorized the Negro into subjection. The Klan inflicted similar punishments upon the scalawag and carpet-baggers who came south to fleece the gullible negroes and improv-

erished southerners. These carpet-baggers were little better than political parasites and as such had no place in the south, and it did not require much persuasion by "Klan" methods to convince an unwelcome intruder, that the South was not an open field for his labors as he had first supposed.

By the year (1870) eighteen hundred and seventy the "Klan" had slipped into the hands of the violent and lawless, who used it for vile, personal and political reasons, so that it became but an aggregation of lawless men. The real virile southerners of the upper classes were as a whole law-abiding and God-fearing citizens who protested vigorously against this usurpation of power and the abuse of the "Klan." They did not wish their states to be terrorized by bands of marauders. Because of this reason many resigned and tried to prevent the further machinations of the "Klan."

The Ku Klux Klan became a means of satisfying personal jealousy and venting one's rage and revenge upon anyone towards whom one held animosity or regarded as a dangerous business or political rival. This state of affairs continued with the result that the Klan became a menace to all organized society. Their raids, outrages, and depredations became so noticeable, that the United States Government during the presidency of President Grant, felt forced to send troops to the south to suppress them. After government persecutions the organization gradually died out, but in 1900 was again resurrected.

Since 1900, however, the new Society, claiming to be the continuation of the Original Klan has been formed, and until the past four years was not considered other than any ordinary secret society. However, since the close of the Great War, the insidious purpose of the Klan has been made manifest, and its purpose is more detrimental to the government of the United States than were the influences of the Original Klan and as such it should be abolished.

When I say that the Ku Klux Klan should be abolished I mean the Ku Klux Klan, which has sprung up since this last World War. This Klan is in no way affiliated with the old Klan, as to its teachings, holdings and its actions are diametrically opposed and different. The present Ku Klux Klan or "Invisible Empire" is based upon the principles of socialism, religious fanaticism, racial antipathy and color discrimination, a policy which if allowed to be followed out will bring chaos and ruin to the United States.

The chief reasons why it should be abolished are as follows:

1. It disrupts National unity by the creation of factional hatreds, class distinctions, and racial antipathy beginning even in the public schools with children.

2. It joins Church and State through opposition to the election of any but "Protestants" to office, and it places many restraints upon the said "Protestants" in regard to their eligibility.
3. It destroys true Democracy and Government of the people and by the people by foisting on high the will of an "Imperial Wizard" whose very name and word suggests fanaticism, prejudice and tyranny. This "Wizard" forces upon the people, through political machinations an unprincipled, but undeniably well organized and efficient oath-bound number of tyrants, bigots, fanatics and political schemers.
4. It nullifies the basic principle upon which our country was built, that is, "The Constitution and the Bill of Rights," by denying men the God-given and inalienable rights as enumerated in the Declaration of Independence. It does this by denying all men equality before the law assuming, as it invariably does, the prerogatives of judge, jury and prosecutor; a power far beyond their just and lawful jurisdiction, a power which is always employed by tyrants and bigots. If we allow a minority of lawless and intolerant men to control our laws then indeed it would seem we need a new government, for the pristine Constitution of Washington and Jefferson would have been made just as valueless, as so many useless scraps of paper.

The "Klan" disrupts our unity, because its primary and diabolical purpose is to stir up fanaticism, bigotry and racial hatred. If we allow them to follow out this nefarious project, what kind of a pernicious and deleterious crop can we expect to reap? I claim that if un-checked, it will lead to the dismemberment of our national fibre. Shall we allow the undying sacrifices of Washington and Lincoln to make and preserve the Union be futile and to no avail? If we do we deserve to lose our identity as a Nation, and to be forcibly eradicated from the memories of all liberty-loving, God-fearing men.

A few years ago as an example of bigotry there was a move to abolish our Parochial schools and Sectarian Institutions. This blow aimed primarily at the Catholic Church, by the adherents of the intolerant "Smith-Towner Bill," proved to be a direct attack against the religious freedom of our country. It was a blow aimed alike at all organized religious societies; luckily for this country it never became a national law or our children would be forced to grow up atheists, and unbelievers. The few states in which Anti-Parochial School laws were enacted are already suffering from it, proving that it was detrimental to our

political and social liberty. In Alabama after the passage of this law the rate of murders, crimes and petty larcenies as well as the percentage of illiteracy was doubled. Think what an unspeakable outrage has been perpetrated upon us by these "Guardians of Liberty?"

The fact remains that the present Ku Klux Klan is advocating a law even more heinous and bigoted than the "Smith-Towner Bill." If we quietly wait for them to pass this hell-conceived law, then indeed, we are not liberty loving people, but rather spineless creatures. The words of Patrick Henry are very fitting: "Shall we supinely lie on our backs and listen to the beguiling music of the **tempter** until he transforms us into beasts." These men who have lost the love of justice so strong in our forefathers now deem it to be useless. One knows that whenever a society advocates the abolition of parochial and sectarian schools, the result will prove disastrous to those deprived of these essential prerequisites. A striking example is Mexico where all parochial schools were suppressed. What was the result? Ignorance, irreligion, and lawlessness flourished and grew to be a common sight. Does it not seem foolish that any society should try to claim to be (100%) Americans when they attempt to strike a fatal blow at the very foundations of Americanism.

Furthermore in addition to what has been said the Klan creates factional hatreds by their class and racial discriminations. This is what causes strifes, wars, and riots. The Declaration of Independence says, "We hold these truths to be **self-evident** that **all men** are created equal, and that they are endowed by the Creator with certain **inalienable rights** such as **Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.**" No one can find anything which says that racial or class distinctions are permissible.

In view of these facts, then, we deem it expedient that the United States Government should take every means, for its own preservation and for its safety, and to consider, as a menace, such a society as the Ku Klux Klan for any society which is diametrically opposed to the Constitution tends to destroy and disrupt our Government, and should be abolished as Un-American. Since the Infamous Ku Klux Klan by its pernicious and detestable atrocities does all these in a most heinous manner, the Government as a matter of self preservation, should at once stamp out this organization which is gnawing at the vitals of our democracy.

DANGER AHEAD

J. Delehanty, Acad. '26

"Great Heavens! Will no one help me?" These fearful words fell from my lips when I saw that terrible fate before me. I will always remember that seemingly inextricable predicament.

It all happened in a small town in South Carolina, where I was practicing surgery. The surrounding country had a very unfavorable reputation, as it was the rendezvous of marauders and lawless men who terrified the countryside. My practice embraced all this country, even the most inaccessible spots.

One sultry summer evening, I returned from a long trip in a neighboring swamp, where I had ministered to the sufferings of a poor woman, recovering from an attack of malaria fever. I assure you I had almost reached complete exhaustion, when I handed the reins of my good old mare, Bess, to my colored man of all work. Upon entering the house I hurried through supper and was preparing to retire, when suddenly I was interrupted by an unexpected knock.

Wondering who wished to see me at this unwelcome hour I hastily slipped on my bathrobe and went to the sitting room. There, before me stood little Tommie Chatsworth, trembling and almost in tears.

"Tommie," I said, "what is the matter?"

Certainly, I thought, it must be something strange and unusual that would bring the boy to me at such an hour. Recovering from his tears he managed to answer,

"Oh! Please come and save Mrs. Sears, she has become worse since you left."

Hurriedly seizing my satchel of instruments, I started for the stable, mounted my horse and set off on a gallop. I felt vaguely that some dread disaster was soon to be precipitated upon me. The darkness of the night and the evil reputation of the neighborhood greatly increased my fears. The Sears cabin was in the most desolate and forlorn spot imaginable, as it lay in the very heart of the Highland Swamps, a marsh fairly reeking with oppressive odors and stifling heat. As I made my way carefully along the path bordered by damp palmetto trees, the dank air, every hoot of the owl, sent shivers up and down my spinal column.

"It's a fine night to be out," I said to myself, "and that this call should be so late and take me such distance from home." Many times, as I carefully guided my Bess along that scary path, I thought of my wife's parting admonition, "Be careful,

Joe!" I wished myself back home, but Duty with a stern finger bade me go on. "What if she should die before I can reach her? Why risk going for nothing?" On the other hand if I turned back it will be nothing but cowardice and weakness." Such conflicting thoughts and emotions did not allay my apprehensions but rather augmented my fears and put my nerves more and more on edge.

As I guided my horse around a turn in the narrow marsh path, I suddenly looked ahead, and beheld a huge figure draped in white, many more white robed men surrounding me. I reined my horse to retreat, but ere I could wheel around, due to the difficulty of the path, one had seized the reins and brought me to a halt. Instantly I realized my peril; I was in the hands of the Ku Klux Klan, a body of marauders who feared neither God nor man. Immediately I was forcibly escorted before the leader, who gruffly said,

"At last, Delehanty, you are to pay for what you have done. Never more will you speak falsely against the Holy and Invisible Empire; for I, the Grand Kleagle, summon you to your doom. Ghouls, do your duty!"

Rough hands willingly seized me and bore me on. Suddenly they stopped before a little knoll, upon which I saw a flaming cross.

"My God!" I cried, "I am lost, no help can reach me now."

"Yes," the calm cruel voice of the Kleagle replied, "you will never see your home again for the vengeance of the Invisible Empire will soon descend upon you."

I shouted and prayed for help as I had never done before but my hollow voice only mocked me.

As we entered the grove, a cleared space of solid ground, the members grouped themselves around the hill. Then, too, I descried a cauldron bubbling and seething in the palmetto log fire. I knew it was tar. I was to be tarred and feathered. The Kleagle's cold, unemotional voice broke the tranquillity of the night air, as he commanded:

"Strip him and give him his bath!"

Immediately my clothes were roughly torn off and I stood shivering in the firelight.

"Now men," said the Kleagle, "do your work!" As they closed in upon me, I prayed desperately. Oh! for some miracle. Cruel hands were rudely grasping as I despairingly fought to stave off the punishment.

Suddenly the darkness of the night was splintered by a streak of light and a violent detonation. Stunned almost as much as my captors, I hesitated for a moment, but quickly recovering, I took to my heels, thanking God for this timely de-

liverance. A meteor had fallen nearby and just in time. I ran as I had never run before, fear lending fleetness to my limbs. I ran and ran, and it seemed as if I had escaped, when just behind me I heard a voice cry out,

“There he goes; get him; don’t let him escape.”

With renewed vigor I sprang onward and my fleet steps were carrying me farther and farther away from them. If only I did not lose my footing on the slimy path, I would soon be free. Again I heard the voice and I sped onward. I seemed to be gaining, when suddenly my footing gave way and I slipped down a steep embankment.

I awoke. It was only a dream, thank God!

* * *

THE RESUMPTION OF THE EXTENSION DRIVE

In starting the Extension Drive last spring the College announced the fact that several new buildings were needed. It was then hoped that the funds necessary for the erection and equipment of a Dormitory, a Science Hall, a Library, and a Natatorium would be subscribed within a year. Our expectations were not realized and we are forced to defer our building program. However sufficient funds for the completion of the Natatorium are in the bank and this part of the plans we hope to have accomplished before the opening of school in September. In the meantime we intend to continue the campaign for funds with St. Viator College as the center of operations, and the management entirely in the hands of the College authorities, and the Alumni Association. This decision, in keeping with the resolutions adopted at the last Annual Alumni Meeting after the financial report of the Drive was heard, was finally taken at a joint meeting of the College Council and the Alumni Officers in the President’s Room on February 11th. The Rev. L. M. O’Connor, President of the Alumni Association, opened the meeting and after recalling the urgent recommendations for the continuance of the Drive that were made at the last annual reunion, called for a discussion of the ways and means which should be followed to attain success. As a result of this discussion, the plan was formulated to conduct the Drive from the College; to have the complete management of it in the hands of the Resident Secretary of the Alumni Association, Rev. J. P. O’Mahoney, C. S. V.; to have the clerical work done by the clerical force in the College Treasurer’s office; to have reports

on the progress of the work made to the College Council, and the Officers of the Alumni Association monthly after May 1st, and to have a complete list of the subscribers ready for distribution to the Alumni at the next Home Coming, October 21st, 1923.

In the accomplishment of this task the Resident Secretary will receive with gratitude any assistance that may be offered to him by any of the Alumni or other friends of the College. It would help considerably if those who have been waiting until someone from the College called for their contribution would send it in by mail upon reading this announcement. Suggestions and offers of help for the organization of Viator Clubs in good objective points to facilitate the Extension work would be gratefully received. To be effective, such plans should be presented in writing to the Resident Secretary of the Alumni Association, St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Illinois.

The College building needs are urgent and with the help of God and our friends we are going to have the proposed buildings. Our private room building and other dormitories are now over-crowded. The College has closed the first semester of this year with a very encouraging profit and we feel confident that if we can center the efforts of our Alumni and other friends on this Extension Campaign, the normal growth of St. Viators is assured. The hour has struck for our College either to stand in the forefront of the educational world with the backing of a re-organized and united Alumni or, lacking that backing, to go on with a wounded heart, continuing in poverty to work so noble that it should command the wealth of the world. This is the issue, do not mistake it. Either the excellence of adequate resources or the stunted mediocrity of inadequate equipment, that is what confronts St. Viator College. The issue will be decided by the result of this drive. Success will speak for itself, failure can never be explained away. St. Viators friends are committed to raise half a million. You are advertised throughout the land to do that work. The eyes of multitudes are upon you and by your fruits they shall appraise you. The friends of St. Viators are numerous and generous and Viator cherishes their memory and blesses their name. It is an honor to be a friend of the old College. Those who love her will give their appreciation, their encouragement and if they have the means, their material support. They will build high the towers, strengthen the embattlements, and man the walls of that fortress, which already for half a century has borne, and with God's help and yours will for centuries more, bear the brunt of the battle against the forces of ignorance and sin and will continue to triumph through the power of the intellect and might of

the spirit—both invincible through the sword of the word of truth wielded in the sacred cause of humanity and humanity's God.

Workers for Viator, I salute you as sharers of Viator's glory. The scars of battle, through temporary repulse, may sear your very soul but victory cometh to him who refuseth to accept defeat in a noble cause. Alumni! St. Viators, with all its hopes, with all its fears, breathlessly awaits your verdict. Speak victory and the old College will live and flourish, mumble defeat and the old College will pine away and struggle on in useless avail until other men in other days shall succeed wherein we failed. Our reputation is at stake. Shall it be written Failure or Success. You have the answer. Give it by going "over the top" for Viator and God.

John P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V.
Resident Sec.-Treas. Alumni Association.





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The Spirit of Easter The keynote of the season of Easter is that of joy and hope. Perhaps no other feast in the calendar of our Holy Mother the Church, with the possible exception of Christmas, is celebrated with more beautiful and joyous ceremonies than is Easter. The Church then casts aside her penitential garb; relaxes the strict Lenten

laws of fast, abstinence and mortification; and dons her snow white vestments and performs her most beautiful ceremonies, symbolic of her joy at the emancipation wrought by her Redeemer; and bids her faithful children, purified from the effects of sin by the salutary penances of the Holy season of Lent, to rejoice with her in the realization of newborn hope and confidence.

And why should not this be the case? For at Easter, our thoughts go back on the wings of time to that glorious occasion of nearly twenty centuries ago, when Christ, our Leader and Savior, triumphed over the snares and machinations of the wicked one and his proletariets, and arose glorious and immortal from the darkness of the tomb, thus proving indisputably the truth of His saving doctrine and spreading throughout the world the light of truth and righteousness and assuring us, if we but heed His word and follow His example, of final triumph over our implacable enemies and the realization of our fondest desires.

We rightly rejoice, for Christ in the resurrection vindicates His Life and His doctrines, clothed His glorious body with the bright robes of immortality and, after a life of unparalleled suffering and hardship, assumed His proper place at the right hand of His appeased Almighty Father.

We rejoice also for ourselves, for we feel within our very being an inspiration to rise above the sordid sins and crimes that makes us unlike our risen Lord and to practice in greater intensity those virtues of which He has given us the supreme example. Furthermore, we rejoice for the Resurrection of Christ is a type and assurance of our own resurrection at the great judgment day, when we too will rise to the realization of an eternity of perfect bliss.

—E. J. W.

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God's Halos From time to time, during the last few months, the Catholic press has vibrated with notices concerning the approaching beatification of several Holy Servants of God. Among the names of those whose causes are to be examined, and who some day are to be proposed for beatification and canonization, we find men and women from various walks of life. Some have written their names boldly across the pages of history, whose careers have been wrapped up in some of the most monumental events of human activities; others not so internationally known, who have left no less an indelible mark upon the lives of many generations past and to come, because they have made life worth living by dispensing the sweet charity of Christ about them—some whose erudition has stirred the minds and hearts of men because it was attracted by motives

Christ-like, and made supernatural by the enlightenment of the Spirit of Truth, and yet other some who have walked the Path of Virtue "unknown and unsung" or who gained an imperishable crown of glory by laying down their lives for the cause of the Crucified, or who dwelt in the holy seclusion in the shelter of a cloistered Paradise. The list is not short and included many from various walks in life—Kings and Queens and Princes of the Church are listed with those who, in the active postulate in the world, have spread the good odor of Christ about them, as well as those who have perfumed the cloister with the sweetness of their virtues and who in paradise will be known only as "martyrs, confessors and holy virgins." The whole world anxiously awaits the moment when the sweet child of the Carmelite Cloister, the little Flower of Jesus, may be invoked as the Virgin Saint of Liseaux, who has indeed let fall a shower of roses redolent with the graces of love and peace. Those who read history, which has not been written with prejudice and hatred, but with the spirit of justice and truth, rejoice that, at last, the saddest personage of the reign of Elizabeth Tudor, the martyred Queen of Scots, is to be tried before a tribunal which will vindicate and glorify her much maligned character before the world. Nor are they less joyful in regard to the spiritual aggrandizement of the ill-fated King Louis XVI, who, rather as a martyr than as a traitor, was swept from the throne of France, on account of circumstances over which he had no control and which were foreseen by his royal ancestor who viewed the coming Revolution when he said, "After me the deluge." Scholars and theologians, but especially the members of the illustrious Society of Jesus, rejoice and are glad that the great Cardinal Bellarmine is soon to be raised to the Altar of that Church which he so valiantly defended with his pen, and finally the Social Workers of the world, with holy expectancy, await the sanctification of that renowned Apostle of Charity, full worthy to walk in the footsteps of St. Vincent De Paul—the humble Fredrick Ozanan. Already the cause of the Venerable Peter Eymard, the Apostle of the Blessed Sacrament is far advanced as is also that of many others to whom we are anxious to pay the just homage which is due them.

We are not unmindful of the fact that the cause of St. Joan of Arc as also that of St. Margaret Mary, the Apostle of the Sacred Heart, was protracted over the space of several centuries, and while we realize that with God and the things of God, "A day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as a day" yet we who believe in the Communion of Saints and the Holiness of the Church are filled with holy desire and fervently pray that the causes so nobly begun in favor of these erstwhile Saints may

by the grace of God be soon brought to a successful completion. Truly God is glorified in His Saints.

—J. A. W.

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The Academy Number .. The purpose of the Viatorian is to represent the entire student body; to furnish a medium for the expression of their views on various topics; to give credit to those who labor industriously and to give our readers the benefit of their efforts.

Due to the important position the Academy Department occupies in every activity at St. Viators, the Editors of the Viatorian deemed it but just that at least one edition of the college magazine should be devoted to the interest of the academy students. Considerably more than half of our students are enrolled in the Academy and hitherto have not been given an adequate opportunity to put their efforts before the public in the regular college paper and to get the estimation and criticism of their compeers and others in the Editorial World.

The Academy students have always shown a keen interest in the religious, social and academic activities of the college and their enthusiasm for the honor of their Alma Mater has equaled that of college men.

It is boys of the Academy who compose the Acolytical Society and thus aid in the solemnizing of the holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Many of them also are members of the choir and evince interest and delight in sacrificing their time and recreation to render the Divine Worship more solemn and pleasing. These are only instances of their true spirit of Religion, though many others of like nature might be mentioned.

The Academy students have not been backward in social activities. They have formed societies of various natures to add to the attractiveness of college life and to promote and stimulate interest among their members. They have also supported any social events undertaken by the other departments of the college and have gladly lent their assistance in making them a success.

Athletics too, have developed wonderfully among our High School men. This year, as in former years, they have put splendid teams in the field and have, indeed, made a creditable showing. They have played and defeated teams from larger institutions and have everywhere upheld the good reputation of St. Viator by their sportsmanlike gentlemanly conduct. Not only do the Academy students take interest in their own teams but they are enthusiastic rooters and boosters for the Varsity at all times and make the air ring with their cheers of appreciation.

But chiefly is the Academy forward in its literary work. There are goodly numbers of students in their ranks whose proficiency in the art of writing must be acknowledged and whose works are worthy of the careful perusal of enlightened readers. The edition of a number of the Viatorian devoted exclusively to the productions of the academy will serve to stimulate interest in their work and give them a greater inducement for further efforts.

They can then compare their work with that of other academy students and judge of their own ability and status. Furthermore, the appearance of their articles and stories will give a greater spirit of emulation to backward and indolent students, and will arouse their latent ambition and spur them on with the desire of improving their own work, that they too, may have works appear in print some time in the future. Thus some hitherto unknown and unrecognized budding genius, with great possibilities for the future, might be brought to light, who otherwise, for lack of appreciation and encouragement, might be satisfied merely with fulfilling his class requirements in a routine, half-hearted manner, and never exert his powers to their full extent and as a consequence remain in the ranks of the mediocre.

For these reasons we hope that this number of the Viatorian may accomplish much good among the students themselves and at the same time be of value and of interest to our readers, affording them an opportunity of judging the literary merit of the academy contributors. We look confidently forward to a successful issue and hope that our precedent in publishing the Academy Number may be honored in the years to come, until such time as conditions will permit the establishment of a magazine exclusively for the Academy.—E. J. W.

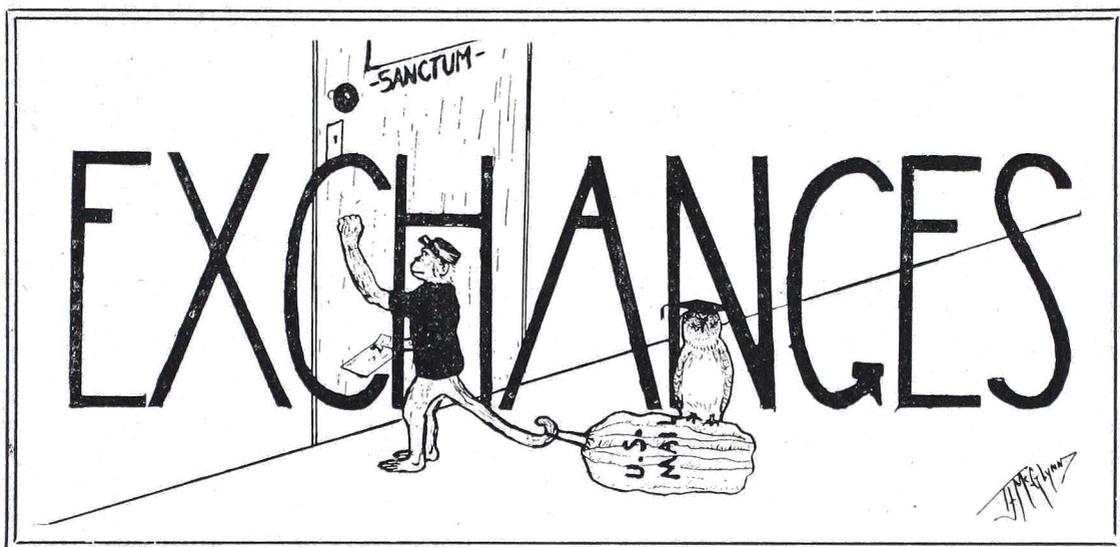
* * *

Coue and Coueism The recent visit of M. Coue to America created quite a sensation among many of our so-called enlightened people, who flocked to the renowned Frenchman hoping for a miraculous cure for some real or imaginary sickness. Many were disappointed, whilst others undoubtedly received no little benefit from following his instructions and repeating his formula "Every day in every way I am getting better and better." Hence M. Coue has been variously judged by his patients, as well as by interested onlookers. He has been boo-hoed and hooted as a faker and a fraud; he has on the other hand been hailed as a great modern wonder worker. As a matter of fact M. Coue is neither. His visit showed the gullibility of many and demonstrated their lack of scientific knowledge. He admitted he could not cure those afflicted with organic dis-

orders but only those who had imaginary ailments or whose real sickness was aggravated by the unhealthy state of their minds. He made use of a new formula to express an old truth, namely, that the mind affects the body and that when a person could be made to believe himself better, his physical condition would improve. His formula merely acted upon the mental state of his patient and made him cure himself of ills that existed more in imagination than in reality. It was but another application of the well known saying of Plato who advised to "Cure the mind before attempting to cure the body." This method of affecting cures was also made use of by the priests of ancient Egypt and is recommended by their Grecian philosophers as well as by others since their time, who have made a study of the relation of mind and body. Thus Socrates is said to have relieved cases of headache simply by convincing the complainant that his trouble was purely imaginary. Coueism has been taught for ages under such names as Therapeutics, Psychotherapy, and Suggestion. At the present time every recognized system of philosophy treats of Coueism, though hitherto it has not been so termed. Thus it is a form of Therapeutics, which makes use of the mind to influence the body in several ways, as explained by Doctor Jas. Walsh of New York: "first, for prevention of disease by keeping worry from lowering resistive vitality; second, for reaction against disease during progress by freeing the mind from solicitude and lapping latent energies; third, after the ailment retrogrades, to help convalescence through removal of discouragement during weakness by inspiring suggestion." M. Coue was acquainted with these facts and merely applied the knowledge of ages under the guise of a new invention, which he called Coueism. It at once became popular, as people are naturally prone to put trust in whatever is thought to be new, and, as frequently happens, many do not recognize that it is nothing more than a well known truth garbed in a new style. Many people in the same way took up the fad of Christian Science, which has some things in common with Coueism and suggestion. Christian Science however, differs from these latter, and its chief evil lies in the fact that it goes too far and as a consequence disregards both the teachings of Christianity and of science; for it contends that all sickness is imaginary and can be cured by suggestion. Such is not the case, for in organic sickness it is found to be ineffective as a positive cure. In cases of organic disorders we must christianize Coueism and consult a competent physician, and make use of the remedies he prescribes, and at the same time have faith in their virtue that their effectiveness may not be impaired by the adverse influence of morbid anxiety.

Our conclusion in view of the facts connected with Coueism must be that M. Coue has not contributed anything of great value to society; that his system was not original; and hence that it could easily have been dispensed with, without loss to society.

—E. J. W.



The task of the Ex-man, naturally, on account of the fact that this issue of the Viatorian is the "Academy Number," will concern itself with the literary efforts of our "little brothers." We cannot boast, that we receive a very large number of Academy and High School Exchanges, but we are proud to say, that those which it is our happy lot to receive, are representative of the various schools from which they come. The first College Prep. magazine to meet our critical eye, is the "Petite Seminaire" published by the clerical aspirants to the priesthood of the Archdiocese of Chicago, Ill., attendant at Quigley Preparatory Seminary. The Magazine speaks highly of the serious literary work which is being done at our neighboring institution, and the table of contents displayed an interesting array of titles, which are an index to the quality of training received by the future pastors of the Archdiocese. The last issue received contains a splendid article on the American Menace—"the K. K. K.'s." The article is well handled and clearly defines the origin and purpose of the "Clan" as well as an expose of its nefarious present day purpose. To our mind the essay on the great American Convert, "Orestes A. Brownson" is easily the premier article, and we regret that this fearless champion of truth and justice is not now being more studied and appreciated in American schools. The "New Fascisimo," "The Art of Engraving," "St. Mary's Church," are all interesting and make pleasurable reading. Since each issue is dedicated to the Bless-

ed Virgin Mary, we are rather anxious to receive the "May Number," which no doubt will contain much concerning the Mother of Our Saviour. We are of the opinion that more poetry and a few more stories would enhance the "La Petite Seminaire."

We wish to congratulate the staff of the "Sigma" of Spaulding Institute, Peoria, Illinois, for their splendid success in this their first year of magazine work. Each issue is veritably crammed with short, peppy, articles concerning science, history, and literature, and the departments each and all, bear testimony of the intense student interest manifested at Spaulding. Not only are the articles well written, but each department is splendidly handled. Congratulations.

From way down south in "Dixie" we welcome a "Texas Gentleman," "The St. Louis College Bulletin," edited by the students of the High School Department, and as is the case with Southern Gentlemen, it bears the mark of genteel breeding. The Bulletin is a monthly publication, in leaflet form—and if we have aught of criticism to render, it is, that the Bulletin is not more comprehensive in its scope. With the large high school enrollment of St. Louis College Academy working together, our southern neighbor should be able to put out a school paper which undoubtedly would rank with the best in the states. Come again, Bulletin.

The Sinsinawa, the little sister of The Young Eagle, already gives promise to excell her larger sister as one of the foremost literary magazines edited by young women. That this is not just a jumble of mere words is admirably shown in perusing the latest issue. A very praiseworthy essay on "Cordelia" is well worth reading as are the various stories contained in this issue; in fact the magazine is so well balanced in the selection of essays, stories, and poetry, and so cleverly are the departments taken care of, that once we had started reading we did not lay it down until we had gone from cover to cover. Welcome, "little sister," ever welcome.

Another ever welcome visitor to our sanctum is the St. Joseph Prep. Chronicle. The Chronicle easily ranks among the best of our Academy exchanges. It contains a fund of material of literary excellence and a pleasing variety: poetry, essays and stories. The editorial department is excellently conducted and the series of word pastels, under the caption "Gleamings" is a pleasant diversion.

The "School Spirit Number" of the Oriflamme of St. Cyril's College Academy is a splendid exposition of the real sturdy and "red-blooded" spirit that pervades that institution. Every school, I dare say, faces difficulties in keeping the student body

"pepped" up and such a number as this one we are sure will not only help to reanimate the few sluggards who may attend St. Cyril's, but will likewise be an inspiration to other editors who have no easier task to stimulate student interest. We congratulate the editors of St. Cyril's on their energetic stand. We are likewise pleased to learn that the student body is behind the "Student Mission Crusade." We wish the Oriflamme continued success.

Other Academy magazines that deserve mention are the "Triad" of St. Peter's High School, New Brunswick, N. J., well written, interesting and finely balanced; "The Look Ahead," St. Paul's High School, Norwalk, Ohio, comprehensive in its scope, literary in its makeup and pleasing in its variety of subject matter; and the "Clipper," Monmouth High School, above the average in its arrangement, original in the diversity of its departments and indicative of an energetic staff, loyal to the best traditions of its school; "The Cub," the periodical of the Detroit University High, full of news but lacking a literary department, seems to be more of a newspaper than a literary magazine.

Among the new exchanges which have reached our Sanctum since our last issue we are pleased to mention:

"The Wag," Routt College, Jacksonville, Illinois.

"The Record," St. Bede's College, Peru, Illinois.

"The Abbey Student," St. Benedict's College, Atkinson, Kansas.

"The Collegian," Crane College, Chicago, Illinois.

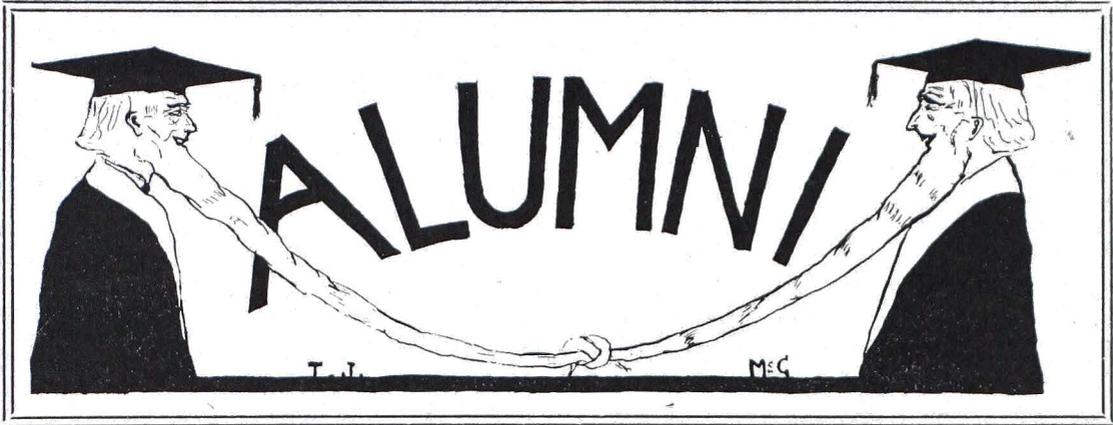
"The D'Youville Magazine," D'Youville College, Buffalo, New York.

"College Days," St. Benedict's College, St. Joseph, Minn.

"The Stylus," Boston College, Boston, Mass.

We have a large exchange list and find that there are many periodicals which we do not receive. We would ask those who receive The Viatorian, to extend to us the courtesy of placing our publication upon their list.

—J. A. W.



The new Church building for St. Theresa's parish, Alexis, Ill., was used for public worship the first time on Sunday Feb. 18th. The erection of this splendid edifice was made possible by the untiring zeal of Father Gordon ('12), the pastor. The construction of the church was commenced last summer, and was steadily pushed forward by the contractor, so that it will be ready for dedication sometime in April. The building is of buff brick with concrete trimmings, and stands on the main thoroughfare of Alexis, almost directly opposite the new city hall, and is easily one of the most prominent architectural features of the town.

The interior is most beautiful, the handsome memorial window casting a mellow light over the groined ceiling while the gold and pink shades of the finishing bring out in fine contrast the dark relief of the oak pews. The Church's greatest seating capacity is about 500.

The people of the parish are to be congratulated upon the most happy consummation of their efforts to provide a worthy edifice for the worship of God. Not a little of the success is due to the active zeal and strenuous efforts of the pastor, Father Gordon. He and all the citizens of Alexis are to be congratulated upon this very fine accession to the architectural beauties of the town.

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The Alumni and former students will be interested to learn of the entrance of Mr. "Cy" Campe '12 into the Real Estate and Insurance Business. The following announcement was recently received at the Viatorian Office.

We beg to announce that we have opened a general Real Estate Mortgage, Renting, and Insurance business, at 4555 Sheridan Road, at Wilson Avenue, Chicago under the name of Union Realty Co. We wish to assure that any business

personal attention and we respectfully solicit a share of your entrusted to our care will always receive our prompt and valued patronage.

Sincerely.

W. J. Boyd.

Cyrus F. Campe.

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The Championette, the bi-monthly news-paper of Campion College, Prairie Du Chien, Wisconsin, brings news to the effect that Mr. Leon Drolet H. S. '19, who is enrolled in the Department of Education at Campion, is at present completing his course by doing practical work in teaching. Leon is teaching Civics in the Third year of the Academy.

* * *

Welcome news frequently reaches us from our Medical Alumni. The latest information tells us that Dr. "Bill" Roache '18 is serving his internship at the Mulanphy Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., and that Dr. John Warren '16 is an Intern at the Pittsburg Hospital, Pittsburg, Pa.

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Among our mid-year graduates of the Academy enrolled at other institutions are John Johnson, in the School of Commerce of Loyola University, Chicago, and Joseph Benedetto in the Pre-Medical School of DePaul University, Chicago.

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We wish to congratulate our former student James Kane, '11-'13, on the recent outcome of the pugilistic bout of which he was the manager. "Jim" is the managed of "Tommie" Gibbons' who recently knocked out Jim Tracey, the heavy-weight champion of Austrailia.

* * *

Rev. John Guisti, assistant pastor of San Calisto Church Chicago, Ill., is recuperating after several months illness in Emergency Hospital, Kankakee, Ill. Fr. Cleary '11 pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Warsaw, Ill., is to be congratulated upon the completion of the reconstruction work, which has been carried for several months on the parish buildings. Tuesday evening, Feb. 10th, marked the opening of impressive services held in celebration of the re-dedication of the Church. On that evening the building was formally opened to the public, and a delightful musical program was presented, local and outside talent participating. At the close of the program Rev. Fr. F. Cleary, gave a short and appropriate talk, introducing Rev. James Dollard, of Canton, Ill., who delivered the address of the evening and, which touched largely upon the church and its work.

On Wednesday the formal rededictory services were held. At 9 a. m. Solemn High Mass was celebrated, opening with the blessing of the Church by Rev. William E. Cleary '06, of East Moline. The celebrant was Rev. Wm. Cleary assisted by Rev. F. A. Cleary. Very Rev. James Gillispie, of Keokuk, Iowa was deacon; Rev. J. M. Fitzgerald '11 was subdeacon and Rev. F. C. Tholen of Nauvoo, master of ceremonies. The sermon was delivered by Rev. W. J. Drummy, of Rantoul. The services were brought to a fitting close by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. In the evening at 7 o'clock a banquet was held at the K. C. hall, commemorating the rededication at which Rev. Joseph Mcamara presided as toast master. The principal address of the evening was made by Hon. James M. Graham, of Springfield, Ill.

Sacred Heart Church is now undoubtedly, one of the most beautiful churches in the locality. The exterior of the church has been given an entirely new appearance with a coat of white stucco and marble stone-dash. Especially beautiful and artistic are the interior decorations. A new roof has been added and surmounting all is a beautiful new copper cross, covered with gold leaf which has been placed on the tower. We extend our congratulations to Father Cleary and hope that every undertaking for the welfare of the parish will be successful as the one just finished.

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Mr. John Hefferman '18-'19 is at present employed by the musical department of the Lyon and Healy Co. of Chicago. John is now a director of one of the orchestras of the firm for which he works, and informs us that he may be able to arrange matters so that his troupe may play for one of the future college Terpsichorean events.

* * *

Mr. James Creighton, '15-'17 of Ivesdale, who decently suffered a severe siege of pneumonia is again slowly convalescing. It is the sure hope of his former college "pals" that he may soon be able to take up his professorial duties.

* * *

Mr. John Minogue, Varsity Pitcher of '18 paid us a visit on the seventh of March, and we received from him the good news that he is to twirl the horse-hide for the Buffalo Team of the International League. Good luck "Min".

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Rev. Thos. Navin C. M. '05 '06, who for several years, was a member of the faculty of De Paul University, Chicago, Illinois was recently appointed to the faculty of St. Mary's Seminary, Perrysville, Missouri.

Among the many old boys who took occasion to visit the school during the Basketball Season we may mention Mr. Lary Cahill '18-'20; "Smilin" Jim McGarrogghy '18-'20; Joe Reading '13-'18; and James Corbett '20-'22.

* * *

Rev. Dawson Byrne, the actor priest, who so often delighted College audiences, during his Seminary Course at St. Viator's has began an educational tour of the American Colleges. Recently entertained at St. Mary's South Bend with impersonations of famous characters from Dickens and Shakespeare. His character portrayals were realistic and unusual. Father Byrne, who is staying at the Paulist Mission House in Washington, was for many years on the English stage, before he studied for the Priesthood, and is one of the few real artists who can portray Shakespearian Roles. Father Byrne also takes the roles of Dickens' various characters. The Viatorians hope that Father Byrne will include St. Viator's in his itinerary.

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Word received from Leon Steponovic ex. Academy student informs us that "Tex" is enrolled at Jefferson College, Convent P. O., Louisiana, and although satisfied with the Southland College, tells us that he will always keep a warm spot in his heart for St. Viators. "Tex" was unable to get acclimated, and hence headed south to the more balmy climes, and as he says—"the college atmosphere at Viator was warm and congenial—but the winters quite different."

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Congratulations are extended to the following who were recently united in the Sacred Bonds of Matrimony. Mr. Leonard Smith, '14, Manteno and Miss Rosella Armonce, Kankakee; Mr. Leo O'Connor, '21, Irwin, Ill., and Miss Clara Berns, Chebance and to Mr. Nobel Kuehl, '22 and Miss Emmaline Schultz, Rock Island, Illinois.

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Leland Finski recently called at Alma Mater, and informs us that he is employed with the United States Tire Co. Detroit, Michigan.

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Mr. Thomas Brunnick '22 who was prominent in musical circles at St. Viators during his college course, was recently elected director of the orchestra of Kenrick Seminary, Webster Groves, St. Louis, Mo. The Seminary Orchestra of some thirty members made its initial appearance under its new director at a recital on Washington's birthday.

Among the recent Clerical changes affecting the alumni of St. Viators, we mention the following: Rev. Francis Shea '15 from the assistantship of Our Lady of the Lake to that of Our Lady of Lourdes, Chicago; Rev. E. Flynn '21, assistant at Earlville, Ill., to St. Patrick's, Danville, Ill; and Rev. Henry Hahn '06, from the Pastorate of Hoop Hole, Ill., to that of Earlville, Ill.

* * *

The following clipped from a recent issue of the Kankakee Daily Papers, will be of Special interest to members of the Alumni Association, not only because Judge Ruel is a prominent member of the Alumni Association but also because of the great decision handed down by him.

A pre-nuptial agreement, involving the religious training of any children resulting from the wedlock of parties of different religious faiths, is good even after both parents are dead, Judge H. F. Ruel has ruled in a circuit court hearing at Kankakee.

The pre-nuptial agreement affected the twin children of Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Sorensen. Under the agreement the children were to be raised Catholics. The mother, a Catholic, died at their birth. The father was electrocuted shortly afterward.

After the death of the father the maternal grandparents sought possession of the twins as did the paternal grandmother. The latter was an Episcopalian and the former Catholics.

In holding that the twins should be given into custody of the mother's parents, the court said: "For a court of justice to disregard such a sacred obligation would open the door to irreparable injustice and grave fraud. The death of the parents makes the agreement none less binding than if they were living. It makes no difference that the education provided for them was to be Roman Catholic. An agreement entered unto under like solemn circumstances to baptize the children and raise them in the Episcopalian faith, or Presbyterian or any other Protestant denomination would have the same binding force and effect."

The paternal grandparents will appeal the case to the Illinois Supreme Court and it will constitute the first Illinois test case on the sufficiency of a pre-nuptial agreement after the death of both parents.

* * *

Eldred Caron H. S. '21 is still presiding at 800 East Ave, Oak Park, Illinois, and is working as Pharmacist at the Auditorium Drug Co., Chicago, Illinois.

Ald Eddie Cahill is still doing his bit for Rand McNally's and Co. He begs to notify his old side kicks that he is now residing at 233 South Ashland Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

* * *

Mr. Stanley Zimmerman of the College department, Soph. ex '22, is employed by Samuel Hishberg Clothing Co. 422 Genesee Ave., Saginaw, Michigan. He informs us that he is making a great head way in his work, having recently been promoted to the office of private Secretary to the general manager.

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A recent communication from Sioux Falls, bears the good news that Very Rev. P. J. Monoyhan LLD, president of Columbus College has recently, been elected to the Monsignorial Dignity by Our Holy Father the Pope, Pious XI. The date for the conferring of the dignity has not as yet been appointed by the Rt. Rev. Bernard Mahoney D. D. Hence a fuller account of the Celebration will appear in our next issue. Father Monoyhan made part of his classical studies at St. Viators and will be the 8th of St. Viator's sons to wear the "Purple".

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Recently, another name, that of Mr. Paul Kursynski, '23, Co-Editor of the Viatorian has been added to the ever increasing list of Viator College men who are pursuing their Theological studies at Kenrick Seminary, Webster Groves, Mo. "Kurzy" who made his credit hours for graduation, during the first Semester, writes that he is right at home at Kenrick, and that in the congenial companionship of Frank Casey, Ed Sweeney, Tom Brunwick, Walt Ryan, and the five Viatorian Scholastics there, he finds no time for homesickness.

* * *

The following clipping taken from the Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times, gives expression of the splendid work in favor of Converts to Catholicity, which is being carried on by Rev. Andrew Burns '01, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Sterling, Illinois.

Convert Club in Illinois

Sterling Ill., Feb. 23—The Benson Club of this city, named for Robert Hugh Benson, the great convert, has more than 130 members, all converts to the Catholic Church, and members of

St. Mary's and the Sacred Heart parishes. The Rev. A. J. Burns, pastor of St. Mary's, baptized 39 adults during 1922, and at present is giving instructions to a large class. Members of the club sell Catholic literature at the church door every Sunday.

* * *

Recently Mr. Howard Dawn, H. S. '13 paid a visit to Alma Mater, and spent several hours as the guest of the Reverend President and other members of the College Faculty. Howard is in the employ of one of the large Stocks and Bonds Firms of the Windy City. We hope that Howard will so find time in the future to visit the Old School, more frequently.





Fourth Corridor Banquet This year, the Four-Hundreds inaugurated a novelty in Corridor social events by having a mid-year banquet. The affair was by far the most elaborate of similar functions held by the Fourth Corridor in recent years. The Hall was tastefully decorated in the National and School Colors. A menu had been prepared that was surprising to those who were not on the committee in charge, and the surprise was indeed a pleasant one. Father Williams honored the boys with his presence, and delighted them with his eloquence. He told of his experience as prefect of the Corridor in the "Good Old Days", and dwelt upon the improvements that have been instituted since this regime. Particularly interesting was his statement that when he was in charge, the enrollment of the Corridor did not greatly exceed one third the present roster of the Fourth. Brother Thomas Lynch filled the position of toastmaster admirably, and in his introduction of the embryo speakers made each one the object of his inimitable Irish wit. Two members of the Loyola Basketball team were the guests of the Boys at the affair. They were called upon to speak, and in the course of their remarks, gave glowing tribute to the Sportsmanship of the Viator Academy Team. They said that this was their most enjoyable trip of the year and hoped that they would meet Viator often in the future on the arena of athletic endeavor. Several members of the Corridor were called upon for speeches, and although unprepared, acquitted themselves admirably well. The feature of the event was the Prefect's speech in which he paid tribute to the gentlemanly conduct of the Corridor boys in general,

and the self-sacrificing spirit of the committee in particular. Bro. McEnroe's address brimmed over with humor, and he kept the assemblage in an uproar of laughter in expounding the trials of a Prefect. In the arrangement of the Banquet much credit is due to Mr. Eugene McFawn who is mainly instrumental in making the event so eminently successful.

* * *

Federation Meeting The President, Rev. T. J. Rice accompanied by Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. V. attended the annual meeting of the Federation of Illinois Colleges held February 19th, 20 and 21st, at Jacksonville, Ill.

There were over twenty institutions represented at the gathering. From among the many practical questions discussed might be singled out "The Quantitative and Qualitative" requirements for degrees; while Dr. Wittenberg, Assistant State Superintendent of Schools opened up a lively discussion on the "The State Requirement for High School Teachers."

* * *

Walsh Literary Society Initiation. On Saturday evening, February 17th the Walsh Literary Society held its first initiation in the Academic Gymnasium. Twenty-Two candidates of the High School Department were initiated into the Society. All of the old members took an active part in the ceremonies and the affair was a genuine success. After the ceremonies the new members were welcomed by the reverend Moderator, Father Brown, who also instructed them in the design of the Society. The Society new numbers fifty-one members and will admit another class of initiates in the near future.

The Walsh Boys are planning a fitting reception for their patron and benefactor, Dr. James J. Walsh, M. D., of Fordham University, New York City, who is soon to be their guest at the College.

In a recent communication to Father Brown, Dr. Walsh said in part:

I am glad to know the Walsh Society has been resurrected, for it is after resurrection that death ceases to be a menace.

I am sending you some little things of mine so that the Society may know that I am interested in it.

You may tell them that I am getting out a new book on "What Civilization Owes to Italy", and another on "Cures in Connection with Coue's Visit" and that I am named as Editor-in Chief of a work on Catholic Achievement in America, in five volumes, that is, I believe, to be out in March, and that there is a book or two more in sight.

The Delineator for February has an article of mine as have Columbia and the Catholic World. In the Delineator Billy Sunday, Rabbi Wise and myself are associated, so you see what company I travel in.

With all good wishes to the boys and to the Priests, and the hope that I will be with you sometime as I am expecting to be west in the Spring, Deo Volente, I am

Yours very sincerely,
Jas. J. Walsh.

* * *

Annual Retreat The Annual Retreat of the Student body, was held immediately after the mid-year examinations. The services this year were conducted by the Rev. Fulgens O. F. M. of Cincinnati, Ohio. That the retreat was a success is best evidenced by the fact of the increased daily communions during the Retreat, and especially the continuance of the praiseworthy custom that has perserved since. At the close of the retreat the students renewed their baptismal vows, and the Apostolic Benediction was given after the general communion service.

* * *

College Club Smoker On February 27th, The Faculty Dining Room was the scene of the first social event of the year for the College Club. A smoker, some rarely prepared sandwiches, as only "Walt" can prepare them, and a few surprises were promised the club by the committee in charge, if each member contributed a fifty cent piece. In view of the fact that the majority of the members had been observing Lent rigidly, no difficulties were had because nearly the entire College Club along with a few invited guests seated themselves for an evening of fun.

Mr. "Pat" Farrell presided and introduced Brother Glenn Powers, the originator of the College Club, as the first speaker of the evening. He outlined in brief the power and capabilities of the Club and strongly urged the members to "do things". Following Brother Powers talk the entire assemblage received a pleasant surprise in the form of new and unexpected form of entertainment.

President Farrell and Ray Marvel ably assisted by Vincent McCarthy, Leroy Winterhalter, Richard Standaert and Edmund O'Connor presented a spectacle which one might term a "near rough house." The mind as well as the heart of every listener was stirred as they heard the bursts of oratory from various members. Personalities and witty remarks drew forth anger and laughter.

President Farrel opened the program by stating in no uncertain terms and manner that the College Club was not functioning properly, chiefly because a certain individual and he named one in particular, Ray Marvel, had failed to assist him. Marvel took exception to Farrel's remarks and besides replying to that gentleman in no uncertain terms, spoke of the delinquency of the other members. Ere long the fun was on in earnest. It was observed that not all the orators of the school were confined to Father O'Mahoney's Public Speaking class. Among some distinguished orators we may enumerate off hand John Lyons, Bill Barrett, Gus Dundon, Tom Jordan, Augie Doyle, Mickey Donnelly, Koch and Vogel, not mentioning some faculty members and others who fought in vain for the floor. To climax the hectic proceedings of the evening Farrell and Marvel attempted to come to blows. Fortunately Fr. Bergan and Brother Powers intervened. When the smoke of oratory and battle had cleared away and the violent gentlemen restored to their proper places, "Spike" O'Conner carefully explained to the amazement and chagrin of the audience that Marvel and Farrell were the best of friends and to prove that they were each shook hands. It developed that the committee in charge believed this to be a more entertaining method for fun making than to hear fellows like McGinnis and Jordan sing. It had all been staged and practiced before.

The success of the meeting was unquestioned and several members will declare upon their honor that they can never forget it.

It was unanimous that immediately after Easter the Club should give a dance as well as a banquet so other enjoyable times are in store for the College Club members.

Father Rice, Maguire, and Bergan could only contribute short talks because of the lateness of the hour. Each praised the College Club highly, advised them concerning some important possibilities and each assured the members that the College Council has always been willing to listen to reasonable propositions and suggestions from the student body.

Thomas Jordan, of Pontiac, Ill., and a junior in college was elected to fill the vacancy of secretary caused by the withdrawal of Warren Nolan, Brother St. Amant told a few humorous incidents at the expense of the boys.

The session closed with prayer by Father Fitzpatrick.

Armory Dedication The Viatorian extends it's congratulations to the citizens of Kankakee on the erection and dedication of their new armory. The building is in keeping with the progressive spirit of Kankakee. The public were admitted to the spacious hall for the first time on February 12th 1923. The Dedication Excercises were under the auspices of the Kankakee Post of The American Legion.

Rev. W. J. Stephenson C. S. V. Chaplain, offered the dedicatory Prayer. The Rev. Father expressed the hope, that while the new building is called an Armory, it may be so only in name; that never again may war-like preparations disturb its peace, or deface its present beauty.

* * *

Legion Officials Visit The College On February 11th the state officials of the American Legion visited the College. Rev. W. J. Stephenson C. S. V. Chaplain of Post 85 American Legion, in the name of the faculty, and on behalf of the students graciously thanked the visitors for the honor, and for the pleasure, which their visit gave to the institution.

He assured our distinguished guests, that St. Viator College, stands today as it has stood, in conjunction with every Catholic College in the United States, for the developement of the highest type of American manhood.

Past Commander C. A. Macaulay was then introduced. He gave an inspiring address on the future possibilities for young Americans, who like the students of St. Viator were being taught and trained by men whose lives were consecrated to the services of God and humanity. The present State Commander familiarly known as "Daddy Shick" exhorted the students utilize every opportunity in preparing themselves for the great work before them, as future defenders of truth and justice.

Among the visitors were Roy F. Dusenbury, Commander of Kankakee Post; William J. Gerardo, Junior Vice Commander of Illinois; Harry C. Thompson, Past Commander of Kankakee; Walter C. Nourie, '10 Kankakee; Mrs. Coash; Mrs. Thompson; and Mrs. Mann of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Illinois American Legion.

* * *

Silver Jubilee The Faculty of St. Viator and the Viatorian join in heartily congratulating the Rev. M. J. McKenna, pastor of St. Mary, Queen of Heaven, Church Cicero, Ill., on the occassion of the Silver Jubilee Celebration. Father McKenna was born in Ireland, July 31, 1922. His early education was obtained in the National school of his Native land, after which he came to America pursuing his classical

course at Ottawa University, Ottawa, Canada, and completed his Philosophy, and his Theological courses at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada. The Jubilarian was ordained on March 5th 1898, in the Basilica of St. James the Major, by the Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi D. D. Arch-bishop of Montreal, for the Archdiocese of Chicago.

After serving for several years as curate in the parishes of St. Patrick, Rochelle, Illinois, and the Visitation in Chicago for several years, he was appointed to the pastorate of St. Attracta's Church by the late Most Rev. Arch-bishop James E. Quigley in 1913. Cicero has since been the scene of Father McKennas labors, for after spending seven fruitful years at St. Attractas, he was appointed pastor of St. Mary, Queen of Heaven in 1920.

The Jubilee ceremonies were held in the parish Church on Sunday, March 11, 1923. Besides the Jubilarian there were in the Sanctuary the Rt. Rev. John Hoban, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, representing the Arch-bishop; Very Rev. D. J. Dunne, D. D., Chancellor, representing the Arch-diocese; and the Very. Rev. Valentine Kohleck O. S. B., Abbot of St. Procopius Abbey, Lisle, Illinois, besides a large number of clerical friends of Father McKenna.

The Solemn Mass was sung by Rev. W. J. Bergin C. S. V. of St. Viator College, assisted by Rev. B. Czajkowski, pastor of St. Mary of Czestoshowa, as deacon and Rev. Mathew Kiley of St. Attracta's as Sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney C. S. V.

Father McKenna has always been a friend of St. Viators, and the Viatorians have assisted him in his clerical duties without intermission since his appointment as pastor, hence it is a great day of rejoicing, not only for the Reverend Father, but also for the Viatorian Congregation and Student body as well, who sincerely pray that the loving Master whom he has served so long and faithfully may further crown the Jubilarions splendid labors with continued success, and that he may be spared to serve the people of Cicero, who love and revere him on account of his zealous labors among them. Ad multos Annos.

* * *

St. Viator Joins Association of American Colleges

At the annual meeting of the Association of American Colleges, held in Chicago in January, St. Viator College was admitted to the Association. At the same time Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis. and Mt. St. Mary's College, North Plainfield, N. J., were also admitted. Previously there were approximately ten Catholic in-

stitutions in the 150 colleges of Liberal Arts and Science constituting the Association. The entrance of St. Viators is hailed with joy by her wellwishers, for it means that the struggle for recognition has been at least partially won, since the Association, which includes many of the largest and most progressive colleges and universities in the Country, recognize the degrees issued by others and are careful not to admit applicants they judge to be underserving of this honor. Many stringent conditions must be fulfilled to obtain admission, and the entrance of St. Viators makes another forward step in the educational world. Her admission is due to the fact that she has made many improvements in equipment, classwork, professors etc.

* * *

On the evening of February 21, faculty and student body were entertained by the most successful number of the Lyceum course, the presentation of "Cappy Ricks" staged by the Redpath Bureau. For two hours the large audience chuckled with the roaring though whimsical Cappy or rollicked with the irrepressible Cecil, redolent with the fragrance of the "Sweet Clover". Throughout the clever rendition of the Peter B. Kynes story two characters stand out prominently—Mr. Douglas Hope in the role of Cappy and Mr. Robert Bentley as Cecil Percles Bernard. Mr. Hope demonstrated clever study and masterful portrayal of the exceedingly difficult characterization of Cappy Ricks. Mr. Bentley showed himself a versatile comedian equally at home in the broadest buffonery and the more graceful comedy of his role. Mr. Charles Fleming as Mr. Shinner proved himself the veteran, a most pleasing personality, that he is. All in all it was a clever comedy, skillfully acted. Much praise is due to the cast and to the Director of the lecture course, Fr. Sheridan, for a delightful evening.

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In the past Father Sheridan has been instrumental in securing many noted lecturers who afforded the students education and entertainment combined, but on March the fourteenth, he out did his past efforts when he secured Sir Anthony Matre K. S. G. to deliver his famous lecture on "Father Damien." The subject of the lecture as was natural, proved most interesting and edifying and the speaker so handled it that he held his audience fascinated. The lecture was illustrated, and many interesting scenes of the Hawaiian Archipeligo were given, but especially the scenes of Molokai, the scenes of Damien's labors were shown.

Mr. Matre knows the most intimate details of Damien's life thoroughly and speaks with a warmth and fervency caught from the soul of the man about whom he speaks. He brings home the divine heroism and courage of Father Damien with simplicity and pathos. Mr. Matre is particularly devoted to this Modern Martyr, and it is with the hope that Rome may soon raise this confessor and Apostle to the honor of the Altar that he gives his splendid lecture. Let it be hoped that soon we may breathe forth from our lips and hearts the invocation "St. Damien Pray for us". After the lecture, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Legris, blessed those in attendance with the Cross of Father Damien which was sent to Mr. Matre, by the noble Brother Joseph Dutton who is gloriously carrying on the Christlike work of Father Damien.

* * *

Recent

Improvements

Our college chapel has been beautified by the addition of two attractive angel-holy water fonts. The college is grateful to the Rev. J. A. Williams for one of these pleasing statues and thanks Wm. Keigher for the other. Another altar has been set up in the chapel, and is a piece of skilled workmanship executed by Mr. F. Gerdisch, the College cabinet maker. The choir has been removed to the side of the chapel and is neatly fitted into the projection on the West side of the building. The confessionals have been conveniently grouped in the rear of the chapel. New lights have been hung, and the general appearance in our place of worship is immeasurably improved.

The corridor in Roy Hall are looking spick and span due to a fresh painting that were lately given them.

Fr. O'Mahoney's office has been rearranged and painted up newly. The new disposition of the grating and furniture has been increased the space and general commodiousness of the office.

Lockers have been installed in the dormitory, to the general satisfaction of every one concerned.

After Easter every class room will be repainted and suitable pictures will be hung on the walls, and also in the corridor of the Marsile Hall.

* * *

St. Patrick's Day Celebration

March the 18th was a gala day at St. Viator this year, as it marked the college celebration of the Feast of St. Patrick, with all the dignity and grandeur with which this feast was formerly celebrated. The ceremonies commenced with the celebration of Solemn Pontifical High Mass in the College

Chapel, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Legris D. D. pontificating, assisted by Rev. W. J. Bergin C. S. V. as Deacon, Rev. J. A. Williams as Sub-deacon and Bro. John Ryan C. S. V. as master of ceremonies.

The Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney delivered an eloquent and inspiring sermon on the occasion, and dwelt at length on the "Glories of Ireland and the Destiny of the Irish Race." The Choir under the direction of Rev. J. B. Bradac rendered Loesch's Mass in C. Especially pleasing were the solos by Mr. Charles Donnelly, Joseph Ambrosuis, J. Bertchold, John Duffy, Roger Drolet at the offertory. Mr. John Duffy sang Roseweigs, "Ave Maria."

In the afternoon the many guests present attended a production of Father Sheridans play "An Irish Rose", an Irish Drama in three parts, given by the Marlowe Players of St. Dominics Church, Chicago, Illinois of which Rev. Bernard D. Rogers, D. D. is the pastor.

This is the first time that "An Irish Rose" has been presented on the local stage by an amateur cast, and the production was very well executed and was a decided success in every way. The following is the cast of characters in the order of their appearance.

Barney O'Neil, the hired man	Thos. W. Flynn
Eileen O'Connor, the invalid.....	Mary Corbett
Robert Quinn, her lover	Fred Sheehan
Mrs. O'Connor, the widow.....	Bernice Kelly
Harold Livingston, a college chum.....	Thos. B. Flynn
Peg O'Connor, an Irish colleen.....	Madeline Donahue
Archibald Blackburn, who stutters.....	William Joyce
An Irish Rose, Barney's sweetheart.....	Margaret Green
Seumas O'Connor, the pride of Mrs. OConnor	John Maloney
Father O'Flynn, their pastor.....	Norman McFhee
Mr. I. Blackburn, a land agent.....	John Crane
Rory, Barne's understudy.....	Eugene Donahue
Kathleen, the singer of "Last Rose of Summer".....	Mrs. Ed LaRocque
.....	Mrs. Ed LaRocque
Irish Bobbies	} Thos. McKenna
	} Fred Dunden

Place—Ireland. Time—The Present.

Act 1.—Late afternoon, in front of the O'Connor home. (The curtain will drop during Act 1 to denote a lapse of 2½ hours).

Act II.—One week later. The interior of the O'Connor home.

Act III.—One week later. The lawn of Father O'Flynn's Rectory.

Stage Manager—Francis Barton, Assistant Stage Manager—John Sullivan, Electrician—Wm. Kelly, Property Man—Joseph Deiss.

Play Copyrighted—All Rights Reserved.

The Marlowe players are to be congratulated upon their splendid rendition of the various parts.

The Marlowe Players very generously accepted the Invitation of Rev. Father Sheridan to present the play at St. Viators and he as well as the faculty wish to express their heartiest congratulations, and their sincerest thanks for their generosity in coming to Bourbonnais, thus helping to make the St. Patricks Day celebration one long to be remembered in the Annuals of the College. The festivities of the day were closed, by Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

The Calvert Association of which Mr. Michael Williams is the Chairman, has sent notice to all Catholic Colleges and High Schools asking them part in a competition for a name which their new weekly Review is to bear.

St. Viator has entered the competition and many of the students are trying to pick an appropriate title for the new weekly. Each student is to accompany his choice with an essay of one hundred and fifty words giving the reasons for his selection. The kind of review desiderated is thus happily hit off by Hilaire Belloc.

“What we need, if it can be done, is an organ which shall discuss all the big questions of the day with the strength, Lucidity, certitude and intellectual superiority of the Catholic views in the most general and extended fashion.”

* * *

A feature which added increased good will and joy to the Viator victory over the powerful Valparaiso University five at Valpo. on Feb. 26, was the reception and dinner given in honor of our basketeers by Mr. and Mrs. Kelly parents of Mr. Thomas Kelly of the Academy Department. The Varsity players and coach wish to express their sincerest thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Kelly for the royal treatment they accorded them.

* * *

During the skating season, Mel Kernan, Frank Haggerty, John Bowe and Ralph Pendleton broke the local record by skating to Clifton, Ill. The route followed was up the Kanka-

kee River to the Iroquois, thence to Clifton. The boys surprised the parents of Ralph Pendleton, by whom they were entertained till evening when they returned to Kankakee via the I. C. R. R.

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We are pleased to chronicle the fact that Rev. Jas. A. Williams, who was a patient at the Emergency Hospital, Kankakee, for several weeks during February, has returned and resumed his various classes.

* * *

Word recently received from Warren Nolan informs us that he, together with Frank Lawler, John M. O'Connor and William Conway are at present registered in the Department of Law at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. Warren, during his spare hours, is employed in the offices of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. We expect big things from these new aspirants to the legal toga and wish them every success in their present work. These young men are all ex-freshmen of St. Viator of this year.

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On March 4th, Rev. P. E. Brown, C. S. V. of the Viatorian Missionary Band, concluded a most successful two week mission at St. Josephs Church, Bradley, Illinois.

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On the evening of February 28, Rev. W. A. Frawley, Pastor of Holy Cross Church, Champaign, Illinois, donated a fine set of Zanzibar Ivory Billiard Balls to the College Athletic association. Immediately before the presentation Father Frawley gave a wonderful exhibition of 14-2 Balk Line Billiards in defeating Raymond P. Marvel and Leroy Winterhalter of the College department each in a hundred point match. The Director of Athletics, Rev. E. M. Kelly, and the student body as well wish to express their sincerest thanks to the donor.

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We sincerely pray that Brother William Cracknell, Registrar, and Rev. P. E. O'Leary of St. Viator Normal Institution, who are at present seriously ill, will soon be able to return to their duties.

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Rev. John B. Bradac, formerly assistant at Guardian Angels Church of the Kansas City Diocese has been recently added to the Academy Faculty at St. Viator. Father Bradac, is no stranger at St. Viators, as he made his Academy course here, and was for several years a member of the College Faculty at Columbus College, Chamberlain, So. Dakota.

During the early Lenten Season Rev. J. D. Kirly C. S. V. former President of the College and now pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Emmet, So. Dakota assisted by Rev. A. F. Amirault, pastor of St. Teresa's Church Beresford S. D., preached a very successful two weeks mission in the Church of St. Peter, Jefferson S. D. of which the Rev. Charles Robinson, is pastor.

* * *

Recently, the Rev. James A. Williams, who is a convert to the Faith, had the pleasure of entertaining at the College, his only Catholic relatives Mrs. J. Laux, and daughter, of Have-lack, Nebraska, also converts, Mrs. Laux was returning from Springfield, Kentucky where she had attended the solemn Ceremonies of Investiture and Reception respectively of her two daughters, Sister M. Athenasia and Sister M. Edith at St. Catherines Dominican Convent.

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On the Eve of St. Patrick's Day, the Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney C. S. V. delivered a lecture on "Ireland the Land of Destiny" at the Celebration held by the parish of St. Attracts, Cicero, Illinois under the direction of the able pastor Rev. J. M. Kiley.

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Rev. Peter Dufault '99-'01 held special services comemorative of Ireland's Apostle at St. James Church, Irwin, Ill., on March 17. Rev. J. W. R. Maguire C. S. V. assisted the Rev. Pastor as deacon at the Solemn High Mass and also preached an eloquent panageric on St. Patrick. Mr. Patrick J. Creel of the College faculty acted as sub-deacon.

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During the Holy Season of Lent, Rev. W. J. R. Maguire C. S. V. gave a series of Lenten Lectures at the Church of St. Bernard, Chicago, Ill; the Rev. W. J. Bergin C. S. V. at St. Mels Church, Chicago, Ill., and Rev. Richard J. French at St. Joseph Church, Manteno, Ill. Special Services were also held on Wednesdays and Thursdays of Lent at St. Josephs Church, at Bradley Illinois, the various priests from the College being in charge.

* * *

"Remember them that are in bands."

It will grieve those who were at college with him to read of the death of Bartholmew C. McGann '10 who died in Kansas City, Mo. after an operation for appendicitis. Those who recall Bartholmew's fine qualities as a student and college companion will surely not forget to pray for the repose of his soul.

Only six days after his death, his beloved Mother was

also called by the Angel of death. It is the prayerful wish of the Viatorian that Mother and son are reunited, never to be separated again.

James Somers, Academy student recently suffered the loss of his affectionate father. The faculty and student body tender to James the sympathy of their prayers in his bereavement.

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To Senior Richey, of the Academy department the condolence of the college is extended in his grief over the death of his fond Mother.

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The news of the death of Mrs. Irish, Mother of Father Irish '07 was heard with greatest sorrow by his many friends at the college. That God may grant her eternal rest is their prayerful wish.

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Mrs. Fred Potthast, father of Fred Potthast '06, recently passed away in Chicago, Illinois. The kindest expressions of sympathy go out to our former student in his hour of sorrow.

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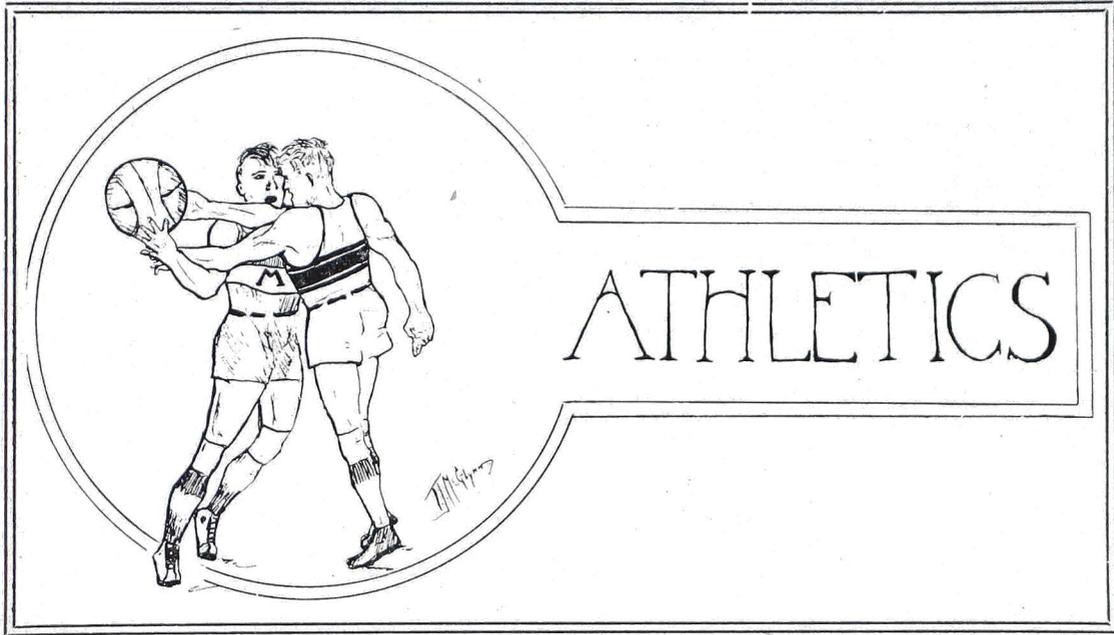
Alex Guerin '08 has lately sustained the double sorrow of losing his father and grandfather both of whom passed away at Sioux City Iowa. To Alex, we assure the kind remembrance of our prayers for the eternal rest of his father and grandfather.

* * *

Mrs. Jos. Godin for many years a resident of Bourbonnais went to her eternal reward recently. To her brother Fr. Z. Berard of St. Anne, Ill., and to Fr. Berard Mombteau the college wishes to tender its heartfelt sympathy.

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The faculty and student body through the Viatorian sympathises deeply with Leonard Gannon of the High School in the sorrow he suffered over the demise of his beloved Mother. Assurance of their best prayers is hereby extended to him.



SEASON'S SCORES

St. Viator	34	Chicago Tech	11
St. Viator	15	Western State Normal ...	17
St. Viator	13	State Normal	15
St. Viator	19	Millikin University	18
St. Viator	18	Eastern Ill. Normal	14
St. Viator	13	Eastern Ill. Normal	12
St. Viator	19	Wabash College	34
St. Viator	33	Columbia College	19
St. Viator	20	Millikin University	21
St. Viator	36	Valparaiso University	22
St. Viator	32	Arkansas Aggies	12
St. Viator	21	State Normal University .	17
St. Viator	45	Illinois University	11
St. Viator	15	Marquette University	18
St. Viator	9	Beloit College	18
St. Viator	27	University of Detroit	30
St. Viator	22	Western State Normal ..	24
St. Viator	29	Valparaiso University	21
St. Viator	17	Ill. Wesleyan University .	30
St. Viator	23	Bradley Poly	31
St. Viator	37	Eureka College	31
Totals	497		426

ST. VIATOR, 19; WABASH, 34.

Wednesday January 31st. Coach Bushell's five lost a hard fought battle to the Wabash Five, 34-19. Coach Vaughan's Hoosier aggregation demonstrated wherein they earned the sobriquet "The Wonder Five" and treated the students and fans to some of the classiest basketball ever seen on the home floor. Captain Lyons kept his team in the fight in the early stages of the game with three baskets, the count standing eight all, with ten minutes of the first half to go. "Cat" Adams, star forward for the Hoosiers and "Shanghai" Chadwick the lengthy center began to hit the hoop and when the first gun sounded the National Champs had rung up a 20-8 lead. Bush's crew managed to annex eleven more points in the next period against Wabash's fourteen. "Bill" Barrett came through with two markers this period, Clancy and Winnie adding one each. Captain Lyons starred on the offensive until forced out with an injury early in the second half, while the guarding of Barrett and John Winterhalter under such an attack as the Hoosiers presented was more than commendable. "Snake" Goldsberry, Wabash guard, held the Viator forwards to long tries and played a wonderful floor game for the Wabash five.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Wabash	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	1	0	2	2	La Forge	RF	2	0	4	2
Lyons	LF	3	0	6	4	Thompson	RF	3	0	6	1
McGinnis	LF	0	0	0	0	Adams	LF	4	0	8	1
Donnelly	C	0	2	2	0	Englehart	LF	1	0	2	0
Clancy	C	1	3	5	0	Chadwick	C	3	0	6	3
J. Winterhltr	RG	0	0	0	1	Thorn	C	0	0	0	0
Barrett	LG	2	0	4	2	Goldsberry	RF	0	8	8	1
		—	—	—	—	Grater	LG	0	0	0	1
Totals		7	5	19	9	Sims	LG	0	0	0	1
						Totals		13	8	34	10

Referee—Millard (Ill. Wesleyan).

Umpire—Ray (Illinois).



ST. VIATOR, 33; COLUMBIA, 19.

Friday February 2nd the gang avenged themselves for last year's defeat at the hands of Columbia, trouncing Eddie Anderson's Hawkeye five, 33-19, in easy fashion. "Ding" Winterhalter and "Mick" Donnelly set a terrific pace early in the game, piling up a 14-2 lead the first eight minutes of play. Coach Bushell used nearly his entire squad, the Dubuque five

being no match for the well-drilled Viator outfit. The close guarding of Barrett, John Winterhalter, Bowe and MacLain held the Columbia forwards to long scattered shots, which totaled only six field goals, the remainder of their points coming via the foul route. The second half was a repetition of the initial period, Columbia chalking up but one field goal the first thirteen minutes, Viator holding an easy 29-15 lead. "Highpockets" McGrath broke into the scoring column with two field goals in rapid succession. "Ding" Winterhalter, with seven baskets, starred for the home crew, closely seconded by Donnelly, who nicked three and sank 6 free throws without a miss.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Columbia	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	7	0	14	0	Kopel	RF	1	0	2	1
Doyle	RF	0	0	0	0	White	RF	2	0	4	1
McGinnis	RF	0	0	0	0	Conway	LF	1	0	2	0
Lyons	LF	1	0	2	1	Bowes	LF	1	0	2	0
Neville	LF	0	0	0	1	Henry	LF	0	0	0	1
Donnelly	C	3	6	12	1	Cashen	C	0	7	7	0
Clancy	C	0	1	1	0	Blake	RG	0	0	0	2
McGrath	C	2	0	4	0	Fisher	LG	1	0	2	4
J. Winterhltr	RG	0	0	0	0			—	—	—	—
Bowe	RG	0	0	0	0	Totals		6	7	19	9
Barrett	LG	0	0	0	3						
MacLain	LF	0	0	0	2						

Referee—Ray (Illinois).



ST. VIATOR, 20; MILLIKIN, 21.

The following night the gang received a set-back at the hands of Coach Wann's Millikin five which upset all dope and shoved us down a notch in the Conference percentage sheet. Walley started the scoring for Millikin, sinking two in succession and Bowman added another bringing the count 6-0, before our boys got started. "Ding" Winterhalter played a wonderful floor game, but was decidedly off on basket tries, caging but one the entire performance, a neat shot in the second half. Captain Lyons sank the only two field goals for Viator in the first half, "Mickie's" two free throws netting us six points against eleven for the Decatur tribe at half time. The gang came back strong the second half, a basket each by Lyons, Winterhalter and Barrett, four fouls, and a basket by "Dizz" Clancy and a long one by "Jawn" Winterhalter, giving us a 20-17 lead over the Millikins with two minutes to play. To Captain Curl belongs the credit for Millikins unexpected win.

Twice the speedy little forward grabbed the ball and dribbled the length of the court for two shots, just before the gun sounded and pulled the game out of the fire. Lyons and Clancy starred on the offense while the guarding of Barrett and John Winterhalter was of its usual high calibre.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Millikin	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
Lyons	RF	3	0	6	2	Curl	RF	3	0	6	2
L. Winterhltr	LF	1	0	2	1	Bowman	LF	1	0	2	1
Donnelly	C	0	2	2	0	Millikin	LF	0	0	0	1
Clancy	C	1	4	6	1	Walley	C	4	1	9	2
Barrett	RG	1	0	2	4	Arrington	RG	0	4	4	3
J. Winterhltr	LG	1	0	2	0	Forsyth	LG	0	0	0	0
MacLain	LG	0	0	0	0			—	—	—	—
		—	—	—	—	Totals		8	5	21	9
Totals		7	6	20	8						
Referee	—Ray (Illinois)					Umpire	—Goggin (AOA).				



ST. VIATOR, 36; VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY, 22.

Monday, February 5, Valparaiso University, was beaten 36 to 22 by Coach Bushell's quintet. "Ding" Winterhalter with 6 field goals and Captain Lyons with 4 were the "aces" for Viator; while the brunt of the defensive work well taken care of by Barrett and J. Winterhalter. The speedy passing game of Coach Bushell's five completely bewildered the visitors and allowed Lyons and Leroy Winterhalter numerous short shots. On the defense the Viator flippers performed with brilliance breaking up the Valpo four man attack so effectively that the Hoosiers were forced to resort to mid-court shots.

The first fourteen minutes of the second half Captain Lyons and his men hit a pace that resulted in sixteen points while the Valpo team came through for a free throw. Coach Bushell then trotted out his reserve strength. The second team performed excellently allowing the Valparaiso team only 2 field goals. Captain Harris and Anderson showed best for the visitors. The former sinking 4 field goals while Anderson connected with 3 from the field and 6 from the free throw line.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Valparaiso Univ.	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	6	0	12	0						
Doyle	RF	0	0	0	0	Harriss	RF	4	0	8	0
Lyons	LF	4	0	8	0	Riddle	RF	1	0	2	0
Neville	LF	0	0	0	0	Malloy	LF	0	0	0	0
Donnelly	C	2	6	10	0	Anderson	C	3	6	12	0
Clancy	C	1	0	2	0	Hiltpold	RG	0	0	0	0
McGrath	C	0	0	0	0	Scott	LG	0	0	0	0
J. Winterhltr	RG	0	0	0	0						
Bowe	RG	0	0	0	0	Totals		8	6	22	0
Barrett	LG	2	0	4	0						
Langton	LG	0	0	0	0						
Totals		15	6	36	0						

Referee—Young (Illinois Wesleyan).



ST. VIATOR, 32; ARKANSAS AGGIES, 12.

Wednesday, February, 7 Arkansas Aggies proved no match for Coach Bushell's well-drilled machine, the gang overwhelming the Southern tosseds, 36 to 12. "Mickie" Donnelly inaugurated the scoring a few minutes after the start with a pretty heave from mid-court and from then on the team made field goals at will. The Aggies were unable to pierce the Viator defense, Barrett and John Winterhalter smothering all attempts at shots. Early in the second quarter Coach Bushell inserted his reserves. They held the Arkansas team scoreless and increased Viators lead. The half ended 18 to 3 without the Aggies getting a field goal.

The Viator reserves started the second half and for 5 minutes the teams battled without either scoring. Burnley broke the deadlock and incidentally scored Arkansas' first field goal. With the score 24 to 11 the first team again entered the fray and soon ran the score up to 32 to 12.

"Winnie" led the offensive attack with 3 baskets while Donnelly followed with 2. On defense Barrett and John Winterhalter proved masters of the Aggie attack, holding the Southerners to 3 field goals. Burnley showed best for the visitors caging 3 field goals.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Arkansas Aggies	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	3	0	6	0						
Neville	RF	0	0	0	0	McCain	RF	0	0	0	0
Lyons	LF	1	0	2	0	Anderson	LF	0	6	6	0
Doyle	LF	1	0	2	0	Seymour	C	0	0	0	0
McGinnis	LF	0	0	0	0	Thompson	C	0	0	0	0
Donnelly	C	2	6	10	0	Hiett	RG	1	0	2	0
Clancy	C	1	1	3	0	Burnley	LG	2	0	4	0
McGrath	C	0	1	1	0						
Barrett	RG	2	0	4	0	Totals		3	6	12	0
Langton	RG	1	0	2	0						
MacLain	RG	1	0	2	0						
J. Winterhltr	LG	0	0	0	0						
Bowe	LG	0	0	0	0						
Totals		12	8	32	0						

Referee—Millard (Illinois Wesleyan).



ST. VIATOR, 21; ILL. STATE NORMAL UNIVERSITY 17.

Friday, February, 9 Captain Lyons and his cagers turned in their Third straight victory by trouncing the powerful Illinois State Normal aggregation 21 to 17. 3 field goals by "Ding" Winterhalter and one apiece for Clancy and Lyons in the closing period turned the tide for the gang. The tight guarding of John Winterhalter and Barrett while the forward wall was amassing a lead, held the Normalites to 3 field goals, one of which was scored as the final whistle sounded.

At the half Normal lead 10-8. Captain Lyons kept Viator in the running by tossing three beauties in the first period.

With the opening of the second half the crew slowly forged ahead and soon lead their opponents 19 to 12. Normal braced and with the aid of a field goal and a free throw brought the score to 19 to 15. With two minutes left to play. "Winnie" caged one from the side giving Viator a 6 point lead. The closing minutes of the game produced a terrific struggle with Normal striving to overcome the Viator cagers lead.

Their efforts were partially successful for Harrison sank a field goal as the whistle blew making the score 21 to 17.

Captain Lyons and L. Winterhalter were high scorers each ringing up four baskets besides playing brilliant floor games. On defense the steady work of Barrett and J. Winterhalter kept the Normal offense from penetrating their territory far enough to get short shots. Changnon and Harrison played strong defensive games while Butzow was the leader for the State team on offense.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Ill. State Normal Univ.	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	4	0	8	0						
LyonsLF	4	0	8	0	ButzowRF	3	3	9	0
DonnellyC	0	0	0	0	Schneider	...LF	1	0	2	0
ClancyC	1	3	5	0	McDowell	..LF	0	0	0	0
J. Winterhltr	RG	0	0	0	0	BolinC	1	0	2	0
BarrettLG	0	0	0	0	Appenzeller	..C	0	0	0	0
		—	—	—	—	HarrisonRG	1	0	2	0
Totals	9	3	21	0	Changnon	...LG	1	0	2	0
								—	—	—	—
						Totals	7	3	17	0

Referee—Ray (University of Illinois).



ST. VIATOR, 45; ILLINOIS COLLEGE 11.

Thursday, February 15th. the gang made it four in a row by trouncing Illinois College, of Jacksonville, 45-11. "Mickie" started the scoring with a foul cast when Dale fouled the first minute of play and "Ding" Winterhalter sank a long one, Dale slipped by our guards for a short shot and the only basket for Illinois the first half. After this it was all Viator, Captain Lyons, Winterhalter and Donnelly piling up a 21-3 lead in thirteen minutes of play. Coach Bushell injected his reserves into the fray at this period, who finished the half 26-3. The second half was not unlike the first, the wonderful guarding of Barrett and J. Winterhalter holding the Illinois forwards to long, hurried shots, only two of which resulted in tallies. "Ding" Winterhalter again led in offensive with three more baskets in the final period. Captain Lyons and Donnelly with

four baskets each worked the ball under the basket for short tries repeatedly. "Mick" also hit five fouls without a miss. Both "Ding" and "Mick" scored more points than the entire opposition.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Illinois	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	6	0	12	0	Henry	RF	0	0	0	1
McGinnis	RF	0	0	0	1	Brown	LF	1	0	2	0
Neville	RF	1	0	2	0	Dale	C	2	5	9	1
Lyons	LF	4	0	8	0	Underwood	RG	0	0	0	4
Doyle	LF	1	0	2	2	Roberts	RG	0	0	0	2
Donnelly	C	4	5	13	1	Butler	LG	0	0	0	2
Clancy	C	1	4	6	0						
Barrett	RG	0	0	0	1	Totals		3	5	11	10
Langton	RG	0	0	0	0						
J. Winterhltr	LG	0	0	0	0						
MacLain	LG	1	0	2	2						
Bowe	LG	0	0	0	1						
Totals		18	9	45	8						

Referee—Crooks (Illinois).



ST. VIATOR, 15; MARQUETTE, 18.

Friday, February 16th at Milwaukee Coach Bushell's five lost a hard fought contest to Coach Murrays Marquette tossers, 18-15. Milwaukee scribes pronounced the tussle as the hardest Marquette had had on the home floor this season. Viator started the scoring when Donnelly hit a free throw and "Ding" Winterhalter hit a long one. Captain Lyons was forced from the game with an injured side sustained in a collision with Dunn, Marquette forward, the first three minutes of play. "Dizz" Clancy took "Coot's" place at forward and led the Viator scoring with three baskets. Marquette held a 10-7 lead at half time, which was soon overcome in the final period when Clancy sank two, Winterhalter one and Donnelly added two points from the foul line. Spectacular basket shooting by Duford, Marquette center, pulled the game out of the fire for Marquette. With Viator leading 14-12 and five minutes to play Duford sank three long shots from near the center. "Dizz" Clancy and "Ding" Winterhalter starred for Viator, while Duford and Quinn made all but two of Marquette's points.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Marquette	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	2	0	4	1	Quinn	RF	3	2	8	1
Lyons	LF	0	0	0	0	Dunn	LF	1	0	2	0
Clancy	LF	3	0	6	1	Duford	C	4	0	8	0
Donnelly	C	1	3	5	2	Morgan	RG	0	0	0	1
Barrett	RG	0	0	0	0	Devine	RG	0	0	0	0
J. Winterhltr	LG	0	0	0	1	Fitzgerald	LG	0	0	0	2
		—	—	—	—	Fahey	LG	0	0	0	0
Totals		6	3	15	5			—	—	—	—
						Totals		8	2	18	4

Referee—Anderson (Milwaukee Normal).

Umpire—Day (Denver University).



ST. VIATOR, 9; BELOIT, 18.

The following night at Beloit Coach Bushell's five went down to defeat before the fast Beloit quintet, 18 to 9, in a bitterly fought tussle featured by the superb guarding of the Mills team. The Beloit five utilized a short pass combined with an individual close guarding defense to wonderful effectiveness, holding the Viator forwards to long shots throughout the game. Captain Laffin and McAuliffe caged two baskets each the first half for Beloit, Donnelly and Barrett being the only Viator men to score from the field. John Winterhalter opened the final period with a long shot, bringing the count 10-7 for Beloit, but the Mills five started on another offensive which netted them four more baskets, while Coach Bushell's men could garner but one more field goal. "Ding" Winterhalted and "Coot" Lyons were both trailed throughout the game, the wonderful guarding of Winkenwerder and McGaw holding our tossers scoreless. Bill Barrett and Donnelly starred for Viator while McAuliffe and Laffin accounted for nearly all of Beloit's points.

The Summary

L. Winterhltr	RF	0	0	0	0	Beloit	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
Lyons	LF	0	0	0	0	Laffin	RF	4	1	9	1
Clancy	C & LF	0	0	0	0	Connell	LF	1	0	2	0
Donnelly	C	2	1	5	0	Vondrashek	LF	0	0	0	0
Barrett	RG	1	0	2	2	McAuliffe	C	3	0	6	1
J. Winterhltr	LG	1	0	2	1	McGaw	RG	0	0	0	2
		—	—	—	—	Winkenw'd'r	LG	1	0	2	0
Totals		4	1	9	3			—	—	—	—
						Totals		9	1	19	4

Referee—Lowman (Wisconsin).

ST. VIATOR, 27; DETROIT, 30.

Wednesday, February 21st. the gang closed the home season by losing a bitterly fought contest to the University of Detroit five, 30-27. The game was one of the most thrilling seen on the local floor, neither team ever holding more than a four point lead after the first ten minutes of play. "Ding" Winterhalter and Clancy opened the scoring, Viator leading 14-8 near the close of the first half. D'Arcy and Brett hit two baskets each which put the Michigan five ahead 16-14 as the half ended. Coach Bushell's five came back strong in the final period and ran the count up to 20-16 before the Detroit cagers started again. Donnan and D'Arcy each came through with a couple baskets to keep the Detroit five in the running. The last ten minutes was the most thrilling quarter seen on our own floor in years, both teams battling desperately on even terms. Viator forged ahead 23-22 when Donnelly hit a free throw, but Harrigan and Barrett came through with one each and Bill Barrett connected with two more for Viator. D'Arcy cinched the game with four free throws. "Ding" Winterhalter with five and Barrett and Lyons with three each starred for Viator. Bushell's gang outplayed the Detroit five but were unable to hit free throws, only one attempt out of five resulting in tallies. D'Arcy hit 6 out of 8 for Detroit in addition to sinking four from the field.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Detroit	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	5	0	10	1	Blatt	RF	0	0	0	1
Clancy	LF	2	0	4	0	Doonan	LF	2	0	4	0
Lyons	LF	3	0	6	0	D'Arcy	C	4	6	14	1
Donnelly	C	0	1	1	2	Harrigan	C	2	0	4	1
J. Winterhltr	RG	0	0	0	1	Brett	RG	2	0	4	1
Barrett	LG	3	0	6	0	Barrett	LG	2	0	4	0
Totals						Totals					
		13	1	27	4			12	6	30	4

Referee—McCord (Illinois).



ST. VIATOR, 22; KALAMAZOO NORMAL, 24

Saturday, February 24th the gang lost another tough battle to Western State Normal, 24-22 at Kalamazoo. "Mick" started the scoring with two from the foul line when Gill fouled beneath our basket. The first half was a little in Kazoo's favor, the Michigan outfit forging ahead near the end of the half. With the score 9-9 Normal took a spurt, leading 14-9, when the gun sounded. Bush's crew came back strong the latter half and

tied the score again at 17 all only to lose the advantage on costly fouls. "Ding" Winterhalter and "Coot" Lyons both found the hoop in the last half, with three and two respectively. "Jawn" Winterhalter and Barrett both played their usual stellar roles at the guard positions, breaking up the fast Normal offense repeatedly. Miller, Kazoo forward, played a wonderful game sinking three field goals and eight out of ten chances from the foul line. Viator scored one more field goal than the Michigan team, only to lose on costly fouls, Miller hitting them for two in succession on three occasions.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Western Normal	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	4	0	8	2	Miller	RF	3	8	14	2
Lyons	LF	3	0	6	1	Van Wingen	LF	1	0	2	0
Donnelly	C	0	4	4	1	O. Johnson	C	2	0	4	1
Clancy	C	1	0	2	0	Steggerde	C	0	0	0	0
J. Winterhltr	RG	1	0	2	1	Gill	RG	2	0	4	1
Barrett	LG	0	0	0	2	W. Johnson	LG	0	0	0	1
Totals		9	4	22	7	Totals		8	8	24	5

Referee—Thompson (Lawrence).



ST. VIATOR, 29; VALPARAISO, 21

Monday, February 26th. Coach Bushell's five took the second game of the series from the strong Valpo crew, 29-21. Valpo took an early lead but were soon overcome, three baskets by Captain Lyons, two by "Ding" Winterhalter and two foul throws by Clancy putting us on the larger end of a 12-9 score at half time. Harris, the speedy Valpo forward, kept the Hoosiers in the running by sinking three baskets the first half. With Viator leading 18-17 and nine minutes to play Harris put Valpo into the lead with a long shot. Lyons and "Ding" each came through with one and Bill Barrett added two more. Another long one by "Ding" and two fouls by "Dizz" blasted Valpo's hopes, Harris adding the only two points for Valpo shortly before the gun sounded. Captain Lyons and "Ding" Winterhalter divided the scoring honors with five baskets each. "Dizz" Clancy, Barrett and "Jawn" Winterhalter comprised an almost impenetrable defense, holding the Valpo tossers to long shots. Barrett helped the count by caging two field goals as well. Harris was the Valpo star sinking three baskets in each half and playing a wonderful floor game.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Valparaiso	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	5	0	10	0	Harris	RF	6	0	12	1
Lyons	LF	5	0	10	0	Cadwolloder	LF	1	0	2	2
Clancy	C	0	5	5	1	Anderson	C	2	3	7	2
J. Winterhltr	RG	0	0	0	1	Hiltpold	RG	0	0	0	0
Barrett	LG	2	0	4	1	Scott	LG	0	0	0	1
Totals		12	5	29	3	Totals		9	3	21	6

Referee—Ray (Illinois).



ST. VIATOR, 17; ILLINOIS WESLEYAN, 30

Monday, March 5th Coach Bushell's crew journeyed to Bloomington, where they lost a hard fought battle to the I. I. A. C. Champions, 30-17. The game was bitterly fought from start to finish and it was only in the second half that the Methodists began to forge ahead. Wesleyan managed to maintain a 12-9 lead at the half through the foul shooting of Dunham, who sank 6 out of seven attempts. Viator led in field goals the first half, "Ding" Winterhalter caging three and Captain Lyons one, while Wesleyan snagged but three. The Wesleyan five broke away in the final period and hit the hoop from every angle, seemingly unable to miss. "Frenchie" Hausler made two shots from the corner of the court over his head and Oliver, Wesleyan guard came down the floor to sink three more. The Viator five outplayed the Wesleyan gang the first half, but there was no stopping the Methodists in the final period. Clancy and Donnelly were unable to register, Lyons and Winterhalter being the only Viator men to score. "Ding" Winterhalter was the pick of the floor, sinking five long shots and playing a wonderful floor game.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Wesleyan	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	5	0	10	1	Hausler	RF	4	0	8	2
Lyons	LF	2	0	4	2	Dunham	LF	3	7	13	0
Clancy	C	0	1	1	0	Zinser	LF	1	1	3	0
Donnelly	C	0	2	2	0	Ware	C	0	0	0	1
J. Winterhltr	RG	0	0	0	2	Oliver	RG	3	0	6	1
Barrett	LG	0	0	0	3	Gottschalk	LG	0	0	0	4
Totals		7	3	17	8	Finks	LG	0	0	0	0
Totals		11	8	30	8	Totals		11	8	30	8

Referee—Benjamin (State Normal).

ST. VIATOR, 23; BRADLEY POLY, 31

The following day at Peoria the proverbial Bradley jinx continued to trail and the gang lost another hard fought contest to the Peorians 31-23. The game was bitterly fought throughout and not until the last couple minutes of play did Bradley pull the game out of the fire. Viator tied the count twice during the first half. "Ding" counted the first tally but was trailed from then on and could get no place. Lyons connected with two, John Winterhalter one and Donnelly and Clancy added the remainder from the foul line for a 13-16 count at half time. The two teams battled on even terms for fifteen minutes of the final period, two baskets each by Lyons and Clancy and two free throws by "Dizz" making the count 23-25 for Bradley with five minutes to play. Captain Lyons kept his team in the running the entire game, fighting every minute and playing one of the best games of his career. Brewer, Bradley's floor guard came down the floor three times in the last five minutes and sank three long ones to cinch the win for Bradley. To Captain Lyons goes the laurels for his pep and fight under the fierce strain. "Ding" Winterhalter was covered every minute but with "Dizz" Clancy completed a star offensive trio. The guarding of Barrett and J. Winterhalter was up to their usual high standard. Rogers, with 3 field goals and nine fouls was the Bradley star.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Bradley	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhalter	RF	1	0	2	1	Rogers	RF	3	9	15	1
Lyons	LF	4	0	8	2	Koepping	LF	0	0	0	0
Donnelly	C	0	3	3	1	Doubet	LF	1	0	2	1
Clancy	C	2	4	8	2	Johnson	C	2	0	4	1
J. Winterhalter	RG	1	0	2	3	Brewer	RG	4	0	8	1
Barrett	LG	0	0	0	1	Barrett, A.	LG	1	0	2	1
Totals		8	7	23	10	Totals		11	9	31	5

Referee—Millard (Ill. Wesleyan).

**ST. VIATOR, 37; EUREKA, 31.**

Wednesday at Eureka the gang ended the 1923 season with a 37-31 win over Eureka College. It was one of the fastest games of the season marked by the stellar basket shooting of

Captain Lyons, who caged ten baskets. Eureka got away to an early lead holding a 14-10 edge on the Bushell men with six minutes of the first half to go. Lyons and Donnelly got started and sank two more apiece before the half gave us a 19-16 lead, Eureka came back strong and at one time led 22-21. A basket by "Ding" Winterhalter started the fireworks. Lyons added three more and "Mick" caged three and from then on it was easy sailing. "Coot" gave the natives something to talk about in the way of basket shooting by snagging five field goals in each half. "Mick" Donnelly and "Ding" Winterhalter, added the remainder of the points. The work of John Winterhalter Barrett and Langton held the down staters to long shots, Patelski starring with three long tosses.

Enroute to Peoria, after the game, Charles "Mickie" Donnelly, of Peoria, was elected by his team-mates to pilot the 1924 team. No better choice than this rangy, good-natured lad could have been made and it is the wish of all concerned that he enjoy as successful a season and top it off in as fitting a manner as did Captain Lyons.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Eureka	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
L. Winterhltr	RF	2	0	4	0	Patelski	RF	4	0	8	1
Lyons	LF	10	0	20	0	Whittler	LF	0	0	0	0
Donnelly	C	5	1	11	1	Warren	LF	2	0	4	0
Clancy	C	0	0	0	1	Ryff	C	3	0	6	1
Barrett	RG	0	0	0	0	Kirby	RG	3	5	11	1
Langton	RG	0	0	0	0	Dennis	LG	1	0	2	0
J. Winterhltr	LG	1	0	2	2	Westover	LG	0	0	0	0
Totals		18	1	37	4	Totals		13	5	31	3

Referee—McCord (Illinois).



1923 BASKETBALL TEAM

Top Row—E. McLain, T. R. Marvel, Mgr.; W. Neville, P. Bowe, N. McGinnis, R. Langton, H. Bushell, Coach; E. McGrath.

Bottom Row—W. Doyle, W. Barrett, J. Winterhalter, J. Lyons, Capt.; C. Donnelly, J. Clancy, L. Winterhalter.

BASEBALL

There is no greater thrill for the student of St. Viator College than the sight of pitchers working out daily in the gym. St. Viator has always had a baseball team, has always topped her athletic year with a wonderful exhibition of the diamond game and this year bids fair to be the most successful of a long line of seasons. Coach Kelly has his pitchers at work under the watchful eye of Dick Standaert. In Duffy, Dundon, Pfeffer, Donnelly, Farrell, Ryan, Kelly, there is a wealth of mound material both veteran and recruit. Pat Farrell is the dean of the pitching staff with Duffy and Dundon and Donnelly comers of Varsity or pitching experience. Pfeffer, Ryan and Kelly are youngsters of promise. Standaert is the veteran to handle the big mitt. Wallie Fitzgerald and recruits are bidding for chances around the plate area. The high calibre infield of last year is intact. With Winterhalter at third, Lyons at Second, MacLain at short and Clancy at first, Viator will enter an infield that needs no introduction to the followers of inter-collegiate ball in the mid-west. Vinc McCarthy and Tom Jordan are the only vets to remain in the outfields but there is a large field of new men who will present strong claims for the empty berth. Manager Marvel is busily engaged drafting the finest baseball schedule this school has ever boasted. There are games with the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, Michigan Aggies, Kalamazoo, Valparaiso, Lombard, Bradley, scheduled with others to be added to the list,

**ST. VIATOR, 32; ST. CYRIL COLLEGE, 10.**

With his team in top-season form, Coach Crangle sent his warriors against the St. Cyril College squad at Turners Hall in Chicago on January 19th and won a decisive battle 32-10. It was St. Viator Academy's first game after Xmas vacation and most fans were surprised to find the Bourbonnais quintet in such excellent fighting shape.

Kelly began the fireworks by making a free throw and in the next five minutes of play Long, Kelly and Murphy, each rang a field goal before St. Cyrils could draw blood from Viators. The fast floor work of the visiting five so dazzeled the Windy City crew that they were helpless and at the half time found the score 24-4 in Viator's favor.

The second half was a scene of a bitter struggle, Viator being only able to tally three points during the third quarter while the locals were held scoreless far into the fourth frame. When the final whistle blew and the smoke of the battle had drifted away Viator had won another sweet victory 32-10.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	St. Cyril	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
Long	RF	3	2	8	0	McCaffery	LG	0	0	0	2
Kelly	LF	4	4	12	0	Farrell	LG	1	2	4	2
Cribben	LF	1	0	2	0	O'Donnell	C	2	0	4	0
Murphy	C	4	0	8	0	Nash	LF	0	0	0	2
Fitzgerald	C	0	0	0	1	McCarthy	RF	1	0	2	2
Cardosi	RG	1	0	2	1						
Herbert	LG	0	0	0	0	Totals		4	2	10	8
Totals		13	6	32	2						

Referee—Quant (Englewood).

Free throws missed—Kelly (2).



ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 13; LOYOLA ACADEMY, 6.

Coach "Jack" Crangle's fast academy squad gave Loyola Academy their second set-back of the season in a curtain raiser for the Varsity scrap by a score of 13-6, on January 27th. Many basketball fans had their doubts as to the ability of the Bourbonnais five to win in such a stiff contest, as the Loyola passers came here with a fine record, having just recently defeated the crack Hyde Park quintet, one of the strongest contenders for Chicago Prep honors.

In the first half it looked like anyone's game, the score standing at the end of the second frame 6-5 in Viators favor. The Viator tossers displayed good work in front of the swift Loyola attack and this managed to keep at the long end of the score.

In the second half the Viatorians came back strong and played a strong game, adding seven points to their score and allowed the visitors only one point. "Lefty" Herbert at guard, prevented the Loyola outfit from making any field goals via the short route method while long, Cardosi and Kelly featured for the locals in caging the field goals.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Loyola	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
Long	RF	2	0	4	3	O'Brien	LG	0	0	0	3
Kelly	LF	2	0	4	0	Cramer	RG	0	0	0	1
Cribben	LF	0	1	1	0	Elliot	C	0	2	2	1
Murphy	C	0	0	0	0	Fitzgerald	LF	1	0	2	1
Fitzgerald	C	0	0	0	0	McCoy	RF	1	0	2	1
Cardosi	RG	2	0	2	0	Ladner	RF	0	0	0	0
Meis	RG	0	0	0	0	Kullman	LF	0	0	0	0
Herbert	LG	0	0	0	0	Totals		2	2	6	7
Totals		6	1	13	3						

Free throws missed—Kelly (6), Long (4), Cribben (1), Elliot (1).

Referee—Crooks (Illinois).



ACADEMY, 16; FAIRBURY, 19.

The Academy tossers dropped a tough game to the undefeated Fairbury quintet, February 1, at the latter's court. Both teams started well, playing the first half on about even terms, Whitesells' crew holding a "one point" edge, when the mid-way whistle blew. The second half was practically a repetition of the first, except, that both teams put up a better guarding game, Fairbury adding nine to their half-time score and Viator seven. Slaughter was the star of the Fairbury cagers, dropping eleven out of 13 tries thru the strings from the free throw line, and also caging a field goal. Kelly performed excellently for the Academy connecting six free throws and sinking two from the floor.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Fairbury	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
Kelly	LF	2	6	10	0	Slaughter	RF	1	11	13	0
Long	RF	2	0	4	0	Alback	LF	1	0	2	0
Murphy	C	0	0	0	0	Anderson	C	2	0	4	0
Fitzgerald	C	0	0	0	0	Mundell	RG	0	0	0	0
Cardosi	RG	1	0	2	0	O'Dell	LG	0	0	0	0
Herbert	LG	0	0	0	0	Bradley	LG	0	0	0	0
Totals		5	6	16	0	Totals		4	11	19	0

Referee—Benjamin (State Normal).

ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 23; MONTICELLO HIGH, 17.

Out to revenge their defeat of the night before, the St. Viator Academy took a hard fought game from Coach Firebaugh's speedy Monticello High School cagers by a score of 23-17 on the latter's floor. It was the second defeat the locals received up to Feb 2nd.

Long, Murphy showed fine form in this game and were the outstanding stars of the Viator squad. Deland featured for Monticello.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Monticello	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
Long	RF	4	0	8	0	Furnish	LG	0	0	0	0
Kelly	LF	1	1	3	1	Hickman	LG	0	0	0	0
Cribben	LF	0	0	0	0	Abner	RG	0	0	0	1
Murphy	C	4	0	0	0	Deland	C	4	3	11	0
Fitzgerald	C	1	0	2	0	Plunks	LF	1	0	2	0
Cardosi	RG	1	0	2	1	Hamm'smith	RF	0	0	0	1
Meis	LG	0	0	0	0			—	—	—	—
Herbert	LG	0	0	0	0	Totals		5	3	13	2
Totals		11	1	23	2						

ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 25; BEMENT HIGH, 14.

The following night at Bement the "Fighting Irish" crew hit their stride and showed the Bement basketball fans some classy basketball. Excellent teamwork and an almost perfect use of the short pass, brought the ball under the basket for short tries.

Long was in excellent trim and snared six field goals while Kelly, with tough luck following him, sank 5 free throws out of fourteen tries.

Coach Bodman of Bement complimented the Academy outfit as being one of the fastest and cleanest quintets he had seen this season.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	P.	TP.	Bement	Pos.	FG.	FT.	P.	TP.
Long	LF	6	0	1	12	Long	LG	0	0	3	0
Kelly	RF	0	5	2	5	Moreland	RG	0	0	2	0
Murphy	C	1	0	0	2	Hill	C	1	0	3	2
Cardosi	RG	2	0	1	4	Stout	LF	0	0	2	0
Cribben	RG	0	0	0	0	Barnett	RF	3	6	3	12
Herbert	LG	1	0	0	2			—	—	—	—
Totals		10	5	4	25	Totals		4	6	13	14

Referee—Rotz (Milliken).

Free throws missed—Kelly (10), Barnett (2).

ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 42; REDDICK HIGH, 12.

On February 7th, the St. Viator Academy five defeated Reddick High School basketball squad at Bourbonnais by a score of 42-12. The game was fast and one of the cleanest of the season, each team making but one personal foul.

"The Fighting Irish" crew were simply too fast for the visitors and deserved to win, exhibiting a powerful offense and a super-defense. Kelly and Long starred for the locals, the latter, bagging eight field goals for a total of sixteen points.

The Summary

St. Viator					Reddick High School						
	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.		Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
Kelly	RF	5	0	10	0						
Green	RF	0	0	0	0	Greb	LG	0	0	0	0
Long	LF	8	0	16	1	H. Walsh	RG	0	0	0	1
Cribben	LF	2	0	4	0	Ahern	C	0	0	0	0
Murphy	C	1	0	2	0	D. Walsh	LF	4	0	8	0
Fitzgerald	C	2	0	4	0	Guest	RF	2	0	4	0
Cardosi	RG	0	0	0	0	Totals		6	0	12	1
Meis	RG	2	0	4	0						
Herbert	LG	1	0	2	0						

Totals 21 0 42 1

Referee—Courtright (Kankakee).

Free throws missed—Hebert (2), Guest (3).



ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 21; ST. MEL HIGH, 13

On February 10th, Coach Crangle's heavy quintet invaded Chicago and copped an overtime game from the fast St. Mel squad, 21-13. Viator started off with a four point lead when Kelly sank two free throws, and Long followed with a field goal. From then on the game was fought practically on even terms, the first quarter ending 8-7 in the Academy's favor.

A field basket by Long in the second frame and a free throw by Kelly enabled Viator to hold a 11-9 lead at half time.

Close guarding, featured in the third quarter. Herbert and Cardosi keeping St. Mel to a lone field goal which tied the score 11-11. A five minute extra session had to be called for the game stood 13-13 at regular time and it was in this period Viator showed its superiority in snaring 8 points while they held their opponents scoreless.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	St. Mel	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
Long	RF	3	0	6	1	Gray	LF	0	0	0	3
Kelly	LF	2	5	9	0	Conley	RF	4	0	8	2
Murphy	C	2	0	4	1	Daley	C	1	3	5	0
Cardosi	RG	1	0	2	2	Muligan	LG	0	0	0	1
Herbert	LG	0	0	0	3	Sch'renb'g	RG	0	0	0	1
Totals		8 5 21 7				Totals		5 3 13 7			

Referee—Rineke (Chicago Y. M. C. A.).



ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 13; QUIGLEY SEMINARY, 14.

Friday, February 16th, the Academy dropped a bitter and hard fought contest to the Quigley Seminarians in Chicago by a close score of 14-13. The first half was a close guarding game Quigley scoring but three baskets, and the Viator five unable to bag more than two field goals. The half ended 6-4 but Murphy and Kelly came back in the final period and threatened Quigley, the former registering three baskets, while Kelly added two points. The Visitors out played the Chicago five in most stages of the game and should have won the contest, had it not been for the numerous hard luck shots made early in the game.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Quigley	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
Long	RF	1	0	2	0	Garrity	RG	1	0	2	1
Kelly	LF	1	1	3	1	Bryant	C	0	0	0	0
Murphy	C	3	0	6	0	Groark	C	3	2	8	2
Cardosi	RG	1	0	2	1	O'Brien	LF	1	0	2	1
Herbert	LG	0	0	0	1	Carrol	RF	0	0	0	1
Totals		6 1 13 3				Totals		6 2 14 7			

Free throws missed—Kelly (7), Long (2), Kenny (4).



ACADEMY, 40; GILMAN, 21.

Coach Crangle's proteges had little difficulty adding Gilman to their roll of victims. Starting out at a fast clip, by chalking up 16 points in the first six minutes of play, they had easy sailing thru the rest of the game. After resting the second period the Academy quintet, with an eight point margin, began to take things seriously and hit the circle from all angles

in the third and fourth quarters finishing with a 40-21 lead. Kelly, Long and Herbert were the Viator mainstays, while the Goldenstein brothers, scoring 19 points between them, were Gilman's luminaries.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Gilman	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
Long	RF	10	0	1	20	C. Goldenst'n	RF	4	0	1	8
Kelly	LF	3	4	1	10	Miller	LF	0	0	0	0
Murphy	C	2	0	0	4	G. Goldenstein	C	3	5	1	11
Cardosi	RG	1	0	1	2	Kraft	LG	1	0	0	2
Herbert	LG	2	0	1	4	Jones	RG	0	0	2	0
Totals		18	4	3	40	Totals		8	5	4	21

Referee—Quinn (Hyde Park).



ST. VIATOR ACADEMY, 23; KANKAKEE HIGH, 21

St. Viator Academy celebrated Lincoln's birthday by trimming Coach Courtright's fast Kankakee High School cagers at the Kankakee "Y" court 23-21 in a hard and evenly fought contest. The game was so close and exciting throughout that the fans were continually on their feet pleading to their favorite team to win.

Close guarding in the initial frame held both squads to a low score and the quarter ended 5-5. The Viatorians fought hard to shake their opponents but were unsuccessful for Taylor of Kankakee bagged a field goal a few seconds before the halftime and again tied the score 11-11.

It was a different story, however, in the third frame, for the Academy tossers chalked up eight points to their opponents three, Kelly and Long being responsible for the sudden outburst. Field goals by Cryer and Patchet in the last frame tied the score for the third time at 19-19. Clever passing, placed the ball in Kelly's hands and he slipped the ball into the basket for two more tallies, but Viator retained the lead only for a moment Taylor snaring a basket from the middle of the floor. With only one-half minute of play Herbert saved the game by dribbling down three-quarters of the floor and ringing up a field goal for the final tally of the game.



ACADEMY, 24; KANKAKEE H. S., 18.

The Academy five completed the season by a rousing victory over the Kankakee H. S. cagers, Feb. 27th. Kankakee,

fighting to avenge a previous 23-21 decision scored against them, put up a rattling good scrap but fell six points short, when the final whistle blew. The local crew started with the whistle and chalked up a comfortable margin by half-time. Patchett and Taylor, performing stellarly, Kankakee started the after section in lively fashion, and threatened for a time, but the guarding of Herbert and Cardosi soon sent the Kank forward, back to long distance shots and prevented further trouble. Patchett and Taylor were Kankakee's lights, while Long and Kelly led the Viator attack.

The Summary

St. Viator	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.	Kankakee	Pos.	FG.	FT.	TP.	P.
LongLF	3	0	2	6	TaylorLF	1	6	1	8
KellyLF	3	6	2	12	PatchettRF	5	0	0	10
MurphyC	2	0	1	4	CryerC	0	0	0	0
CardosiLG	0	0	0	0	PuippoLG	0	0	2	0
HerbertRG	1	0	0	2	KuntzRG	0	0	3	0
Totals		9	6	5	24	Totals		6	6	6	18

Referee—Changnon (Donovan).



THE SENIOR LEAGUE

On January 9 the Senior Department met to choose their leaders for the annual assault and battery classic. In the election that followed Joe Ambrosius, Glen Franks, E. Murphy, Mike Artery, Wallie Fitzgerald, Pat Farrell, Frank Wimp, Ed Cody, Gus Kearney, Dick Standaert, Bert Menden and Chub Murphy were chosen to lead the Senior forth to do battle for the coveted bunting. On January 10 the lists were posted and on January 11 the arena was cleared, the Barney Googles and John Does stripped for action, and the bleachers were filled with the raw recruits and the battle scarred veterans of last season's melee. The league was under way, the casualties were light, the department aroused and every thing set for the classic. For long weeks the battle waged—the hospital lists grew smaller as the season advanced, only four victims were posted on the pension lists, those who thought they were pretty good rapidly dropped their stagey antics as the uninitiated steadily outgrew the roughneck days and began to play a little basketball, less and less men flew under the bleachers, sprawled though the air, draped the posts, scrapped the lines from the floor, sat down suddenly, merrily collided, missed the bowling alley, as

the season advanced. The final game left Franks' Barney Googles the victors—that final game that would have made for a four way tie had Franks lost.

Twas a noble season, a gallant one. Franks named his gentle fellows the Barney Googles, because, no doubt, of the strange resemblance between Mul and Sparky when in repose. Joe Ambrosius choose the name of John Does, perhaps, the angular Knoblauch, the frantic Gene McCarthy and the aimless Hogan inspired the title. But Em Murphy with the eye of a prophet and the martyr air of him who fights a hopeless cause dubbed his warriors, "The Putrids." Murph had much confidence in reaching other than the wellwitness his Valpo Kelly, who never quite knew what was going on, the brilliant John Flavin, and Green the long shot optimist. Em didnt have the material with which to mould that an-opponent-under-the-bleacher-is-a-good-man-gone spirit of his last year's crew. Captain Mike Artey with memory vivid of the rigors of the previous winter called his crew the Shock Absorbers. Tom Nolan's strenuous game, Jim Barry's buck-and-wing on the long shots, and Ashelford's constant wonderment won this team high count in the Glimpse-o'-the-Game sheet. Wallie Fitzgerald sought inspiration for his gang in the gentle title of "Stone Crushers". It speaks volumes for the hardihood of the rest of the league when one considers that Wallie's Duffy and Vinc Pfeffer were early retired for repairs that took up the remainder of the season. Pat Farrell in a patriotic burst swung into battle under the grand clarion of "Shamrocks". Pat and Haley are football men—they survived. McDonnell tried hard, Joe Mies cut his slides to fourteen feet, and Creagan mystified opponents for some time but they landed in fifth place. Frank Wimp seemed to like the name, "Rajah". It was a name that recalled the Black Arts, and mysticism, and all that sort of thing. Juliano added a Valentino touch but that is about all, Franz Pfeffer was the mysticism—he has a faint idea of that game now; even Eeright's I—tell—you—what's—let—de couldn't boost Capt. Wimp's crowd above seventh place. Ed Cody is a pessimist—he always anticipates ill-luck—he called his bunch the "Dissappointments". They were. The candy store, Spike, and Emmett are the ruination of Ed. Tom Fitzgerald was the triple threat man—he always threatened the first three men that bowled him but after that he remained quiet—so the Glimpse says. Cody finally clinched eighth place. Gus Kearney called his gang the "Dirty Shames"—conscientious Gus. Gus and Haggarty fought hard to get somewhere. Keim broke his hand brushing his hair back while vaulting floorwards and Johnson escaped through graduation. Paul Meagher lent his

moral support in the gang climb to second to last place. And Dick Standaert—somehow Old Dick tops off the league even though his "Cats Meows" landed in ninth place. Dick had John Ryan—we know John is an athlete because he always wore a sweat shirt. Gussie McNeal was very persuasive, even though a bit rough, but Lacharite supplied the polish that Gussie cared not for. A reckless team—did not Pautenis play one game for them? Bert Menden is a gentle little fellow who captained the "Spark Plugs". They made a gallant fight and landed in second honors. Wee Bill Barry, the Modest Gannon, and surprising Jawn Sisk had a fine time playing up to Jesse Kennedy who played up to his gym shirt. The Big Chub called his men the "Snuggle Pups." Chub pushed ahead strongly for the championship. His team had a powerful reserve in Simpson and Bantner, for Simpson was known to have actually played basketball at odd moments. He was on the defence most of the time.

Another season has passed and the Senior League has more than proven its worth as a student institution. From a mere schedule of games to wile away an afternoon, Father Harrison has made of the Senior League a force in the training of athletes, a center of student enthusiasm that makes for a finer spirit. The early games are rough, we grant, there are moments that amuse hugely; the early play is far from finished but the league is withal a training ground, a hard one, perhaps, but for all of that an effective one. There is a zest in the rivalry that makes generous fun that cannot but add to the spirit of a student body. That it trains players note the list of high score averages. From Franks, who tops the list, Mulcahy, on down there are records for games that speak well for effective training. The list of fouls—the personals very small—attests the high degree of sportsmanship and an added element in the preliminary training of the athlete. A high measure of thanks is due Father Harrison for his interest in and his promotion of this league, for it is but another evidence of his wholehearted interest and support of student body and student interests.

Academic Activities

THE LEAGUES

Heavyweight Division

Never were names so appropriately selected, than were the cognomens chosen for the four teams that compose the major division of the Academics. The Sunlights, true to their appellation, set out at a fast clip and have been burning along since, still leading the rapid pace, with six victories and no defeats to their credit. The Starlights, equally in accordance with their designation, are coming second, being eclipsed only in the presence of the flashy Sunlights. The Moonshines, due to some disturbing influence, were unable to hit their stride in the early part of the season, but are improving with age, and are shaking the ladder, with some danger to those above them. The Flashlights have only pierced the gloom of the cellar once by a victory, but with high courage and commendable "never-give-up" spirit are hanging on and fighting bitterly.

Standing of the Teams					
Team	Captain	Games	Won	Lost	Percent
SunlightsKellar	6	6	0	1000
StarlightsGubbins	6	3	3	500
MoonshinesZunkel	6	2	4	333
FlashlightsDooley	6	1	5	166

Lightweight Division

The Lightweight division race is hot and interesting. The Hoosiers were stepping along right merrily with fuor victories chalked up for them before the Colonels, after being badly trounced by them, turned and copped a 7-5 game from them. Then, the Wildcats twice whipped back to their lair by the Hoosiers, stepped out and forced the unfortunate Hoosiers to take the lesser end of a 3-0 score. Collins' Kentucky Colonels, inspired by their victories over the Badgers and Hoosires, then upset the dope by handing the Wildcats a bitter 5-4 defeat. The Badgers playing largely in tough luck have been unable to swing into the heat of the battle, but are determined to add to their percentages in the home stretch.

Thus Standeth the Matter:

Team	Captain	Games	Won	Lost	Percent
Hoosiers	Molyneaux	7	5	2	714
Wildcats	Fonyo	8	5	3	625
Colonels	Collins	7	3	4	428
Badgers	Meehan	6	1	5	166

**BRADLEY COPS TWO FROM ACS.**

Bradley twice handed the Acs the small end of the score. In the first clash, at the Bradley High Court, the Bradley quintet, led by the excellent shooting of Cleary and La Fleur established a three point lead by half-time and managed to hold it for the remainder of the game despite a fast rally by the Acs in the last quarter. Cleary with three baskets was high scorer. Kellar and Gubbins scored Viator's only points.

Score: Bradley 9, Acs. 4.

The Acs then dropped the home game, a week later, 6-5, after holding a slim lead up to the last minute of play. The game was fast and rough. Stiff guarding kept the score to 2 all in the first session. The Acs started the third quarter by pushing their lead to 5-2 but permitted Bradley to overtake them in the final period. Cleary and La Fleur again starred for Bradley, while Kellar, Smedley and Dooley took the honors for Viator.

Score: 6 to 5.

**ACS 23, ST. JOSEPH HIGH 9**

The Heavyweights had little difficulty taking their annual battle from the St. Joseph High School of Valparaiso, Ind. The Acs took an early lead and were never headed. Starting the second half with a 10-7 lead they scored almost at will, while Dooley and Berry kept the Valpo forwards to long shots. Finnigan hit the circle for Valpo's only score. Kellar and O'Laughlin, with 10 and 6 points to their credits, were the chief scorers for Viator. Dooley and Berry scintillated at guard. Nolan rang up most of Valpo's points.

**ACS 11, GARY "Y" JUNIORS 10**

The Acs won their biggest game of the season by tripping the Gary "Y" Juniors to the second defeat that team has suffered

in two years. Last year, the Gary quintet, traveling as 105 pounders, won the Cook county tournament, and are expecting to stand well in it again this year, as 125 pounders.

The game was hotly contested, never more than three points separating the teams. Gary broke into the scoring first when Anderson, after a neat piece of team work had brought the ball to a close distance, sent the sphere thru the wicket. Heidsteildt and Smith score the remaining markers of the half.

In the third period the score see-sawed back and forth, until a spurt gave Gary its biggest advantage, a 10-7 lead. The score remained thus until near the end of the game when Smith and Berry came thru with two pretty long baskets to chalk another victory for the Acs. Smith and Anderson starred for Viator and Gary, respectively.



LIGHTWEIGHTS SPLIT WITH GRAND CROSSING

Sunday, Feb. 3rd, opened the home season with an 8-4 victory over the Grand Crossing team of Chicago. Despite the close guarding the game was fast and filled with splendid pieces of team work and individual performances. Smith's long sinker and Mendens' free throw in the third quarter put Viator ahead, and they had little difficulty after that.

In the return engagement two weeks later at Grand Crossing, the local boys dropped a tough game. Completely outplaying their opponents and working the ball under the basket time and again the Minims seemed unable to locate the hoop. O'Neil, Menden and Fitzgerald did all St. Viator's scoring. Score: 19-14.



MINIMS 19, ST. ROSE 6.

The St. Rose five offered little opposition to the smooth working Minim machine, which rang up 19 points, in a slow game. Within eight minutes the clever passing and team work of the Viator crew netted 7 points and after that they contented themselves with practicing long shots. St. Rose never threatened and save for a short time in the third quarter showed but little basketball. Menden won the honors for Viator with Fitzgerald a close second. Meara and Aylward played their usual stellar game at guard.



Job had lots of patience but he never ran a joke column.

But were Job present at the College Club Smoker, there is no doubt that his patience would have suffered.

One of the cleverest frame-ups and jokes ever staged at the College took place on that memorable night. Pat Farral, Marval, Vince Macarthy, Winnie and J. Barrett, the instigators, instigated without fault the instigation much to the humiliation but appreciation of all those present.

This clever frame-up has been the occasion of bringing to light many hitherto unknown able orators such as Doyle, Dunden, Donnelly, B. Barrett, Cost and Vogel. Two certain well known orators fortunately held their peace.

MacGrath very "prudently" blushed at certain remarks, while we all got hot under the collar.



HERE'S A CLEVER ONE ALSO

A sign on the 3rd corridor:

"Who took my Gillette Razor?"

Signed by Passer Bye.

Did Ga lette any one borrow it? You should never be Ever Ready to lend. If you catch the thief you auto strop him. I hope you don't catch me.



Some students are dumb, others are innocent, but the student that sent himself a valentine wins the prehistoric moss-covered beer mug.



THE HEIGHT OF IGNORANCE

Looking at the eclipse of the moon through a smoked glass.

A NEW ONE

Prof.: Why didn't you write that composition?

Moser: Just a little mortification on my part. During lent I've decided to abstain from all pleasing duties.

**A TERRIBLE ONE**

Joe Badore: Yes, Fay, if you stick around here long enough, they'll make a man out of you.

Fay: Pardon me, but is this your first year here?



I was just going to say something about the Academy, but they have charge of this issue of the Viatorian.



Ryan: Pardon me, but what is this correction you wrote on my paper. I can't read it very well.

Prof. L.: It says, "You should write more legibly. Its a bad practice."

CHOIR PRACTICE

Director: Cal, if you keep up that monkey-shine, watch out, I throw the first thing I lay my hands on.

Cal: Please don't stand so close to the piano.

**ORANGES COST LESS THAN LIES**

Smeds: Come, McGreal, give me back my orange. I saw you take it.

MacGreal: You lie, I didn't take it. You didn't see me anyway, you were talking to Tubby at the time.

**DOES IT FOLLOW?**

If H₂O equals water, and H E L₂ equals fire, does HO₂CH equal fire-water?



J. T. S. says there are too many ill-roomers over in the infirmary.

Gannon: What's the difference between "Earn" and "L-Earn"?

Kennedy: There's an "L" of a difference.

**YOU WILL, WILL YA?**

Paulie: Do you keep postage stamps here?

Conroy: No, we sell them here.

Paulie: Well, you can keep the ones you were going to sell me.



Teacher: What is the fable connected to the Ermine?

Red Flavin: A black tail, I guess.

Here's what is called wasted energy, eh?

Leaving the pony in the examination book.



Pat wants it well advertised that night shirts are for sale at 304-4, 150 a piece.



OUT OF THE MOUTH OF JOE DEISS

Owing to the nebulous condition of the atmosphere, I prognosticate that an alluvial precipitation is imminent. (In the words of you and me, "it looks like rain.")



Kommie: Stop monkeying with the cradle you big bully.

Joe Diess: Why you, don't get so super-obnoxious and deleterious, you insignificant minute diabolical nincompoop, I'll knock you on your insifolic cappillary.



Bro. (In Caesar class): What did the Haeduans do when Caesar demanded grain?

Joe Diess: Oh, they kinda stalled him off.

Bro.: Try to use language that is more befitting the dignity of a Caesar student.

Joe Diess: Their protracted procedure was tintured with a deleterious and approbrious procrastination.



THANKS TO THE THIRD HIGH "ROMAR"

A transport was going "over there" through a terrible storm. All the soldiers were down with sea-sickness, except one. The old sea captain noticed him and inquired, "Well, young man, you must be a real sailor to be able to stand this shake-up."

"No, sir, I was never on a boat before," vouched the dough-boy, "But I used to ride in a street car from Kankakee to Bourbonnais, and after four years of that I can stand anything."



"Spike" gives candy "a weigh" according to a certain "Standart" but we never get any. How Cody? Ask Emmett.



"Bill" Barrett (in a hurry): How long before I can get a shave?

Barber (in no hurry): Oh, in about four years, I guess.



Father B.: Where is glass made?

Enright: Glasgow.



THANKS TO FR. SHERIDAN

Cappy Ricks was the berries, Sweet Clover N'Everything.

Winnie: That Mex you have on your team is no good.

Murph.: Don't believe it, that fellow made six letters in his high school career.

Winnie: How come?

Murph.: With a pencil.



THANKS TO FR. BROWN

The Walsh Society's initiation was the Kat's whiskers. Cut out the laughing Bowe. When Knighthood was in Flower had nothing on Ray Kearney. Wimp can sure whistle, but Zunkle's the swimmer.



NOW FOR A FEW CRACKS AT THE COLLEGE GUYS

Gert is quite a popular name, eh Billy B. and Buddy F.?

By the way which Bill is Margarett's?



It has been reported that Lefty Herbert has worked over-time in order to make the grade in three and a half years. Plenty of time until next June Lefty. Besides how old are you? Well anyway send us an invitation. She lives in Champaign doesn't she Lefty?



Some one said that Red Miller and Mamie of the Potters resembles our Red and May. Maybe and then again maybe not, but someone said they frequent Potter's Tea Garden.



Those Beloit girls are quite expressive in their admirations, eh Red, eh No. 2 and No. 4?



Who said Caruso died? Or else his spirit has returned, so say the girls in Kankakee. He hails from Assumption, by gosh.



As the story goes Franks got the candy but somebody else got the Cake.



G. F.: "Oh, Glen, somebody swiped the cake and I'm so sorry too. Just think of it I made it myself. Now somebody else is going to eat it." "Poor somebody else."



Mac: We must take these two girls home. I'll take this one which one do you want?

Pat: Yes. I guess I'll take the other one.



Bud said he was going to get even with a certain few individuals in this here town. However, he admits the artist is clever, but just wait till his tonsils get better.

Buddy is some fixer agrees M. M. and B. N. of Bourbonnais and Bloomington, respectively.

VIATOR CAMPUS WEEKLY

Circulation 9003

The Longest of its kind

Due to a few recent removals the staff now contains:

P. Napoleon	Editor-in-Chief
T. Cotter	Assistant Editor
A. Hesse	Sports
Tom Nolan, John Duffy	...	Love Notes Editors
Tom Dunne	Cartoonist
Doc La Charite	Health Department
S. M. Kersclops	Poet

Second Volume

Editorials

Since our last edition has been received with such success we have decided once more to unite our efforts towards making this paper interesting for you. We thank you.



Education and its results as exemplified in our Mayor.

Most of the people who are so superciliously dejected by dubious illusions of having unto themselves what they deem to call as a superior education are in most cases, erroneously and unfortunately mistaken. If they had the opportunity of knowing just what education means and from whence it is derived they would immediately change their first impressions. Education comes from the three Bulargian words; "Edu" means something to try to pull out what is not existing in most students, but in all professions "Ca" anything of something that is better than something else, "Tion" is either something to be avoided or shunned but authorities seem to disagree and some conclude "Tion" means more than a freshman knows but thinks he doesn't.

Actions they say cries louder than a baby so we will cite an example of what a true education can accomplish. Look at our Mayor. He has a stable foundation. He stands high in our esteem. He towers a head and choulders above all the other intellectual lights of our city. But dear readers our Mayor Hon. Franks has not always been thus. Some twenty years ago he was very small not only in stature but in money, but his present position affords him an opportunity to make up for lost time. From observations it would appear that he has profited by the opportunity.

For he benefit of those who do not know him, Mayor Franks stands 6 ft. 3 in. in his socks. He has made the suggestion that the milk man and bootleggers label the antidote on the neck of all gifts. He also wishes to announce that no fudge parties be held without him being present.

Poems.

Jack a bigga da mon is he
 He's a went to Valpo his girl to see
 When he's a walk from Valpo Gym
 She too ees going to walk with him;
 She hold heem tight on hees beeg arm,
 Jack he's a brave, she feer no harm,
 But when she a said, it make me seek,
 For she's a said "My Coach, My Sheik."
 At college he met the Flips and Sheiks,
 Unto his folks despair
 For now he wants bell-bottom pants,
 And Stacomb for his hair.



Little Red he's a now demure,
 For he thinks its a town, named Detour.

**Health Department**

Dear Doc: I have a boil on the tip of my nose. I also have a date next week. How can I keep it?

Ans.: You have an unseemly encumbrance. If it's the boil you wish to keep bathe it in alcohol. If it's the date break it (the boil).



Dear Doc: My tongue is sore and my eyes bad.—Valpo G.

Ans.: Give your ears a chance and keep your eyes closed on a windy day.

**Love Notes**

Dear Editors: My girl likes the Spanish bell bottoms. My History Prof. said I haven't a mind of my own. Who's advice should I follow?—Buck L.

Ans.: Let your conscience be your guide. If you like the girl don't disappoint her. If your history professor is a smaller man than yourself, tell him to go to the hot house where flowers never bloom.

**HOME TOWN NEWS**

Dear Readers: When sending in gossip, write your name and your girl's address on the back of each letter, so that in case we desire to locate you, we will be able to do so.

**GOSSIP**

Valpo Kelly drank six saucer-fulls of tea and burnt his tonsils. He is asking for five dollars damages from the management of Potter's Tea Shop.

Frank Steinbach, our tea party hound, wears a black derby on special occasional visits to Kankakee.



Farmer McGurk is determined to give up the Rural life and become a city chap. 'At's the spirit Mac.



Locust street Gannon is "Nobody's Baby" now.

Tom McKenna has to be coaxed to accompany the H. S. basketball squad on trips to Chi. We wonder what's holding him here.



Kid Manning is chewing a new stick of gum this week.



Johnnie Smith didn't have any news to tell yesterday.



Paulie Bowe has decided to mortify himself during lent. He is spending a few weeks in the flats.



Bodenstein is sporting a new tie. It's a scream out loud.



Nigger Shea tried to get sick again. He visits the sick regularly.

It is shocking to say the least, when we consider the numerous but fruitless attempts to toast bread after the lights are out. Those wiry lads on the fourth.



Geo. Olheiser (accidentally bumping Fr. O'Mahoney): Excuse me Father.

Fr. O'Mahoney (treas.): Geo., you wouldn't hit me for the world, would you?

Geo.: No, but I'd hit you for five bucks.



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SHAKESPEARE AT THE NOTRE DAME AND ARMY FOOTBALL GAME

A. Van Hanxleden

(Apologies to "The Merchant of Venice" and "Julius Caesar")

Dramatis Personae

William Shakespeare, guest of honor.

William Gleason.

Anilio Juliano.

A boy.

Notre Dame Football Team.

Army Football Team.

ACT I, SCENE I

Carter Field, Notre Dame.

(Enter Shakespeare, Gleason and Juliano.)

Shakespeare: In sooth, I know not why I am so sad; it wearies me.

Gleason: Aw, cut the gloom stuff, Calamity. Here's three seats. Let's grab them. Come on, Bill, sit between us.

Juliano: Hot tabasco; look at that slinker in green.

Shakespeare: How now, Gleason, whither goeth the angry mob? What means this shouting?

Gleason: You mean that gang of fellows? They are the froth of the University. That Bimbo in front is the cheer leader. I've forgotten his name.

Shakespeare: Although the cheer be poor it will fill your stomach.

SCENE II

(The team dashes out of the club house. Mad cries and loud cheers on all sides.)

Shakespeare: "How oddly they are suited!

Gleason (aside to Juliano): Oh, what a dumb bell this bird is. (Aloud): Well I tell you football is a rough game and the players are padded so that no bones will be broken when they fall.

Shakespeare: "How many things by season seasoned are to their right praise and true perfection.

Juliano (to Gleason): Gee, the Irish are a swell lookin' outfit. I got a dollar says they trim the Army.

Shakespeare (overhearing the remark): Welcome ye Warlike Goths but Pray, whose army can it be? They have no weapons, not even a catapult.

Gleason (getting sore): Now listen, Shakes, you are too darn inquisitive. Understand this is a game and not a war— Oh, they're kicking off. Gee that was a dandy kick.

Shakespeare: Who got kicked? Truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long.

Juliano: Tell that cracker to button up his trap and watch the game. Does he think we got in here for nothing?

Shakespeare (clothed in doublet and hose): Button my what? Where?

Gleason: He didn't say your doublet. He means your mug—your "gob."

Shakespeare: If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor man's cottages prince's palaces.

Juliano: No, no, your "glaum," your mouth, M-O-U-T-H, see?

Shakespeare (feeling for buttons around his mouth): Go show your slaves how choleric you are. Must I observe you? Must I crouch under your testy humors?

Juliano (interrupting): The play's the thing. Watch it.

SCENE III

(Same place. Between halves.)

Gleason (to boy selling pop): Give us three. Lemon flavor.

Boy (looking at bill offered in payment): Haven't ya got any small change?

Gleason: No, have you Julie?

Juliano: Not a cent, maybe the Bard has.

Shakespeare (feeling purse): Sweet boy, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes: And yet for all I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is a great happiness therefore to be seated in the mean.

Boy: Say, you big ham; what cha tryin' to pull? D'ya tink I'm some kind of a bozo? Come clean with that thirty odd or I'll climb all over your lapel!

Shakespeare: He is well paid that is well satisfied, yet I never knew so young a body with so old a head.

Boy (waving to guard): I'll have you guys pinched that's all.

Gleason: Here kid take the dangle and dash on. I'm getting sick of this myself.

Juliano (to both): Come on home; you got everybody in the stands gaping at us. I'll bet they think we're a couple of nuts from Kankakee. Come on—let's go.

Gleason: I hope we will; come on Shakes. Snap into it.

Shakespeare (aside glaring at Juliano): God made him and therefore let him pass for a man.

(Exeunt omnes.)

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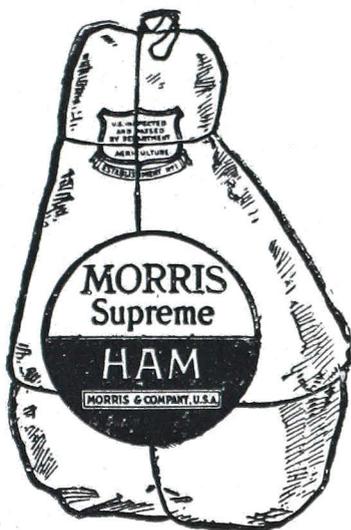
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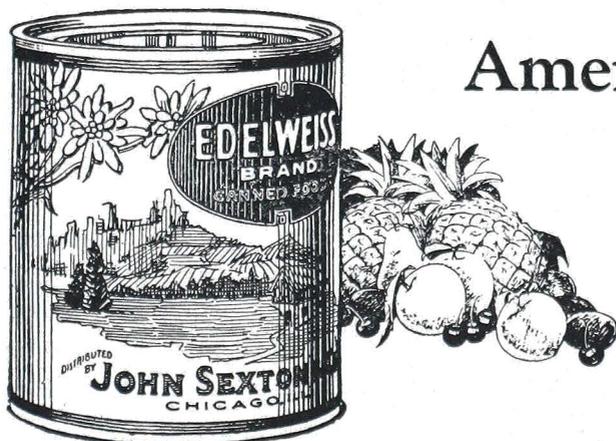


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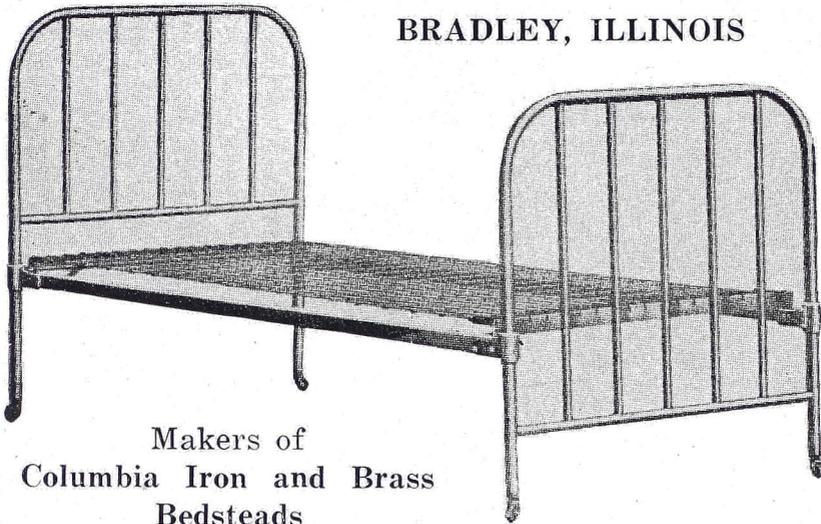
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James II is Dead— NEWTON Lives

IT has always been known that free bodies fall. The earth has a strange attraction. How far does it extend? No one knew before Newton, sitting in his garden, one day in 1665, began to speculate.

“Why should not the attraction of gravitation reach as far as the moon?” he asked himself. “And if so, perhaps she is retained in her orbit thereby.” He began the calculation, but overwhelmed by the stupendous result that he foresaw, he had to beg a friend to complete it.

In Newton’s *Principia* were laid down his famous laws of motion—the basis of all modern engineering. The universe was proved to be a huge mechanism, the parts of which are held together in accordance with the great law of gravitation.

James II was reigning when

the *Principia* appeared in 1687. He is remembered for the Bloody Assizes of Jeffreys, for his complete disregard of constitutional liberties, for his secret compacts with Louis XIV and the huge bribes that he took from that monarch, and for the revolution that cost him his crown; Newton is remembered because he created a new world of thought, because he enabled scientists and engineers who came after him to grapple more effectively with the forces of nature.

When, for instance, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company determine the stresses set up in a steam turbine by the enormous centrifugal forces generated as the rotor spins, they practically apply Newton’s laws in reaching conclusions that are of the utmost value to the designing engineer.

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