

# The Viatorian

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### CHRISTMAS DAY

There is a light o'er sea and land  
That cometh not from suns or stars;  
There is a voice at whose command  
Flies wide the strongest prison bars.

There is a day with glory crowned  
Of God, throughout eternity;  
A balm for every deepest wound  
Of sin, for death's infirmity.

Around this day all ages meet,  
And wait to hear the angels sing  
Of love, of victory complete,  
Over each darkest night and wrong.

"For unto us a child is born;  
Unto us a son is given";  
And every year his natal morn  
Filleth all the world with heaven.

W. H. THORNE.

—*From the Viatorian, December, 1893*



## This Thing Called Fame

"The path of glory leads but to the grave."—Gray's Elegy.

During the past decade we Americans have been fortunate in the opportunity which our country's predominant position in the war and its awful aftermath has afforded us to study at first hand the great men of our time. As a young college student, just past the adolescent age, and keenly observant with the wide-open eyes of adoring youth, of the least action of the great, I spent many wonderful hours in dreamland, wishing, wishing, wishing that some day I might be like unto my hero,—of the moment. When Cardinal Mercier was in this country, I desired nothing more than to be a prince of the Church, to wield the moral force for good that that holy man did. Possibly the Richelieu like dignity of the prelate impressed me, or perhaps it was the light of truth and the zealous devotion to duty which gleamed in his eye. Then I saw Joffre, Viviani and, later, Foch. I wanted to be a generalissimo, a statesman of great fame and wisdom.—fame preferred. I saw Woodrow Wilson, General Pershing, all the great Americans. I heard Warren G. Harding speak. I even saw that much-joked-about individual, William Jennings Bryan, who, in all seriousness, must be included in the roll of America's great. In my youthful fancy I clothed myself in the garb of each new hero, assumed the role he had played or was playing.

I think that Woodrow Wilson appealed most strongly to me. His strength of mind, stubbornness, stupidity, general cussedness,—call it what you will,—and the drama and pathos which combined to make him the figure he was, also made him my hero, my idol. I recall standing on the curbstone at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-Eighth street, New York City, during 1918, when a great Red Cross parade was being held. Bands boomed, flags fluttered enthusiastically, excitement ran high. Then, of a sudden, as though Death itself had gripped the hearts of that huge mob, a great hush fell. To be sure, the music blared on, the flags were automatically waved; but the music was unheard, the flags waved by unknowing hands. Mouths were open, necks craned, acrobatic feats on tip toes performed. A movie director who could get a crowd in his "super-extra-magnificent production" to "register expectancy" as that crowd did would be ten times a genius.

Then: "Here he comes!" And, from another, a little awed,



almost whispered: "There he is! 'At's 'im, Katey!" "Aw, gee, he looks just like th' pickchurs, don't he?"

Woodrow Wilson was marching by.

Fervently I thanked God that I had been given the chance actually to view the great man, to be within twenty feet of him! He smiled, waved the little cotton flag he carried, bowed to the hordes in the windows, on the roofs, on the sidewalks. What a roar! I have attended World's series, gridiron classics, track meets, prize fights and horse races; but I never heard such cheering at any event in my life as that crowd did! Women cried, women whose sons and brothers, yes, and the husbands of many, were fighting for that little cotton flag the President held in his hand. Old men and young boys alike shouted, laughed,—cried. The strain of the war, the sacrifices here at home and the far greater ones "over there," the long standing in wait for the parade to come, were all factors, I will admit; but the greatness of Woodrow Wilson, ruler of the world at the moment, whose hands held the reins of mankind's fate, through the great powers Congress had given him and the spent condition of the Allies, was even more a factor. The world likes idols. It has adored heroes, men above their fellows, ever since the ancient Greeks made gods of them.

President Wilson was the idol of the mothers who did not want their sons slaughtered, who never had wanted the war until it just had to be faced, and then wanted to end it as quickly as possible, with the least toll of human life. They looked to him as they who followed Him two thousand years ago looked to the Son of God.

Again Gray's line recurs: "The path of glory leads but to the grave."

Only this year, in fact just a few months ago, I saw this same Woodrow Wilson, a broken, tired old man, hated as no President of the United States has ever been, because of a negative personality that almost dwarfed his worth, leaving Keith's Theatre in Washington. He came out a side entrance, was assisted into his car, and driven away through an arch of policemen, assigned for the ex-President's bodily protection by his successor in office. This bit of drama happens virtually every Saturday night.

What is there left for Woodrow Wilson after his eight years of struggle, labor, fame and glory? Only.... "the grave." Napoleon Bonaparte had his hundred days; Wilson never will.

The ingratitude of the cheering thousands is saddening to a believer in human nature. Memorial Day at Arlington Cemetery it was my pleasure to listen to a stirring address by the late President, Mr. Harding. Through all the Fourth of July oratory



vented on the great audience, the words of Warren Harding rang sincere. Had I never heard him speak, I could not have appreciated the unanimous verdict of editors: "He was Just Folks. He was a kind, good man." But I can not agree with one statement made that day. Casting his eyes upward, assuming the philosophical, meditative air that seemed to become him so well, President Harding said, "I believe in the gratitude of republics. I like to believe that peoples are grateful."

To be sure, the spontaneous outburst of genuine sympathy throughout the land which accompanied the funeral train on its tragic homeward journey was a form of gratitude. But how long, how long? The first page stories of two weeks ago are gone. "The king is dead, long live the king!" A "stick" tells of the departure of the widow for the suburban home of friends, two columns of the Coolidges taking possession.

When I first wrote this article, President Harding was alive, active and interesting. At this point my original copy read: "When Mr. Harding writes his memoirs on the front porch at Marion I think he will smile at his statement in Arlington Cemetery. He might ask one George Herman Ruth of the New York Yankees how grateful the bleacherites were for the home run record made one year when he was not making circuit drives the following season. He might ask William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the United States, how grateful the press were to a man of sterling worth, above petty politics and possessing one of the best judicial minds in the history of our country, when it was discovered that a merely nominal pension was being paid him by a philanthropic organization. Of how much good was the past, with forty years of service to the country,—four as its President,—When this one questionable item appeared? It was positively nauseating to see the manner in which the newspapers, almost with unanimous accord, insinuated ugly things about a man who is so high-minded he was a weak President,—'a rotten politician, a dub at guessing the public likes and dislikes.' Though I do not anticipate the honor of arguing the point with my illustrious namesake, I certainly can not agree that 'peoples are grateful.'" But when President Harding died I changed the copy a bit.

Who was harvard's fullback two years ago? Who played the guard positions on Walter Camp's mythical all-American football team last season? Who knows the sporting heroes of two seasons ago? What does an alma mater do for a half back who breaks his leg winning the big game of the year, possibly crippling himself for life? He gets a tremendous ovation as he is carried off the field, almost literally a limp, wet rag. Poor man! The price of fame is obscurity. Carpentier is forgotten; two



years ago he was the idol of romantic women and the little tin god of red-blooded men. Today Jim Jefferies is looking for a job as referee. Your all-American end gets a job coaching a prep school football team and spends his life there. That's the reward of passing fame.

Politics? The biggest joke in the world! He who is presidential timber today is out of the question tomorrow. He who holds front page interest for a week drops back into the mob when his turn on the spinning wheel of fame is through.

In art I should make an exception, but even there, where people are naturally more fickle and passionate in their short affections, the reigning toast never reigns long. Rather, relative obscurity soon rains on him. Today John Sargent is dined and wined as the greatest, Joseph Pennell is hailed as the prophet of the new idea on the morrow, then Augustus John arrives for some more glory in inartistic America, not much less barbarous now than when the first Englishmen crossed.

The theatre? How they pass by! The theatre-going public are the queerest, psychologically, in the world. Barnum was right and, I sometimes think, Barnum was wrong and Abraham Lincoln right when he spoke of not fooling them all all of the time. Certainly the stars become bright and dull in almost a night. Hot weather, coughing audiences and general discomfort may ruin a good performance; while ideal conditions may do more than justice, in the way of appreciation by the audience, to the performers. Certainly old actors are rather hardened to the whims of their auditors. There is nothing quite like the philosophical viewpoint of the veteran in the histrionic art.

Democracy among the great is of two kinds; sincere and feigned. We have had two great cases of political democrats in our own decade: a President and a Governor who played the "common man" stunt for all it was worth. I should say that it came naturally to both of these gentlemen, because of their humble early training. I know that Governor Smith, while an astute politician, is sincere in his democracy. I recall one occasion when the Governor was to lunch with an executive of the newspaper on which I worked. This executive sent his secretary down to meet the Governor and bring him up. The young man was a Philadelphian and had never seen "Al" Smith. The Governor walked into the lobby with a friend, asked the young man where the chief's office was, got his directions and took the elevator up, unescorted. I spent some joyous moments regaling the youth who had gone down to meet him. He finally blurted out, a look of hurt pride in his eyes, "How was I to know him? He came walking in with a brown derby hat and looked like a plain dub! Governors shouldn't dress that way!"



## ILLUSION

*From the world and its sorrows I ran away  
To a house down by the sea,  
An old gray house that was built to stand  
There for all eternity.  
The roar of the surf and the howl of the wind  
Were in the soul of me.*

*As I rushed of a morn to the crashing waves  
And buried my anguish there,  
Far off I espied a galley of slaves  
Bearing a queenly maiden fair.  
Mine eyes I rubbed, mine arm I pressed;  
Did my vision lie to me?*

*Toward the ship my weary way I plied,  
Striving with might and main  
To swim to the queenly maiden's side  
And forever there remain.  
Then the sun arose o'er the water's edge.  
Mine eyes began to pain.*

*Again I gazed where the ship had been;  
No sight there greeted me.  
I strained mine eyes, I used my strength.  
No maiden could I see.  
Then the slaves my queen had carried off!  
Had taken her to sea!*

*My weary way to the land I made,  
Mine heart in sorrow torn,  
The maid I loved, the maid I wished,  
Had come and gone that morn.  
None other had mine eyes beheld,  
None other could there be . . .*

*The old gray house was built to stand  
There for all eternity,  
The roar of the surf and the howl of the wind  
Were in the soul of me.  
The world and its sorrows had followed me  
To the house down by the sea.*

—W. N., '26.



## SUNSET

*The sky is like a lovely rose,  
The sun, its heart of gold.  
While it draws breath,  
Grey clouds of death  
Its glowing life enfold.*

—E. M. R., '27.

\* \* \*

(The late Joseph O'Laughlin, one of the Academy students, contributed this poem to the VIATORIAN last year. It is reprinted in his memory.)

## 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.

\* \* \*

## TO SHELLEY

*It should be joy enough to me  
To walk the way that you have gone,  
To catch the fragrance of your thought  
In flowers of beauty you have wrought.  
I cannot hope to reach the place  
Enchanted by your lovely face,  
But in the distance if I see  
Your white hand waving just to me,  
Or catch the shining of your eyes  
That's close enough to paradise!*

—E. M. R., '27.



## The Greatest Thing in Life

E. M. Roy '27

Far back from the road stood the little house, enfolded in the waving, shadowy arms of the tall, swaying pines that grew about it. Dim and indistinct it looked in the moonlight dreamily drowsing in the fitful gloom. These giant guardians had grown old with the centuries. They had known the terrible wrath of the lightning and had bowed before the whims of their fierce playmate, the wind. Gaunt, rugged, and tragic they stood, dauntless and splendid in their defiance of time and storm, like old weather-beaten ships with ragged, wind blown sails. Still their hearts were possessed of a fervid restlessness that gave them no peace. They seemed heir to all the unrest of the human race. They were ever striving, ever reaching with eager searching fingers for something, they knew not what, to still the terrible longing and loneliness that gnawed at their hearts unceasingly.

Tonight the moon rode through their branches and the ground was carpeted with flickering gleams of her loveliness. Above the winking stars laughed together over their old, tender jokes on the universe.

Jean stood at the foot of a tall, pine tree. pressed her warm, soft cheek against the rough bark, and looked yearningly, her eyes filled with the mute questionings of youth. She was like a newly born butterfly, blinded by the sun and scarcely realizing what its wings are for or how to use them. Just emerged from the cocoon of childhood, the world of mystery and beauty smote across her tremulous soul as the sun smites the eyes of one who has dwelt in darkness. Jean had known the moon and the stars and the trees all her life. She had known them in the unthinking, unconscious way of a child. Never, until now, had their wondrous beauty so interpenetrated her being. In the revealing sun of her awakening, she spread the wings of her new-born soul shyly and timorously. The innermost fibre of her being reached out to know the why and wherefore of things. The mightiness, the splendour, the majesty, the whole, vast, tremendous immensity of the world seemed to fairly leap at her. It was for a minute as if she were standing, a lonely, solitary figure, on the topmost peak of the world and time, while below throbbing at her feet, like a huge, mysterious clock, lay revealed the wondrous, inner workings of the universe. Her soul stood on tip-toe in an anguish of ecstasy as she listened breathlessly to its secret ticking. Dimly she saw herself there one infinitesimally,



minute part in the divine harmony of the whole. But, nevertheless, a part, a part of this overwhelming, glorious thing which was called life. She was one with the murmuring, half-awake trees, with the dreaming flowers, with the lonely rapture of that solitary bird. Ah, yes, she was part of this beauty and it was part of her! The wonder of the thought shot through her like an electric current. How marvelous, how wondrous, how overwhelmingly stupendous! Had anyone ever realized this superb truth before? It made the world a place of infinite beauty and mystery. What did anything else matter beside this? What if all the sorrows of the world were heaped on her shoulders, nothing could rob the world of its splendour, and because she was part of it, nothing could rob her of her splendour. Only sin, which is the enemy of all true beauty, could dim the clear radiance of her soul which would shine out serenely above all temptations, all sorrows and all degradations. The deep, engulfing beauty of her thoughts and of everything in life seemed to rush over her, overwhelming her, snatching her up into heights of ecstasy undreamed of until the poor, little body ached with the burden of her burning soul. Ah, if she could but capture the tantalizing wonder of it all, hold it to her heart and give expression to it in words that would make the world dumb to listen. If she could but make the world of dull, unheeding folk realize this supreme truth:—

“Beauty is God! Beauty is life! Beauty is everything!”

And so Jean set her life in tune with this belief. With all the ardent enthusiasm of youth she called herself the “Apostle of Beauty.” “The Seeker After Beauty.” For, she said, “God is beauty. He is the center, the axis, of the good, the true, and the beautiful. What is essentially good, and true and noble is beautiful, and what is beautiful is always good and noble. When we sin against beauty, we sin against God.”

Jean had now put on her armour and was ready to engage in life's struggles. She waited with burning curiosity for things to come to her but the slow, weary days passed and nothing happened. In spite of the great change wrought in her, her associates and surroundings remained the same as if she were not a splendid, newly created creature ready for all the strange, wonderful things life could bring to her. Was she to wait all her days on the very threshold of mystery and romance and all the other things which are part of life? She cared not whether it was lovely Joy who came to lead her to sublime heights or her sister, Sorrow, to show her the deepest depths. Only to live, live, live! Only to drink deep of the thrilling wine of life. Anything rather than to rot her eager youth away in a slough of stagnation.

You can understand the eagerness with which she welcomed



Vance Mitchell into her life. She was seventeen then, an age when all girls are in love with someone be he only a dream hero. Vance was two years older but Jean had lived far more in her seventeen years than he had in his nineteen. He was a dilettante by nature. He liked to skim over the edge of things, stopping long enough only to savour the sweetness of one before he fluttered on to the next. As to outward appearances, he was all that even a dream hero should be. He had that sort of black, curling hair that a girl's fingers itch to caress. His eyes were dark blue, framed in long, black lashes, and full of merry, gleaming lights. When he smiled, and he had a delightful smile, he had a way of squinting them up and looking at you out of the corners of them in a most adorable fashion. Jean could no more have kept from falling in love with him than a ripe, mellow apple can keep from falling at the wind's touch. However, had she been a little older or a little more observant, she might have noticed a certain lack of depth in those blue eyes and a hint of weakness about the mouth and chin. But, how could Jean, brimming with her bubbling joyous youth, be expected to do any clear, rational thinking when over them May flung the magic of a delicately tender, blue sky, warmed them with the exhilarating wine of mad-cap Spring, and set little plants and buds on trees to pull at their heart strings with tiny, new green fingers as urgent and tender as a baby's. Over all the earth she walked trailing her frail, white veils across the skies and the fragrance of her breath caused the trees to leap into a mystic birth of dazzling, white loveliness and awakened the slow unfoldment of the flower of love in the heart of a man and a maid.

When they went canoeing that first afternoon, Jean was supremely happy. She leaned back on the cushions lazily, trailing her fingers in the water, and wondering with a thrill that a sky could be so very blue. The delicate, white, apple blossom sprays they had gathered formed a lovely frame for her dark, vivid eyes and hair, and Vance wondered to, with all of his sensual, beauty-loving soul that a girl could be so very lovely. They talked of many things, but mostly of poetry of which they were both so fond. And so the brief hours of that afternoon slipped by. The day was slowly fading now and they decided to drift back down the river towards home through the glamorous wonder of the sunset. The water, reflecting the glory of the sky, was turned to rose and amethyst. The fiery colors, flaming there were like a symbol of their ardent natures. Dumb with silence, their faces turned to the west, the two brooded passionately on the miracle of the mingling and the changing of the colors. The glory faded and the dark deepened and gathered about them, enfolding them in her dusky arms. Here and there the light of a star



pricked the gloom. Mystically they floated through the darkness as if it were a dream. The silence drew them together with caressing fingers. Ah, it was sweet and tender beyond words. There was but one thing needed to make it perfect. Dimly Vance's lips sought in the darkness for hers and when he kissed her it seemed to him as if that kiss had waited for him through long, tremulous, breathless centuries. Was it not beautiful and lovely and perfect? Do you wonder that Jean was thrilled to her finger tips? Do you wonder that three days later when Vance asked her to marry him she consented?

That night, when Jean knelt by the window to say her prayers, she looked up at the pine trees with her old delight in their awesome loveliness. Her soul was imbued with the intoxication of supreme happiness. She flung back her head and laughed softly in her joy! It was not beauty that was everything. It was love, love, love! That was the master key to all the puzzles of the universe. She was so strong in her youth and exultation that she longed to snatch the very stars out of the sky to entwine in her hair, to robe herself in the exquisite colors of sunset and dance across the dark pavilion of the night, or swing between earth and heaven in the arms of the crescent moon. That night she was queen of the universe!

And so they were married, and Vance took his bride to Chicago, where he had rented a very modest little apartment. Through influential associates and by means of his own skillfulness, Vance had been able to secure the position of dramatic critic on one of the newspapers. These reviews were all done in a brilliant but superficially clever fashion. That was the index to Vance's character, quick, easy brilliancy in everything he said or did.

As for Jean, she was wholly delighted. Coming as she did from the drowsiness of a small town, Chicago with its tremendous clamour and bustle amazed and thrilled her. There was a tingling excitement in the very atmosphere. At night the buildings reared their proud heads so high that it seemed to Jean as if they were trying to peer with their million eyes into the faces of the stars. Crossing a street was a thrilling experience to her. She thought whimsically that it was like a game. The policeman stood in the center of the street while the people on either side waited breathlessly for the sharp whistle that meant "go." Then they rushed forward as if their object were to get to the other side before anyone caught them to make them "it." But there was no joyousness in this weird game. Their faces bore the hard, strained look of persons bent on their selfish ends, unseeing and uncaring of their fellows.

The city called to her in its many different voices. Art, literature and music each came to make their appeal. The subtle



romance of new and lovely clothes charmed her. Whether men realize it or not, there is a very real romance attached to clothes. The appeal is even greater when there is little money to be spent. Choosing a new hat became an exciting adventure to her. Should she take this adorably impertinent thing that made her look like an impudent exotic dancer, or would she be a gracious, dignified and lovely prima donna in this large, black, expensive looking hat with the feathers. Only to choose and she would be instantly transformed as if by magic into either one of these entrancing creatures. But she could not be both. She must choose between them. Surely even a man can see the allurements that lie in merely changing your head gear and being changed into a new, more enchanting creature for whom adventure and romance waits at the turn of every corner.

Her husband brought charmingly interesting people of the newspaper world home to the little apartment among whom Jean's wit and beauty shone with greater brilliancy. Sometimes there were gay, little impromptu parties that they attended. Of course they saw all the new plays, for Vance as a dramatic critic must necessarily do so. Jean enjoyed it all with the careless abandon of happy, pleasure-loving youth. She was nearly perfectly happy. Her husband adored her in disregard of the beautiful and fascinating women of their acquaintance and Jean was of the firm opinion that he was quite the cleverest and handsomest man in the world. It was all like a play world where sorrow had never entered. Only now and then Jean grew lonesome for her tall pine trees and the long wondering thoughts of old. This life was pleasant but it was not quite real. It seemed impossible that it could last.

Thus the months went by until the baby was born. Ah, the wonder of it! The miraculous tininess of it! Jean, like all mothers, thought it quite the most thrillingly exquisite baby that the world had ever known or could hope to know. How she held it in her arms, trembling with a fearful delight lest it should be snatched from her in some unforeseen way. How she brooded over the little sleeping face wonderingly, fearing lest as miraculously and mysteriously as it had been given to her so would it be taken. It was so incredibly tiny that it seemed impossible so tender a being could continue to live and draw breath in this rude world.

Vance, too, took a boyish pride and delight in the baby, exhibiting it to their admiring friends awkwardly but tenderly. He was quite content to stay at home with Jean for the first few weeks and spend the evenings reading and admiring the baby. But he grew restless as the time went by and evening followed



evening with monotonous sameness. The baby was rather fretful and Jean was altogether too obsessed in her care of it to pay any attention to him. Finally Vance blurted out one evening: "See here Jean. I've got some tickets tonight for 'The Green Goddess.' Can't you leave the baby with Mrs. Guest and come along? She'll be glad to take care of it for once. You know she's crazy about babies."

Mrs. Guest, who lived in the same apartment house as Jean, was a very good friend to both the Mitchells. She had lost her baby recently and took a great deal of interest in Jean's.

Jean looked up at him from where she knelt by the cradle, her eyes full of protesting mother love.

"Leave the baby! Why, Vance, I wouldn't think of it, especially now when she's not well."

"But, Jean, don't you realize that we haven't been anywhere for months? It's not good for you and it's not good for me!"

"Why, Vance! You know you've been out to see several plays lately."

"Only those I've had to see. I'm getting tired of never going anywhere, never seeing anyone. And you, why you pay no attention at all to me any more. You seem to have forgotten that I need a little love too."

After all you couldn't blame him. At twenty a man is not apt to become enthusiastic to the point of infatuation over a mere baby even if it is his own.

This touched tender hearted Jean and she came over to him, slipped her arms about his neck, kissing him sweetly.

"You know I do love you, dear," she whispered.

He held her close to him and murmured into the fragrance of her hair. "Then come with me tonight. Let us know the old romance of just you and I together. Let's forget about the baby tonight!"

Just then the baby, as if in answer to its name, gave a low wailing cry. Jean ran to it and snatched it up, holding it to her in a passion of tenderness.

"Forget about the baby! Oh, Vance, how can you say that? Oh, my own dear, dear, sweet little baby as if I would forget you for anything in all the whole wide world!"

"Ah," cried Vance disgustedly, "you don't love me! You care only for the baby!" Then in a lower, more appealing tone, "Jean, Mrs. Guest can take care of it for tonight just as well as you. It is the opening night and you will love it. Come now. Won't you come?" he urged pleadingly.

"No, no! I could not leave my baby when she is sick. I



would not enjoy a minute of it. You go Vance. I will not keep you from going."

"Very well," answered Vance briefly and Jean knew that he was hurt. But what could she do? How could she leave her tiny, tiny baby that was sick to anyone else?

So Vance went off moodily by himself, leaving Jean alone. She held the baby in her arms and read it to sleep with the wonderful musical rhythm of Shelley's "Adonais," whose pages were stained with her ecstatic tears of joy at its wonder and beauty. She wanted this little thing to love it just as she did. She had never found anyone who loved poetry just as she did, not even Vance. His was a sort of superficial appreciation. It did not reach deep down into his heart and thrill him as it did Jean.

As she sat there beneath the light of the rose lamp, the baby in her arms, her great eyes filled with Shelley's strange, mystic dreams and her mouth tender with mother love, she looked like a very sweetly appealing, girlish madonna.

This was the beginning of it. As the weeks went by and the baby grew feebler and more fretful, a terrible fear clutched at Jean's heart. Her whole world centered in the baby and she spent hours hovering over it with agonizing love. Her husband ceased to exist for her. I think she hardly noticed whether he came or went.

Less and less did Vance stay at home. Privately, he thought that Jean was making a tremendous fuss over the illness of the baby. It did not cry. It gave no signs of pain or sickness. He hardly believed it was sick at all.

Stella Marshall, Broadway's latest favorite and the dainty whimsical star of "Youth and Springtime," had shown a flattering preference to Vance's society over that of older and richer men. You must remember that he was only twenty. Wiser men than he have fallen victim to that subtle fascination which lurks behind the footlights and which pervades the personality of an actress. I believe it was as much this as anything which attracted him to Stella Marshall. The ruling impulse of his life urged him along to sip a little of the honey of all things. His vanity had been hurt from the lack of attention he had received from his wife and so this appealing flattery of being preferred over other men by an especially charming and bewitching actress was like soothing oils poured over his sore heart.

The doctor came twice a day now. Jean followed him to the door this particular morning suddenly stopped him, saying in a tense voice, "Doctor, I must know. Tell me. Will she live or not? It will drive me crazy unless I know."

There was reason to believe that she spoke the truth when



you looked at those dark, burning eyes like intense flames in the stark whiteness of her thin face.

"Tell me only the truth," she urged, "I want nothing but the truth!"

"I do not know. I cannot say," he answered.

"There is hope then!" And her whole face glowed with life to think that there might be hope.

The doctor, a tall grave man, looked at her thoughtfully and kindly.

"Yes, there is some hope," he admitted cautiously. "Not a great deal, but at least there is a chance."

Her face flushed with happiness.

"Ah, that is something! Oh, doctor," she burst out impetuously, "you must not let her die. You will do everything, everything, won't you?"

"Of course I will. Now listen," he said, looking at her pale face disapprovingly, "you must let me get you a night nurse or else in a short time I will have two patients on my hands."

"Oh, no, I can't," said Jean. "We can't afford it. Beside I can get along perfectly well with Mrs. Guest's help. You know I would rather watch the baby myself and I can sleep in the day time."

"It's not right, though," the doctor grumbled as he departed.

Jean felt more hopeful than she had for days and when she returned to the baby's bedside she thought that surely it looked more peaceful and restful than it had in a long time. Vance telephoned her after a little while that he would not be home until late because of some extra work to be finished. This had happened quite often lately. Jean was too worried about the baby to realize just how often. She felt faint and realizing that she must have something to sustain her through the night, she made herself a cup of tea which she gulped down hurriedly that she might get back to the baby the sooner. The dreadful fear gripping her heart would not permit her to leave it for long. With unutterable tenderness she gathered it to her heart, feeling as if she were holding all the joy in heaven and earth when she held this little creature in her arms. Ah, it must not, it could not die. God would not be so cruel as to permit it. She laid down once more and made herself comfortable for the night in the big arm chair. The rose lamp gave the only light in the room. Outside the wind blew eerily with a sigh like the moan of a wandering ghost, emphasizing the quiet and comfort within. Jean sat with her eyes fixed unswervingly on the baby, her lips murmuring snatches of prayer over and over again. Later in the night the doctor came, looked at the baby, saying that it seemed if anything a little better, and gave Jean her instructions for the night. With a promise to be back early in the morning, he went off.



Jean sat dreamily in her arm chair. She wondered dimly that Vance had not yet returned. The absolute silence inside and the long, mournful, monotonous wail of the wind without soothed her tired nerves. She snapped out the light, feeling that the darkness would be more restful. Weariness overcame her and she fell into a deep sleep, from which she awoke several hours later with a great, guilty start to find the gray light of dawn creeping through the window. How could she have slept? She reprimanded herself. How could she forget for an instant the terrible danger that lay about her baby. Filled with anger at herself and a great nervous dread, she rushed instantly to the baby's bed to assure herself of its safety. She saw its eyes were open and tenderly took it in her arms to soothe it. She felt the tiny hands and found them cold. She rubbed them gently and thoughtfully, reproaching herself for not having taken greater care to keep her baby from being chilled. She looked at the little face again lovingly. A terrible fear stabbed her heart and the blood seemed to freeze in her veins. "Was it, could it be—?" she thought panic stricken. But no, she would not permit her brain to form the question. It was not, it could not be true. Had not the doctor said the baby was better? Had not she herself found it better? But again the grisly Fear raised its head. Why this staring look? Why these cold hands? She clutched the baby closer in her arms trying to assure herself that the eyes were not staring, that the hands were only slightly chilled. The cold, clammy cheek of the child pressed against hers and the touch made her heart cease beating for a horrible sickening space, while her soul stood still in the grip of gaunt terror. Some awful voice within her seemed to speak. "There is no use. It is dead. It is quite dead," it repeated in its calm even accents.

"No, no, no! It is not true. My baby is not dead!" she cried out wildly, unreasoningly, at bay with her dreadful foe. But even as she cried the words, the horrible realization that they were not true burnt its way into her brain. She suddenly knew, with the terrible futility of utter hopelessness, that the baby really was dead, that there was nothing more to be done and that there was nothing more to live for. The weary brain refused to work further. The mental and physical exhaustion of days overpowered her and she fell unconscious across the bed, a pathetic little girlish figure, clutching a dead baby to her breast.

Thus it was that the doctor and Mrs. Guest found her. She did not regain consciousness until late that day and the baby was tenderly buried that afternoon, while the little girl mother remained unknowing of all that passed about her.

There was also a letter received from Vance. It was brief and to the point.

"Dear Jean:—(it read)



"I am going with Stella Marshall to New York. I have been offered a position there on one of the big newspapers. I know that you have ceased to love me and thus my caring for Stella can make no difference to you.

"The baby is yours to keep. I am sure you will find no difficulty in obtaining a divorce on the grounds of faithlessness or desertion and I will be glad to pay you the alimony.

"If you wish to communicate with me you may do so through my lawyer, Mr. McGray.

"With every wish for your happiness, I am

"Sincerely yours, Vance."

Months passed in which Jean wavered on the edge of the gray borderland, too listless and hopeless to care to retrace the long climb up the hill to health. But at last that strong, innate, love of life prevailed.

Her father came to take her back to the quiet, little house among the pines. It was the best place for her. The pines were like dear old friends who welcomed her with quiet, understanding hands. They seemed to look on her with the sympathetic, pitying look of those that have gained wisdom and tolerance through suffering. There were long days which Jean spent sitting beneath them languid and hopeless, yet in some remote way comforted with their mute presences. Night and day she never ceased to long for the baby. The aching void in her arms smote her with an ever new, ever poignant pain. Yet she did not wish for another child. Her love was all for the tiny, black eyed thing so much like a part of herself. She felt that she had no more love left to give to anything or anyone.

She had given her husband the divorce he wanted with scarcely a pang. As for herself, she felt that she had been married once and was married for always. She did not hate him. She scarcely thought of him. He was part of a dim bygone girlhood before she had known what tremendous capabilities she possessed for loving. Love for him had never wrung her heart as the love of the child had. He had been no more than an incident in her life, no more than a shadow flitting with the fleeting day. This love had never taken root in her soul but had fallen on the rocky soil of her sensual, pleasure loving heart where no noble and lovely plant may flourish. She would probably have married any other attractive man who came to her in the first flush of romantic girlhood.

But it was all past now. At twenty she felt as if her life was over. She believed that she had tasted everything that life had to give. Prayer did not inspire her. Even her books did not allure her. Nothing could pierce the armour of her stolidness. She was weighted down with that most despairing feeling in all



the world, that feeling of the utter futility of all working, all hoping, all living. Nothing seemed worth while. Nothing made any difference. All she cared for was to sit looking at the pine trees with a mute, questioning wistfulness.

As the days went by, however, and new vigor came to her body, her mind like a luminous, rising sun dispelled the heavy fog of indifference that had gathered about it. She turned her steps towards the library, where she had spent so many of her girlhood hours, and here passed dreamy half days browsing about. One day she came across a little volume of Bishop Spalding's entitled "Education and the Higher Life." Her interest was immediately captivated with the first few pages. She took it home, where she read it breathlessly through. The noble, compelling thoughts awakened all her old, shining dreams of splendid, exalted living. They were like a clear trumpet call summoning her to higher things. The words of this wise, thoughtful man made her look deep into her own soul for the truths of existence. In this deeply, contemplative mood she asked herself: "What after all is my life worth?" "What is it but a flash measured in the great light of eternity? Why then should it and my own pleasures mean so much to me? My passions, hopes and desires are known to few and will be remembered by none. This is not the way to attain happiness for no matter where I search or what I find, I will always be looking and wishing for something more. I can see now that discontent will be the result of all my self seeking. Then I must forget myself! I must sublimate myself to something greater than myself. But what shall it be? What sublime purpose can I offer my life to?" Naturally her thoughts turned to writing as the one talent she possessed. "Ah, that is it!" she cried with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. "To create! That is how I can be most like to God. My hopes, my fears, my loves, my passions, everything fades. But if I can snatch a bit of the unchained and tremendous beauty that thrills and sings through the universe and fills it with a vibrance as keen and true as the presence of electricity in the air, then I will have done something worth while. I will have forgotten my petty self and gotten a grip on the eternal. Ah, if I could but leave something that generations to come would prize. If I could only be the cause of giving inspiration to someone to look up to the light, to be true to their noblest selves, to appreciate and love the beautiful then indeed my life would not have been in vain!"

With this ideal before her, Jean turned all her thoughts and endeavours to writing. She labored with arduous, never tiring enthusiasm for three years but everything she wrote came back to her rejected. We will not pretend that she was not disheartened but she never despaired. Perhaps she would not have had



this perseverance if her ideal was not so much to please a fickle minded public as to satisfy her own ideas of truth and beauty. She never doubted that ultimate recognition would come some day even if it were after her own death.

Finally Jean decided to write the novel of which she had so long dreamed. She dipped her eager pen in the bitter sweet brewing the years had made of her vivid youth, her passionate mother love and her sad, hard wrested wisdom. The result was a novel of gripping realism. The characters were drawn with keen, psychological analysis and a fine, spiritual insight. It also possessed a splendid, lyrical quality so that the words seemed to sing themselves to you.

She worked on it for a year. It sat with her at breakfast, dinner and supper and wrestled with her all night in dreams. She almost knew it by heart. One day she decided it was a masterpiece that would startle the world and the next she was ready to fling it in the waste paper basket in disgust. She knew it so intimately that she was not able to judge in any way of its worth. Finally, she sent it off with tremulous hope for its success but mostly with a vast feeling of relief at its completion.

Long, weary months of alternate hope and despair passed while Jean waited to know if the book was accepted. At last the news came. The book was to be published. Jean read the letter with the air of a saint catching a glimpse of heaven.

That night when she looked at the moon, riding as of old through the pine trees, she flung her arms toward the skies in the happy abandon of joy.

"I have found it at last, old trees," she whispered, "and it is neither love nor beauty. It is the offspring of both of these and yet is greater than either. Lean your dear old heads closer and I will share my secret with you. High achievement! She flung the words out proudly with a little flourish in her voice and gesture. "High achievement, the child of all noble thoughts, emotions and ideals, the kindest friend of man and the closest to God! Achievement!"

Standing there in the moonlight, her great eyes gleaming with visions, her head so proudly poised and the wind whipping her long dress about her in graceful folds, she might have been an embodiment of supremely splendid, eternally hopeful Youth.

Above the wise stars looked down smiling tenderly.



## Viator, Patron Saint of Children

So little is, unfortunately, known of the life of St. Viator by new students and, too often, by some old ones, that a little history of the patron saint of the Viatorians is offered for the benefit of the uninitiated.



Though the exact date or place of birth is unknown, it is generally supposed that Viator was born in the old and beautiful city of Lyons, France, about the year 370. "Viator" means traveler and with Saint Just, Bishop of Lyons, our patron traveled to the distant deserts of Thebaid to spread the word of his Creator. While a very young man Viator was elevated to the rank of Lector, the second of the

Minor Orders, by Bishop Just. In the old days the office of Lector was an important one, for the Church says in her ordination service that the Lector should teach as much by his example as by his words. In the exercise of his duties as Lector Viator was wont to go through the streets of Lyons ringing a bell to call to catechism the little children he taught.

Saint Just, Bishop of Lyons, was so attracted by Viator's remarkable virtues that he made him his constant companion and when, through a grave misunderstanding and misapprehension of certain untoward events, Bishop Just decided to give up his diocese and all its honors and go and lead a life of penance among the cenobites of the desert of the Thebaid, it was to his Lector that he spoke of his plan. In the words of his superior, Viator heard the call of God, "Go, sell all that thou hast, take up thy cross and follow Me," and decided to accompany the bishop.

The holy prelate did not return to his diocese from the Council of Aquila but went immediately to Egypt. He met his Lector at the little town of Arles and together they pursued their way to the desert, stopping at none of the famous cities in their travels, since penance in the desert was alone their end. In all their dangers and privations, Viator was the support of the aged Bishop. When they reached Scete, one of the monasteries of the Thebaid, Saint Just concealed his name and history and devoted himself to the contemplative life. Viator was his perfect imitator and together the old man and the child spun out the few remaining years of this earthly exile.



Saint Just lived but a few years and on his death bed prophesied that his Lector would soon follow him. A few days later Viator's pure soul winged its early flight to join its patron in the home of bliss he had always desired. Inseparable in life, the aged saint and the child saint were inseparable in death, their remains being brought back with great honor to the Church of the Machabees in Lyons, which henceforth took the name of the Church of St. Just. The feast of St. Viator is celebrated by the Church every year on October 21.

\* \* \*

### MOTHER

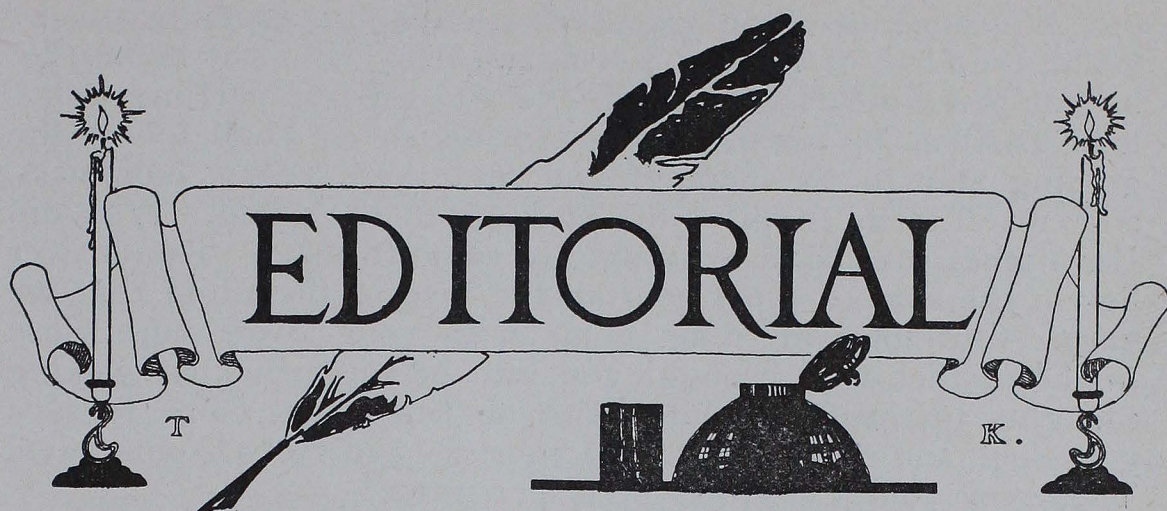
*I gaze at beauteous faces passing by  
And peer in each with tremulous hope that I  
May catch a glimpse of that surpassing grace  
Which glows without Our Mother Mary's face.*

*But I have found my Holy Grail at home,  
Within another Mother's face I own.  
There is a living beauty in her eyes,  
Serenely splendid as the morning skies.*

*They are two deeply burning altar fires,  
Kept bright with fuel of self-sacrifice.  
Within these deeply glowing pools of light,  
Were kindled all my thoughts so flashing bright!*

—E. M. R., '27.






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Hundreds and hundreds of years ago a little Child Christmas came into the world with a message from His Father to all men. The Child was born in a manger, for men had denied His mother their homes. He lived in the world which these men ruled for thirty-three years and they killed Him on a cross. They put nails in the hands and feet of their God. And the Child said, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do!"



At Christmas time we celebrate the first coming of the Child, the birth of Christ. Let us not deny Him our homes, let us not persecute Him through life and then slay Him; rather let Christmas be for us a period in which we shall follow the guiding star to the manger and find there peace, happiness, content. Let us think of the message of the Child. Why did His Father send Him, why did He come to man? The answer lies in the soul of every mortal, the love of the Child that we have. Christmas morning, home with your loved ones, close to the mother who brought you into being, turn your waking thoughts to the Christchild, born on Christmas, come to save your soul, and receive Him into your body in Holy Communion. Then may your Christmas be a merry one!

\* \* \*

Much space has been devoted to athletics in college publications of late. Our contemporary, the **Athletics** Columbia College Spokesman, ran an editorial in their October issue on the point. Walter Camp contributed a splendid article to the November World's Work on "The Frankenstein of College Athletics" in which he proclaimed his allegiance to the intracollege faction as opposed to the commercialized intercollegiate horde.

Viator has so many students interested in one or another form of athletics, as well as academic leagues and senior leagues, that there is little need to emphasize the individual's necessities in the way of exercise. But there are many students who are accomplished in branches of sport which do not get attention because the three major activities require such concentration. With a pool, we should have a swimming team this Spring. There are enough students on the tennis courts each day to form a nucleus for a tennis squad. Certainly few schools possess nine hole golf courses and such players as McGuirk, Dundon and others on the third corridor. These minor sports require but two or three men on each team and the expense is comparatively little, for each man has his own equipment and vast stadiums are not needed.

There are no minor sports at Viator now. If some courageous spirit will volunteer to organize each of the suggested teams they will soon spring into existence.



There is a new fad among the magazine writers: picking their favorite books. "The five best books I have read" or "The six novels which appealed mostly to me" are the usual captions. The great columnists have followed this precedent, carrying it into the field of drama and opera. Therefore, let it be said that the past five years have comprised our active reading period and that we liked mostly, of the moderns, "Coniston," "Lord Jim," "The Conqueror," "The Boy Grows Older," "Captain Blood" and, above all, "The Harbor," by Ernest Poole. They all refer somewhat to struggle, to hero-worship and to love, things which appeal to a youthful intellect. Mayhap "The Story of Mankind" will amuse us in our leisure hours two decades hence.

\* \* \*

The manners of certain of the student body, and this does not concern only the high school boys, are disgraceful at meal time. Those students who like to remember the things mother impressed on them as they knelt at the maternal knee should frankly censure the young animals who rush at their food like beasts of prey. Father Kelly's poignant remarks on this point were quite apropos.

\* \* \*

Victor Hugo's romance, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," now showing in Chicago, recalls a story told of the movie magnate who was asked why he had not as yet produced Hugo's masterpiece, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." The erudite individual replied, "Oh, I don't think there's that much interest in college football!"

\* \* \*

Lowell Mellett has contributed an article to the November issue of the "Atlantic Monthly" which is about the clearest presentation of the Klan problem we have seen. It is entitled "Klan vs. Church" and it treats of the attitude of Indiana citizens toward the Catholic Church. For a Protestant, the author displays understanding of the Catholic Church and makes us hope that there are enough of his ilk in America to offset their misguided brethren, who "still think they bury a rifle under the church every time a Catholic baby is born."

\* \* \*

It is a splendid tribute to St. Mary's, Kansas, that three



such excellent gentlemen as "Sandy" McAllister, "Red" Mahoney and "Tiny" Kelly were students there so many years. All three are Chicagoans, all three football men and all genial characters. They are a credit to any institution.

\* \* \*

The students of the University of Illinois, at a mass meeting just before the Northwestern game, pledged that they would make their Homecoming "dry." The example has been followed in other schools since then.

\* \* \*

*The College Club is more active this year than in the past but there seems a dearth of ideas as to what form the activities shall take. The students should always have "something doing." It can not be that the socially backward are that way for fear of neglecting their studies.*

\* \* \*

A feature of the Columbia-St. Viator game at White Sox park Friday, November 9th, for the Catholic Championship of the middle-west, was the sale of frankfurters!

\* \* \*

Five hundred members of the Yale Club in New York City after the Harvard victory paraded the streets in the theatre zone at the time when traffic was at its height. They marched, under police escort, too, from the Yale Club to the Harvard Club, serenaded their rivals and received cheers in return, then hastened back for an all-night celebration of "Old Eli's" first touchdown on Soldiers Field in sixteen years. We can not recall the name of New York City's most prominent native son but we think it is "Al" Smith. Well, Al should get five hundred votes for president, anyway!

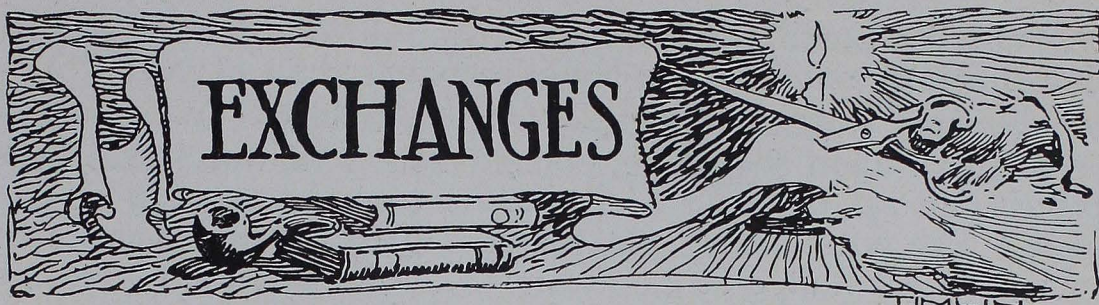
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The VIATORIAN is now in its forty-first year. The present Assistant Superior General of the Clerics of St. Viator was one of the founders. The Georgetown *College Journal*, the Fordham *Monthly* and the Notre Dame *Scholastic* are the only Catholic magazines antedating us. The Niagara *Index* did, but they suspended publication for a brief spell, breaking their continuity.

\* \* \*

*Our next issue will give a lot of history of which present students know little. The photos of prefects and professors of great dignity in this day and age show them in the adolescent period. Some of them are rare!*





### FIVE JESUIT PUBLICATIONS

There is so much similarity in the monthly publications of the five Jesuit colleges which we review this issue that we are taking all in one resume. The Boston College *Stylus*, The *Canisius Monthly*, The *Fordham Monthly*, The Holy Cross *Purple* and St. Mary's (Kansas) *Dial* are the five.

All the magazines are conservative, literary. They deal only in a superficial manner with the personal activities of students and in hardly a more detailed manner with the larger campus activities, devoting their pages rather to the development of the power of the pen among students than to reflecting the life of the school. Football games are summarized in an impersonal manner; editorials deal with matters of national and even international importance; cartoons and photographs, except in a few rare cases, are under ban; poetry flourishes and receives honored place in the arrangement of articles; conservatism rules the roost. If you wish a literary magazine you will find it in a Jesuit school. However, not all of the schools which publish such school magazines have dailies or weeklies as chroniclers of student life; therein lies the drawback.

The *Canisius Monthly* has the "livest" typographical appearance, the *Fordham Monthly* the best articles (we like Pierre Marique's delicate touch), The Holy Cross *Purple* the most excellent poetry, The Boston College *Stylus* the best Athletics department (their football accounts are "Darling") and The *Dial* of St. Mary's, Kansas, comes nearer to being a regular student-interest magazine than any of the others.

Jesuit publications are too prone to review, in exchanges, only the magazines of other Jesuit schools. That is true of those four papers out of the five just reviewed which contained an exchange column in their November issues.

NIAGARA INDEX—Our old antagonist, the *Index*, is back with us again with a November issue that would leave the most exacting critic—which we certainly are not—with no basis for his carping. The short verse, "The Hudson," is excellent; the jokes are poignant and even amusing to one



without the portals of campus personalities. There seems a more intimate note in the Niagara paper than of yore.

ROSARY COLLEGE EAGLE—"An old friend in a new dress" trips forth upon the stage, embellished with wonderful headpieces and set off with a decorative eagle at the top of each page. The outstanding feature of the November issue is the form, the substance being somewhat dull. But then what student editor has not heard the call of "must" matter, such as the speeches of dignitaries?

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC—The November issue of the Rhode Island monthly is filled with short, interesting stories, a good Exchange and a better Athletics column and a step-brother of our own "Periscope" called "The Observer" in which the discursive tone pleases. The cut atop the Editorials section is the best we have seen in months.

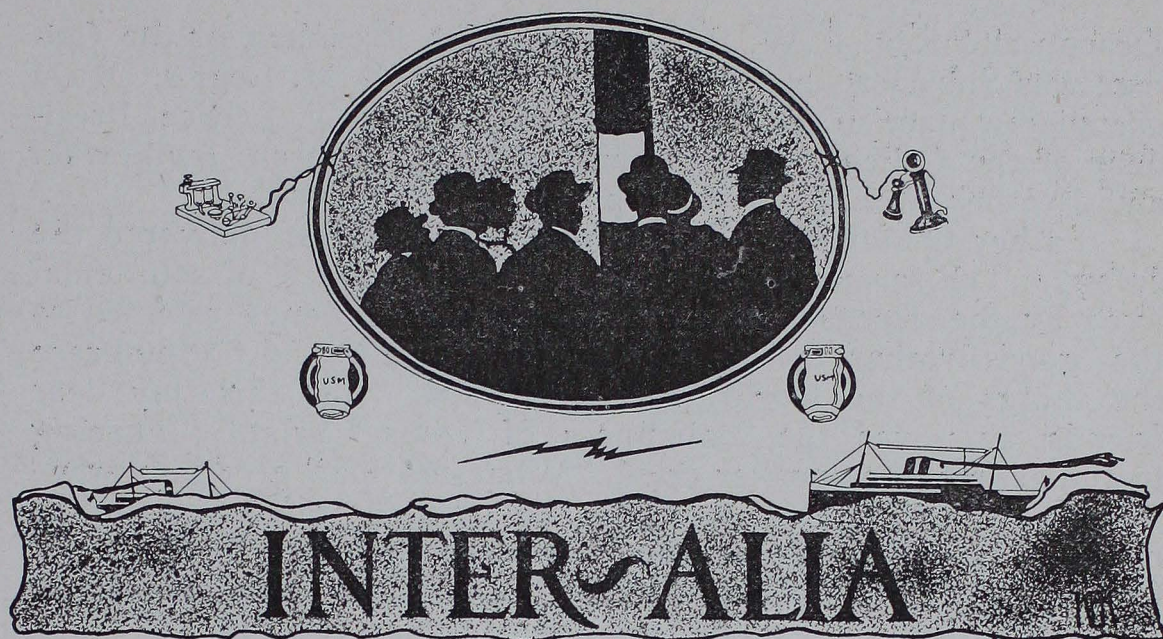
ST. RITA'S COLLEGE CASCIAN—The November *Cascian* is the first we've seen so we can not compare it with what went before. The advertisers should not have been allowed to encroach on the news pages, for their displays are like billboards hanging in art galleries. Page 11 is the best thing in the magazine.

The VIATORIAN respectfully and gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following exchanges:

Purple and Gold, Wag, Anselmian, Duquesne Monthly, Periscope, St. Vincent College Journal, Sinsinawa, College Days, Pioneer, Blue and Gold, Recorder, Lakeside Punch, Lombard Review, Record-Bulletin, Egyptian, Torch, Mountain Echo, Augustana Observer, N. Y. U. Daily, Ignatian, Argus, Prairie Bells, Tech, Pacific Star, Cardinal and White, Oracle, Labarum, Trinity Record, St. Joseph's Chronicle, College Spokesman, Chimes, Lehigh Burr, Red and Blue, Pioneer, Yale News, Scholastic.







**Obsequies** Brother Terence Tobin, C. S. V., died in the Infirmary Saturday evening, December 1, at the dinner hour, after a weak spell during the few days just before his death. Brother Tobin would have been seventy-three years old had he lived until December 30th. Born at Fethard, Tipperary, Ireland, in 1850, Terence Tobin emigrated to Australia after finishing his college course at Thurles, Tipperary. After a sojourn of several years in Australia, he came to America, where he entered the Viatorian Community in 1887.

In the '80's and early '90's Brother Tobin taught at the Bourbonnais District School and many of the professional and business men of Kankakee and Bourbonnais were among his pupils. At one time he was Prefect of Discipline. He had also been a "star" athlete in his youth. From 1895 to 1900 he taught at the Holy Name Cathedral School, Chicago, and since that time, until he was incapacitated by the infirmities of old age about two years ago, he was on the staff of St. Viator Normal Institute in Chicago.

A guard of honor composed of priests and brothers stayed at the bier Saturday and Sunday nights. Monday afternoon the remains were transferred to the parlor in Marsile Hall, where they laid in state until the funeral Tuesday morning. Monday night the students were represented by a double guard of honor throughout the night, each couple remaining an hour at the vigil. The funeral was conducted from the Maternity Church, Bourbonnais, at 9:30 A. M., Tuesday morning, with the Very Rev. W. J. Surprenant, C. S. V., Provincial of the Chicago Province, as celebrant of the Requiem High Mass. Rev. T. J. McCormick, Procurator of the Chicago Province, was

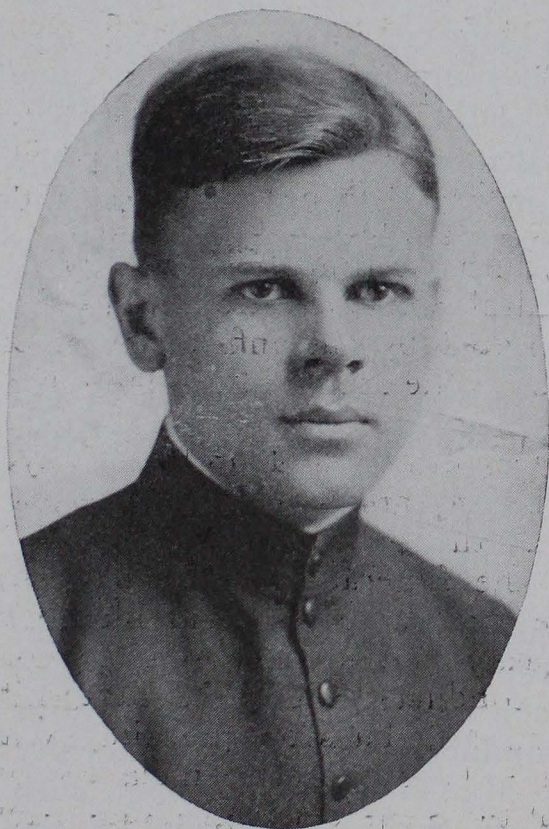


Deacon and Rev. J. W. R. Maguire, Vice President of the College was Sub-Deacon. The Rt. Rev. Mgsr. G. M. Legris, D. D., occupied a place in the Sanctuary. Very Rev. T. J. Rice, President of the College, and Fathers Lowney, Munsch, Swikowski and Brother McEachan were present in the Sanctuary.

Father O'Mahoney, Treasurer of the College, delivered the eulogy. The sermon was a lesson drawn from life of self-denial lived by the deceased Brother. Father O'Mahoney referred to the "good Brother Tobin" as "a fool because he did not embrace the things of the world" and continued, "But this, my dear friends, this was the foolishness of Jesus Christ." Turning to the casket, the speaker cried, "What can man give him now? What can Christ refuse him?" The frequent references to the negation of wordly desires and the attachment to the things of God as the rule of Brother Tobin's life brought home poignantly to the youthful hearers the message of a martyr's life.

After the church services the members of the Community escorted the body to the Maternity Cemetery, Bourbonnais, where the Office for the Dead was chanted. Because of the inclement weather and the condition of the roads, the students did not march to the cemetery, though they did form a lane behind the hearse and march to the village.

\* \* \*



On November 17th a beloved member of the Community returned to the College after a serious siege of illness which necessitated his absence for two and a half months and a serious operation. Brother Cracknell, former Registrar, came back to the campus in almost perfect physical condition, after his two months' stay at the Mayo Brothers Clinic, Rochester, Minn., where he underwent an extended examination, covering an eleven-day period, and an operation on September 15th.

Brother Cracknell spent the first two weeks of November with Father P. Brown at Simpson, Minn. His return to Viator is a blessing to the College and his welcome at the hands of faculty and students alike evidenced this firm belief by all.



**The Climax** Under the supervision of Father Sheridan, the Redpath Lyceum Bureau sent a company of players to the College to produce Edward Locke's comedy, "The Climax" in the College Gym on Sunday evening, November 18th. Miss Norma Lawrence, playing the role of Adelina Van Hagan, sang well and displayed true historionic ability. Douglas Hope, as Luigi Golfanti, the father, was the comic relief and Charles Callahan as the Doctor played the lover. But the hit of the play was the acting of Ralph Bradley as Pietro, the son.

The students received the performance well and commented on the staging, as well as other favorable features. The College Orchestra, under the leadership of Father Sheridan, performed on the occasion. Many friends of the College and business men of Kankakee and Bourbonnais attended with their families.

\* \* \*

**Frequent Communion** Following a custom observed at other colleges, a check will be made of the last two weeks in January of the number of students who receive Holy Communion. Besides the total number of students, the average number of daily Communicants will be recorded.

\* \* \*

**Thanksgiving Vacation** The Thanksgiving vacation commenced after classes on November 27th and lasted until the following Sunday night. The satisfied appearances of the students who remained at the college, and those who returned from their homes, gave assurance that "a good time was enjoyed by all."

\* \* \*

**First Quarterly Examinations** The first quarterly examinations for the College and High School departments were held on November 14, 15 and 16. Those who were unfortunate enough to be conditioned were given the usual privilege of a re-examination.

\* \* \*

**Freshman Dance** The Freshman College Class will conduct a dance in Radeke's ballroom Monday evening, December 17. The class has secured the services of Bill Donahue and his orchestra for the occasion. The orchestra is well known in this locality and the class is looking forward to the success of the enterprise.

This is the first venture of a class in this direction and it is hoped that it will not only be successful but also an incentive for others.



**College Club** The College Club held its second meeting of the year on November 28. The meeting was called to order by Tom Jordan, Vice-President, who advised of its purpose, a financial report on the Homecoming Dance. The need of a senior choir was impressed on the members and a committee was appointed to round up the singers in the College department. The club also pledged its moral support to the Freshman Class in making their dance a success.

\* \* \*

**Twenty-fifth Anniversary** November 18 is a day that will be long remembered by the congregation of St. Patrick's Parish in Kankakee. This day was of double significance as it commemorated the dedication of the new high school, and also the twenty-fifth anniversary of the pastor, Rev. H. M. Shea.

The Viatorian wishes to congratulate Father Shea and hopes that he will have many more years of success in his chosen work.

The following account of the celebration has been taken from one of the Kankakee papers:

The Right Reverend Archbishop George Mundelien, of the diocese of Chicago, had charge of the confirmation services at St. Patrick's Catholic church yesterday morning and of the dedication services for the new St. Patrick school.

The sacrament of confirmation was administered to about 300 children, men and women in the morning, and in the afternoon similar services were held at Bradley, more than 100 being confirmed there.

Following the 10 o'clock mass services in the morning Archbishop Mundelien was preceded to the new high school by the altar boys and was accompanied by several visiting priests and the parishioners. Here the dedicatory services were held and immediately following the ceremony His Grace returned to the church and confirmation was held.

Archbishop Mundelien praised the congregation of St. Patrick's, as well as the pastor, for their achievements in carrying through to completion the building of such a splendid school building. Work through the eight grades and the high school are now given in St. Patrick school and there are about 550 students enrolled.

Last evening the Holy Name society of the church and the men of the parish completed the services of the day by giving a smoker and entertainment for the pastor, Rev. Father H. M. Shea, who was celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entrance into the priesthood.

Out of respect to Father Shea and in recognition of the things which he has accomplished during his twenty-five years of work, the hall was crowded during the evening and a splendid entertainment was given.

Father Shea was presented with a grand purse by the men, and the speech of presentation was made by John P. Hickey, who praised highly the work of the leader and made mention of many of the things that have been done in the parish in the way of progress since Father Shea took charge. Similar remarks were also made by A. L. Granger, James Coen and ex-Judge James Burns.

\* \* \*

**Confirmation** On Sunday, November 11, a large class was confirmed by Archbishop G. Mundelein at St. Joseph's Church, Bradley. Among those who received the sacrament were the following students from the College: Eutemio Cuellar, John McLennon, Joseph Steiner, Edward Steiner, Eugene Shook, Paul Aylward, John Stafford, Vincent Jackson, LeRoy Ward, Victor Ascenzi, John Connolly,



Philip Ritter, Clement Bowman, James Meara, Ralph Garza, and Edward Donavan. The following College students acted as sponsors: Murel Vogel, William McGuirk, Homer Knoblauch, John Tobin, John Ellis, Lawrence Reynolds, Francis Haggarty, Harold Blayney, Melvin Kernan, Thomas Dunn, John Conlin and George Strable.

\* \* \*

The installment of six boulevard lights, the gift of the **Light** Academy Class, '21, at various points on the driveway, have added to the attractiveness of the campus. Prof. Kennedy is responsible for the actual placement of the lights.

\* \* \*

Father O'Mahoney advises that the new kitchen **New Kitchen** and storeroom under construction will be completed by the first of the new year. The kitchen will be equipped with modern cooking and baking ovens and a new icebox; the storeroom will occupy the space which is now used for the kitchen. To date a new dishwashing machine and six New System service wagons have been put into operation in the refectory.

\* \* \*

In recent weeks the students have been entertained **Victrola** by two victrola concerts. One was given from Father Sheridan's room on the first corridor, the other **Concerts** in the refectory during the noon hour, through the courtesy of the Oberlin Furniture Company.

\* \* \*

The first initiation of the new organization, whose **Father** purpose is the entertainment and closer co-operation of its members, was held December 7, and **Charles** went over with a bang 'n then some. The members chose the names of Father Charles to perpetuate the memory of Father Charles St. Amant, who died February 24, 1923. **Fraternity**

From the success of the first initiation the others should "go big." Joseph Ryan, Joseph Steiner, John Stafford, John Scholl, John O'Connell, Edward O'Neil, Michael Berry and Ralph Garza were the circus-performers for the first initiation and provided the entertainment in excellent fashion. The charter members, eight in number, enjoyed a fine evening, particularly one charming incident. After three hours the candidates having survived the goat's butting were admitted as full-fledged fraternity members and were the guests at a banquet.

The next initiation will take place on December 19.



We are pleased to note that Harold Belden, Kankakee, Ill., of the Academy Department, is recovering from injuries received in a recent football game.

\* \* \*

St. Viator Council No. 725 have inaugurated a \$100,-  
**K. of C. Drive** 000 bond drive to secure the necessary funds for the completion of their clubhouse and Catholic Community Center in Kankakee. So great has been the enthusiasm and zeal of the men and women composing the teams that a large number of subscriptions have been secured to date. On December 20, twenty students from the College attended a banquet given to the workers and were assigned to the various teams. The Viatorian extends its best wishes for the success of the drive and hopes that within the near future the new building will be completed.

\* \* \*

### OBITUARIES

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

Leon Legris, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Harvey  
**Leon Legris** Legris of Bourbonnais, Ill., who died on November 23 of heart failure. He returned to this locality early last spring after an absence of two years spent in Canada, where he went immediately after the death of his parents. He leaves to mourn his loss four loving brothers and three sisters, Sarto, of the College department, Justin, Joseph and Alphonse, Mrs. Gertrude Parent, Mrs. Mary Louise Lavoic, Mrs. Maria Lamarre.

The funeral was held November 26 from Maternity Church where a solemn high mass was sung by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor G. M. Legris, an uncle of the deceased. He was assisted by Very Rev. W. J. Surprenant as Deacon, and Rev. G. C. Picard as Sub-Deacon. Fathers O'Mahoney and Sheridan offered up masses on the side altars.

\* \* \*

The death of Charles Reincke on November 25 came  
**Charles Reincke** without warning, although he had been ailing for some time. He was buried from St. Joseph's Church, Bradley, Ill., November 28. He is survived by his wife and son, Norman, Academy '21. Fathers Munsch and Landroche attended the funeral.



**Joseph M.  
O'Laughlin**

Joseph M. O'Laughlin, a student in the Academy department, died Sunday, November 25, following an operation for appendicitis in a hospital at

Springfield, Ill. He was buried from St. Joseph's Church. The Rev. Fr. Reilly, pastor of the church, sang the mass and delivered the funeral sermon. He leaves to mourn his loss his mother, three sisters and three brothers, one of them Bro. O'Laughlin of the faculty. Father Plante, Bro. Ryan, Edward Gannan, Joseph Murphy and Henry Devlin of the College were present at the funeral. Father Plante gave the final blessing at the cemetery and Henry Devlin acted as one of the pallbearers.







# ALUMNI



Ordinarily the annual flocks of graduates that leave the "old nest" are completely lost to the ken of the succeeding student generation. Our graduates of yesteryear however are an exception to the rule. Many of them have been thoughtful to drop a line to friends at Alma Mater to tell how things are faring with them in the big world beyond college walls. Some have been loath to leave the seats of wisdom and are continuing their scholastic browsing in other fields. Among these latter is Zolton Fonyo, H. S., '22, who is now enrolled in the University of Wisconsin. Zolton has been successful in making the Freshman Squad at the Northern University. Joe Deiss is confounding the faculty of Engineering at Marquette with his Johnsonian line. He is preserved from loneliness by the presence of F. Guertin who is taking the courses of Commerce and Science. Oscar Garza is prospering at Notre Dame University, but left a successor at Viator in the person of his brother, Marcellino. John Johnson, H. S., '22, has matriculated in the University of Chicago and prospects for a brilliant future in the business world are exceedingly bright, as he is taking a course in Finance. Harry Powers is going to Loyola Prep this year. There is no doubt but that Harry will continue there the good work that he has so well begun at St. Viator, and in so doing will but fulfill the cordial wishes of his many friends here.

\* \* \*

Joseph E. Maroney, '21-'22, has returned to Georgetown University where he will continue his study of law. We feel sure that Joe's ambitions will be attained, for, during his stay here he has treated us to abundant proof that "he is not of the roll of common men."

\* \* \*

Another former student of whom Viator is proud and who is matriculated at Harvard, is Douglas Powers, '15-'19, who received his Baccalaureate Degree at the University of Michigan last year. "Doug" is pursuing a Post-Graduate Course in Literature and the Arts.





#### OUR PROMINENT ALUMNI

Lloyd Woodrow Sapp, at the age of thirteen, when he matriculated at Viator Prep. We here find the prophecy of the great things in the diplomatic world which the future Senator Sapp was to accomplish. Note the statesmanlike bearing, the piercing glance of the dictator, the large ears of the executive the determined mouth of the self-made man. The oratorical feet, so clearly at ease as their owner faces the battery of cameras, are peculiarly indicative of what his classmates were justified in expecting of Lloyd. The wing collar, the high hat, the cutaway suit—our hero even thought of the costume he must wear in his great positions in the years to follow. Truly Lloyd Sapp was destined for the guarded heights of destiny when first he posed for cameras.



Louis O'Grady, last year's Senior League expert, and all-around champion in Public Speaking, is at present continuing his scholastic career at Iowa State University.

\* \* \*

Two older brothers of two present day students, both old students themselves, are at Illinois University. Walter Shea, '21, brother of "Nig" Shea, is following Law; and George Herbert, brother of John, is taking up Commerce. Illinois University also has several of the graduates of '23 in attendance. Among others are Edward Malloy, Acad., '23, and Francis Myers, Acad., '23.

\* \* \*

Lester McRae, Freshman last year, was recently married in Superior, Wis., according to a letter received. It seems that Lester's popularity was not confined to the male sex. Congratulations, "Mac"!

\* \* \*

Joe Sinnett, '11-'13, is holding a responsible position in the Fort Dearborn National Bank of Chicago. According to word received he is Assistant Cashier. Joe paid us a visit recently, but all too short. Come again, Joe, and soon.

\* \* \*

Harry Baker, '09-'13, is operating the M. & B. Machine Co., at 48 E. Fifty-first Street, Chicago, and is enjoying great success, and tells us he intends to "run down" for a chat soon.

\* \* \*

E. M. Peppin, '09-'13, is in his last year of Dentistry at the North Pacific Dental School, at Portland, Oregon. He is also coaching basketball and baseball at the Hill Military Academy. Good luck, Ernest! Drop us a line.

\* \* \*

Charles Shea, '19, of Dedham, Mass., is in his second year of Philosophy at Boston College, Boston, Mass. He is doing well and is expected to visit the west soon in spite of the fact that most of his time is spent in wrestling with the intricacies of modern philosophy.

\* \* \*

Arthur ("Mary") Long, Acad., '22, played left halfback for Millikin against St. Viator, and did the forward passing for the Decatur eleven. He is doing well in his studies also, which is a great credit to an athlete of his superb calibre.

\* \* \*

Senior Richey, High School student of last year, is now in California, continuing his course of studies at the Central High School in Santa Monica.

\* \* \*

We are glad to inform his many college acquaintances and friends, that Mr. Lawrence Poudrier, Acad., '18, has heard the



Call of the Master to follow Him. At present Lawrence is a candidate for the Brothers of the Holy Cross, at Sacred Heart Postulate in Watertown, Wis. After his Novitiate which will be made at Notre Dame, Ind., Mr. Poudrier will pursue his courses preparatory to teaching at the House of Studies, Holy Cross Congregation, or Moreau Seminary, Notre Dame. We wish to extend to the neophyte our heartiest congratulations, and pray that the Sacred Heart will give him the strength to preserve in the service of the Master.

\* \* \*

Word reaches us from the Wisconsin metropolis that Leo McGirr, '21-'22, and Harold Walker, Acad., '22, are pursuing their course of studies at Marquette University. The former is studying Law, and the latter a Course in the School of Engineering.

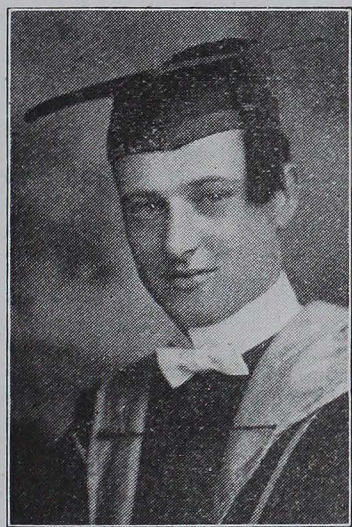
\* \* \*

Mr. Jack Newman, A. B., '21, is at present Swimming Instructor at the Hebrew Institute, Chicago, Illinois. "Jack" reports that the work is very congenial, and that he is in the "swim" all the time.

\* \* \*

Messrs. J. Glenn Powers, A. B., '21, and John Madden, Acad. '18, are enrolled as Freshmen of the Medical School of Loyola University, Chicago, Illinois.

\* \* \*



With the enrollment of Messrs. Creei and Dougherty at the North American College at Rome, Italy, the list of former Viator students there is increased to seven. Former Viator men who have pursued their courses in Rome are T. J. Rowan, A. B., '13, of St. Thomas Aquinas Church, Chicago; Rev. Francis E. Walash, '01, A. B., of St. Ann's Church, Toluca, Ill.; Rev.

Henry Weber, '07-'09, Curate of St. Phillips Church, Chicago; Rev. Gerald Bergan, St. Mary's Cathedral, Peoria, Ill., and Rev. Edward Unrush, A. B., '11, now deceased, formerly of the diocese of Kansas City.

\* \* \*

Donovan Riordan, '11-'15, is located at present in the magnificent Studebaker plant at South Bend, and that he is tasting of the fruits of success is amply demonstrated by the fact that he holds there the position of manager of the credit department.

\* \* \*

Frank Opeka, who was a familiar figure to the boys on the campus in '15-'16, stopped here on his return from the State



American Legion Convention recently held at Danville. Frank has had quite an exciting experience among the cannibals and Voodoo-worshippers of Haiti, in spite of which he is looking fine and happy.

\* \* \*

After the Millikin game at Decatur, Ill., Glenn Franks was entertained by his old room-mate Clinton Seright. "Red" is now continuing his pre-medical studies at the University of Illinois. As to whether he still tinkles his famous "uke" we are still in the dark. One item of interest, however, we have gleaned is that he was recently pledged in Theta Chi.

\* \* \*

Edward Cody, '17-'23, is seeking new worlds to conquer via Brown's Business College of Peoria. Ed was a familiar figure on our campus for many years, and paid us a short visit during Homecoming day. We know that he won't fail to continue the high class of work he maintained during his lengthy stay at Viator, for his capabilities as a student coupled with his genial personality, and humorous witticisms make him conspicuous for his ability to forge ahead of the rest of them. We join with everyone in a cordial wish for his success.

\* \* \*

Robert Rainey, '22-'23, has thought it best to desist in his career of studies for a year or so, and is now connected with the McEntee Grocery Co. of Peoria. Bob's legion of friends here hope to welcome him at Viator in the near future.

\* \* \*

Leland Koch, '21-'23, another Peoria boy, is making great headway in the Advertising Department of the Holt Manufacturing Company of Peoria. "Cookie" was a great favorite in the Senior League of Basketball, and will be gravely missed when the teams clash again this winter.

\* \* \*

We have received word from nearly all of the Academy Graduates of 1923 and those who have matriculated at other schools are: Oscar Garza, Notre Dame University; Joseph Deiss and Frank Guertin, Marquette University; Warren Huckins, Wabash College; Frank Meyer, Ed. Malloy and Geo. Herbert, Illinois University; James Barry, Columbia University, New York City; Arthur Long, James Milliken University; Arthur Dufault, Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada; Clayton Dooley and Francis Brankin, Lewis Institute, Chicago, Ill.; Thos. Kelly, Quigley Preparatory Seminary, Chicago, Ill.; John Johnson, Chicago University; Michael Artery, Loyola University, Chicago, Ill.; Vincent Sanford, Michigan University.

\* \* \*

The Academy Grads. who have returned to pursue their



studies in the College Department of St. Viator College are John Ellis, Eugene McCarthy, John Conlin, Thos. Dunn, Ed. Putz, J. Bregenzer, Leslie Riley and J. Sisk.

\* \* \*

Messrs. Roger Drolet, Thomas Nolan, Gerard Le Marre and Manuel Loughran, all Academy graduates of 1923, have chosen the "better part," and are preparing themselves as Novices of the Clerics of St. Viator for the Apostolate of Christian Education at St. Viator Institute, Chamberlain, S. Dak.

\* \* \*

We are particularly proud to notice in a recent issue of "Columbia" the national monthly of the Knights of Columbus, a picture of John Connors, A.B. '22, winner of a K. of C. Scholarship at the Catholic University, located at the national capital. The picture is one of a group of the Fellows of the Knights of Columbus. John is specializing in Economics and Sociology. He is the fourth St. Viator man to win the K. of C. Scholarship. Others are: Charles Hart, '17; Fulton Sheen, '17; John Cox, '17.

\* \* \*

We wish to congratulate Mr. Leo Koernezer of Hammond, Ind., on his narrow escape from death. Recently, while duck hunting in the Illinois River near Springfield, the launch in which he and three companions were sailing capsized in the deep water, and he barely saved himself by swimming ashore. His companions were drowned. Although we congratulate Leo on his escape, we are not unmindful of the tragedy that ended the lives of his companions and pray that their souls may rest in peace.

\* \* \*

A pretty ceremony was witnessed by a multitude of the friends of the participants when Miss Marguerite Kuhn was united in matrimony with Mr. George Molitor Hormuth. The wedding took place on Thursday morning, August the second, at Saint Robert's Church, Shorewood, Milwaukee. They are "at home" at 839 Marietta Avenue. Congratulations.

\* \* \*

Friends of Allan L. Freebury, who witnessed his many famous "runs from the kick-off" in his football days here, will be interested to hear that he has lately joined a new team. He was united in the bonds of Holy Matrimony to Miss Dolores Roach on Saturday, the first of December. They will be at home after January first, 322½ South Eighth Street, Springfield, Ill. Congratulations.

\* \* \*

A recent letter from Leon Drolet, who is attending the Law School of Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., will



interest our Alumni, regardless of political affiliations. The letter in part follows:

"In the afternoon we walked out to President Wilson's home to see the annual Armistice Day demonstration by his friends. We got there very early and were just inside the ropes—there was an immense crowd. But—poor Mr Wilson I had no idea that his apoplexy was so severe. He seemed just able to totter out on the steps and his voice when he spoke was barely distinguishable. But his face! I don't believe I ever saw such striking features. Out of his eyes there shines a soul whose ardor no political opposition, or age, or illness can quench. It would seem that no one could look in his face without admiration for his marvelous intellect, for intelligence is written on his every feature.

"How I would have liked to see him in his prime! No wonder the country then hailed him as a second Lincoln! And when one looks at him now one understands what a crushing weight of responsibility he has borne! Whatever his faults and whatever his mistakes, I cannot but feel convinced that in this rapidly sinking old man who seems to have one foot on the shores of eternity there is dying one of the greatest statesmen our nation has ever produced.

"The crowd cheered him until they were hoarse and he smiled and waved his hat for a long time, then he turned feebly to enter the house. As he reached the threshold—just before disappearing, he disengaged himself from the two colored servants who were aiding him, turned around and lifted his tall silk hat in a last adieu to the half-cheering, half-tearful multitude. A band struck up 'Over There' and he was gone."

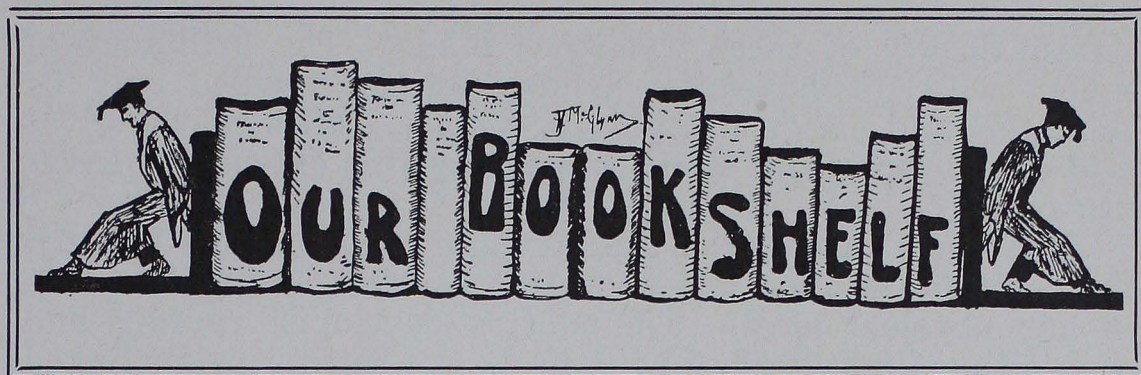
\* \* \*

We are pleased to know that the several Academy Graduates who are not attending universities are occupied in the industrial world in various capacities. Among others we may mention Ray Boysen, who is employed by his father in the construction of the Boysen Dam, one of the largest irrigation projects in Wyoming. The Boysen Dam is located near Thermopolis, Wyo., and mail addressed to that place will reach him. Frank Sullivan is learning the intricacies of railroading as an employee of the Rock Island system, in the Chicago office. Bela Foyno is at present interested in the packing industry in the employ of Swift & Co., Chicago, Ill. John Flavin, Linus Meis, Francis Freehill and Vincent Dunn have gone back to the simple life and are now successful agriculturists. George Canning is employed as a drug clerk in a pharmacy in Evanston, Ill., while Bernard Clancy is an apprentice plasterer. Others who have decided to startle the business world are the inseparable Hennigans, Clement Raiche, Philip Bastien and Orville McDermott.

\* \* \*

Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Christopher Fey, Chicago, Ill., will be accompanied by a third party in future visits to the College. On November 15th, Angeline Marie Fey made her debut in this world of ours and promises to be a "howling success." The couple have the well wishes of their many friends at the College in their new joy.





**MASTERS AND MEN**, by Philip Guedalla. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Philip Guedalla, author of "*The Second Empire*," presents a group of pen portraits of the impressionistic type of the living and dead leaders in literature, art and government. While one is apt to marvel at his selection of certain people as "Masters," the writer is so skillful in his workmanship that the very delight of reading the brief discourse on the nonentity drives the thought out of one's head. Mr. Guedalla writes with a delightful touch, his rapier-like thrusts at the salient features of his people pleasing the reader even more than the serious moods into which the author sometimes falls. There seems a lightness, a conversational tone, a simplicity and yet a sophistication about the work. The "asides" are delicious, though they are often so chockfull of thought that the reader stops to ponder o'er them and must go back to the context again.

Mr. Guedalla is most interesting when a literary personage is his theme. His appreciations of Max Beerbohm and G. K. Chesterton, with the little attention incidentally given Hilaire Belloc in the form of extraneous discourse, are the best in the book.

"*Masters and Men*" is skillfully written, pleasing to the ear, a dish for intellectual beings and food for even those capable of enjoying but the icing on the cake.—W. N., '26.

\* \* \*

**VIOLA HUDSON**, by Isabel Clarke. Published by Benzinger Brothers.

"*Viola Hudson*" is a highly interesting treatise on a certain phase of the Catholic religion, the mixed marriage. The author lends to it a historical setting of Old England, when Roman Catholics were few in number and adherence to the principles of Catholic religion was thought to be belief in innumerable superstitions. In the course of development of the theme we are forcibly seized and wafted on high, to be let down in Italy and Ceylon to savor of the poignant and



ecstatic beauty of these wondrous lands. The brilliancy of Ceylon, with its variegated landscapes, is equalled only by the stately and majestic beauty of Venice. Miss Clarke gives vivid descriptions and seems to portray this extensive canvas with ease.

The work deals with the struggle in the soul of a girl torn between devotion and adoration for God and violent love for her physical ideal. The plot is developed rapidly and reaches the climax early in the book, the setting being linked with the plot throughout. In the latter portion of the book we find something akin to anticlimax. The author's purpose is served, for the closing chapters bear out the noble resolution of Viola Hudson and they also subtly censure the world for its unjust reception of innocent victims of maternal folly; but it detracts from the interest of the main theme and it becomes tedious to the reader. This false touch at the end is a blot on a work of art which might otherwise have been a masterpiece.—J. M. O'C., '26.

\* \* \*

**AMERICAN CITIZENS AND THEIR GOVERNMENT**, by Kenneth Colegrove. Published by Abingdon Press.

To be concise yet comprehensive must have been the purpose of Kenneth Colegrove when he wrote "*American Citizens and Their Government*." He certainly attained his purpose. Often we find text books that are scanty enough of pages but they are likewise scantily clad in matter. Again, some are so filled with words and pages that before the mind can digest and assimilate the real intellectual food there has occurred a distressing verbose indigestion. Not so with Professor Colegrove's latest treatise on American Government. This book is a source of useful information on political science—yet written in such an interesting and pleasing manner that the student will forget it is a text book. And even the master of Civics will find time well and pleasurably spent in reading its pages. It appropriately fits both the student's desk and the reading table.—F. A. S.

\* \* \*

**LIFE OF CHRIST**, by Giovanni Papini, translated by Dorothy Fisher. Published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Papini's "*Life of Christ*" has been hailed, and rightly, as a literary masterpiece. The translation by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, although a splendid piece of literary endeavor, has been accepted with a diversity of opinion—with applause and with criticism. We belong to the latter class. The original is indeed a Song of the Soul and those of us who can appreciate the career of Giovanni Papini from a Catholic view-



point realize that his labor was a labor of love, intensified the more and purified—I might say made holy—in the fact that as a prodigal of the worst sort, he returned to his Father and has been forgiven “many things,” even as another great and public sinner was forgiven—“because she had loved much.” The literary masterpiece of Papini compares only with the stupendous works of art offered in contrition by another prodigal, J. James Tisset.

The “*Life of Christ*” was written as an act of reparation, primarily for the class of people to whom the author’s former conduct had been a stumbling block and a public scandal, and as such it was based entirely on the foundation of Catholic faith and tradition. The English translation evidently falls short in this particular role, for it was not and could not have been intended for Catholic readers, but for the laity outside the Church; otherwise, we feel certain that the translator would not have attempted to minimize the force of the work by using a translation of the Bible that is not only not sanctioned by the Church but which is inimical to her doctrines.

We have tried to palliate this use of the King James version and we have wondered that such a prominent literateur as Dorothy Canfield Fisher did not use the authorized Catholic translation, the one which beyond all doubt was used by the author himself. The literary artistry of Mrs. Fisher is magnificent, yet so was the work of the historian, Gibbon, although in both cases we can not accept the works of either with fullest sincerity—the latter because he was prejudiced or obtained his information from prejudiced sources, and the former, the more so, since the theme is so eminently Catholic, that unless it be based entirely upon Catholic tradition it becomes, as it were, like unto a desecrated Catholic Cathedral, a stately pile of Gothic beauty lacking the soul that once animated it.

We are of the opinion that it is the duty of a translator to be actuated by the most sincere motives in her work and to aspire to attain to live and feel the thrill that motivated the author, or else his point of view will be obscured by the personality of the translator and although the heartiest sincerity may be had, if the viewpoints are at variance, the translation will not ring true to the author’s ideal. It is difficult to imagine a sound translation of the Bible, written by an atheist or the “*Spiritual Colloquies of Josue Borsa*” done by an unbelieving American doughboy, no matter what the mental equipment may be. So, too, we are of the opinion that it is impossible for one who is not a Catholic, although Christian, to grasp the widest significance of Papini’s life unless they



have been inspired by at least a spark of the inner flame that made him write of the most sublime theme in a sublime manner.—J. A. W.

\* \* \*

A WEEK, by Iury Libedinsky. Published by B. W. Huebsch.

This is a story of the revolutionary upheaval in Russia, yet not the Russia of the cities, but of the country and the provincial towns. It deals with the chaos and welter through which Russia has passed, so that its theme is political, yet it is not a piece of passionate political writing. The author deals objectively with the Russian problem, he is the observer and narrator and never the political partisan. Libedinsky carries on the literary tradition of the Russian masters, especially Gogol, and remains detached when telling his story. He does not take sides.

The story, although dealing with a complicated social problem, is simple, which for us constitutes it as a final work of art. It shows how an artist can picture the travail of a nation with a brevity that becomes appealing. The daily actions of men performing their humble tasks and attempting the orientation of their lives according to their political beliefs is done with fascinating power. No great action is attributed to character, yet the writer brings before us the profound pathos of life, spent in the midst of discontent. The picture gives us the soul of Russia.

While dealing primarily with a political theme the writer has not failed to create characters. The author's eye was intent on the human note. There is not a character in the book that is not real, and pulsating with life, all contributing to give us a finer and better understanding of Russia.—T. J. L.







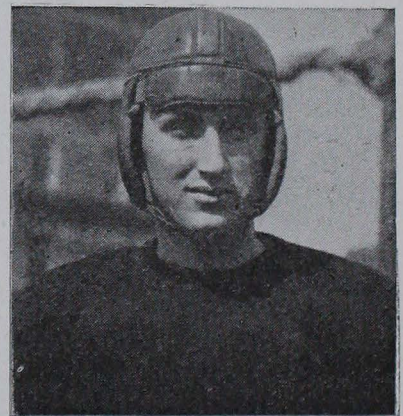
At a meeting of the Athletic Board, Saturday, December 8th, fourteen monogram sweaters were awarded for football. The following men were given sweaters in recognition of the service they have rendered St. Viator College on the gridiron:

Captain Emmett Murphy, William Barrett, Gerald Best, Laurie Dienes, Edward Farrell, Neal McGinnis, Samuel McAllister, Maurice Mahoney, Fred Majors, William Neville, Vincent Pfeffer, Joseph Riley, John Winterhalter, LeRoy Winterhalter.

\* \* \*

The thudding of cleated shoes on grass-covered turf gives way to the patter of rubber soles on the hardwood court: Football, Sport Monarch of Autumn, gracefully retires for the entry of Basketball, the King of Winter Sports.

The exit of His Majesty, Football, this year rings down the curtain of four Viator athletes. Captain "Emmie" Murphy, "Ding" Winterhalter, Bill Barrett and Neal McGinnis doff the regalia of the grid warrior amid the acclamation of the faculty, student body and alumni, for, they as much as any other quartette of athletes, have contributed in a large measure to the present lofty position that Viator holds amongst mid-western grid machines.



Captain Emmet Murphy in his years of varsity competition here has been stationed at a line position. Yet his slight weight of 140 pounds has never seemed to hinder him even when pitted against opponents whose tonnage approached 200. Since "Emmie's" football baptism in the glorious 21 to 14 victory over Illinois Wesleyan University four years ago, the valiant captain has been one of the outstanding Viator linemen. "Emmie's" ability and the wholehearted manner with which he has striven to advance the athletic interests of the school make him the true type of Viator athlete—game, aggressive, a gentleman.



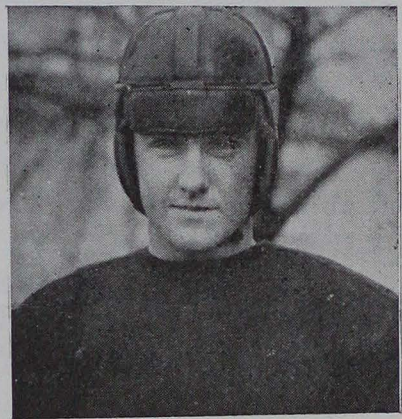


Like Captain Murphy, Bill Barrett has played a line position during his career as a Viator gridman. The close of Bill Barrett's football days deprives Viator of an end whose talents demand universal recognition. His skill at receiving forward passes, his alertness on defense and his ability to go down under punts all made him a valuable unit in the Viator organization. The untiring service and heroic playing that has been Bill Barrett's

consistent contribution to the gridiron prestige of our school marks him as an athlete whose record should serve as an inspiration to those, who, in after years, are chosen to take his place.

\* \* \*

Captain Murphy and Bill Barrett are the linemen lost, McGinnis and Winterhalter being backs. "Nig," alias Neal McGinnis, terminates his grid days after three years of varsity competition. Mac has been the mainspring in the Viator forward passing attack, his long, accurate tosses having been instrumental in achieving many splendid Viator triumphs. This year can well be called the most successful of McGinnis' career for his sturdy right arm, his clever headwork and his valuable right foot combined on many occasions to turn the tide of victory in our favor. Who can forget that 30-yard drop kick that arched over the bar at White Sox park last November, bringing with it victory over Columbia College and the mid-west Catholic championship to Viator!



✻ ✻ ✻



Though "Ding" Winterhalter had considerable action as an end, particularly in his Freshman year, he, like McGinnis, is rightly classified as a backfield man. The sound of Winnie's gridiron swan song brings to an end the career of one of Viator's finest athletes. Throughout the course of Winnie's collegiate grid days his playing has been brilliant, and never has it been more brilliant than this year. Mere ability to run and dodge and



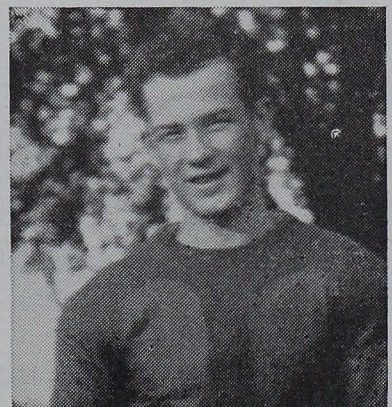
twist has not been the only factor entitling Winnie to elevation to the "star" class. With a singular faculty for turning in long advances he has united a spirit of zealous loyalty to his school that has engendered into his playing a vigor and dash that brought glory to him and to St. Viator College. "Ding's" football career entitles him to acknowledgement as one of the foremost ball-carriers in minor college circles; his conduct, his spirit, his courage merits him the appreciation and gratitude of faculty and students alike.

To these men, Captain "Emmie" Murphy, Bill Barrett, Neal McGinnis and Leroy Winterhalter, true Viator "fighting men," Viator extends her fullest measure of thanks for the unstinting service and unswerving loyalty that has marked them worthy wearers of the Purple and Gold.



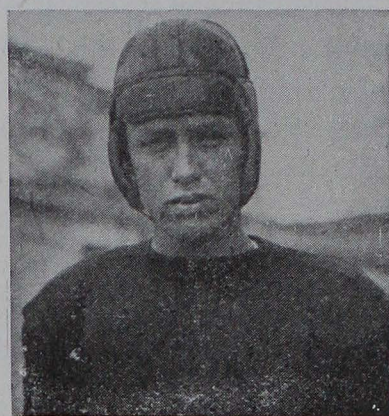
At various times during the late gridiron campaign our team fought with a drive and finish, a dash and spirit that denoted an exceptional organization. From this splendid play on these occasions, victories were recorded over Loyola, Lewis, Millikin and Columbia and two ties, one with the Notre Dame Reserves and one with Western State Normal. In consideration of these accomplishments the team deserves the commendation

of the student body as one of the strongest grid combinations that ever formed a battle front on Bergin Field. With Winnie, Buddy Farrell, Deines, Neville and Donnelly at their command, the field generals, Majors and McGinnis, were well equipped with competent ball-carriers. Throughout the season this galaxy of backfield talent had the support of a well-drilled and formidable line. It might be well at this point to express our appreciation for the work that "Rick" Lifvendahl did in shaping a line that unwaveringly sustained many vicious poundings. "Rick" worked long and tirelessly with the Viator forwards and his efforts received ample reward in the superior play of the Viator linemen.





John Winterhalter and Bill Barrett manning the end posts functioned ably and were understudied in big league style by "Red" Mahoney and Gene McGrath. The stocky Mahoney, who played his first year under the Viator banner, gives promise of developing into a high-class gridder. Mahoney is a strong defensive player and has frequently been on the receiving end of long heaves from McGinnis.



From brawny Jerry Best at left tackle to fiery "Buck" Riley at the right tackle berth the line stacks up as one of the powerful combinations of Viator grid history. Jerry Best and Sam McAllister on the left side of the line combined weight and speed with mental alertness and fighting spirit. McAllister is playing his first year as a Viator grid man and his glittering performances indicates a career of great deeds on the chalk lines. Fred H. Young, Sports Editor of the "Bloomington Pantagraph" and a leading conference official, accorded McAllister a signal honor by placing him on the

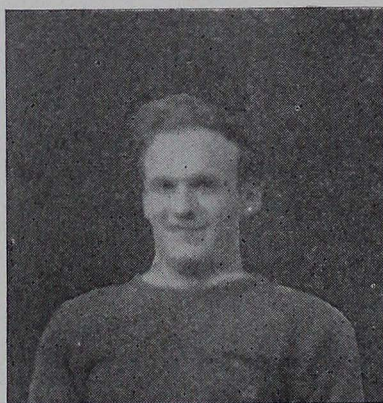


second All-State eleven.

Best for his second year of service deserves the reward of being chosen on the mythical All-State eleven and, had victory been achieved at Eureka, authoritative information has it that the stalwart tackle would have been selected for that honor.



On the left side of the forward wall Riley and Captain Murphy constantly played a superb type of football against opponents who usually had the edge on them in weight. Riley played alongside "Emmie" in the memorable Illinois Wesleyan tussle but has been away from school for three years. With Riley still eligible next year Viator has the services of an able and courageous athlete.



The pivot post, manned by Vince Pfeffer, completes the line review. Vince has been a loyal, hard worker at this difficult position. The experience gained





in the two years which he has yet to play should round him out into a capable performer.

The reserves, faithful though battered, have been a great asset to the team. Costigan and J. McGrath have handled well the flank posts on the second team. Glenn Franks, F. Pfeffer, "Tiny" Kelly, Doc LaCharite and Zogg formed an array of second string forwards that invariably gave the varsity a stiff workout.



P. McGrath and Monosmith, Freshman backs, have performed in excellent fashion and will, no doubt, prove of value in shaping future teams.

"Mickey" Donnelly, captain-elect of this year's basket ball team, was withdrawn from the line and worked at fullback this year with a fair degree of success. "Mickey" has shown an aptitude for football but constant shifting about, which has placed him at practically every position on the team, has prevented him from putting up his best game.



### ST. VIATOR, 3; COLUMBIA, 0

Neal McGinnis' mighty right foot brought a 3 to 0 victory to Viator on November 9th over the powerful Columbia College eleven at the White Sox park. Since the defeat of St. Ambrose at the hands of Loyola Thanksgiving day, the Viator victory carried with it the mid-west Catholic championship honors. McGinnis' memorable 30-yard boot came in the fourth quarter when it seemed a foregone conclusion that the struggle would end in a scoreless deadlock. The Viator attack proved more effective than the Iowans' offensive, yet the punch to drive over a counter was lacking. On two occasions the locals were stopped within the ten-yard line and were forced to relinquish the ball on downs. Defensively the Viator machine performed excellently and kept the Hawkeye eleven from seriously threatening.

Until his injury in the third quarter, "Ding" Winterhalter was the bright star of the proceedings. Play after play found Winnie dashing off the tackles for impressive gains, and his pluck displayed when he continued playing after being injured



won him the respect of friend and foe alike. Columbia was unable to penetrate Captain "Emmie's" forward wall with any degree of success. From tackle to tackle the men played a sterling brand of ball and Barrett, J. Winterhalter and Mahoney halted the Iowa huskies when they attempted to gain around the ends.



### ST. VIATOR, 7; VALPARAISO, 10

"Breaks" which permitted Valparaiso to recover free balls within the Viator 20-yard zone enabled Spurgeon to place kick from the 19-yard line and White to plunge over from the one-yard marker for the counts that beat Viator 10 to 7.

A bad pass by the Viator center, which eluded the grasping fingers of "Midge" Majors, was recovered by a Valpo lineman in the first few minutes of play. Successive running plays failed to gain for the Hoosiers and Spurgeon dropped back and kicked goal on the fourth down, giving Valpo a three-point lead.

This advantage was wiped away in the second quarter when an effective Viator running and passing attack was unbuckled which carried the ball on a straight march of 51 yards for a touchdown. "Ding" Winnie went over for the Viator score on a toss from McGinnis and "Ding" also kicked goal.

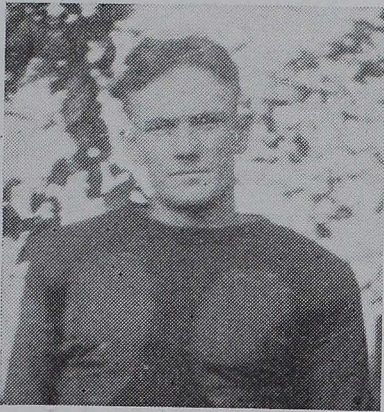
With Viator outgaining the invaders and possessing a four-point lead, the game looked like a certain Viator victory. And such would have been the case had not another "break" intervened and changed the situation. Captain Murphy and his crew of stalwarts had the oval in their possession on their own 34-yard line when another bad pass was uncorked by the Viator center. The ball traveling with great speed carried to the one-yard line where Dycke, of the visitors, recovered. On the first play, White cleaved through the center of the local line for the count that subsequently spelt victory.

Viator showed offensive superiority by gaining, from scrimmage, a total of 187 yards and likewise performed better defensively by holding the visitors to a gain of 113 yards. Winnie turned in the most notable performance amongst the back-field men. He was practically unstoppable on off-tackle smashes and got away for a number of long runs. The passing combination of McGinnis to Winterhalter worked perfectly and was instrumental in gaining the Viator touchdown. Defensively the line presented a strong front and with the exception of the closing minutes of the final quarter prevented the Valpo ball-carriers from gaining on line plunges. Best and McAllister consistently repelled plays sent in their direction and Captain Murphy and Riley were equally as formidable on the opposite side of the line.



**ST. VIATOR, 7; EUREKA, 10**

Friday, November 23rd, the gang suffered an unexpected defeat at the hands of Coach McKenzie's gridders at Eureka.



Eureka's first tally came early in the first quarter. Majors gained ten yards on an exchange of punts and with the ball in Viator's possession on the 50-yard line a fumble gave Eureka the ball. Eureka was forced to kick on their fourth down but recovered the oval on our 11-yard line when the punt was partially blocked. Raines and Whittler took the ball over on two plays, Patelski adding the point by a drop kick.

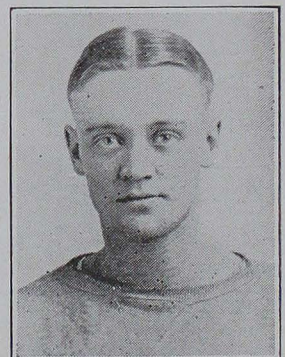
Our only tally came in the second period after Majors had returned Patelski's punt ten yards to the Viator 40-yard line. Some brilliant running on the part of "Ding" Winterhalter, "Freddie" Majors and Bud Farrell and a sensational forward pass catch by John Winterhalter gave us the ball on Eureka's 11-yard line and "Bud" plunged across for the touchdown on four plays. "Ding" added the point from placement.

Patelski put his team in the lead in the first few minutes of the final quarter by a sensational 47-yard drop kick which cleared the bar straight between the uprights. With the ball on the 26-yard line, Eureka was thrown for two losses and a ten-yard penalty for grounding a pass carried them back to the forty. With fourth down and 24 yards to go, Patelski's boot went straight and true for the final and deciding points of the tussle.

While the dopesters had predicted Crangle's eleven to win by a margin of three or four touchdowns, it was very evident the team was not playing the brand of football that had characterized their performance in previous tussles. The work of Winterhalter, Farrell and Majors in the backfield stood out prominently, while Best and Riley in the line played their usual aggressive game. Patelski and Whittler starred for Eureka.



Under the supervision of ex-Captain Johnny Lyons basket ball practice was started in the middle of November. Coach Bushell returned to take charge of the court preparations in the latter part of November and found a large squad of men working out daily. The presence of a number of old and new cage men on the football team held back work until the completion of the football campaign. The first





day after the Thanksgiving vacation saw the inception of strenuous preparations for the gruelling chart that Manager Marvel has arranged.

The addition of the football playing cage men to Coach Bushell's already lengthy list of candidates brought the number of men striving for positions to a total of twenty-one. Members of last year's regular team and squad members are: L. Winterhalter, Barrett, Captain Donnelly, J. Winterhalter, Lyons, J. McGrath, Neville, McGinnis.

The new men who are out for berths are: P. McGrath, Franks, Costigan, Majors, Mahoney, McAllister, Westerholt, Dalrymple, Turner, Zogg, Atkinson, Bollinghouse, Kinney, Fitzgerald, Deines, Sisk and Hoettles.

Two games have been scheduled before Christmas, the first with Chicago Tech, December 15th, and the other with American College of Physical Education, to be played on the 18th.





# VIATORIANA



I'd like to write a lot of jokes,  
 I'd like to write to please you folks.  
 I'd like to cheer a gloomy crowd,  
 Present the silver in the cloud.  
 But should my stuff prove stale and trite  
 Just wait until next time I write,  
 And then if I can't make you laugh—  
 I'll send you in my photograph!



Strable—Did you hear what the half-woman in the circus was singing?

Zunk—No, what was it?

Strabe—"I Ain't Got Nobody."



## HOW DID DEE KNOW?

Prof. Leary—I detest a student who uses a pony.

Dee—I agree with you, Prof. It shows a deficiency of character.

Prof.—I once had a student whom I suspected of using a pony in an exam, so I watched him closely.

Dee—Did he pass?

Prof.—Yes, he did. I guess he must have learned something while writing the pony.

Dee—By gosh, that's a fact!



Muggins—I think I'll stay home Christmas vacation.

Don—Why?

Muggs—Oh, because of various conditions.

Don—Various conditions, Mug?

Muggs—Yes—Accounting, English and Spanish!



## FAMOUS PASSAGES

"We're not going to have a famine!"

"Please pass me the butter."

"Now when I played with Illinois."

"Yet you believe it is there because I tell you so."

"Is there any necessary contradiction involved?"

"Hey, Weber, any mail?"

"Yeh, the 7:30 car."

"Say, when I tell this bim somethin' . . ."



## ONE TOO MANY

In the parlor there were three,  
She, the parlor lamp and he.  
Two is company, there's no doubt,  
So the parlor lamp went out.



Nolan—Say, Toolan, have you—er—got two dollars with you?

Toolan—Have I got two dollars? I have five dollars with me!

Nolan—Hey, Hogan, call the ambulance; this guy's off his nut.



## THERE'S ONE IN EVERY COLLEGE

W. J. S.—You're quite a "case," you are.

Bro—No, Father, I'm only twenty-three.



## ANGUISH

I knew a girl named Mary  
And she lived in a wintry clime.  
But I haven't seen my sweetie  
Since I spent my last thin dime.



## SOME STUDENT CORRESPONDENCE

St. Viator's, Tuesday.

DEAREST DAD:

I never knew that education came so high as it does. Of course, I appreciate the five you sent last week but they have just given me a bid to the Tuesday Afternoon Literary Society, whose dues is three dollars a semester and the Eta Pi fraternity have pledged me, too. I came to St. Viator's to acquire an education and I really am benefiting tremendously by these activities, so I guess you'll want to be sending another ten or so in order that your heir may be fit to take over the business.

I will have to get those glasses soon because my eyes are going back on me from studying with a candle long after lights are turned off. Must study now, dearest daddy.

Your loving son,

RUBEN.



Chicago, Tuesday.

DEAR RUBE:

Your newsy letter received. I was well pleased to note the wonderful improvement in your handwriting. If you only knew how much I miss you each week when the grass must be cut and the car cleaned, but let me tell you I have taken off ten pounds by pushing that old lawn-mower, and almost died from a cold contracted while cleaning the car.

Enclosed find a check for ten dollars for movies and other educational advantages—is she a blonde?

Your big-hearted father,

JOHN D.

S. V. C., Sunday.

DOT DEAR:

If you only knew the craving in my heart for the sight of you, the yearning for the touch of your golden locks, the glance of your adorable blue eyes and the soothing presence of you. My soul ascends in ecstasies when I spy your lovely script in the pile of letters each morning. How like a jewel in an ash heap.

You are the personification of beauty, of love, of joy to a weary heart, the idol of my every thought and wish—my guiding star on the desert of life! Dearest, I love you, love you! (Well, I guess I don't hate you, eh, Dotty?). But, listen, fairest, there's something I was a little nervous about that you can relieve my mind about. Is it true that dad doesn't want to economize on his light bills? I smelt a rat the last time and it was in the parlor, too, instead of the kitchen, where all rats ought to stay. Kindly quiet the palpitation in my seething bosom by return mail.

Hunggrily,

JOHN.

DeKalb, Ill., Midnight, Sunday.

MY DARLING JOHN:

Your sweet little letter came just a few minutes ago and I am getting up in the middle of the night to answer it. I am sending you my photo and a lock of my hair to keep you from being lonesome. You said you would cover my picture with kisses, so Piggly Wiggly, John! Now, dearie, just wear this lock of hair close to your heart and I am sure it will tickle you to death.

Yes, John, you smelt right. Dad is peculiar. He said the last time you were up to the house that he would shoot you if you ever came again. He said, "What funny things a fellow sees when he hasn't got a gun." So, John, do be careful I don't think Daddy knows you're studying Home Economics I told him I was going to study Domestic Science and he asked if you were my laboratory period. When I said you got up with the sun, the rough thing said, "Well that doesn't mean he has to stay up with the daughter!" John, dear, I think it is only fair that you should know he holds the national pistol shot title.

My arms around your neck,

DOT.

✂ ✂ ✂

Father Kelly says that if Gene McGrath isn't careful one of these times when his football outfits gets lost, Gene is apt to be in the suit.

✂ ✂ ✂

### AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

It's easy enough to be pleasant  
On a morning you wake up late;  
But the chap worth while  
Is one who can smile  
With a class that begins at eight.

✂ ✂ ✂

New Stude—Say, Mr. Shea, where's the showers on this floor?

Nig—I dunno. I only been here three years.





### **"WHAT THE MEN WILL WEAR"**

Close cropped hair, Buster Brown collars, sash bows, black derbys and button shoes, as well as the sailor-buttoned suits with abbreviated trousers will be the new features of the college man's dress in Fall fashions. Angus B. Sniffen, of East Whosis, Arkansas, has kindly consented to pose for our fashions department, despite the evident strain on his intellect involved in the filming of the tragedy.



If McAllister was Best could Murphy Barrett or would he Buck Riley? If Winterhalter flunked in his Majors would his Buddy be Frank enough to tell the Doc or would he have John see Red and bribe the Mick with Franks? If Dienes had Jack enough he could Phil McGinnis and McGrath and let Pfeffer pay the Bill.



Prof.—Where do we get pork?

Cotter—From porcupines, of course.



### SHAKESPEAKE, 1923

In with the clutch,  
Let gas be unconfined,  
T'hell with speed cops!  
Dad will pay the fine!



### OUR OWN ALL-AMERICAN SELECTIONS

#### First Team

#### Second Team

Wurst of Knox.....	Left End.....	Falls of Niagara
Commons of Boston.....	Left Tackle.....	Waltz of Missouri
Locke of Yale.....	Left Guard.....	Street of Detroit
Hunchback of Notre Dame.....	Center.....	Battle of Monmouth
Best of Ames.....	Right Guard.....	Vision of St. Louis
Hare of Brown.....	Right Tackle.....	Beard of Lincoln
Reach of Depauw.....	Right End.....	Goldfield of Nevada
Climate of California.....	Quarterback.....	Speech of Washington
Smoke of Pittsburgh.....	R. H. B.....	Exploration of Marquette
Banks of Mississippi.....	L. H. B.....	Gift of Providence
Hale of Columbia.....	Fullback.....	Majors of Army

Coach—Camp of Haskell Indians.

Trainer—Foothills of West Virginia.

Manager—Bust of Carnegie.



MERRY CHRISTMAS!

I THANK YOU.





“What a difference  
just a few cents make!”

**FATIMA**